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**NOTE BOOK.**

**SWITZERLAND.**

BY

JOHN MACGREGOR, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "BRITISH AMERICA" ETC. ETC.

FRANKFORT o. M.,

PRINTED FOR CHARLES JUGEL,

AT THE GERMAN AND FOREIGN LIBRARY.

1837.







MY

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## SWITZERLAND.

At length we are in Switzerland! To note all down—all I saw, all I have heard, since we arrived at, and left Baden, with its bold scenery, solitary walks, gaieties, gourmands, and gamblers, would fill my book. I have been talking with people from all parts of wholly-civilized, half-polished, and three-fourths-savage, Europe. The country from Baden to Offenburg, where we stopped to look about us, is admirably cultivated, and the scenery, as we drove along the skirts of the celebrated Black Forest, charmingly picturesque. Plenty seems to prevail all over the Duchy. I would certainly advise my friends who travel this way, to spend a day or two at Offenburg, if it were only to walk over a few miles of the surrounding agricultural country, and to drink the excellent *vin du pays*;—the deliciously rich Zellwine, which mine honest and intelligent host of the *Hôtel de Fortune*, will at a moderate cost provide.

By the way I must note down that the Inn-keepers in Germany, excepting always the savage at Aix-la-Chapelle (which place, by the by, is scarcely German), are usually persons of very extensive information. He who possesses and keeps

the Fortune, not only speaks English, French, and his native language well, but on most points of useful knowledge I found him much more intelligent than many members of both houses of the British Parliament with whom I have casually been in contact. On rents, revenues, soils, minerals, and the laws of all the German states, and of general subjects relative to France, Switzerland, and other countries, the very obliging landlord I speak of was remarkably, yet modestly, conversant. As an agriculturist he appeared eminently intelligent. From Offenburg, we went on to Freiburg.

In the evening it rained, and after a rather late dinner at the Zaeringerhof, I sallied forth under an umbrella to see the *lions*. I went down to the college-ground, \*) and then on passing the church, which is so much talked of for its spire and gothic architecture, although nearly dark, I entered—as you can Catholic temples at I believe all hours. There were candles lighted on the altar, and I walked up the aisle, which was so dark that I nearly tumbled headlong over a coffin placed with its corpse in the centre of the church. I skinned my shins, and, I believe, anathematised the cause of my pain. The people of Freiburg are remarkably superstitious, and deposit their dead a day before interment in one of the churches.

I could just see that the chapels of the church had several curious tombs, around one of which

\*) I regret not having had leisure to remain a day longer at Freiburg, although I had at Karlsruhe and Offenburg received what might be considered full information relative to its present condition. See notes to Note Book, No. 12.

there is a group of holy personages in conversational attitudes.

The environs of Freiburg are beautiful, and the Höllenthal (valley of Hell) into which I wandered the following morning, exhibits all the frightful wildness of the Black Forest. I left my party to follow me to this country by the direct highway. On my return from the Höllenthal, I travelled onwards, enjoying splendid views, first on my way through Mulheim, and then on the heights over Lorrach, which at the same time overlook the Rhine, down from Bauzenheim to Breisach, with the opposite country and the Vosges from Mulhausen to Colmar, and embrace the gigantic pinnacled outline of Switzerland, and the wooded mountains of the Schwarz-wald.

I descended by alternate steeps and gradations until I reached the great elbow of the Rhine, which I crossed over to the old city of Basel in time to escape a tremendous deluge of rain, which had well nigh floated off the carriage with my party, who arrived and joined me before nightfall at the hotel of the Three Kings, a good but extravagant inn, which actually impends over the furious stream beneath.

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## BASEL.

THIS city of usurers, \*) if we may judge of it by our inn, which in other respects is a very good one, is a most expensive place for travellers, and here also ends travelling with post horses.

\*) M. Marten, a writer in a work entitled "La Suisse Pittoresque," says, — "The Balois are born traders, as they in Vienna are born musicians, and in Rome, poets. But at Rome and at Vienna, music and poetry seldom enrich those who cultivate them; while the commerce of Basel makes the fortunes of all those who apply themselves to trade. These parsimonious men have many of them several millions (francs) of annual revenue. One whose fortune exceeds 30,000,000 has not even a coach. He drives, en personne, a humble Char-à-banc, drawn by a horse which a plain citizen of the Marais in Paris would not have the assurance to venture with on a Sunday to the Bois de Boulogne.

"Each of these modern Cræsus doubles, at least, in ten years, his capital. All speculations that afford a safe prospect of gain are seized by them—they are bankers, money-changers, brokers, dealers in wine, brandy, and all other goods—merchants, and manufacturers.

"The bankruptcies and misfortunes which often befall the manufacturers of Mulhausen and Strashbourg are fortunes to the usurers or Loup-cerviers of Basel.

"In travelling over the neighbouring country, if you ask to whom such a wood, house, or domain belongs, your guide on every occasion replies 'à un Monsieur de Bâle.'"

The situation of our apartments is charming: the Rhine rolls rapidly underneath, and as transparent as the blue heavens above. The rain has passed away, and the weather is delightful. I have been at the so-much-extolled botanic garden, and of which I think but little; but it has a rare library. I then walked to the University, now half defunct, from the funds for its maintenance having been withdrawn in consequence of the late brutal, but, in principle, somewhat defensible insurrections. There are few new books of any value in the library or museum of the University, but it contains an extensive collection of scarce old books and original manuscripts, among others, several autograph letters and manuscripts of Luther, Zuinglius, and the manuscript of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," the margins of which are covered with embellishments by Holbein. Here are also the fragments of the celebrated painting of the Dance of Death, which was attempted ineffectually to be restored. The chef-d'œuvre of Holbein is the Passion, in the museum of the library, almost as fresh and vigorous as ever. It forms eight subjects, painted on wood.\*) The portrait of Erasmus is admirable, and those of Luther and his wife, the fair nun, and of Oëcolampade are above mediocrity.

\*) The bourgeois are fond of relating anecdotes of Holbein. He was, according to them, an artist in every sense of the word. He led a joyous, thoughtless life, was fond of women and feasting, and regardless of the morrow; extreme want would alone retain him at work. The moment he got money, he was off to the Inn, and there remained until want again compelled him to work.

The learned and scientific institutions of Basel, once so celebrated, appear to me as if they, with the great men Erasmus, the Bernouillis, Euler, and others who distinguished them, were all doomed to the cold chambers of death, and to exist no longer but in their works. The exterior of the cathedral church is worthy of the praise bestowed upon it, but the Reformation has destroyed and robbed its interior—nothing on earth can be more gloomy. Among other tombs is that of Erasmus, a simple elevated slab, with the profile of the great man, and the inscription „*Christo Servitori. S. Des. Erasmo. Roterodamo.*“

The long dirty room attached to the cathedral, in which the celebrated council sat, and now used as a room to catechise the children, is shown as the chief lion of Basel.

In the Hotel de Ville there are some very curious fresco paintings; and on a pedestal, in the court, stands an admirable, brass statue of the Roman General Plancus Munatius, he who founded in this part of the country the colony of Augusta Rauracorum.

The sumptuary laws of Basel formerly prohibited dancing, public amusements, and extravagant apparel. To judge of the people by present appearance, those laws, one would suppose, were still in full force.\*)

\*) There is a society of women and young girls at Basel, who assemble between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, each with their work-bags. They sit for hours knitting, and talking over the local news, little stories, and relating scandalous reports. They have tea, pastries, fruits, and often ham and cold meats, served up; for the ladies

About half a league is the famous battle ground of St. Jacques, where the Swiss fought until all but six of those who were in the field fell. A rich vineyard occupies this spot, and produces the delicious red wine, called "The blood of the Swiss."

The narrow steep streets, the dulness of the town itself, the absence of any appearance of its well known riches, and of every amusement, renders Basel a town in which a traveller will not tarry long; so hiring an Italian Veturino, Signor Torti, who had a pocket-book full of recommendatory certificates from „The travelling English;“ and a perfect eulogium from Captain Basil Hall, and who, having three horses, came under an engagement to travel ten leagues a-day, we started for Swiss Baden.

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## BADEN IN ARGAU.

We travelled along the banks of the Rhine to the thundering rapids of Rhinfels, and then by way

of Basel, who are really handsome, are celebrated for beauty and keen appetites. House-wives owe to Anne Keller of Basel, the first methodical work, „On Cookery and House and Kitchen Management.“ Her Kochbuch, printed in 1600, in quarto, and dedicated to Louisa Julia Princess of Orange, is said to have formed the foundation of the Dutch and English cookery books.

The luxuries of the men are no other than smoking and drinking beer in silent assemblies during the evenings at the Estaminets.

of Brugg, leaving Hapsburg in ruins on the right, crossed the swift-flowing Aar, and then the Reuss—horses, carriages, and all—on a kind of floating vat, swung from one side of the stream to the other, by a strong rope—not certainly a very safe mode of ferrying, for if the rope should break, God help the travellers.

Not one of the Badens can pretend to greater picturesque beauty than this, the charming Baden of Switzerland. Its valley, its pellucid Limmat, flowing down swiftly under its covered bridge, as it carries off to the Rhine the waters of Zurich; its surrounding wooded and rocky mountains; its gardens, its vineyards, and its wells, all lend attraction to this watering place.

It is, however, far from being so gaily frequented as its namesake of the adjoining Duchy. Yet its wells are more anciently celebrated, and as efficacious in restoring health, and invigorating the constitution. It has several excellent hotels, and about one hundred and fifty private, and five public baths, all warm.

The mineral springs were renowned in the time of the Romans, and named by them the „thermal baths of Helvetia.“ Their temperature is 37° Reaumur. Quiet families are those who chiefly frequent them; for there is not here that flash and fashion, or that gambling propensity, which prevails at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Baden-Baden.\*)

\*) Poggio, a Florentine writer who visited the baths in 1446, expresses great astonishment at the familiarity which prevailed among the bathers. „Both sexes,“ he says in a letter to his friend Leonardo Del Arrazzo, for the translation of which, see ‘Le Conservateur Suisse,’ a very curious



The forms of the baths and rooms attached to them, are in imitation, on a small scale, of the old Roman baths. Those called the great baths, on the left bank of the Limmat, are for bathers of *condition*, that is, those who can pay for them. The walls are garnished with crowns, armoury, etc. The lesser baths, or rather the greater in size, are on the opposite side, where the poor in crowds bathe promiscuously. There may be seen the paralytic and the crippled, and others variously disabled, soaking together in the sulphuric water. If you ask any question relative to them of the meek pastor, whom you may see walking about and consoling the unfortunate diseased poor, he will tell you „that the rich from Zurich, Berne, and Basel, generously give him donations to relieve the decrepit paupers who frequent Baden.“

The citizens of Zurich of all ages are those who chiefly frequent Swiss-Baden. They resort to it as much for pleasure as for the recovery of health. That is, they come to lighten their cares, and consequently to preserve health. Formerly, it is said, the women stipulated in their marriage contracts, that they should have “the right to visit Baden, at least twice in the year.“ “Mais au-

book, „mingled together in the same baths, which are very much extolled for their promoting fecundity. Sterile women resort to them, with the most happy effects, from all parts. “Sebastian Munster, who wrote a century afterwards, says:— “the baths of Swiss Baden are much frequented, and occasion all sorts of amusements, and all kinds of intrigues, in which vestal virgins, wives, widows, monks, abbots, priests, and men of gallantry revel.“ See his work in Latin, pages 391 and 392.

jourd'hui," says a French writer, "elles n'ont plus besoin de cette clause juridique." "Those women" continues the same writer, "who would become mothers, must sit in the public baths on a certain open seat, called *Sainte Verene* (who was she?) and there remain for some hours. Formerly the bath of *Ste-Verene* was taken in open day. At present, principally at night, and in secret." Luke of Linda in his curious book, in which he pretends to describe the world, says, "Nature has rendered sterile all the women of that part of Helvetia which surrounds Baden. Nature again, to prevent the depopulation of the country, has provided an antidote in the baths."

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## AN EXCURSION.

Swiss-Baden and its vicinity, in whichever way we may walk or ride, have attractions to delay the traveller much longer than time would permit me to loiter and to enjoy them. Legends, ruins, battle-grounds, valleys, mountains, and the habits of the people, are all interesting subjects and scenes.

In the rivers, and at the more distant lake of Halwyll, is plenty of fresh-water fish, and salmon also ascend the Aar and Limmat from the Rhine. There is also good shooting in the neighbourhood.

The wells of Schinznach, which are at the distance only of an agreeable morning ride, or even of a bracing walk, are also hot (25° R.) and sulphureous, and much frequented by the Swiss. The neighbourhood abounds in charming nooks, and

close by, at the foot of the Wulpelsberg stands in ruins the ancient castle of Hapsburg, in which were hatched, and from which, half-fledged, flew the present Imperial family of Austria.

As carriage-roads do not lead, nor even veterinary horses drag, to the less frequented parts of Switzerland, which I was anxious and determined to visit; and as Signor Torti's snail progress on the great roads, and the time which the other members of our party—who, although in health, were not strong enough to encounter mountain paths,—would tarry for pleasure or rest at the capitals of Cantons, would all occupy a great portion of the month, I resolved on making an excursion over the eastern districts of Switzerland, on foot, by *char-à-banc*, or by water, as circumstances or fancy should direct; and then return by way of Wallenstadt and Rapperschweil to rejoin them at Zurich. In making this excursion, it was necessary that I should not be burthened with any article that would delay me, so that when I could get no conveyance I might start from wherever I should be on foot.

I therefore bade my wife and friends an early, but certainly an unwilling, adieu, on as charming a morning as ever dawned on Switzerland; and with no other loose incumbrance than my cloak rolled and tied compactly round with a string, and having within it a couple of clean shirts, as many pair of hose, and a razor, comb, tooth-brush, and soap, all rolled in a piece of buckskin; then with the end of my walking-stick passed through between the cloak and the string, I threw it over my shoulder, and, with Ebel's guide-book, a four-inch telescope in one pocket, and My Note Book and a map in the other, I trudged away across the

covered bridge of the Limmat, and commenced my journey over the mountain ridge which rises between Baden and the Rhine.

The path leads, winding in a zig-zag direction, amidst vineyards. The grapes were ripe, and hung in luxuriant clusters. As I clambered upwards an old woman called out, in barbarous German, that I was trespassing, and, as I thought, she forbade me to touch the tempting fruit. At this moment, but not before, my mouth watered for the juicy pendants; and, regardless of the wrinkled hag's vociferations, I committed the sin of plucking a couple of blooming branches; at the same time I was prepared to wipe off my transgression, and on the approach of the angry, withered, witch-like being, who strode vigorously towards me, I opened my hand and exhibited about ten batzen. Her passion subsided at the sight, as the surface of a muddy pond does the moment after a gust of wind has passed over it. She offered me a bunch for each batzen. I took four only, and walked on my way, leaving her with glistening eyes, idolizing the ten little copper batzen.

In less than an hour I reached the summit of the first ridge. The prospect from it was enchanting. The Limmat flowed clearly and swiftly, apparently underneath my feet; although rocks and woods, and a succession of vineyards, lay between me and the town, it seemed as if I could look down through the very chimnies, and into the baths, hotels, and chateaux. Wooded hills, rugged mountains and glens, and green fields lay scattered here and there near and far, and as I joined the road leading to Kaiserstuhl, which passes for some distance through an arabel and pasture coun-

try, children were hallooing to the cattle as they were herding them on the neighbouring hills; in another direction several men were mowing hay; two or three ploughs were at work in the adjoining fields; in the face of a precipice there were people at work quarrying stones; and a little farther on, a neatly-clad, black-eyed, lively girl was tending two beautiful speckled milk-goats, which were browsing on the declivity of a steep. As I approached the second mountain ridge, I met several carts laden with green grass, and each cart drawn by two cows and oxen. On the top of each load were one or two girls, as well as the scythes that cut, and the rakes that gathered, the grass.

I passed through two little villages, and, entering a cabaret, asked for a glass of wine. It was so sour that I could not taste it; and I supplied its place with a little kirschwasser. The day became hot, the ascent was tedious, and, on reaching the summit, I was much exhausted. The view was magnificent. I sat down on the pedestal of an ancient stone cross, unfolded a paper in which I had wrapped a bunch of grapes, and, eating them with a biscuit, enjoyed a most refreshing repast. I crossed the road, and, from the opposite bank, sketched the scene, including the old cross, and myself sitting with staff and bundle at its foot, in the attitude of "very tired."

I then renewed my journey by a crooked difficult road, which led, among woods and rocks, through two or three villages where the people were engaged in breaking and dressing hemp. Cabbages, pumpkins, and potatoes, were, in these places, the only ungathered crops. I at length reached the

banks of the Rhine, at Kaiserstuhl, \*) and crossing over the bridge under which the river foams and whirls, I entered the inn, named the Red Castle, which stands in a beautiful spot on a bank overhanging the Rhine.

The view from the room into which I was shown is remarkably picturesque; and an artist, who had just then planted himself a little above, was sketching the landscape. I asked for some bread and wine: the landlord's daughter attended—this is a common custom in Switzerland. She was a pretty girl of about fifteen years of age, with a lively countenance, and with much naïveté of manners. She sat down in the same room, as is also customary, and took up a book and began to read. I asked her what the book was, and she replied: "Die Stunden der Andacht." It was "The Pious Meditations," a book found in almost every chalet and house in Switzerland. It is attributed to Zchokke and other learned men, and written with beautiful simplicity. My interesting attendant said she was very fond of reading: she was intelligent, had read the history of her country, and could sing and play on the guitar. I asked her to sing a Swiss air for me. Without any false bashfulness she immediately did so, and very sweetly too, and accompanied her voice with the guitar. Her mother came in soon after, and the lively little *Jungfrau*, said, as if proud of doing an obliging action, "Mamma, I have been singing for the gentleman, and he thanks me."—"You have done right, my child," replied the mother. This was innocent sim-

\*) Emperor's chair, supposed to be the ancient Forum Tiberii.

plcity and goodness of disposition on both sides, and as it should be between parent and child. These little incidents interest me exceedingly—far more than courts, and all that rules within the slavish confines of fashion.

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## ZSCHOKKE.

YOUNG Ulricha, delighted that I was pleased with her singing, and with my praising her for being so fond of reading, stepped up on a chair, and stretching her arm towards a high shelf, reached two volumes which lay upon it. „These,“ said she, „are not pious, but they are very pleasant books. I like this one very much, the stories are so interesting. I sit up very often at night and read them over and over again.“ She handed me the volume. It contained two tales, written by Jean Henri Daniel Zschokke—a man of taste, learning, and genius, although scarcely, and I am surprised at it, known in England. The tales were „Alamontade“ and „Jonathan Frock;“ and when Ulricha said they were very interesting, she spoke truth—for, truly, no one but a man of genius, well acquainted with the heart, could have written them.

Zschokke lives now at a country house near Aarau, like a patriarch, surrounded by his family of nine children. Few men, either in Switzerland or in Germany, rank higher in the Republic of Letters. All travellers of celebrity are proud to make his acquaintance; and hospitably and cor-

dially are they always received by the polite yet simple-mannered Zschokke. He was born in 1771, and Copsius, one of his teachers, appreciating the wonderful early exfoliation of brilliant natural abilities in his young pupil, cultivated and directed his studies with astonishing success. Zschokke was not restrained in the propensities which he, from time to time, cherished for particular studies or readings; and besides having attained an efficiency at least equal to that of the other pupils in the usual course of instruction, he was, at the age of fifteen, deeply read in the works of philosophical, biographical, and imaginative writers, especially those of Plato, Plutarch, Homer, Ossian, and the other philosophers and poets of antiquity; and even with the writings of Spinoza, Albert du Grossen, Swedenborg, as well as with the works of the chief metaphysicians and scientific writers of Germany.

His academical studies were completed at Frankfurt on the Oder; where he was chiefly confined, with a professional view, to the theological faculty. He afterwards opened, in that city, a course of special lectures on ecclesiastical history, on moral philosophy, and on natural rights, or rather, natural law. These lectures were justly appreciated for elegance, taste, and for enlightened philosophical and spiritual views, demonstrated with uncommon ability; but his political ideas not being agreeable to the minister of Public Instruction, Zschokke was compelled to abandon the course of lectures which he had so flourishingly commenced. He next appeared before the world, or rather before Germany, as the author of *Abellino*, or *the Bandit Chief*. This tragedy created scarcely



less sensation than the *Robbers* of Schiller. He, however, I am told, now considers it as one of the wild freaks of youthful fancy. The success it has met with proves a generally contrary opinion. His next drama was *Mondaleschi*, founded on that atrocious scene in the *Gallerie aux Cerfs* in the Palace of Fontainebleau, where the bespattered-with-flattery queen Christina of Sweden put to death her treasurer, and gloated over the practical tragedy with less horror than a princess of the present day sits in her box witnessing the opera of *Robert-le-Diable*. The *Man in the Iron Mask* followed; and then he produced by far the best existing translation of Molière into German. The opinions of Zschokke were, however, too liberal, his conversation too candid, for the strait-laced society of Frankfort on the Oder, and disgusted with what he termed "all-monarchical, all-feudal Germany," he left the country, and retired to the sublime solitudes of the mountains, glaciers, and valleys of the Canton of the Grisons.

Here at Coire, the capital of the Canton, the Burgomaster immediately invested Zschokke with the direction of the celebrated cantonal seminary of Reichenau, where, at the same time, under the name of Gabos, Louis Philippe of Orleans, *to day* king of the French, gave lessons as a simple tutor.

Zschokke was afterwards connected with most of the political events of "his dear country Switzerland," as he feelingly terms it in conversation and in writing. In 1804, he was nominated a member of the administration of the mines, forests, and waters of Aargau; and in this canton he may be said to have lived ever since, useful to his

country, and a modest ornament to human nature. I feel delighted, thanks to little Ulricha, in the idea of making so great a genius and so good a man perhaps better known to the English public.\*)

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## THE EXCURSION RESUMED.

Of the two horses, four asses, and two mules which belong to Kaiserstuhl, not one was at home. Some had gone carrying picturesque-searching tourists up one of the paths of the Black Forest: the others had set off similarly employed to Schaffhausen; I had therefore to trudge forward again on foot; and paying the small charge for wine and bread to Ulricha, and telling her to continue to sing and to play on her guitar, and to read the Pious Meditations, and the entertaining tales of Switzerland and Baden, all which she promised

\*) Of all the works of Zschokke, that which he considers as the most meritorious, because, as he says, the most useful, is the „Swiss Messenger.“ It is certainly a most pleasing journal, and most simply written, in the truth of its full length title, which I translate as follows: — „The Sincere and well experienced Swiss Messenger; who relates, in his simple manner, those things which are passing in our dear country Switzerland; and also, how wise men and fools act in the World.“ His history of Eavaria is written in the style and dignity of the first historians; while his popular History of Switzerland, again, intended as a manual for the people, is written in the same plain manner as the Swiss Messenger.

to do, I bade her and her mother and the Red Castle adieu. Two hours walking on the banks of the Rhine and through fields and vineyards, and then along the skirts of the Black Forest, brought me to Eglisau, a large village on the Rhine, where there is a bridge, over which the road to Zurich from Schaffhausen leads. This part of the country is subject to chocks of earthquakes. A little distance from Eglisau, are the sulphurous wells of Oerliken, and in the vicinity, the fields have been the scene of bloody combats between the French and Austrians.

Schaffhausen was yet about twelve English miles distant; the sun would set in little less than an hour; and I could get neither horse nor conveyance at Eglisau: but the evening was beautiful, the oppressive heat of the day was over, and I again journeyed on, through fields and woods. It was getting dark as I passed through that part of the forest, in which stands, by the road-side, the boundary marks between Baden and the Canton of Schaffhausen. On ascending a little after, as the road led up an eminence, a bright irregular and peaked ridge appeared in the Southern horizon. It was the outline of the snow-clad Swiss Alps; with the sun still shining brightly upon them, while at the same time the stars were brilliantly twinkling in the dark blue heavens above. The scene was effulgently sublime.

As night closed in, the feeling, on travelling by a rather narrow road, now by open spaces, then through a dark wood, was solitary as in the forests of America. At length I heard the roaring of the cataract; but the path I trod led not close to the Rhine; and in about three-quarters of an

hour, I heard the murmuring and hollow sound behind me. I was instructed to keep on the road, and then I should be safe. I descended a most tedious rocky steep: walls and houses soon after lined each side, until I reached the level. By the noise of the rushing and foaming waters I knew that I was on the very edge of the Rhine. Planks formed part of the road, the river rolled underneath; I could by the star-light merely perceive that the buildings on each side were mills, surrounded by huge logs of timber; and between the openings I could now and then see the white froth flowing downwards. Not a living thing was to be seen. All except the mighty stream was silent and at rest. It was nearly ten o'clock at night and as the ticklish path I trod led to a narrow street, an old woman with a basket in her hand was crossing it. I asked her the way to the Goldenen Falken. „Gehen Sie gerade aus, an dem Ende der Strasse wenden Sie sich zur linken Hand,“ she replied. I did so; several windows now exhibited lights; but the streets were dark and rough, and my feet were, from walking, enduring great pain. A boy whom I at last met, conducted me for a few batzen, over as tedious a steep as any town is curst with, to the Goldenen Falken, the first hotel in

#### SCHAFFHAUSEN.

HAD I appeared at such a house in England, and in such a plight, covered with dust, and with no other luggage than a cloak made up into a bundle stuck on the end of my walking stick, I

should undoubtedly have been turned out to look for shelter elsewhere. Not so at the Goldenen Falken. I was received with as much courtesy as if I had been a prince; and shown into a very handsome bed-chamber: a warm-bath was almost instantly sent to me; and on my coming down, cleansed and refreshed, an excellent little supper was ready in the coffee-room.\*)

I slept comfortably and soundly, and was called early next morning, as I desired, when a man with a calleche was in attendance to drive me down to the celebrated

#### FALLS OF THE RHINE.

THE wooded and rocky scenery; the steeps and vineyards; the spires and houses, and the river foaming downwards, impart picturesque and sublime magnificence to the landscape before we arrive at the cataract. I descended by an inclined path, and then by a wooden bridge walked to the old

\*) Schaffhausen is one of the most curiously built towns in Europe. The site is hilly, the streets generally broad; and the houses, ornamented with paintings on the outside, have usually a tower, or rather bastion, in front; with the name of the proprietor, and often that of the architect, and the date when built. It has manufactories of cotton, and silk, also tanneries, and numerous mills turned by the Rhine. The Minster, Town-house, and the Public Library are well worth visiting. The historian Müller was born at Schaffhausen, his will is one of the most curious testamentary documents that I have seen, and certainly a curiosity. — See Translation, Notes to Note Book. No. 15.

chateau or rather tower of Laufen, which stands on a rock in the middle of the river, a little below, and in face of the fall.

This famous cataract has been compared to Niagara. I might so compare it also; but then it would be for me to sketch the former in the same proportion to the latter that a dwarf bears, to a giant: yet the falls of Schaffhausen are most picturesquely and sublimely diversified in their descent, and are less uniform in the great *tout ensemble*, than those of the far more impressively stupendous Niagara. If time would but allow me, I could loiter for days, looking on, and sketching and lounging in this picturesque neighbourhood. I remained in the tower only so long as to sketch a tolerably correct outline of the cataract; and to look over a collection of pretty views of Rhenish Swiss scenery for sale in a room kept by the tenant, whose wife attends to shew them, as well as a large Camera Obscura, which, especially if the sun shines, exhibits a splendid view of the falls.

On returning, it being the Sabbath day, although several persons were previously fishing, all the villagers were now assembling, and with clasped bibles and psalm-books in their hands, and habited in their Sunday clothes, were proceeding with decorous gravity to the little Lutheran church on the height above—the solemn psalmody in which had just commenced, and deeply impressive it was in the near vicinity of so sublime a scene. The deep sound of the water below seemed the bass accompaniment of those who above were singing the worship of the Deity. It is thus that devotion, whatever may be the confession of faith, is so infinitely more enthusiastic amid the wild sublimities

of nature, than in cities and populous districts. The fanaticism which appeared in so many extravagant lights among the colonists of New England was not hypocrisy—it was the enthusiasm of wild devotion among savage solitudes. It disappeared when the country became thickly inhabited; as the lonely feelings of families scattered over a strange land, gave place to those of confident security, when industry overcame the difficulties of the wilderness, and when numbers guaranteed protection. In the remote districts similar fanaticism prevails at camp meetings and other religious assemblages; and however extravagant those congregations may appear at their devotions, and although I am far from being one of those who admire them, yet I am convinced, from personal observation, that not only the preachers of whatever creed, but generally the whole of the assembled multitudes, are sincere in the spirit of their worship.

I followed the people into their decent church: the pastor was fervent in his discourse, and the congregation earnest in their attention to what he said. I remained until the sermon was over, and then drove back to the hotel at Schaffhausen, where I had a late breakfast; and then paying my bill, which for all (except the caleche) only amounted to about six shillings English, I started by the steam-boat, which left at one o'clock in the afternoon, for

#### CONSTANCE.

THE steam-boat is a tolerably good one, but the current is rapid, and it was only by keeping as

much as safety would allow in the eddies, that we made headway. The shores of Thurgau are fertile, undulated and picturesque; those of Swabia wild and sterile, as described in the ruthless age which has imparted to that country a barbarous character in history. On the left, as we proceeded, we passed that famous feudal strong hold, the castle of Hohentweil, the view from which, Schreiber says, commands a prospect of the whole chain of Alps from the Vorarlberg to the Jungfrau, as well as the lake of Constance, and a great part of Swabia.

Floating on the Rhine above the falls reminded me of being in a steam-boat, a little above Buffalo; and though lake Erie and lake Constance have far different dimensions, yet the latter<sup>1</sup> in picturesque beauty is infinitely superior. We had, I think, no "travelling English," as Lord Byron terms them, on board. Three Danes, a Swedish family, and several Germans and Swiss, composed the passengers. Some were going to Constance, others landed as we stopped at Diessenhoffen—a pretty little town of Thurgau, in which there is but one church, but in which the Lutheran and Catholic pastors perform their respective services, in christian charity, during alternate hours of the Sunday. Close by are the convents of Paradise and Carolinenthal, (Caroline's Valley). We halted at Stein, an agreeable looking small town on the north side, just before entering the Zeller,—or Untersee. We stopped also at the beautiful vine-covered island of Reichenau. It was to the abbey of this island that Charles the Gros retired after his defeat by Charlemagne.



Before reaching Constance the Untersee contracts to a very narrow strait, between this town and that of Peterhausen, on the opposite point of Swabia. The steam-boat makes the tour of the lake after reaching Constance, but generally on the following day.

There is little to detain the traveller in the once celebrated town of Constance. An hour or two may be passed away in looking at its cathedral and some other edifices; but from the days in which the Emperor Sigismund assembled here the General Council for settling all religious disputes, which burnt John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, Constance has been declining, and the town of Frauenfeld in the interior of the Canton, with only 2,000 inhabitants is the capital.

Thurgau is, however, one of the most populous and fertile districts of Switzerland, with no high rugged mountains—it consists of plains and valleys and hills. Villages, meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, and plantations of apple and pear trees, are the prevailing features. Flax and hemp are produced in great quantities and manufactured into coarse and fine linens in the Canton, and exported to other countries. Muslin, and calico, and silk fabrics are also flourishing in the Canton.

The Lamb, where I stopped, is a tolerably good house. On the following morning I rose early and rode to the height on which stands the castle of Wolfsberg. Its situation is remarkably beautiful; it overlooks the whole of the Untersee, the Bodensee, and the island of Reichenau; and part of Swabia, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg in the distance; and on the left as we look down the Swiss shores of the Rhine, a view of the chateau of Arenberg,

in which the ex-queen Hortense and her son Napoleon have lived for many years; and also of the chateau belonging to the duchess of Dino. At Wolfsberg there is a ferruginous spring, in taste very much resembling that of Spa; and within the chateau there is a very extensive boarding house. I am told it is admirably managed under the superintendance of a Mr. Benezil. The boarders have the use of baths, and invalids are provided, as at Swiss-Baden and Gaiss, with goat's milk.

After returning to Constance I rode, accompanied by a guide; over a richly-cultivated country embellished with villages and orchards, about twelve miles to the little thriving town of Aarhon (*Arbor felix* of the Romans); it faces the lake and is embosomed within orchards. A boat was at the moment starting for the opposite side,—the weather was clear,—the gentle southerly breeze was fair,—my passport was correct,—and my luggage was no incumbrance, so I paid off my guide, and took my passage.

Although the banks of the lake of Constance are lower, its waters are deeper than those of any other in Switzerland.\*) Between Lindau and Mehrerau it is said to be about one hundred and twenty fathoms deep. The Rhine flows swiftly through it, and the sudden gusts of wind, and those blasts sometimes like tornadoes, called *foehn*, together with the occasional agitation of its waters, called *Ruhs*, without any visible exterior cause,

\*) The lake abounds with about twenty-five species of fish, and is frequented by numerous water fowl. Vast quantities of fish are caught immediately below the falls. See notes to Note Book No. 14.

render its navigation, in sailing-boats, frequently dangerous, but when the heavens are clear above, there is little to fear. We had consequently a safe passage: the boat was adroitly managed, and in about two hours and a half I was landed at Friederichshafen, within the

## KINGDOM OF WURTEMBERG.

I EXPERIENCED no difficulty from police or custom-house officers, and as the attractions of the town, with its thousand inhabitants, and its royal chateau, consist chiefly in its scenery and its pretty situation on the lake, I only stopped to lunch at the hotel to which I was shown, and then hired a calash to carry me to

## LINDAU IN BAVARIA.

THE road, which leads over the banks of the lake, is, perhaps—and especially on such a fine evening as we travelled along it—one of the most beautiful in Europe. Before descending towards the bridge of Lindau the sun was setting, and the reflection in the lake of the shores of Thurgau, St. Gall, and the country about Rheineck, with the vast clear distant outline of the Swiss and Rhetian Alps and inferior mountains, formed a landscape so magnificent and varied, that to attempt description would be folly. Lindau is on a small island, to which we crossed by a long bridge. Its superb position has been always justly admired. In its Inn I supped and slept, and next morning, as the sun was rising gloriously over the Vorarlberg I started in a boat manned with

two rowers, who in less than a couple of hours landed me at the head of the lake, at the little town of

#### BREGENZ IN AUSTRIA.

SUCH is the central point of boundaries which the lake of Constance forms, that, with very moderate exertion on my part, I was, during the course of twenty-hours (having, besides, slept six of these), under four different governments, viz., a Republic, two several Kingdoms, and an Empire. In respect to passports and crossing the frontiers, I had no interruption except (perhaps under suspicion that I might be an emissary of Propaganda) a search within my cloak for papers or books, by the douaniers of his Imperial Majesty, at Bregenz.

This latter town lies near an important pass into the Austrian dominions and into Italy. Yet I am told that notwithstanding the vigilance of the custom-house officers, the Swiss smuggle great quantities of fine goods into the Tyrol and Lombardy. I had breakfast and remained about two hours at Bregenz. The landlord told many wondrous stories about bandits, smugglers, chamois-hunters, timber-cutters, and raftsmen. I started in a sort of *Char-à-banc*,— I travelled onwards to the fertile *Rhein-thal*; and crossing the Rhine, a league above where it plunges into the Bodensee, I reached the town of

#### RHEINECK.

It would be difficult to give a descriptive idea of the happy situation of this pretty town. The rich

valley and clambering vineyards; the mountains, woods, and ruined castles; the Rhine rolling down its streams from the glaciers of the Grisons; the surrounding villages, orchards, fields, and pastures; the handsome buildings in the town; the activity going forward in floating down timber and in transporting merchandize, all combined to render it one of the most interesting places that I have visited.

It has fabrics of woollens, cottons, and linens and its wine is highly celebrated. After remaining here about an hour, admiring the beautiful scenery and for visiting two manufactories, and only vexed that time urged me onward, I travelled on by a *calèche*, and in about five hours, by a picturesque road, leading through the industrious town of Rorschach, I arrived and dined at the Brochet hotel at

#### ST. GALL.

The industry and steady character of the townspeople and of the peasantry, whether herdsmen or farmers, of the country I have been travelling over, interest me most agreeably. This town, surrounded, but not confined, by lofty mountains, is well built, and the people seem as regular at their employments as if each formed a component part of a machine.

The abbey church is said to be the handsomest catholic edifice in Switzerland. In days of yore the abbots of St. Gall acted in political and military conduct the parts of princes and generals.\*) Yet,

\*) Almost every peasant relates anecdotes of the abbots of St. Gall. My guide told the following of Ulrich,

for three centuries, this celebrated abbey was the well-protected asylum of learned men. The first abbot, Othmeyer, as early as the beginning of the eighth century, established a school in the abbey for the purpose of collecting all the learning then scattered over the surface of Europe. Princes and emperors sent their sons to this seminary,—learned men flocked to it from all countries,—valuable ancient manuscripts were deposited within its sanctuary; but at length civil and foreign wars, and religious and political dissensions destroyed its importance. As late as the time of the council

abbot in the thirteenth century. Frederick the second when absent during the crusades, placed his son Henry, elected king of the Romans at the age of thirteen years, under the counsel of Ulrich. The warlike disposition of the latter was at that time of great service to the emperor in suppressing rebellions. On his return from the holy land, Frederick being desirous to punish the Duke of Bavaria who betrayed him, gave the command to Ulrich, saying, "St. Gall, lead my troops to battle and show the proud duke that you are not a poor priest, as he is wont to say of you." Ulrich accordingly went forth and reduced the duke to obedience.

The emperor afterwards wrote to the abbot to conduct his son to Ravenna; but St. Gall excused himself by replying that he was afflicted with apulmonary complaint. The emperor then wrote the abbot, "St. Gall, you must conduct my son to me, because you alone can bring him by the proper road. I have ordered my treasurer to send you, to fortify your lungs, an opiate of four hundred gold marks." The abbot replied, "I will obey, and I accept with gratitude the treasure from your Majesty to pay my apothecary."

of Constance, Poggio, who sat in that political, religious, and diabolical assembly, tells us that he visited St. Gall, and found in a neglected part of one of the towers a manuscript of Quintilian, many letters of Valerius Flaccus, and several of Cicero's Orations.

Salamon, abbot of St. Gall in 919, wrote an "Encyclopedia of all the sciences and knowledge of the world at that period." This Canton boasts of many celebrated men, especially the theologians Vadianus and Zuinglius. The latter was born in the romantic village of Wildhaus, in the high Toggenburg. It is said that at present all activity and intelligence are turned to the pursuits of industry and trade, and that letters and sciences are but little cultivated in this Canton. The clergy are, however, an exception to this sweeping charge; for they are energetically occupied in cultivating the minds of the young.

I had little more than time to walk over the Cathedral, the Catholic Lyceum, the Protestant Gymnasium, and the Library Vadianus—in the latter are rare books, medals, busts, and paintings. As far as orderly arrangement, and, I suppose, practical usefulness are in question, I would recommend those establishments to the attention of travellers who have more leisure than I had during this excursion.

There is a German gazette published at St. Gall, said to be the most ably edited in Switzerland. I purchased the numbers of it printed this month (September) now near ending; also some statistical and descriptive pamphlets; and then, although late in the day, I started, fully confident in my honest guide, each of us riding on a surefooted mule,

over a difficult romantic road, until night closing in compelled us to stop at the sign of the Bull or the Ox, I forget which, in the populous manufacturing town of Herisau. Next morning we left early, and by a most picturesque route arrived in time for breakfast at

#### APPENZEL.

THIS is the capital of Inner, or Catholic Rhodes, \*) one of the sovereign divisions of Ap-

\*) The Protestant clergy of Outer or Protestant Rhodes, are remarkably strict in their own character, and severe in subjecting their flocks to all the religious observances of their faith. The people of Appenzel are passionately fond of dancing, which is forbidden under severe penalties on Sunday. This is the day, however, on which the young herdsmen and their sweethearts meet at the little Inns, where they sit down to drink beer or wine together, in couples, at long tables. A fiddler appears among them, who plays only dancing tunes, and instantly all commence beating time with their feet below the table—thus tasting the pleasure so strictly prohibited by the Magistrates and Clergy.

The "ring play," as it is called, still forms a favourite diversion among the mountainèers of Appenzel. Young men and girls meet on Sundays, and hand in hand form circles, dance round and round, sing the songs of their country, laugh, and shout, until one of the herdsmen, placed without the circles, touches one of the dancers, and runs off over hill and dale, until overtaken by the dancer who pursues him, and leads him back to the circle, within which he is subjected to a fine, and then entitled to join the dance. This is frequently repeated.



penzel. It is old, ill built, and surrounded by varied and sublime scenery. There is little worthy of attention in the town to detain a traveller: but the neighbouring country is full of interest; and romantic wildness and picturesque beauty are richly exhibited by the wondrous bounty of nature. Mount Kamor, the Wildkirchlein or Chapel of the Rocks; Weisbad, and Gaiss; Mount Sentis, and thence to the Rheinthal, with the constant Alpine views, unfold the most diversified scenes.

I made little delay at Appenzel, except for peeping in three or four of the principal edifices, and talking about the state of industry and other general matters with the landlord, (landlords I find always intelligent in Switzerland) and with a decent looking man (a Catechist he was styled) while I sat at breakfast, and while my guide was getting the mules saddled, I learnt little more than bringing away the general impression of the place and people.

All the roads and paths of the Canton are in most parts abrupt, difficult of ascent and descent, and often leading near the edge of giddy precipices. The country is totally different in its culture, habitations and aspects, from Thurgau; and pasturage and the tendency of flocks, with chasing the shy chamois,\*) form the chief business and cares of the peasantry, who are hardy, brave, religious and honest.

I left Appenzel with the same guide, whom I found trustworthy and intelligent. By a steep road, which at every hundred yards seemed to denounce perdition to us, we arrived safely at the

\*) See notes to the Note Book, No. 15.

pretty village of Gaiss, celebrated by its pure mountain air, its goat's milk, and whey, and for the efficacy of all three, especially in consumptive cases. The elevation of this place is too high for the ripening of even tolerable common fruit, yet numerous invalids frequent it to breathe a clear atmosphere, and to drink the milk and whey of the mountain goat. The name of the place is derived from the word "*geise*,"—in German, goat.

We remained an hour, quite long enough to see all at Gaiss, and then turned off by a narrow up and down plunging path, which in about an hour and a half's travelling brought us to Weisbad, or White-bath, on the banks of the foaming Vitter.



### CURES DE PETIT LAIT.

THE mountains of Appenzel appear as if they were the special resorts of goats,—for in no country have I seen so many of those animals as on the different elevations of this Canton.

Each morning at Weisbad, at Gaiss, and at Gonton, the healthy peasants who descend from the heights, bring with them goat's milk, and whey with curds, which they call molken and schotten, and which they serve out in cups to the numerous invalids who frequent those places. After two or three months, residence, drinking goat's milk, taking exercise on the mountains, joining in the dance and other amusements, the

invalids, so say the people of Gaiss, and Weisbad, all return home healthy as the herdsmen and chamois hunters.

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## ASCENT OF THE KAMOR.

MOUNT Kamor being the most easterly of the superior Swiss Alps, and my guide, (whose disinterestedness in money matters, and whose intelligence, whether as to roads—to the great and good people of the country—to old castles, legends, superstitions, and what I scarcely expected, the institutions and geology of the land, gave me full confidence in him), having assured me that he was practically acquainted with the paths leading to its summit, I determined on making the ascent, in order as I was told, to view as extensive a prospect as is obtained from any other mountain in Switzerland. Perhaps there was a little vanity mixed up with the resolution. For although I do not avoid the paths of other men, I like to tread steps not usually trodden, and acting according to the fashion of my own judgment—for this reason, that although what others have explored may afford me amusement and instruction, yet what I explore myself should add still more to my knowledge. How far knowledge may add to happiness, or whether,

«If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—»

are inquiries in which I will not quarrel with moralists or metaphysicians as to their dogmas

or theories; but for myself, whether when at night, in the wilds of America, I laid down to rest on fir tops and birch rinds, with a Mick-Mack or Abenadui guide stretched on each side of me, and a wood-fire blazing near my feet,—or whether, as now in Europe, journeying on foot, or riding on a mule, accompanied by my faithful Swiss guide, or bumping along in a *char-à-banc*, I have never ceased to wish that the Deity would grant me as long a life as those hale patriarchs who vegetated before the flood. Then I would learn much, and visit every nook, and if I could ascend every mount in the little planet over which we now crawl—nay more, I would have the avaricious passion of curiosity to such an extent, that it would scarcely be satisfied unless I were gifted with the power of making a voyage in the galaxy or the milky-way; have post communications with Sirius, and the Polar Star, and with the snout and paws of Ursa Major; then I would coquet with Venus, make Jupiter jealous, send Mercury flying as a courier to distant suns, and philosophise over cold leaden facts with Saturn; then fly, tangent-fashion, in the evening, sweeping Ceres into my train, back to Venus, and bringing her also with me, and followed by a train of gods and goddesses, I would return, full of knowledge and delight, to my native planet.

Such flights are not, however, for us poor helpless material mortals, and I, pismire-like, must e'en waddle up one of Dame Earth's ant-hills, and spiritually allow it the full swell of its mundane magnificence: so farewell all hopes of antediluvian longevity, and universal knowledge and flights. Albrecht, my guide, says, he has

engaged a man to meet us at the Chalets, who will lead the mules round from thence to the side of the mountains next the Rheinthal, and that it is about time that we should commence the ascent of the Kamor.

The height of Mount Kamor is about 5,800 feet English, above the level of the Mediterranean; and 4,450 English, above that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

We ascended on our mules by way of Fehnern, the least difficult, yet certainly a giddy path, to the highest *chalets* on the mountain. In one of those pastoral cabins we passed the night with the goat and cow herds whom I made rather merry with the contents of a brandy-flask I had with me; they sung, as I thought, all the songs of Appenzel.

We rose about an hour before daylight, refreshed ourselves, dispatched the man hired by Albrecht to meet us with the mules beyond the mountain, and then renewed the ascent. We gained the summit of the Hoch-Kamor, or Kamor Superior, about a quarter of an hour before the sun rose over the northerly outline of the Tyrol.

The prospect which now gradually unfolded its magnificent features, formed a varying panorama of indescribable sublimity and grandeur. The country beneath appeared like a vast sea covered with a grey mist, and dotted with islands and rocks and pinnacles, that rose,—some like that remarkable elevation of the Azores, the peak of Pico,—some like the smaller clusters of the Hebrides,—and some black as the dreadful isle of St. Paul's, as it shows its frightful head amidst the fog-banks which choak the entrance from the Atlantic to the

Gulf of St. Lawrence. The snowy Alps reared their hoary summits to the South and West, with their accompanying pinnacles and needles,—bright where struck by the sun's rays, and black or bluish-grey in the shade. As the sun's heat dissipated the dews and exhalations, the green declivities of mountains, and the grassy summits of hills, with horned cattle and goats feeding, and *chalets* impending, burst into the prospect. On the rocky crags of the Sentis were now and then, by aid of telescope, to be seen eight or ten chamois browsing shyly on the giddy steep; and the hunters were already clambering up the dangerous height. The progress of objects, as they burst gradually into the glorious effulgent landscape, seemed as if creation, by the Almighty fiat, was producing from chaos all the features which rose from darkness into reality and light.

About eight o'clock neither fog nor vapour obscured the scope of vision, which extended to the Alpine chains of Switzerland and Savoy, to the Tyrol and over the Rheinthal, the lakes of Zurich, Wallenstadt, and Constance, over a part of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Swabia; and over the greater part of the Cantons of Thurgau, Appenzell, St. Gall, the Grisons, Schwitz, Glarus, and Zurich. The multitude of places I could distinguish by aid of map and my pocket telescope was astonishing. It seemed as if I overlooked all Switzerland; yet the Hochkaster is but a dwarf among the Alps.

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## DESCENT FROM THE KAMOR.

Not wishing to return to Appenzel, and Albrecht assuring me that if I feared not the giddiness of abrupt precipices, he was intimately acquainted, from having been a herdsman three years on the Kamor, with three different safe *sentiers* leading down to the Rheinthal.

A few weeks before, I had experienced a swimming unsteadiness when standing on the parapet of Ehrenbreitstein, which is elevated only about as many hundreds, as I was now thousands of feet, above the level of the Rhine. Yet on the present occasion I felt no giddiness. Habit has certainly great influence over this nervous and dangerous feeling, although there seems something thermometical in the human constitution which is affected by ascending heights above the level in which we usually breathe. Yet if we ascend by an inclined plane to a great elevation our lungs only appear to be affected—if we overlook a tremendous precipice our nerves seem to vibrate, and our heads feel a dizziness. One position therefore affects the nervous system by the medium of vision;—the other, by less atmospheric pressure, distends the lungs, and affects the circulation of the blood, as well as the freedom of breathing.

On descending the Kamor, the precipices overgaping gulphs were terrific as description could well delineate them, yet I walked along, following Albrecht, in perfectly steady composure, balancing myself with my iron pointed staff, frequently

within a few inches of the edges of overhanging rocks, several hundred feet high—often experiencing much more fatigue than during the ascent, but halting to drink milk at occasional *chalets*, we wended our way from steep to steep, until we reached the village of Kobelwies, situated on the declivity of the Rheinthal on the great road from Rheineck to Werdenberg and Sargans. Here the man intrusted with the mules met us with them—but, as there is a lion in this neighbourhood, we must halt and see the wonder.

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## THE CRYSTAL - GROTTÖ.

LEAVING our mules feeding at Kobelwies, we ascended in about ten minutes to Kienberg at the foot of the Kamor, from whence by an escalading kind of winding path we mounted the face of a precipice, and then descending about thirty yards, a ravine overhung with wood and rocks, we reached the entrance of the Crystal Grotto.

We proceeded, following our guide who carried a lighted torch, to the interior cavern, from which to the inner, or properly speaking, the Crystal Grotto; we were obliged to crawl on all fours along a narrow gallery for about sixty feet, and then entered the cavern, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and about twenty feet in height. Its roof and walls glitter and sparkle with pendant stalactites, or Iceland crystal. These are often tinted with yellow clay mingled in its solution with the water which was the agent of their production. The effect of the torch-light



on the spangled roof and walls was certainly resplendent, and the guide told me there was a larger grotto still further in, now closed up at the entrance by stalactites. Much as the people of Kobelwies talk of their crystal grotto, I certainly do not think it worth half the necessary fatigue, for any traveller who has ever before been within a cavern in which stalactites are formed, to visit the grotto of Kienberg. It has, at least, very much disappointed me. The ascent of the precipice, the descent by the gorge, and creeping along the crooked narrow tunnel-like gallery, may be considered adventurous, and therefore those who are disposed to encounter a laborious experiment cannot do better than be persuaded to follow one of the sight-showing guides at the baths\*) of Kobelwies, to "Der Krystall-höhle."

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### BATHS OF PFEFFERS.—GORGE OF THE TAMINA.

On descending to Kobelwies, although exceedingly fatigued, we mounted our mules and travelled onwards by a savage route, which now and then from the heights and openings in the fir and larch forest unfolded splendid views of the broad rich valley of the Rhine; of the Alpine peaks and snows,

\*) The streams that run down from the Caverns feed forty baths, the water is heated to a proper temperature, and is considered efficacious in curing the intermittent fevers common in the alluvial country of the Rheinthal.

of the Rhætian chain; and on the left, within the German dominions, of the chateau of Lichtenstein, and numerous villages. We passed through the town of Sarganz (near which there is a sulphurous spring, and within two leagues, at Gonzen, there is the richest iron mine in Switzerland), but we halted not until we reached the village of Ragaz, on the Tamina, half a mile from the Rhine, opposite Mayenfeld.

Here we dined and baited our mules, and then started to visit the celebrated Gorge of the impetuous Tamina, and the famous baths of the Abbey of Pfeffers, which have been much frequented since invalids, or *malades imaginaires*, were first fascinated to them by the monks, to whom the baths appertain.

The path to the Pfeffers, by the little village of Valenz, is steep and difficult even for mules, and, for the first league, so narrow along the edge of precipices, as to be more dangerous than any we had yet passed over: but on our reaching the heights, we came to a sort of table pasture land. Here, at an elevation of more than three thousand feet, as the sun was descending beyond the mountains of Glarus, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald, and shining brightly on the grey peaks and snowy heads of the Alps, we beheld prospects, displaying features of grandeur of which the most creative imagination can form but a very imperfect picture.

The deep ravine of the Tamina, an infernal gulf, fringed along its precipices with funereal-looking firs, yawned beneath; the frowning pyramidal Galanda; the Alpine pastures, woods and impending *chalets*; and the craggy Grauen-

horner, rose before us; the Rætian chain stretched from East to West, embosoming the Engadine; mysterious shades were thrown back by the St. Gotthard, and the Splügen, over the Rheinwald; and the cloudless heavens—to the west, effulgently glorious in vivid crimson and flaming red—and above, and to the east, clearly blue with sparkling stars—canopied and bounded the vast wonderful landscape.

The evening buzz of the villagers; the tinkling of the little bells attached to the cows and goats; the mountain echoes to the full notes of the Alpine horn, blown by the herdsmen as they gathered homeward the cattle; the blazing fir fires just kindled to prepare humble meals in the village cabins; the smoke rising in grey curls from the roofs of *chalets*; and the deep sound of the cascades of the Mühlbach and the Tamina, imparted strange and impressive animation to the sublime grandeur of nature.

I slept soundly at a small *cabaret* in the village. The people were civil and gave us with good will and at little cost the best they had. Some of the women in this neighbourhood tatoo their skin, by pricking the surface with needles, and rubbing various colours into the punctures. This savage custom is more general on the mountain ridges facing the Rhine down to Ruti.

As it was useless to descend to the baths, where daylight breaks in only for about four hours during the longest day in June, and now scarcely for three, we started in the morning to view the falls of the Tamina. On leaving Valenz we entered a smiling pastoral valley, in which are several *chalets*, where the women were churn-

ing the milk just taken from the goats and the cows, which the herdsmen by virtue of the blasts they blew on the Alpine horn, were then collecting and driving to the mountains. From this vale we descended by a steep rugged path into the dark ravine of Mühlbach, until we reached a bridge, under which this mountain torrent was foaming. A little below, where there is the ruin of a mill, the Mühlbach thunders into the Tamina; and then the waters of both those impetuous rivers plunge furiously over black marble rocks into a profound vortex, and form one of the most picturesque waterfalls in Switzerland. To obtain a good view of it, one must have no fear of standing on the brink of a precipice, for the cataract can only be fully seen from a high table rock, or rather shelf above the mill, scarcely more than a foot in breadth. From this giddy height the view is as romantic as wild rocks, dark ravines, gloomy firs and foaming turbulence, can lend savage features to a landscape.

The path to the baths of the Tamina from Valenz is steep and rugged. There is a resting place called *Mon-repos*, overshadowed by trees, before descending into a yawning gulf which seems the jaws of Tartarus, and infinitely more terrible in its dioramic aspect, than the visionary valley of death in the Pilgrim's Progress. A bridge crosses the gorge. In one place the overhanging rocks form an arch above. Two venerable firs are seen overshadowing the chasm, and trees of the same kind grow thickly up the ravine to and above the falls. On each side, at some distance, are some groves of larches, and a few old oaks. The *Rhododendron ferrugineum* which

thrives generally in the country of Sarganz, and on the slopes of the secondary Alps, decorates the declivities here and there. From the bridge there was but one way of descent, for unless we consented to be lowered down to this *Inferno* by ropes, we must trust to a zigzag gallery of planks, two in breadth, without any parapet, and supported by posts and ledges of the rocks. This gallery leads by gradual declination, following the windings for many hundred feet, to the baths. The black limestone rocks streaked with quartz overhang the gorge to a height of about three hundred feet; the Tamina rolls and foams beneath; the rocks, as you proceed, rise gradually higher over your head, and your distance from the foam over which you impend diminishes in proportion. In one place called the *Beschloss*, or inclosure, the rocks form a vault over the top. At length, incased by awful walls, you observe the smoking source, and soon after arrive at the baths. Never did human conception fix on so terrific a *locale* for a habitation. The invalids who resort to the Pfeffers may truly be said to risk their lives to prolong existence. Some are lowered down on couches or chairs, with eyes bandaged. Some who are strong enough, and have heads not predisposed to vertigo, walk between two men with sticks held on each side of the patients, who step along much like the Irishman who fancied he was riding when put into a bottomless sedan. Two or three hours' sun, at the most, are all that throw their rays diurnally on the precipices above; and unless patients venture up by the giddy gallery, or be hoisted up by ropes, they must be contented with gazing at rugged walls,

three hundred feet high, with fir branches fringing the summit, and a foaming river, thirty to forty feet deep, thundering forth through the awful abyss, in a niche of which their habitation is fixed from June to September.

Such places are often said to be discovered by chance; and finding the sources of these baths is ascribed to a chamois hunter in the tenth century, whom the pursuit of game led to the dangerous steep. The monks of the Abbey of Pfeffers (founded in the eighth century) afterwards recommended the use of the waters, first for drink and then for bathing. The spring only flows in summer from openings in the rocks, out of a cavern about twentyfive feet long, ten high, and five broad.

There were formerly baths wedged in near this source, but in the beginning of the last century, the present two bath-houses, capable of lodging three hundred persons, were built; to which the thermal water is conducted by a small canal, six hundred and fifty feet long.

The water which is of thirty degrees temperature, has neither taste, odour, nor colour. It is limpid and light; and "experience," say the monks and the doctors of the country, "proves its virtue, for several centuries, against many chronic diseases and in restoring weakness of the digestive organs, and bilious, or other diseases, arising from gross or defective humours."

The season being over we had no opportunity of observing the scenes of life. On Sundays the people of the neighbouring villages frequent the Pfeffers, and drink and bathe in the waters. It is said that, on those occasions, the scene below, which presents itself to a spectator seated on the

bridge above, is one of the most peculiar imaginable. Beings, as if not of this world, appear descending and ascending, amidst the mist and the cross shadows, apparently to and from an infernal and bottomless region.

There are four resting places in the gorge: first, the Kaenzling, or little tribune, second, a little higher, the Italian shop: a niche, where fancy articles are sold to the bathers, third, the Solitude, most truly named; and fourth, a vault in the rocks, a little farther up than the zenith of the bridge which crosses the gorge—at this cavern the bottles carried off are filled.

The monks provide at moderate prices the apartments and the articles required by the invalids. The only amusements are billiards, or promenading under a terrace about sixty feet long, except for those who overcome the giddiness of ascending and descending by the gallery. To such the neighbourhood offers several of the most picturesque walks or rides in Switzerland. One of the most remarkable of these resorts is the romantic valley of *Kalfheus*, from which the Tamina flows; in going to which it is usual to rest for the night in the great *Chalet* of the abbey of Pfeffers. This valley with its few pastoral inhabitants time would not allow me to visit. Tradition affirms it to have been once the residence of giants.

“It is remarkable,” observes Ebel, “that in this valley, now so wild, and formerly peopled, there are frequently discovered, in a place which no doubt its church and village occupied, human bones of proportions exceeding greatly those of the present inhabitants of the surrounding valleys.

“In our days also the inhabitants of the valley of Tavetch, the most elevated part of the anterior Rheinthal in the country of the Grisons, are of uncommon stature. One sees among them many who exceed six feet (French). It is to be regretted that there is not one of the monks of the convent of Pfeffers, who loves sufficiently the study of natural phenomena to be advised to collect the bones which have been found in the valley of Kalfheus.“\*) Mr. Picot of Geneva says, “that Melchior Thut of Tavetch measured (in 1791) seven feet three inches (French).

The baths of Pfeffers were formerly only frequented by the Swiss. For some years past Italian and German invalids are said to visit them. If the cures ascribed to the use of the waters, internally and externally, be only half true, the virtues of this thermal spring must be great indeed; not only in restoring health, but in combating the influence of the perpetual humidity and chilling cold which prevail in the gorge. If the waters really do possess the wonderful properties ascribed to them, an inclined plane or steps might, at comparatively little expense, be cut through the schistous and calcareous rocks. The patients would then have the benefit of a delightful climate, splendid views, and a picturesque and agreeable country to walk or ride over;—descending to the baths, if too weak to walk, by a properly contrived carriage which might be let down and dragged up the inclined plane by means of pulleys.

Opening a road to the baths has been proposed to the monks, who say that the waters would in

\*) Switzerland, p: 496.



that case lose their efficacy, and that those who expect to be cured must live in the humid bath houses.

The excavations made in the gorge by the violence of the torrent are remarkable; there is one place where the waters, thundering against the black marble, have scooped out a cavern thirty feet deep, nearly forty broad, and about twenty-five high. Yet this vault, in the immense frowning jagged precipices, appears, until you are within it, no more than a dark niche.

I may conclude this sketch by quoting what Daniel the Hermit says of the Pfeffers in 1620.

“Ces bains, d'un aspect et d'un abord effrayant, bâtis dans les Gorges d'un précipice épouvantable, au milieu d'un gouffre infernal, sont perpétuellement ébranlés par la chute d'un torrent qui tombe avec fracas sur les rocs voisins et toujours arrosés par la poussière des ondes brisées; il paraît que l'horreur du site ne nuit point à leur fréquentation, puisque les malades s'y transportent en grand nombre.“\*)

We visited the Abbey. The monks, who have been nearly deprived of their political power in the Canton, appear to be ignorant idlers, fattening on the revenue of the baths, and on some revenues still belonging to the Abbey.

\*) Conservateur Suisse, vol. vii. p. 82.

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## THE EXCURSION CONTINUED.

We rode on from the Pfeffers, descending among rocks and fir trees until we approached the Rhine, which we crossed, and then by an excellent road, with the Galanda on the right, the Rætian mountains to the left, the Alps rising before us, and the fertile Rheinthal with vineyards on its slopes, and rich vistas up and down, we arrived at Chur, or Coire, the capital of the Grisons.

Early next morning we visited the Cathedral and the Episcopal Palace, the great hall of which is hung with portraits of bishops and celebrated Grisons. I wished to have remained longer at this interesting place, a scene of much activity, from which so many roads diverge,—and would have been glad of the opportunity of visiting the Chateau of Maschlins, two leagues from Chur, as it is said to contain a most valuable museum of natural history,—especially of volcanic productions, and a complete collection of Helvetian plants. I was, however, more anxious to join my party.

We started accordingly after breakfast and halted at the village of Reichenau. Here the two branches of the Rhine, anterior and posterior, meet, as they roll down the Rheinwald from the glaciers of the Alps. The scene displays the most romantic grandeur. The Rhine Anterior, or *Salsalver-Rhin*, is limpidly green, the Rhine Posterior, or *Tomliasker-Rhein*, is of a dark ash-blue and brown. The glacier of Haustock, Alps rising over Alps—the old Chateau with its terrace and garden, the

village and batteau below the bridge—carts and droves of cattle passing—goats and sheep and cows browsing on the hills—woods, vineyards, and arable lands, all enriched the splendid and magnificent picture, which I beheld, as I stood over the river, looking up the *wald* to the recesses, from amidst which the birth-drops of the Rhine commence trickling. I in fancy followed down its stream, to and through the lake of Constance, over the rocks of Schaffhausen, and then to Basel, Mannheim, Mainz, the Bingerloch, Coblentz, and Cologne, until I imagined it flowing past me, as heretofore at Rotterdam, into the mysterious realms of the ocean.

We had now before us an arduous journey to Glarus. The road to Tamins, Trims, and Flins, is boldly picturesque, and may be travelled on with *Char-à-bancs*. The latter village is charmingly situated, and celebrated for the beauty of its inhabitants, who are certainly a handsome race. At Chur we saw a few Goitres and two Cretins, but none, since we left that town, on this side of the Rhine. These patriarchal people, as well as the Grisons of the Engadine, are remarkably tenacious of their good reputation, although perhaps the least educated people in Switzerland.\*)

Two paths, difficult and dangerous, lead from this over the Oberland, or Alps of Glarus. We had nearly eight hours' day-light left; Albrecht had great faith in his mules, and they certainly deserved all the confidence put in them; we hired a guide to lead us over the dangerous passes—and accordingly set off. Many of the passes of

\*) See notes to the Note Book, No. 3.

this route are sublimely awful, and until lately have only been attempted by the chamois hunters, by herdsmen, and by adventurous foot travellers. The views of Alpine scenery are at once splendid and terrific—with snows and glaciers rising close on each side. After running risks over limestone and schistous crags and precipices, that might give vertigo to goats, we reached the village of Elms, which is within less than a league and a-half of the glaciers of Haus-wichlen and Haus-stock, from which the impetuous Sernft flows; and immediately above is the Martinloch, or hole of St. Martin, a vast opening or tunnel, through the Tschingel-Spitz, 9,500 feet above the level of the sea. It was interesting to observe the people at their occupations, some preparing the milk of the goats for the green cheese, called Schabzieger. This cheese is made of the curds of skimmed milk, carried down from the mountain *chalets* to Glaris, where it is mixed with the dried and powdered blue odoriferous melilot, (a species of *Melilotus*), and then pressed into the forms in which it is sold. The melilot is gathered on the sides of the Alpine valleys, on flanks of mountains and among the crevices of rocks. The *Mäher* or Mower of Glarus ascends, to collect it, the most frightful precipices. Nothing intimidates him. He is as fearless in search of odoriferous plants, and in ascending rocks to cut grass, as the chamois hunter, or the mountain goat. While we halted at Elms several *Mähers* descended with their loads made up of numerous small bundles firmly tied together.

In one *chalet* they were busy over a fire on which there was a large pot, separating the

curds from the whey; the latter the peasants use, the former and the melilot is carried for sale to the nearest town. The pastoral inhabitants of the Oberland of Glarus have no acquaintance with luxury;—the labour of maintaining life seems fatiguing beyond that of any country I have visited. Yet they are an independent and apparently a happy people.

From Elms by the Sernfthal we descended by another difficult but not so dangerous a road to Schwanden in the Linthal, where we slept, and starting early next morning, we arrived to breakfast at Glarus.

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## COLONY OF THE LINTH.

I REMAINED at Glarus only a short time, but sufficient to see all that appeared of any consequence to the traveller. It has handsome houses and wide streets, and several monuments and archives to commemorate the memory of the men who achieved its independence, and who have distinguished themselves for the good of the country.

The school of industry planned by M. Escher, and directed by a native of Glaris, educated at Hofwyl, is worthy of attention and praise. Poor children are admitted from the age of eight to seventeen; the latter being the age when the Constitution of the Canton calls them to join in the general sovereign-deliberation upon legislative matters. On this subject, or the Landsgemeinde,

I will say nothing farther until I have visited all the democratic Cantons.

We rode from Glarus to Wesen, on the rugged boisterous lake of Wallenstadt. Here, well satisfied with his faithful services, I parted with Albrecht; and willingly would I, had circumstances and my plans of life admitted, have retained him and his mules also, in my service.

My idea was, not to have halted until I reached Zurich, but there was an establishment, noted down in my planned excursion, which I needs must visit.

The river Linth which rolling down in torrents from the glaciers often overwhelmed the country, and carried along forest trees and deposits which arrested the waters until summer, is now navigable from Mollis to the lake of Wallenstadt. The surrounding lands which it overflowed in the valley being marshy, and the river, from the wrecked matter it carried down, when the snow and glaciers melted in the spring and summer, choaking its own course, especially where it fell by its former bed into the Murg, and more especially the destruction of health and life by fevers, increasing every year, the bold attempt of confining and leading its current into the lake of Wallenstadt was conceived by Mr. John Conrad Escher, and finally adopted by the federal Diet at Zurich. The work, by a plan of formidable dyking and canalization, was completed in 1816. The river and some tributary streams have been conducted by a new bed into the lake of Wallenstadt, and the fens and marshes, formerly inundated between Mollis and that lake and the lake of Zurich, have been drained and rendered

healthy and productive. The intermittant fevers, considered as endemic and annually depopulating the Linthal, have ceased to afflict the inhabitants, and the Cantons of St. Gall, Zurich, and Glarus, have all eminently benefited by the completion of a most laborious and expensive, yet economically and admirably managed work.

There is established on the lands reclaimed, an institution, called the Colony of the Linth, for educating poor children. It was first intended to establish a colony for the whole poor of the Canton, but the funds in hand and in prospect were considered far from sufficient to justify the adoption of this extensive plan, and a moderate experiment prudently conducted has been for some years successfully continued. It is said that the Emperor Alexander, and several philanthropic Swiss, have provided the funds for the present institution. The children are twice each day instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, national history, the bible, and the elements of natural history. In spring and summer they are occupied in farming, and during winter in making various mechanical articles.

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## ZURICH.

I HIRED a sort of clumsy *catèche* and horse, by means of which I was dragged down to Raperschwyl, a charming little town on the east banks of the lake of Zurich. Here there is a crazy wooden bridge nearly half a mile long

across the lake, between two jutting spits of land. It was constructed by order of Leopold of Austria in the fourteenth century. I walked down to it and embarked in a pleasure boat then returning to Zurich. The evening was delightful; the views on the lake beautiful—villages, farms, detached residences, woods, fields, mountains, rocks, in the South, and the snowy summit of the Glarsnich, arose over ranges of wooded mountains.

We halted, as is I believe usual, at Staffa,\*) one of the prettiest towns in Switzerland; and landed on the mole, on which there are benches for visitors to sit and enjoy the lake scenery. As the sun was not more than two hours high, we had only time to take a slight refreshment at the Crown, an excellent inn, and then proceeded on our voyage. There was not a zephyr to ruffle the face of the waters—the sky was clear—all around, except the splashing of the oars, was reposing in tranquillity and beauty. Vineyards stretched up the hills to the right, and the whole of the ridge and slopes of Mount Albis was reflected in the lake. It may seem extraordinary that the waters of not only the lake of Zurich, but of all those of Swizerland rise to their greatest height during the driest and hottest weather. The snows and glaciers which feed these waters account sufficiently for this apparently contradictory phenomenon.

The current now flowed faster, and we floated rapidly, but night came on, and we were still

\*) There is in this large village, or town, an extensive cotton manufactory, the machinery of which is worked by steam power.



two or three leagues from our destination: but the sky was clear—the stars were sparkling—before us lights twinkled,—and we landed at Zurich before nine o'clock. I walked immediately to the Sword, the appointed inn where I was to join my friends. To my extreme mortification, I found they had left that morning for Lucerne, where I was told they would remain some days, and that they left a message for me not to hurry myself. It was no use to fret about the matter,—so I asked for an apartment, but the house was full. All England seemed to have emigrated to Switzerland; and all seemed to travel on the common post-wagen track—for not a British subject did I meet with, from the day I parted with my friends at Baden, during the whole of my circuitous excursion, over perhaps the most interesting though least frequented part of Switzerland. But now that I joined the great road, I could not even get lodgings at the principal Inn at Zurich.

The waiter of the Sword sent a commissioner to shew me the Stork, in which I was allotted a small but pleasant bed room, overhanging the Limmat, and looking direct on the square tower which rises in the middle of the river.

I ordered supper in the coffee-room, and while it was preparing, walked to the bridge—carriages still continued rolling into the town, and how so many travellers found lodgings seems difficult to say, unless they bespoke apartments by letter or *avant courier* before their arrival. As I stood on the bridge looking over the river, women, dressed apparently in black, and attended each by a servant carrying a huge lantern, for the

streets were not lighted, passed now and then, one by one, to and fro. I returned to the Stork, had an excellent supper, and conversed with some gentlemen, who were at the same time in the coffee-room,—one of whom was a physician from Copenhagen,—one an intelligent Swiss from Aarau,—and another a very agreeable Frenchman from Muhlhausen. I remained an hour with them, interchanging our opinions and information relative to the country we had severally been travelling over.—Much useful information may be obtained in this way, if we only manage to break into conversation with intelligent travellers.

As I usually, when travelling, note down the impressions of the day before going to bed, I retired to my chamber for that purpose, and having briefly jotted down my remarks, I opened the window to view the night scene on the river. The moon had risen—all was still, except the rippling of the stream between the openings of the bridge and along the walls of the house in which I was. Fish it is true were sporting and breaking in, by leaping and splashing, on the silence of the night. The two high towers of the huge cathedral opposite flung their shades into the water, and the moon-light beams, reflecting the stern keep of Wellenberg in the lake, rendered it still more hideous as it seemed to prolong to the view its dark walls, down to its subterraneous dungeons.

The names of many distinguished men who were once imprisoned in this hideous castle, form a subject of contemplation, full of instruction to moralists and to statesmen. What changes have occurred in the world since the days when in

it were confined Hans de Hapsburg-Rapperschwyl, in the fourteenth century, and those famous men, the Burgermaster Waldmann, and the Minister Waser, who in 1488 were delivered from the dungeons only on being led to execution.

I rose early in the morning, and walked over this most grotesquely built city, with its crooked uneven streets, irregularly built houses, some of them handsome edifices, but most of them gloomy as the age in which they were built. The situation of Zurich is, however, not only admirable in convenience of position, but beautiful in the scenery amidst which it stands; yet the aspect of the town itself, and the appearance, gait, and the manners (of at least the few I spoke to) of the people are certainly not prepossessing in the eye of a stranger at first sight. That there is an extraordinary spirit of active industry in this town and canton, every thing around testifies;—that there is much intelligence diffused among the people, and that the dissemination of instruction is an object of paramount consideration among them, the extensive provisions lately made by the legislature for maintaining schools, fully proves; \*) nor can we forget the illustrious names of Gessner, Zuinglius, Zimmermann, Erasmus (during his residence), Breitenger, Lavater, Meister, besides many other

\*) On the subject of education, the employments, and the customs of the people, and some other general matters, I noted down daily, while travelling, all that I observed and learnt: but the whole forms so voluminous a mass, that it is impossible to print my observations in the order in which they occurred, and I have, therefore, reduced the whole under proper heads, as they appear hercafter.

divines, philosophers, poets, and artists, who did honour to Zurich, and to whom also Zurich did honour.

After breakfast, guided by the hotel commissioner, I visited one of the cotton manufactories, which is on a moderately large scale, and conducted in much the same manner as one of the smaller cotton mills of Lancashire. The country parts of the Canton, I was told, now compete successfully with the town in all fabrics. I next visited the cathedral, which is imposing only from its size; for the interior has all the poverty of the most rigid Protestant church. We then went to the town library, one of the most curious in Europe. Many learned men have left to it their collections, and here are, besides seven hundred Swiss historical manuscripts, the original MS. of Quintilian, a portion of the *Codex Vaticanus*, written on violet parchment, the Latin letters in MS. of our Jane Grey to Büllinger, *Aeltesten*, or deacon of Zurich, several MSS. of Zuinglius, the best portrait of that divine and of his wife, and an extensive collection of ancient medals, and Roman antiquities. This library and museum is always open to strangers.

The library and collection of natural history belonging to the Economical and Physical society, contains the famous Herbarium of the celebrated naturalist Gessner, in thirty-six folio volumes, exhibiting seven thousand species of Swiss and foreign plants, including those of Russia, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope; and also the rich collections of Rhan, purchased for the society by the city. This museum I was not, from some informality, and my not having time to wait,

able to see, and I accordingly walked to the University.

I had no letter, not even to a banker, or any one else at Zurich. This was a disadvantage; but I did not experience any at the University; for on entering its portals I observed a studious respectable looking gentleman, who I thought might be one of the professors, and I walked up to him and said that I was a stranger anxious to take a cursory look over the University. He with great readiness and politeness accompanied me over the halls, lecture-rooms, etc.; explaining everything to me with perfect clearness and liberality of opinion, as well as giving me some very interesting information relative to the Gymnasia and Cantonal schools. I remarked that as he passed along all observed the utmost respect to him. He accompanied me to the entrance of the University; I thanked him sincerely for his courtesy, yet asked not his name— a piece of stupidity which I have not yet ceased to regret.

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### THE BUCK CLUB.

It would appear that associations have always been common in Zurich, and from all I am told, the customs and manners of the present day retain much of their former peculiarity. M. Martin, the author of "*L'Hermite en Suisse*," says in his new descriptive work on Switzerland, "the people of Zurich are original and *piquants* in their ideas, fond of gymnastic exercises, prompt in determi-

nation, and have little inclination to be affable with foreigners. In no other town in Switzerland are the manners more plain, or a greater reverence cherished for the memory and customs of their ancestors. When a child is born, a young girl in her holiday dress, with a bouquet on one side, and another in her hand, goes from house to house to announce to the friends the happy birth. On the day of the Vernal Equinox there are repasts given, and the moment the clock strikes and announces the hour when winter ends and spring begins, the head of the family rises and addresses those around the table in a discourse appropriate to the day, reminding them of the return of the growing season, to renew and profit by their industry."

Meister, a native of Zurich, says, "at the convivial meetings of Zurich, tobacco, wine and cheese, are the luxuries which they partake of to fill up the vacancies of discourse. It is seldom that the men sit down; there are not usually more than three or four seats for twelve or fifteen persons, who, two and two, smoking their pipes, walk up and down and across the room, or assemble in groups to talk over the news or matters of general interest.

"But it is to the absence of what is termed the *Esprit de Soci t *, that we must attribute a great number of good qualities which distinguish the people of Zurich. An application, in consequence, of more perseverance in works of art and industry; tastes more simple and constant; affections more devoted and sincere; a manner of seeing things more varied, more singular, and

more true, than those who are governed by the rules of fashion.

“Each character, each manner, that differs from his own, has such an effect on the native of Zurich that he can neither associate with others, nor scarcely with his own countrymen, without experiencing a bashful embarrassment which envelops him in awkward ceremony. At the concert, at the church, at the theatre, which is but seldom allowed to be opened among us, but which is consequently the more eagerly enjoyed, the observer cannot fail to remark with surprise the prodigious diversity of physiognomies which appears among all ages, but especially among those of the young, in the extreme versatility of their features, the vivacity and ingenuity of their expression.

“Of all the arts, music is that most cultivated. Strangers are astonished at the musical taste, proficiency and skill of the citizens of Zurich, which is the more remarkable when contrasted with their most unmusical and unmelodious language. Botany is a favourite study, and rearing flowers a common pursuit; and, excepting Holland, I doubt,” says the same author, “if there be elsewhere a town where rare, indigenous, and exotic flowers are so diligently cultivated. Who will not, in this species of luxury, view it in analogy with the innocence and simplicity of our tastes—with the pastoral and poetic character of our habits and usages?”

On Ascension day, the young men and women of the surrounding villages in new costumes, and those of the town in best holiday dresses, go in bands to the Uetliberg mountain, within half a

league of the city, and on the height of this Belvedere which overlooks their native land, they join in hymns of praise to the Deity and of honour to their country.

In society, the men and the women scarcely ever meet together. Each sex, I am told, has its respective and always separate assemblies. While this observance continues, manners must remain unsoftened and inelegant.

One of the most extraordinary societies which has existed in Zurich, was that called Die Ziegenbock-Verbindung, or Buck Club: literally, the He-goat Club.

This association arose in consequence of the civil dissensions which, from 1436 to 1447, desolated Switzerland, and nearly destroyed the federal union. A military society was at that time formed, which assumed the name of the Ziegenbock, from each member having sculptured on his house the head of a he-goat, and from their using a machine of that form, like the battering-ram of the ancients, to make breaches in the places which they besieged.

The first people of Zurich enrolled themselves as members; and, like Theban troops, were united in life and death.

They rendered great service to the state, not only in personally defending the public peace, but in giving large donations towards defraying the expenses. They were trained and became skilful in the exercise of the broad sword, pike, and battle-axe. They assumed a spirit of caustic and witty gaiety, a satirical original manner of speaking, and turned their enemies to ridicule in satires, songs, and epigrams.



They were charged with the most perilous expeditions; they sung and were cheerful in their encampments, as they were at feasts; sported their bon-mots and epigrams in the field of battle with as much pleasantry as at a ball.

The valiant Rodolph Stussi was the founder of this society. When posted to defend the passage of the bridge of Sihl, in 1448, against the troops of Schwytz and Glarus; he, when all his band fell around him, alone arrested the enemy, laying low all that approached beneath his halbert and battle-axe; until, when wounded and bathed in sweat and blood, two soldiers, of Lucerne, stole round under the arches of the bridge, and transfixed him from behind with their pikes. His corpse was made sport of by the enemy, and then cut in pieces and thrown into the river. A monument erected to his memory, over a fountain near the house which he inhabited, is still looked at with reverence by the young and old of Zurich.

The spirit of the Buck Club did not, however, expire with its founder. It long continued the terror of the unfriendly Cantons. The most perilous expeditions were intrusted to the Bucks, who were always the first in the attack and the last in the retreat. They covered all the sorties, and were generally conquerors. When Zurich signed the treaty of peace with Schwytz and Glarus, the latter cantons exacted of the former that the unyielding and dreaded Buck Club should be dissolved, and its members banished. The magistrates ignominiously agreed to this degrading stipulation, and the Bucks retired to Swabia.

The Landammann Fries, who was extremely popular at Zurich, sympathising with the exiles, sent them a private message to seize some notable citizen, and to retain him until ransomed, by the gates of the city being freely opened to the Bucks. The expedient seemed admirable, and several of them embarked secretly on the lake, entered the town at night, and carried off from his bed the Landammann himself to the Castle of Hohen-Krayen. Here he was treated with every respect and consideration due to his dignity and character. Feasts and attentions were continued from day to day, and Fries was, in his captivity, completely gained over, and in his letters to the Diet assembled at Lucerne, pleaded the cause of the Bucks with such eloquence, that the cantons finally decided to recall them. This was the last triumph of the Buck Club, which from that period ceased to act a conspicuous part in the affairs of the canton, but whose exploits still, and probably long will, animate the youth of Zurich.



### THE EXCURSION CONTINUED—THE ALBIS.

HAVING seen as much of Zurich as I could, \*) and enough to render it to my mind a more

\*) One may pass some pleasant hours in visiting the print and book-sellers shops, and the market, where you observe the peasantry in their costumes, and the various articles of food consumed in the town. The fish of the lake are plentiful and good.

interesting town than I at first imagined, I started on foot for Zug by way of Mount Albis. For some distance the road leads along the lake, and then ranges off over the Sihl, ascending gently to the Inn of *Unter Albis*.

During the morning a thick mist hung over the mountains; now the heavens were clear and neither cloud nor vapour to be seen. Several girls were returning with baskets from Zurich. People were at work in the fields and vineyards, —some were driving goats, and now and then I saw a girl herding, generally, two cows and one goat together. Taking a short rest and a crust of bread and a glass of wine at the Inn, I renewed my journey and ascended the mountain. The road is steep, but not so difficult as I apprehended. Several *mähers* were descending by difficult paths from the woods and rocks, carrying large lightly bound packages of grass over one shoulder and a short scythe and rake over the other. Immense boulders and jutting crags of Breccia, with now and then ledges of free-stone, burst forth from the earth. The mountain ash with its scarlet clusters grows on the slopes, firs and birch flourish in the rocky crevices and heights; and the road which winds upwards is passable and not too steep for a *char-à-banc*, three of which I met descending. On reaching the upper Inn I was very much fatigued and rested for half an hour. The views from its windows are magnificent and splendid; but as the *Signal* on the neighbouring elevation called the Schabelberg or Hoch-wacht, is the point of view recommended to travellers, I started for it, and in half an hour was seated on its top.

The view is as extensive and interesting, as perhaps any in Switzerland. To the east you command the whole lake and the greater part of the Canton of Zurich, with the mountains of the Toggenberg, and the districts of Gaster and Uznach. To the south, the Alps rise, with their sublimities of snow, pyramids, and glaciers, extending from the Sentis to the Jungfrau. To the north you overlook a vast extent of country including most parts of Aarau, the northern section of Zurich, and part of Schaffhausen and Thurgau, until the prospect terminates at the conical summits of Hohentwiel and the curves of the Black Forest. To the westward, extend and arise the valleys and mountains of Zug, Lucerne, and Bern, the Righi and the Pilatus—the Dürlesee, and the lake of Zug.

I would earnestly advise all who ascend mountains to provide themselves with a correct map of the surrounding country, a good telescope, (which may be had with great multiplying power, of no more than five inches long, when its different cylinders are shut within each other) and also with a small magnetic compass; by the aid of these you may see much more from a hill, than many travellers do by going over the ground. You can peep into villages, and observe the people at their occupations, and see the cattle, sheep, and goats of different Cantons at the same time browsing. Not that I advise travellers to be content with a perspective acquaintance with men or things, I merely point out what I have myself found not only entertaining but instructive.

On descending on the west side of the Albis to the Dürlesee, I gained the post road and

walked onwards. The people were busy at their labours—some ploughing, some near a cloth factory were spreading some forty or fifty pieces to dry; at two villages they were breaking and dressing flax—all seemed industrious. The road, lined often with apple trees, led me to Knonau, where I hired a man with his *calèche*, who drove me amidst beautiful scenery to Zug.

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### ZUG.

This handsome town is most charmingly situated on the slope of the Zugerberg, and overlooking the romantic lake to which it gives its name. I put up at the Cerf, a very good Inn, with what the French call a *Belvedere*—a kind of observatory, from which, particularly at sun rising and setting, you enjoy a superb prospect of the lake, —of the green side and top of the Righi, — and over it, of the ragged Pilatus; — on the south rise the Alps, and on the west the blue heights of the Jura. Early in the morning I walked over the town. In the parish church are some curious paintings by the artist of Zug, Brandenburg.\*) Its cemetery is a most interesting spot: —on the graves the most beautiful flowers are cultivated, and with great care. Here were pretty girls with their neat flat straw hats

\*) There is in the church of St. Oswald, a masterly painting, the altar piece, attributed to Correggio, representing St. Oswald, the patron of Zug, before a cross, at the head of his army.

and graceful costumes watering the flowers. Others on their knees, with their hats laid beside them on the grassy turf, were praying here and there over a cross, one of which, curiously decorated, stands at the head of each flowery hillock. It was a pleasing picture of devotion and affection. Out upon those who quarrel with creeds! thought I, give me innocence of purpose, and the affections of the heart.

The inhabitants of Zug are, it is true, superstitious—they believe in miraculous charming of cures and revelations to this day; they are fond of processions, and all the pompous ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but to me the impression is that they are an affectionate, hospitable, and courteous people, among themselves, —handsome in person, neat in costume, fond of their country, and kind to strangers.

The young men and women of the canton are considered the most gaily costumed of any in Switzerland. The former on feast days dressed in clothes diversified with various colours, breast knots of ribbons, light straw hats surmounted with flowers, and bands of ribbons streaming from them in the air, Spanish fashioned breeches, rainbow garters, striped or flowered stockings, and scarlet shoes tied with yellow ribbons, may be considered the dandies of Helvetia.

Nor are the young girls with their pretty tall forms less sensible to personal adornments. The graceful straw hat decorated with knots and festoons of flowers—the corset and colerette trimmed with scarlet, crimson, and purple ribbons—the gilded chain *en negligé* round the waist, and suspended over the gay plaited apron—the

green petticoat, reaching a little beneath the knee, and leaving in view and *en coquette*, a well-formed leg, ankle, and foot *bien chaussé*, form the picturesque and graceful costume of the fair maidens of Zug.

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## THE BATHS OF WATTERSWYL.

NEAR the town of Zug, on the Baarbourg, is a mineral spring; and a chronicle preserved in the library of Muri, Aarau, gives us to understand that it was discovered as follows:—

A certain number of Swiss pilgrims resolved in 1517, to visit the Holy Land: among whom was the gallant Chevalier Sigismund Schwarzmaurer, of Zug. On their arriving after a weary journey, Schwarzmaurer, afflicted with a chronic malady, which the Christian physicians of Europe had declared incurable, consulted a distinguished Jewish doctor of the tribe of Asher.

The Jew asked him of what country he was, and the Christian replied "I am a Swiss of Zug." "Here" said the Jew, "is a manuscript which tells us that not far from Zug there is a mountain called Baarbourg from which flows a stream, the waters of which are salutary in removing such grievous maladies as that which afflicts you. It is four centuries since a castle on the Baarbourg was inhabited by Israelites of my tribe, who made plentiful and beneficial use of its spring. My people having been driven away from your country, the well has been forgotten, but it still

exists. On your return construct baths there and profit by the bounty of nature."

Schwarzmaurer returned to Zug, and related that which was told him by the Jewish doctor. The spring was searched for, and found on the spot indicated. Baths were constructed and ever after much frequented.

So says the chronicle which the good people of Zug believe to be true; but the wells have been little frequented since they ceased, in 1748, to belong to the abbey of Wittengen.

Although the baths, as a fashionable resort, have been abandoned, a remedy as wonderful is common in the Canton of Zug and also in Aargau. Not only do the ignorant, but the educated, affirm, that if this miraculous diminisher of pain be neglected for one night only, in such cases as rheumatism, gout, and sundry undefined complaints of the body, the afflicted suffer the most acute pains during the night; while if attended to, they experience the most extraordinary relief from suffering. Fortunately the remedy is neither costly nor troublesome; being neither more nor less than placing two turtle doves in a cage under the patient's bed.

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## MORTGARTEN.

I ENGAGED a boat to carry me to Art at the head of the lake, and the day when we started being calm promised a delightful sail on that beautiful sheet of water, which is bordered with rich slopes, pastures, orchards, waving chestnuts,



gay mountain ashes, firs, oaks, vineyards, and villas, all embosomed within mountains. It is navigated by countless boats, often *mann'd* by pretty maidens.

Carp, pike, and roetel or red trout (*salmo salvelinus*), the latter much prized, are abundant in its waters, as well as in those of Egeri. The carp weigh from eight to twenty pounds, but they say some are caught that weigh as much as ninety pounds.

About an hour after we left Zug, the sky assumed a somewhat threatening appearance, and the boatman not appearing very skilful, and his alarm about a *Foehn*, or south squall, and the *Aar-bis*, or north gust, induced me to agree to land near the village of Oberwyl, where I hired horses, with a guide, to conduct me, not to make the ascent, which all who now approach it do of the grassy browed Righi, but to Mortgarten, in the eastern valley of Egeri, so gloriously famous for its battle-field — a hallowed spot, at which, much as I reprobate wars, I halted with far more veneration than I should even on the plains of Marathon.

Yes, it was in the pass of this valley that thirteen hundred Swiss peasants, led on by Rodolph Reding, and animated by Walter Fürst, William Tell, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold Melchthal, not in the diabolical spirit of conquest and ambition, by which the armies of princes are led to battle, but in the sacred spirit of that liberty which is the natural birthright of man, defeated the tyrant Leopold, and an army of nearly twenty thousand men,—the flower of Ger-

many, and the principal feudal lords and gentlemen of the empire.

The date of this battle was the birthday of Swiss freedom, which, although on one or two occasions it has been momentarily suspended, they have to this day most heroically defended and maintained.

The battle of Sempach, fought seventy-one years after—in which the Austrian army, commanded by Bonstetten, the first general of the day, was defeated, and their sovereign Leopold, grandson of the Emperor who accompanied the army to Mortgarten, killed, although the enemy was threefold more numerous than the confederated Swiss bands; —the devoted patriotism of Arnold Winkelried, in the battle, in conception as well as in heroism, unparalleled; —the battles of Naefels and Granson, and the defeat of Charles the Rash and his army at the battle of Morat, and that of Nancy, which was the scene of his death, are among the most extraordinary victories on record.

In no territory has there been more blood shed in battles, unless the Belgian provinces be excepted, than in Switzerland. But let it be remembered that the battles of Belgium have chiefly been the contests of ambitious kings and warriors—those of Switzerland, generally of men resisting oppression—battles between men defending their freedom against those who fought to maintain and extend the power of despots.

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## THE LAKE NYMPH OF EGERI.

I SENT the man I hired with the horses round to where the road leads nearest, at the head of the lake, to the battle ground of Mortgarten, and got into one of the numerous boats, or rather canoes, on this romantic water; steered or paddled by a handsome and rather tall young woman. The inhabitants of the banks of Egeri are celebrated for their fine forms and tall statures, and certainly if we decide that the beauty of men and women should be in conformity with symmetry of person, the maidens of this valley and of Zug will be adjudged as near perfection as the human form is capable of being moulded. This is assuredly the true rule, although different nations have their respective ideas of beauty. In judging of every animal but man, symmetry is perfection. We would instantly reject a horse, or a cow, or a dog, with a crooked spine, or either if screwed into unnatural shapes—but in England especially, where by lacing, and a false system of dressing and training, women are more frequently distorted in their bodies than in any other country on earth, we have unfortunately other standards or rules on this subject—the ribs of a young lady must be screwed in until she becomes as slender as a tape-worm, and it is unnecessary to say that the ribs so acted upon become levers in disjoining the vertebræ.

This distortion seems, however, not to be apprehended by young ladies or their mammas. The

aim apparently being that Miss should be pale, slim, nervous, and interesting.

The peasants of Egeri inhabit one side of the lake: the mountains impending over the opposite shore being considered as threatening dangers which might perchance, as at Goldau, bury the habitations which should be erected underneath. In consequence the people are perpetually crossing to the pastures in their canoes, which frequently have a slight sail, and are paddled rather than rowed forward.

There is not a woman or girl over twelve years of age, but can manage one of these tiny vessels, and should it blow freshly they lie down flat in the bottom, and the canoe drifts safely with them to the shore.

Margaretha, my "Lady of the Lake" was a rosy beauty of eighteen, for she told me her age and name. Her manner was frank and cheerful, with something of the coquette in the rapid glances of her dark hazel eyes. Her complexion was fresh and scarcely in the least sunburnt, for a gaily decorated straw hat, tied with a crimson ribbon, and brim widely extended, formed an excellent and graceful parasol. Her hair fell down her back in double plats; a small gold cross was suspended from her neck, a part of which was seen above a fanciful colerette, and over her bosom an ornamented vest without sleeves was neatly interlaced; her arms, from a little above the elbows, and her hands were bare and somewhat bronzed by exposure. The full frilled sleeves of her chemisette, as is often the case in Swiss costume, alone covered the upper part of her arm and shoulders. A blue petticoat reach-

ing a little beneath the knee; a green and white striped apron; white stockings and red shoes completed her very becoming attire, which was all new—this being a holiday—and she had but just returned with a band of young people, all in their gayest costumes, from the village church.

She was not in the least bashful, nor was she forward;—She chatted about her canoe—her going to mass—her being at the neighbouring abbey of Ensiedlen during the late pilgrimage, and about all the wonderful things she there beheld.\*) A youth of fourteen, her brother, with his hat also adorned with ribbons and flowers, with pink breast-knots attached to a blue vest, and with his stockings ornamented with red embroidery, sat down near the prow, laughing heartily when his sister uttered a lively or pointed *bon mot*. In the middle, near me, was a swain of probably twenty—a beau of the mountains, evidently enamoured of Margaretha;—though he most likely, “never told his love.” His extreme timidity in speaking, his backwardness in manner, his ceaseless wish to assist her in paddling the canoe, and her full determination that he should not, with her teasing him about his sweethearts in the Alpine *Chalets*, were seeming proofs of his love, and if I mistake not, of this “Lady of the Lake” being the liveliest coquette of all the water-nymphs of Egeri.

The light breeze wafted us slowly up the lake; Margaretha steered the canoe adroitly, sung with a clear voice and simple notes a pastoral, in which she introduced, by the name of Gotthard,

\*) See Notes to My Note Book. No. 2.

the love-smitten herd who sat next me. She was, as regarded him, bent on fun and mischief, and the dumb-founded mountaineer, whose gaudy costume must have that morning given him much care to adjust, was completely paralyzed by the apparent indifference of Margaretha towards him, excepting in making him a butt for her ridicule, mirth, and laughter. Several canoes were moving up and down, and crossing the lake at the same time. On passing, those in each interchanged a phrase or two. Margaretha was never unprepared with an answer or repartée, and more than once replied that if there were any *jungfrau* without a lover, that she had Gotthard to dispose of.

The scenery of the lake, with its green sloping banks, its valley at each extremity, towering mountains, pastures, woods, village, *chalets*, with the animation of canoes conveying men and women on the water, and with herds tending cattle and singing on the steeps, and of fish leaping on the surface, and of wild fowl hovering above or perched on the rocky crags, was at the same time, picturesque, cheerful, and romantic.

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## RUINS OF GOLDAU.

I WALKED from Mortgarten by the same route as that by which the Austrians were chased, to where the guide was waiting for me with the horses—and then rode on to the vast ruins of Goldau, which extend in gigantic and awful con-

fusion between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz, and between the Righi and the Rossberg.

On the first day of September, 1806, this valley was as smiling, happy, and rich in cultivation, pastures, and cattle as any other of its extent in Switzerland. On that day it came on to rain a deluge, and continued to pour down without ceasing for twenty-four hours. Small masses of rocks rolled and bounded from the heights by intervals,—the waters rushed furiously, deepening the ravines from the mountains to the lake, and at two o'clock on the 2nd of September, an immense rock fell, rolling from a height of 4,000 feet, and the valley at each bound trembled as if it were by the shocks of an earthquake, the ground at the foot of the mountain seemed all floating, the alarmed birds of the lakes were passing swiftly in flocks, and about five o'clock; a vast chasm opened in the declivity of the Rossberg. All the streams of the ravines ceased running, stones and rocks rolled down and leaped forward in the air, all the symptoms of a grand catastrophe were apparent, and the gigantic Gnipenspitz—the chief summit of the Rossberg—detached its masses of *Breccia*, and other rocks from their bases, and rolling over with tremendous convulsive destruction into the valley, and against the Righi, tore down a forest from the slopes of that rival mountain, and buried the villages of Goldau, Rothen, Bousingen, several houses of Lowertz, and part of that lake—the waters of which, swelled by the awful phenomena, carried desolation along its banks to its further end at Seewen. Four hundred and fifty-seven persons lost their lives—of three hundred and fifty who survived,

seventy-four saved themselves by prompt flight during the early symptoms of convulsion, and forty were recovered from the ruins—many of the remainder were wounded, and all reduced to utter poverty, with the loss of parents, wives, children, or relations.\*)

This was one of the most terrible *lavanges de terre et de rochers* recollected in Switzerland. The fallen mountain, which now forms an oblong irregular elevation in the valley, occupies about five and a half English miles in length, and two and three quarters in breadth, and about an average height of one hundred and ten feet. Besides the destruction of human life, three hundred and eleven houses, two churches, and twenty-one barns were buried under it. The property destroyed was valued at two million livres Swiss. The surviving inhabitants were relieved from various parts of the country by donations amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand livres.†)

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## MEADOW OF GRUTLI.

I RODE on from Goldau to the picturesque and well built town of Schwytz, situated amidst fertile ground and splendid scenery at the foot of the lofty cross-surmounted Mythen. I there had din-

\*) See notes to My Note Book, No. 5.

†) See Picot, and the work of Ch. Zay, in German on Goldau.



ner, walked over the town and drove in a *calèche* to Brunnen, another delightful and celebrated spot, with at present an excellent inn and numerous boats. There I hired a boatman to carry me to the head of the lake, but he first rowed with me to the opposite shore beneath the cradle of Swiss liberty, the meadow of Grutli (*Grutlis-Matte.*)

Ignorant nations will submit to greater oppression than intelligent states—local circumstances produce different ideas of liberty in one country to those which are entertained in another. Where one portion of the people are very rich and the other very poor, the former tyrannize over the latter, who submit with degrading servility. This may and does happen in states where the supreme government may be tolerably just and moderate in its administration. In very mountainous countries, cold in winter and but partly fertile in summer, where vigilance is necessary for self-preservation, and industry and forecast indispensable to procure subsistence, the people can never be utterly degraded as in fertile countries with mild or hot climates like Italy, Portugal, Spain, Persia, and most nations of Asia and Africa. Under the tropics all the bees become drones,—they collect no honey for winter food. People rising from the savage state, in wild wooded plains, even if those countries should be inhospitable in climate, may remain slaves until intelligence breaks in upon them, as in Russia; but let them once taste liberty, and give them useful knowledge, — they will not afterwards sink into degradation, until by the attainment of great riches, they are enabled to live in the indulgence

of excessive luxury and in freedom from labour, which consequently enervate their physical and moral qualities. Lord Krimes says somewhere, that men by inertia may finally degenerate to oysters. That there is, however, as Hume observes, a point below which human degradation will not sink, is undeniable; but that that point is much lower in the scale of one nation than of another, is equally positive.

Political and religious governments have always their influence, but under the administration of the same executive, we find a wide difference in the privileges of the people; not in being freely granted to them by those in power, but in the natural rights conserved by the people themselves. Those who will for instance examine the state of the Spanish government and laws, will discover that the people of Biscay and Navarra, have always maintained their liberties, and their elective municipal administrations.

The mountainous island of Sardinia has also a far more liberal administration than the continental part of the kingdom; of which, however, one part, Savoy, ought from its physical character to form an exception, did not a combination of political circumstances account for its degradation.

Sicily has also a more dignified race of men than the Neapolitans, and the inhabitants of Abruzzo are far superior to the people living in the low countries of Italy.

In countries where people have been accustomed to manage their local and municipal affairs, by electing their own magistrates, it is a fearful and dangerous experiment to attempt, and

requires a far greater force than that of the resisting people, to deprive them of their privileges. We observe this illustrated at the present time in Biscay and Navarra—where the people are fighting desperately against a constitution, which, although extending certain elective rights to all Spain, places Navarra and Biscay on the same general footing of central administration as the whole kingdom; and, consequently, deprives those provinces of the ancient immunities and the elective municipal administrations, which they have cherished and defended from age to age.

Even in Prussia, the powerful absolute executive allows, with few exceptions, the municipal administrations to remain elective.

Early in the thirteenth century, on the extinction of the house of Zoeringen, which exercised the greatest yet mildest and most just authority over Helvetia, and, on the decline of the houses of Swabia and Kibourg, the Counts of Hapsburg attained the supreme ascendancy over the Cantons—not, however, without powerful rivalships in the authorities exercised by the Counts of Burgundy and Savoy.

When Switzerland, in consequence, became subject to the authority of Austria, it was under a Prince of Helvetia, Rudolph of Hapsburg, who ruled with wisdom and justice, yet he, by bequeathing Switzerland to the Empire, entailed upon her the despotism of his successors.

The towns of Zurich, Solcure, Basel, Schaffhausen, Constance, and Geneva, became rich commercial cities, and after the death of Rudolph, their mutual jealousies broke out in civil dissensions.

The Waldstaedte (Wood States) or the Forest Cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden, were previous to this period, considered of little importance in the political affairs of Switzerland. Their mountain chains, rapid torrents, difficult passes, and thick forests, had long sheltered them from the jealousies of their neighbours.\*) They were seldom visited, and little known, They grew up, however, amidst those wilds, a hardy independent people. Content with the pastures which were defended by their mountains, they led a simple, obscure, yet vigilant and active mountain life. Freedom was natural to them, and that word, so expressive in the German language, *Vaterlandsliebe* (Love of Fatherland), which we call patriotism, was perhaps never cherished more ardently than at all times in the Forest Cantons.

They governed themselves by electing their Landamman and other magistrates and judges, and by making such regulations as circumstances required by an annual meeting of all the people of the Canton, who thus exercised the most independent sovereign authority.

On their acknowledging the Emperor, it was nominally, or rather as their great military sovereign, than as the chief magistrate who was to regulate their local administration; and Frederick II, admits by a solemn declaration in 1240,

\*) It is stated however, by several Swiss historians, that the inhabitants of the forest Cantons were at different times attacked, chiefly with a view to carry off their cattle, by the neighbouring powers, but that they always repulsed their invaders.

“that they were free men, who should obey none but the Emperor of their own general choice for their Sovereign.” Meaning thereby, not the hereditary Sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg.\*)

Albert of Austria, however, determined on exercising absolute authority over the proud peasants, as he termed them, of Waldstetten, sent thither two haughty deputies to rule in his

\*) Puffendorff, alluding to the dissensions between the nobility and people of the other, or large Cantons, and their being reconciled to peace under Rodolfus of Hapsburg, observes: “Thus these countries did enjoy their former liberty, till the reign of Albert I, who having conceived a hatred against them, because they had sided with his rival, Adolph of Nassau, was very desirous to annex them to his hereditary countries; the monasteries, therefore, and a great many of the nobility, having, upon his desire, submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the House of Austria. The same was also proposed to the three Forest towns, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwitz, who refusing his proposition, he set over them imperial judges or vicars, who, contrary to the ancient custom, began to reside in strong castles, and having first tried by persuasion to bring them over to the House of Austria, afterwards, when they found their labour lost that way, grew very burthensome to the people by their oppressions; neither were the petitions made against them by the commonalty, in any ways regarded by the emperor; nay, the judge of Unterwalden, whose name was Gessler, was become so extravagant, that he set his hat upon a pole in the market place of Altorf, commanding that every body should pay the same respect to his hat as to himself; thereby to make a trial of their obedience.

name. Landerberg, who was established in the Unterwald, claimed in the Emperor's name, sway over all the people and property of the Canton. He lived in a strong castle, tyrannised over the people, treated their complaints with scorn, or rebuffed them with cruelty, and confiscated their property for the most trifling offence. On some feeble accusation he ordered a pair of oxen belonging to Arnold of Melchthal to be seized. The father of Arnold went to remonstrate with Landerberg, who ordered him to be gone, saying, "Slaves must only expect to eat by submitting like oxen to be yoked." Arnold roused to indignation resisted the seizure—a fray ensued, in which he was slightly wounded, and knowing the violence of Landerberg's tyranny, he fled to the house of his relation, Walter Fürst of Attinghausen. Landerberg, enraged, had the eyes of the father, Henry Melchthal, put out, and all the property of the family confiscated.

Gessler, the Emperor's deputy, and the tyrant of Schwytz and Uri, exercised equally despotic and more extensive sway than Landerberg. He also prohibited building new houses without his permission, and Werner Stauffacher, an elder and magistrate of the Canton, having erected a handsome dwelling, Gessler became enraged and threatened destruction to Stauffacher. He, at the same time, had an Austrian hat stuck on a pike in the market place at Altorf, and commanded the people to salute and pay the same respect to it, as if it were the Emperor, or the Governor who represented him.

The degradation of the Forest Cantons had now sunk to its re-active depth.

The tyranny of the Austrian bailiffs made all the people of the land think seriously of the state of bondage to which they were reduced, not only in their solitudes but in their little family assemblages. On Werner Stauffacher deliberating as to the course he should adopt, his wife animated him to action by saying "Fear not, there are in all the Waldstaedten many as indignant as yourself at the tyranny of Gessler and Landerberg,—assemble privately,—confide in one another,—consider of the most effectual way to reclaim your privilegès,—stand or fall together,—God will not abandon you!"

Werner on going to Attinghausen at night to consult Walter Fürst, found there before him Arnold of Melchthal, and there they agreed and bound themselves by solemnly taking an oath, "to break through the chains which enslaved them—to expel their tyrants,—and to perish or redeem the privileges of their country."

Werner and Arnold then returned privately to their respective homes, and by agreement, the three magnanimous patriots, each attended by ten bold peasants, met on the night of the 17th of November, 1307, on the holy elevated meadow of the scarped Grutli.

Here again, before high Heaven, did those thirty-three patriots join their hands, and enter into the resolution, by another solemn oath, "to undertake nothing in which their confederates should not participate—to support them—to be faithful to each other until death—to defend their ancient privileges, without prejudice to the Counts of Hapsburg, neither in regard to their rights,

nor to their possessions, nor yet to ill-treat their governors.”

The three chiefs, Walter, Werner, and Arnold, then advanced to the middle of the assembly, and taking each other by the left hand, they extended their right with uplifted eyes towards Heaven, and swore in the name of the MOST HIGH, the Creator of peasants and emperors, that the one would stand by the other in asserting the natural rights of men, that they would fight courageously for their liberty, which they would transmit in its original purity to their descendants. The other thirty repeated this solemn oath, which formed the covenant of the league.

There is nothing in history superior to this. The vigorous determination to redeem their liberty, and at the same time, the absence of the spirit of revenge, form the sublimity of patriotism—it was altogether holy, and has remained unexampled. The resistance of the people of America approaches nearest to its purity; and there appears a striking resemblance in the spirit of both; for it is evident that neither the people of the humble Waldstetten, nor those of the gigantic forest Colonies of America, had at first any idea of throwing off the sovereignty of the respective empires which claimed them as subjects. But continued obstinacy and repeated acts of despotism will always sooner or later hasten insurrections, and give success to revolutions;—so has it been with America, so it was with the Forest Canton.\*)

\*) I have had occasion, in another work, where examining the causes which led to the independence of the old



William Tell, burgomaster of the little town of Burglen, and son-in-law of Walter Fürst, and also one of the patriots of Grutli, disdaining to shew obedience to the hat of Gessler, was, as is commonly known, arrested and condemned as a punishment, to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on his son's head, and, in consequence of having another arrow, intended, should he have the misfortune to kill his child, for the heart of the tyrant, ordered in chains to the dungeons of Küssnacht. His escape and his sacrificing Gessler

British Colonies, to exhibit more fully what I here assert in the text, and which all those acquainted with colonial history must know. Of all the causes which roused the Americans, none more effectually alienated them from the mother country, than the contumelious treatment which their delegates experienced from the British Ministers at the Court of St. James's. The state papers drawn up by Congress, of which I have copies, are distinctly expressive on this subject. The ungracious reception of Franklin, and other colonial agents, prevented, at the beginning of the troubles in 1775, an offer, agreed to by the Congress of the United Colonies, of «maintaining their own Civil List, and to give a clear contribution of one hundred thousand pounds per annum for one hundred years, in aid of a sinking fund to pay off the national debt of the mother country—with the proviso only of being treated like the other parts of the empire.» See State Papers of Congress, 1775. Franklin's Miscellaneous Pieces. British America, vol. i. second edition. Had not the evil genius of the British Ministry prevented this arrangement, and had not the expense of the war, which was the consequence, been entailed on the United Kingdom; how different would at this day have been the amount of the

became the signal of insurrection, which suddenly, on the 1st day of January 1308, blazed forth over the Forest Cantons, and extended to the neighbouring valleys; the battle of Morgarten, and those which followed, secured independence not only to Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden; but finally to the whole of Switzerland.

There is a little edifice embosomed by surrounding forest trees, at the foot of which three springs bubble and flow down the meadow of Grutli, over the rocks into the lake.\*)

public burdens of Great Britain and Ireland! This note as well as the text of the above, may perhaps appear gratuitous in a work which consists, or it may be said, ought from its title to consist, merely of travelling memorandums or sketches; but those who visit countries with a view of becoming better instructed will form conclusions widely different from those who travel merely to dispel ennui. At the same time the pleasure of visiting foreign lands enjoying the beauties of scenery, and the amusements of society, are by no means, at least as far as my experience extends, incompatible with the reflections arising from our observations of the state of "men and things," in the nations we visit, and from comparing the progress of events resulting from parallel causes in different states.

\*) The springs of Grutli, bearing the names of the patriots, Werner, Walter, and Arnold;—the people of the country believe that those sources burst from the earth immediately after the oath of Confederation was solemnized.

Neither the magna Charta which was extorted from King John on the meadow of Runnymede ninety-two years before the meeting of Grutli, nor the law Tallagio non concedendo, agreed to by Edward twelve years before, although they form the groundwork of the English consti-

This building is looked upon as consecrated; the people call it *Das Heilige Haus*—the Holy or Sacred House. Assuredly if any ground ever was consecrated to immortality, the meadow of Grutli was, by the most sacred devotion, in the name of God, to liberty.

On the 23rd of June, 1313, the people of the Cantons renewed their alliance with religious solemnity on the same spot, and finally, in 1713, confirmed their union on this ground consecrated to Liberty and Justice.

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## ALTORF.

THE Lake of Lucerne or of the quatre Cantons presents the most wild and varied aspects of any lake in Switzerland. The lake of Wallenstad, and the upper part of the Lake of Geneva approach nearest in romantic grandeur, but neither are so varied. Two straits divide this lake, it may be said, into three. The lower, that of Lucerne proper, with the branches; the middle or that of

tution are so free or clear as the Act of Confederation agreed to on the day after the feast of St. Nicholas at Brunnen in 1315.

It was not until between 1507 and 1527 that the Commons of England were enabled to pass laws, by attaching petitions to their grants of subsidies. Whereas the people of the Forest Cantons have met in full Landgameinde ever since the day on which the battle of Mortgarten was fought. See Notes to My Note Book, No. 4.

the Waldstetten; and the upper or that of Uri, on which I embarked, on descending from Grutli to Seelisberg. High perpendicular rocks, often overhanging, generally craggy, mountains, woods, and few places where it is safe to land, render the lake of Uri terrific in stormy weather, and the panic-struck slaves who were carrying off Tell to prison, might have in truth good cause to unchain a skilful oarsman. The ledge on which he leapt and landed, pushing the boat at the same time into the gulf, is romantic as legend could wish. The Achsenberg rises 5,340 feet immediately over it. We halted a few minutes, stepped ashore upon the same rock; entered the chapel elevated like several others in Switzerland to his memory, and then went on, passing under terrific projecting and lofty precipices to Fluelen, an entrepôt for goods passing to and from Italy by the St. Gotthard. Here I landed, and then walked about a mile to Altorf. This little town, which contains less than 2,000 inhabitants, may certainly be considered the cradle of Swiss independence. It is a spot full of interest. I looked at the place where the pike of the tyrant Gessler with his hat on its top was stuck, and where the patriot Tell looked at it and passed on in disdain, and then thought of the meadow of Grutli; I turned round to where the tower stands over the spot where grew the Linden tree, against which the son of William Tell was placed, and then thought of the tree at Kusnacht against which Tell rested his bow when he shot Gessler.

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## TEUFEL'S BRÜCKE—DEVILS BRIDGE.

If countries retain the name of those who have in days of yore held sway over, or acted celebrated parts in them, the devil must have been in olden times a conspicuous and domineering personage in the Canton of Uri; or, as M. Martin says "*Le Diable joue donc ici un grand rôle.*" Here we have Teufel's Thal, Teufelstein, Teufel's Bruck, valleys, rocks, bridges and mountains baptized by the Satanic name. Even now the common interjection is "Teufel!"

Instead of travelling by *char-à-bancs* which as well as all wheeled carriages in mountain countries, I detest, I hired a compact surefooted saddle horse, and a guide with another, to proceed with me to the Devil's Bridge, and the St. Gotthard, the latter not appearing five, although twenty miles distant. I have seen so many romantic and sublime prospects and such varied picturesque scenery already, that I might before now be fully satiated with snowcovered Alps, peaks, glaciers, precipices, torrents, rocks, and woods. Somehow or other I am even more eager to see, to visit all, than I was on entering Switzerland on crossing the Rhine at Basel.

This road or pass is a gigantic work over, or one may perhaps say, through the wildest country on earth; you ascend nearly all the way from Altorf. Soon after you leave that town, Attinghausen is passed on the right, and then William Tell's birth-place on the left, as you cross over

the awful torrent in which the patriot was drowned, in attempting to save the life of a child, forty-three years after he slew Geisler. Then you ride over the sites of bloody combats, in different passes, between the Russians, Austrians, and the French, of which my guide related marvellous anecdotes. We then ascended through the village of Amsteg close to which is the Grotto, similar to those of Lugano, from which issue blasts of freezing wind, and then rode onwards amidst the grandest and most varied scenery; the glaciers of Sherhorn on the one hand, and those of Titlis and Sustenhorn on the other;—the St. Gotthard before us, caravans and waggons carrying goods, cattle in droves going to market, and cows and sheep on the Alpine pastures, with the echo of the *Kuhreihen*, the blasts of the Alpine horn, sounded and resounded from rock and mountain, formed the bold and animated picture which prevailed until we reached the celebrated Devil's Bridge,—the most extraordinary pass, and until the present one (twenty-seven feet higher) was constructed, the most awful of the St. Gotthard. Yet, notwithstanding its tremendous precipitous rocks, which have evidently been subjected, like the whole of the St. Gotthard, to some one of those great convulsions, of earth and mountains, which have disturbed the early world, and the impetuous torrent which thunders from above and roars underneath, the gorge of the Pfeffers is more terrific than that of the Teufel's-bruck.

From this turbulent and sublime scene we passed to the Urnerloch or Hole of Uri, a tunnel cut through the mountain wall which separates the Devil's Bridge from the gap of Ursern. This

gallery is about two hundred and ten feet long, eighteen broad and about the same in height. We led our horses through, and then rode on to Andermatt and Hospital, which stands at an elevation of four thousand five hundred and sixty-six French feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Here is the remains of an old chateau, and a few hovels. The real hospital of the monks is on the other side, and near the summit of the pass.

After wandering about for some time among the rocks of gneis and granite, and then after having some refreshments at the auberge of the Three Kings at Andermatt, where we were told several anecdotes about the French and Austrian armies, we retraced our steps to Altorf.

I could have willingly remained a month in the Canton of Uri, between the St. Gotthard and the lake of the Four Cantons. The scenery and the geology, the legends, the primitive manners, the superstitions, and even a practical manner of speaking, which prevail among the people, are all full of interest. On earth there cannot be a more opposite, and yet more varied contrast to artificial life and manners.

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## LUCERNE.

I FOUND at Altorf that my best route to this town would be all the way by water; or at least to Selisberg; and thence by a very richly picturesque road to Stanz. The latter I preferred, and stopping at Stanz, which lies in a smiling

valley embellished with chesnut and other fruit trees, and is peopled by a simple, homely, honest, and frank race, with neat peculiar costumes, and very superstitious manners. In every house you see the image of St. Nicholas of Flüe.\*) I there

\*) St. Nicholas or Claus of Flüe, was as extraordinary in his sphere as, and a far better man than the Emperor Charles V., and like him, an example of the influence of superstition over men in other respects of profound judgment and great capacity of mind.

Swiss history represents Claus of Flüe as a man whose patriotism merited imperishable renown. He was born in the beginning of the fifteenth century, of one of the most distinguished families of the Canton of Unterwalden, and he is said to have been, not only greatly illustrious at the plough, and for his agricultural talents, in educating and bringing up his children, but heroically mighty in combatting the Austrians at Ragatz and Diessenhofen.

At the age of forty-seven he tore himself from the embraces of his family, and retired to a hermitage amidst the wild and hideous solitudes of Melchthal. Here his wisdom and the reputation of his virtues, rendered him the object of veneration. From all parts pilgrims came to visit his cell—to ask him for his counsel and his prayers. His austere life, his imperturbable temper, and his grave laconic manner of speech, inspired all who visited and who heard of him, with little less than adoration.

On one occasion only did he ever leave his hermitage. It was on it being communicated to him that the Diet assembled at Stanz was on the point of separating in a spirit that would tend to the disunion of the Confederacy. Claus appeared among them as if he were the tutelar genius of the Confederation. His wisdom and reasoning appeased their passions, dispelled their dissensions, and restored concord



saw also the coat of mail worn by Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, and the statue of that devoted hero. From Stanz there is an agreeable road to Stanzstad on the lake, from whence I crossed in a boat to Lucerne.

On landing I walked first to one hotel and then to another, but could find no trace of my errant party. At last, an hour after dark, I found that they had been at the *Cheval Blanc*, but having become impatient and tired of Lucerne, they had left for Berne. This was vexatious enough, and more so when I found that I had not more than five francs of money left.

It was no use, however, to be either disheartened or vexed about the matter; I called for the head waiter, told him I had no money, that I wanted a warm bath, a good bed, a good supper, and also a man with a *char-à-banc* and a strong horse next day to carry me—not by the direct high road—but by way of Mount Pilate, Entlibuch, and Interlachen to Berne; where if I overtook my friends I would pay for all, but if I did not meet them at Berne, the man with the *char-à-banc* must follow them with me until I did. The head waiter was perfectly satisfied. Let any one think of an exhausted way-farer, with his coat covered over with dust, and rent in more than one place; shoes covered with clay; a crushed hat, and no luggage but an earth-soiled

and union. He then returned to his cell, and died at the age of seventy. The stone which served him as a pillow is still shown; he only used bed-clothes during very cold weather. Two of his sons were successively Landammens; and his descendants are still numerous in the Obwalden.

cloak, arriving at an English hotel, quite as large and as imposing in appearance as the Clarendon, and making such a request as I did of the head waiter of the *Cheval Blanc*. Would he not be turned out of the house or be carried before a magistrate ?

All my wants were attended to at this hospitable Inn as readily as if I had come in a splendid equipage, and never, certainly, did I stand more in need of bodily comforts. After a luxurious and invigorating bath and an excellent supper, I committed my limbs to the softest and most fragrant of beds, and slept soundly until sunrise.

Dressed as well as I could, I sauntered out in the morning and walked over the town. I first, as I usually do, walked into some of the bookshops. In that of Mr. Meyer I saw Keller's Grand Panorama of the views surrounding the Rhigi. In the Church of St. Leger, there is an imposing, but not agreeable picture, of which the people think highly—Christ on the Mount of Olives, by Lafranc. Lucerne is a very Catholic place; but there is much more that is prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants, than in that of those of Zurich. Pressed as I was for time, (as I had determined to ascend Mount Pilate) there were two objects which I was first resolved to see—the Lion of Thorwaldsen near the town, sculptured from a rock, in the garden of General Pfyffer—and the relief of Switzerland by the General himself. I saw both, and each—the one as a work of simple beautiful poetic conception and execution; the other as the extra-

ordinary execution of a laborious and scientific genius, is perfectly unique. \*)

I returned to the *Cheval Blanc*, my *char-à-banc* was in waiting. I got my very moderate bill, gave it to my conductor; the waiter attended as politely to see me off as if I had paid it, and bidding adieu to Lucerne, drove off for Krienz on the brow of the Pilatus.

\*) Another celebrated man, Professor Hottinger, resides at Lucerne, where he is occupied, exclusively of his academical duties, in completing his Continuation of Müller's History of Switzerland.

F. Balthazar who died in 1810, has written, besides other works, a very curious and rather pedantic book, relative to the famous characters of Lucerne. I have merely dipt into it, and the only copy I have seen was at the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Its title is, *Museum Virorum Lucernatum Fama et Meritis illustrium*.

The covered bridges of Lucerne are remarkable for their paintings: the Mill Bridge constructed in 1803, has thirty-six paintings representing the Dance of Death, copied by Meylinger. The Chapel bridge, sixteen hundred feet long, and built in 1303, is ornamented with one hundred and fifty-four paintings, nine of which are historical, the others pretend to relate passages in the lives of St. Leger and St. Maurice, the patrons of the town; and the Hof Bridge, fourteen hundred feet long, also covered and decorated with two hundred and thirty-eight paintings, of subjects from the Old and New Testament.

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## GENERAL PFYFFER'S PLAN OF SWITZERLAND.

THE remarkable works of genius and art which I have seen at Lucerne have left such pleasing impressions on my mind that while their images are still fresh, I must note down a few words about them before I say any thing of Mount Pilate.

General Pfyffer is not only a gentleman of great scientific abilities, but a man of much taste in the arts, and a skilful naturalist. His plan in relief of one hundred and eighty square leagues of Switzerland includes the Cantons of Lucerne, Unterwald, a great part of the Cantons of Schwitz, Uri, Zug, and the frontier districts of Berne, Zurich, and Aargau. The highest mountains (nine thousand seven hundred feet, French) in this wonderful representation of nature, are elevated ten inches above the level of the lake of Lucerne. Its size is twenty-three feet by thirteen, and is composed of one hundred and thirty-six square pieces which may be separated and each viewed distinctly by itself. The precision with which the forms of mountains, rocks, lakes, and valleys, are delineated—the exactitude which pervades the most minute details, and the striking truth in the representation of the natural aspect of the country, are equally astonishing. Not a house, *chalet*, path, road, church, or cross is omitted. I traced my route distinctly up Mount Pilate on this the most faithful of charts. Here was the

meadow of the Grutli—there the ruins of Goldau. The field of Sempach and the lake of Egeri, Mortgarten, and Entlibuch. The Righi and the lake of the Waldstaedten all in faithful similitude.

The illusion of this picture is increased to its utmost extent by bringing the eye to a level with its surface, and by moving round its boundaries and looking through a multiplying glass. In doing so for a few minutes the delusion is complete, and we can hardly believe that we see a work of art—that we are not in reality beholding Switzerland with her mountains, valleys, woods and waters, as nature created them.

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## THE LION OF THORWALDSEN.

THIS celebrated national monument was erected to the memory of the thousand unfortunate Swiss guards who were massacred at Paris on the 10th of August 1792. The Lion was first modelled in plaster at Rome by Thorwaldsen, and on arriving at Lucerne was much damaged and broken; the face or mask was in fragments, but Colonel Pfyffer collected them carefully and cemented them together.

It was then determined upon, that a singular rock in the garden *à l'Anglaise* of General Pfyffer near Lucerne should be sculptured into the national monument, and the execution was entrusted to a young artist of Constance named Ahorn, who has perfectly succeeded in transmitting to the rock a faithful colossal representation of Thorwaldsen's model.

The Lion, which is recumbent, is thirty feet (English) in length from the nose to the root of the tail, and in the proportion of nineteen feet in height, had it been represented standing.

The rock is cut out so as to represent a cave of moderate depth, and forty-six feet in length, by thirty in height. Above it you observe the inscription, "*Helvetiorum Fidei ac Virtuti*," and beneath, on the immense pedestal or base, the names of the officers and soldiers who perished, defending the Tuilleries, and of those who escaped and who have contributed towards the erection of this monument. Near the foot there is a small chapel; on the door of which are the words "*Invictis Pax*," and the altar of which is covered by an embroidered silk cloth, on which are wrought the words, "*Ouvrage de S.A.R. Marie Thérèse de France, an 1825. — Donné à la Chapelle du Monument du 10. Août 1792, à Lucerne.*" Opposite you observe a lodge—that is the dwelling of one of the invalids who survived the massacre, and who now guards the monument. In front there is a pretty sheet of water fed by several murmuring streamlets. The rock is richly crested with thriving shrubs:—knots and clumps of trees add beauty and picturesque effect to the whole. But we have still to speak of the *chef d'œuvre*.

The dying Lion, in the sublimity of poetical expression, covers with his body a *fleurs de lis* buckler, which he has no further power to defend; the lance which pierced his side remains thrust in the flank: the face expresses at the same time, the grief of noble feelings and the resignation of tranquil courage. His redoubtable

paw is extended as if to defend against a fresh attack; his eyes half-shut seem weeping for the fate of France, and as about to be closed for ever; and yet the visage still retains its own dauntless character — “tremendous still, in death.”

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### ASCENT OF MOUNT PILATE.

“No mountain in Switzerland,” says Ebel, “was formerly more talked of, or more frequently described, and none that is less known in our days, than Mount Pilate.” In romantic wildness, in difficulty of ascent, in ruggedness, and in elevation, it is far superior to the Righi. It rises 8,025 English feet above the level of the sea, with seven peaks which elevate their rugged heads and pyramids around the Brundlen Alp. Classical scholars say its name is derived from the word *pileus*, a cap or bonnet, from the summit being generally, in fine weather, crowned with a small cloud resembling a cap. In old chronicles it is called *Mons Fractus* and *Frakmund*, from its craggy precipices, fractures, and peaks, on the North and East. But the country people, and particularly those who feed their flocks on its flanks and in the valley of Entlibuch have, as usual, their own stories on the subject.

They say that Pontius Pilate having immediately after the crucifixion of our Saviour, felt the full enormity of the dreadful deed, remorse made him a wanderer over the face of the earth. That he traversed mountains and valleys in

despair, until he ascended this mountain to the small unfathomable lake on the Brundlen Alp, into which he plunged: and that he has remained alive in torment at the bottom ever since, empowered by the Devil—the prince of the power of the air—to send forth storms.\*)

This and many other fables relative to Mount Pilate, accredited by centuries of superstition, were confirmed by a law forbidding any one to ascend the terrific mountain without a written permission from the Magistrates of Lucerne, and a guarantee not to profane the lake by throwing in stones or otherwise provoking the evil genius who dwelt in its profundity.

The herdsmen who tended their flocks on the adjoining pasturages took an oath annually, not to conduct any person thither, nor even to show

\*) The particular position of this lake and the evaporations arising from it, which are much more rapid on the Alps than on the plains, account naturally for the frequent storms which break over Mount Pilate.

Ebel remarks that "violent storms burst over Mount Pilate in consequence of the vapours which arise from the lake and gather and repose on its peaks." — When the column of vapours rises above their summits it dissipates in the surrounding atmosphere; but ordinarily it attaches to the peaks of the mountain, then gradually dilates and finally acquires such formidable magnitude that it bursts with violent wind and rain, and terrific lightning and thunder over the mountain and surrounding country.

It was the frequency of this phenomenon, that caused the superstitious alarm which terrified the inhabitants of Lucerne and the neighbourhood, during the dark ages.



the path. A herald proclaimed this order to the mountaineers, for which service he was paid a florin of the Empire. Those who ventured to ascend the mountain without permission were imprisoned; and an act exists among the archives of Lucerne, relative to the condemnation of several priests arrested, in 1307, on the path leading up the Pilate. Vadianus and Stumft both state that many persons were executed for the same transgression.

The superstitious belief in gnomes, evil genii, and especially in the power of the doomed Pontius to blow storms forth from the lake, had gained universal credence, when John Müller, curate of Lucerne, persuaded the Magistrates, in 1585, to allow him to ascend the Pilate, so as to dispel, or confirm, what was reported of the awful lake.

He accordingly, accompanied by a *cortège* of the curious and numerous herdsmen from the vicinity, ascended to the forbidden waters, and throwing stones and branches of trees into the waves, he called out loudly "Pilate! throw forth thy slime and thy storms." Pilate answered not,—the lake remained tranquil,—there was neither storm nor inundation;—and Müller at last persuaded a bold peasant to leap in and swim round it. Still the adjured awoke not; and the astonished assemblage returned to their homes. Yet credulity would not relinquish its prejudices; and nine years after, Müller obtained from the Magistrates the privilege of draining the lake. This work was commenced, but obstacles of great difficulty stood in the way—the undertaking was relinquished, and the people continue to believe

in, and dread, the evil genius of the Lake and of the Mountain.

So much for the legend.—Now for my journey to the summit of this redoubtable Alp.

We ascended in the *char-à-banc* to the pastoral village of Krienz, without difficulty—the limestone and partially schistous precipices rising boldly, first before us, and then on the left as they stand facing the lake of Lucerne—between which and the mountain, there are picturesque green pastures with cattle, clumps of trees, and here and there *chalets*. We then ascended, sometimes in the *char-à-banc*, sometimes on foot, along the flank of the mountain, on which numerous herds were browsing, to the hamlet of Hergottswald; at the auberge of which we dined, and from which there is a magnificent view. From this station to Eigenthal the road is difficult, but passable by horse, and with such a firmly constructed, low wheeled *char-à-banc*\*) as we had. From this second station we proceeded on foot up the winding path between firs, rocks, rhododendrons, and heather, until we reached the Brundlen Alp. On our way the guide directed our attention to one of the most extraordinary firs imaginable. It is somewhat more than eight feet in diameter at fifteen feet above the soil.

\*) I could scarcely have believed, before this time, that any wheeled carriage could possibly have gone over such places as these *Char-à-bancs* do in Switzerland—The *Deerborns* in the Corduroy roads of the back settlements of America do wonders; but the *char-à-bancs* roll on, comparatively to them, with sublime contempt of dangerous passes.

Nine limbs, about three feet thick and six long, then branch horizontally from its trunk, and then each limb grows up vertically, like a distinct tree. The appearance at a distance is that of nine closely-grown trees.

The sun was nearly setting when we reached the Chalet of Gantersay, built in the face of a limestone precipice rising 1,500 feet high over this our resting place for the night on the Brundlen Alp. A more glorious sunset I never beheld—not a cloud obscured the heavens—the long range of the snowy Bernese Alps, and of Uri and Glaris, were brightly resplendent—the peaks of the Pilate shed a rich light purple and red colour—the valley of Entlibuch, and the pastoral hills, vales, and lakes of Lucerne and Berne, exhibited magnificently diversified scenery. Then the *Kühreihen* (*Ranz des vaches*) echoing from steep to steep—from the Alpine precipices to the slopes of the Pilate, as the cows were gathered in from the pastures towards the Chalets, added peculiar melodious animation to the otherwise tranquilly sublime panorama.

The flanks of Mount Pilate are inhabited all the year round by a hardy pastoral people, who live to a remarkably advanced age, notwithstanding their rather meagre diet, the rigor of winter, and their exposure, at all seasons, to the weather. They are superstitious and devout, and if ever human beings be virtuous in their lives, the scanty population of this stern mountain region must be classed among the number.

For some time after the sun-set, the Alps and the seven peaks of the Pilate were brightly tin-

ted. The Knapstein<sup>\*)</sup> presented overhead a peculiar and threatening appearance. Our guide and two herdsmen, belonging to the Chalet, then conducted us to the celebrated echo. It also is on the Brundlen Alp. Few persons have lungs sufficiently strong, or voices clear enough to bring forth the echo; but the peasants, accustomed to make the rocks resound to their voices, turn half round, first to the left, singing loudly the Kùhreihe, with sufficient intervals between each note to allow time for the echo to rebound from the precipices of the surrounding peaks and rocky caverns. Both our herdsmen were famed for their skill in producing this singularly wild harmony—especially grand, during the stillness of so beautiful a night: it might well call forth Pontius himself from the vasty deep of the adjoining lake. We remained half an hour enjoying the extraordinary duet. On returning, I begged one of the herdsmen to call aloud to Pilate, as I should be delighted to see his power exercised on the lake, in which the stars were then brilliantly twinkling, with the bright milky-way and the blue heavens transparently reflected. He shuddered at the idea, and it would seem as if nothing on earth could tempt him to provoke the demon of the lake; I, however, called out probably as loudly as Müller did exactly one hundred and fifty years before, and in the same words—“Pilate! throw forth thy slime and thy storms;”

\*) Knapstein, rocking stone, is a huge mass of rock, on the summit of one of the peaks of the Brundlen Alp. It frequently moves to and fro, and at all times seems as about to precipitate itself into the abyss below.

but he remained deaf to the summons, even when further provoked by my throwing in a large stone, which feat produced no manifestation saving the chasing of the counterpart of the heavens from its peaceful bosom.

On returning to the Chalet, we opened our little store of provisions; I gave half of what we had to the women—one old, and one young, and to three children, and then made glad the hearts of the peasants I had terrified by attempting to provoke Pontius, with a full glass of brandy from my flask. The women brought us milk and fresh butter, on which, with some biscuits, I supped. My guide and the herdsmen finishing the remaining portion of meat between them. I rolled my cloak around me, lay down on a long bench, and slept soundly until wakened at a little after four o'clock in the morning, when we had some boiled milk, and bread and butter, and started at five o'clock to ascend the peak of the Widderhorn.

We first, however, turned off by a path in nearly a contrary direction to view that extraordinary white figure at the entrance of an inaccessible cavern in the steep black face of the Brundlen Alp. It has the perfect appearance of a gigantic man, resting with his arms on a table, his legs crossed—the seeming guardian of the cavern. The mountaineers call him Cornell, or Saint Dominick, and the cavern Dominick's-loch. The latter traverses the Brundlen Alp, and opens at the opposite side, where the entrance is about seventeen feet in height, and nine or ten in breadth. To reach the latter is attended with great danger. It has, however, been accomplished

more than once with the view of penetrating the cavern, which has been found to open into spacious vaults for about five hundred feet, and then the rocks, still leaving several jagged openings, render any further advance impossible. A cold wind and a stream of water issue from this entrance, to which the inhabitants have given the name of *Monden-loch*, (Moon's cavern.) \*)

As we stood on the Brundlen Alp the sun rose over the glaciers and snows of the Glarnish. The lakes were all covered with gray fog, and as Sol gloriously ascended in the heavens, the Alps and lesser mountains, with all the various features of Swiss scenery kindled into inexpressible grandeur.

It is frightfully dangerous—if not impossible—to ascend the Widderhorn without following a circuitous and steep path, in all its zig-zag course, little less than three miles. We, however, attained the summit in little more than two hours from the time we left the Brundlen Alp, and during the course of this giddy footway, the landscape was incessantly changing in its aspects, as the sun was ascending and dispelling the

\*) A man named Hubert of Lucerne, resolved to determine whether the statue of Saint Dominick was a work of nature or of art; which it is impossible to say without reaching the entrance of the cavern. He was lowered down by a rope from the summit, but being obstructed by a projecting rock, he called out to those above to hoist him up again. He descended a second time provided with a strong piked pole, passed the shelving rock, but the rope then broke, and the unfortunate adventurer was dashed to atoms.

vapours. The day at last became perfectly clear, and as we stood on the limestone peak our magnificent prospect may be imagined. General Pfyffer says, that "in a clear day and with a telescope, thirteen lakes and the tower of Strasbourg may be seen." I, with mine, saw distinctly eight lakes, and if that of Lucerne be counted, with its deep lochs, as four, I beheld eleven. The towns of Lucerne, Stanz, Sarnen, Stanzstad—the lake of the Four Cantons, and the valley of Entlibuch, extended beneath our feet—the Cantons of Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri—a great section of Glaris, of Unterwald, and of the country extending to the Bernese Alps, of which we had also a glorious prospect—and then a part of Zug, Zurich, Argau, Soleure, Basel, and the Black Forest, were all clearly visible. To detail the sublime picture after having sketched those I beheld from mount Kamor, and from the Albis, would be extremely tedious. In fact, there would be no end of describing views of Swiss scenery; and we will therefore descend from our elevation to humble plodding life.

Mount Pilate and all its peaks consist of Neptunian rocks—there is a dark limestone with clay slate projecting occasionally in its slopes. The limestone is often streaked with quartz, and we frequently observed fragments with sea shells; especially those of the cockle kind. Among the Schistus rocks, which I fractured, I brought off two pieces with the impression of petrified fish. We were told, that below the peak of the Esel there are the trunks of two large petrified trees, at a much higher elevation than trees grow on the Alps; and on the same summit, although one

hundred and sixty-two feet less in elevation than the Widderhorn, reposes the only snow which remains during the whole year. The Tomlishorn is said to be twenty-eight feet higher than the Widderhorn, but the eye can scarcely observe any difference in their elevations, and the latter is by far the wildest in its configuration—while the Kastlen is the most remarkable of all, for petrifications, and for being the retreat of the chamois, and the resort of woodcocks, eagles and vultures. We saw the birds of the air, but not the chamois—the latter being nearly all destroyed—and the few that remain keep out of view among shelving ledges and hollows, inaccessible, as the herdsmen told us, to man. The botanist, from all that appeared to me, and from the reports of others, would find ample study among the plants of Mount Pilate. Besides countless others the *Papaver alpinum* (Alpine poppy), *Ruta montana* (mountain rue), *Cistus umbellatus* (shady cistus), are said to be in respect to Switzerland, peculiar to this mountain. On the Matte-Alp, which is six hundred feet lower than the Widderhorn, there is another small lake. But neither it, nor the lake of Pontius, appeared to me as having been the craters of volcanoes, as some have stated. The surrounding rocks nowhere indicate volcanic origin.

For at least half an hour before reaching the summit of the Peak, I felt a drowsiness and an inclination to sleep and lie down; and I had to sit and rest a little every five or six minutes. I have frequently experienced exactly the same feeling while travelling during severe frost in North America. We might have descended by the paths leading down to Alpanach in Unterwalden were



it not that I wished to traverse the interesting pastoral valley of Entlibuch, so little known to most travellers.\*) We therefore retraced our steps to where we left our *Char-à-banc*, and from thence proceeded on our journey by the difficult road over the Bramegg and the little Emmenthal towards Entlibuch.



### THE KÜHREIHEN, OR RANZ DES VACHES.

The descent from the Bramegg to the lesser Emmenthal is remarkably wild, and so steep that it seemed as if we were, at every abrupt angular point, about to leap into the valley; yet the path, for the road is little more, is cut out in a zig-zag manner which renders it by no means dangerous, notwithstanding its frightful appearance. The evening was tranquil, and the lowing of the cows, the bounding of the goats, and the singing of the herdsmen, boys, and women, and the sound of the horn at different elevations along the Alpine pastures, broke in most delightfully upon the silent grandeur of nature.

*Ranz*, in the Swiss-Roman-patois, signifies a succession of objects or sounds. *Rähn* in Gaelic

\*) I have never met an Englishman or a Frenchman who had visited Entlibuch. M. Sismondi, talking to me on the subject of pastoral life in Switzerland, said „I never hear Entlibuch mentioned that I do not rebuke myself for apathy in not having been there.“

and *Relhen* in German have, when applied to music, the same signification. *Kühreihen* or *Ranz des Vaches* may be considered the Cows' March.

This wild, simple, and somewhat melancholy air is of great antiquity. Each Canton has its *Kühreihen* somewhat differently, but slightly modulated. I have heard it sung in several districts; but I was more pleased than heretofore, with its effect amidst the pastures as we journeyed on to *Entlibuch*. The words differ according to locality, and we find the verses of the *Kühreihen* sung on the pastures of Mount Pilate, *Entlibuch*, *Uri*, *Unterwald*, *Glaris*, and *Appenzel*, each appropriate to their particular scenes and customs.

The full expression, force, and language of this national air, can only be justly heard among the mountains and at the doors of the *chalets* of the *Pilate*, *Entlibuch*, *Uri*, *Glaris*, and *Appenzel*, when the voice is accompanied by the Alpine horn, for which instrument the simplicity of the air is peculiarly adapted—when the rocks and grottos and mountains repeat its wild echoes at night, when all is invisible, the effect is magical and mysterious; and on those with whom its associations are cherished from infancy, it must be overpowering.

Many eminent musical composers, professors, and amateurs, have arranged the *Kühreihen* so as to suit modern taste; but, like those who have modulated the beautiful airs and melodies of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, they have in their attempts at harmony, destroyed its expression and its melody. The English modulations of the *Ranz des Vaches*, are wretched. Grétry has succeeded best, where he introduces it so appropriately in

his overture to William Tell. Rousseau has also arranged the Ranz des Vaches, but with less success, in his Dictionary of Music; and it is said that Viotti used to play this air with enthusiastic effect on the violin.

The moral feeling or depression, called *mal du pays*, is more commonly experienced by people who have been brought up like the Swiss and Scotch, between which nations I have observed striking analogy in character, education, customs, ideas, feelings, prejudices, and religious observances.

The natural conditions of Switzerland and Scotland have produced, especially two, similar effects,—that of men enlisting as soldiers in foreign services, and of emigrations to distant countries, either in order to obtain subsistence, or otherwise to advance their condition in life.

Destiny allows but few of them to return to their native mountains; but the effect which the tales and songs of their country have on their feelings when far from the land of their fathers, is inconceivable to those bred in cities, or in counties where the population is crowded together in manufactories.

We have numerous accounts of the *mal du pays* produced in the Highland regiments, when abroad, on hearing such tunes as “Lochaber no more,” and “*Cha til mi Chaoidhe, cha til mi tuillih*,” (We return no more) &c.; and the Swiss, who, the more faithfully he loves the simple paths of nature, the more elevated, solitary, and wild is the site of his habitation—the more he delights in the music of the Kühreihen—the more dear to him are the scenes of his youth.

## ENTLIBUCH.

We had put up at the principal *auberge* in this interesting village—the little capital of its retired, but extensive valley, celebrated at all times for its mountain pastures and its hardy and brave inhabitants. “By the energie of their character,” says Ebel, “they are among the most remarkable of the Alpine population of Switzerland.”

The historians of the country speak of them as having always given proofs of their valour; and that in their glorious combats in defence of the liberty of their mountains and glens, they never appeared more redoubtable than when armed with their own massive clubs shod with iron—their famous *Morgen-stern*, (morning star). “The banners of Entlibuch and Thun, which loved to advance side by side in the combat, were invincible in the battle field of Morat,” says a bard of the time, whose name is unknown to fame, but whose songs are unforgotten in the Alpine *Chalets*.

From time immemorial these mountaineers have been renowned for gymnastic feats—especially in wrestling prowess. Besides their almost daily exercises, they have one great holiday meeting for a general trial of strength. An open space in the valley is selected, in which the people far and near, the young and the old of both sexes, assemble. The old men are the judges—the young women have their eyes on their lovers, and animate the wrestlers to exert every muscle to the utmost extent of vigour and dexterity—The wrestlers advance into the middle of the circle, and

the young men of Entlibuch have for antagonists, those of the surrounding hamlets and villages.

Before one of these modern Antæuses is declared vanquished, his antagonist must succeed in laying him twice prostrate with his back stretched on the ground. The struggle for conquest is frequently continued so long, that it is rare to find a man whose Herculean strength will endure more than six successive contests. When all the combatants have had their prowess and dexterity put to the test, the two strongest terminate the struggle by three successive feats of wrestling, and the conqueror is then declared the champion of the valley. The remaining part of the day and most of the night is spent in singing, dancing and feasting: the mothers and daughters provide the refreshments, — all are decorated in their holiday costumes, — and very pretty they are: few countries can boast of a handsomer race of people than the inhabitants of Entlibuch.

In manners they are exceedingly vivacious, fond of music and of reciting various rhymes, — the productions of their rustic bards. They are superstitious, addicted to believe in the marvellous, and religiously attentive to the service of the Catholic church — never questioning its infallibility. On Shrove Monday, they proceed after mass to the Communal house — plant a flag before it, round which the multitude gather. Their chief bard advances on horseback, — costumed fantastically, and his head wreathed with flowers; he halts before the standard, — the magistrates compliment him, and present him the wine of honour to drink. The bard then, without dismounting, takes from his bosom a paper to which is attached the seal

of Entlibuch. On this paper is written a witty satire turning into humorous but harmless ridicule, various persons of the valley. Names are not given, and one part of the amusement is in applying the satire with the most apt point to certain persons. The exaggeration is so great as to prevent angry feelings—burlesque is the object. Between the recitation of his various heads, the bard refreshes himself with a glass of the wine of honour,—and ends by causing immoderate laughter on reciting the concluding stanzas, at not only his own expense, but at that of the municipal authorities, and all others who aim at distinction, and also those who are considered the Gascons of the valley.

These and many other customs of the olden time, still prevail among the happy pastoral mountains of Entlibuch and in the country extending to the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and as far as Meyringen and the vale of Hazli.

The nightly interview of lovers continues also as heretofore. When the family retire to bed the young man says his prayers, and repairs to the *chalet* of his chosen. Their respective dwellings are often leagues asunder—but love carries him from rock to rock along the mountain or the vale. In spring he delights to carry her nosegays of the flowers which he has collected on the most dangerous heights, and at other times various little presents. They talk love to each other, in perfect innocence of intention, until nearly day-break, when the lover bounds back to his father's habitation, and soon after resumes the occupations of the day.

When they marry, a band of musicians in advance, is followed by a cortège of the young men and women—the former with hats adorned with ribbons—the latter decorated with a double crown or wreath of the prettiest flowers. Then comes the bridegroom in his national costume fancifully ornamented, and the bride with a virginal crown, neatly circling over her forehead, with her plaited apron snow-white, her vest crimson, her stockings scarlet, and with a large gay bouquet which she holds by her side. On her robe are embroidered her baptismal and family name, and her age. She is followed by the groom of honour, and the yellow woman; the latter carrying before her a basket filled with nosegays—the parents and elderly friends, bring up the rear. In this order they enter the church, the curate then celebrates the marriage and pronounces the benediction, and the cortège, leaving the church in the same order as it entered, proceeds to the *Auberge* of the district. Here they all sit down at table to eat, drink and make merry. They dance and sing until two young men feign a dispute as to the pretensions of the bridegroom to the bride. A kind of bidding for her succeeds, each stating what he has in his power to exchange for the love of the fair object; then follows an old Swiss grotesque dance amidst the plaudits of those who do not join in it, during which the yellow woman dexterously takes the virginal crown from off the bride's head, and the bouquet from the bridegroom's, throwing these ornaments into the fire. If the crown and bouquet do not crackle, it is considered by the old woman the presage of a happy marriage, and

the dance is renewed with alacrity. This over, they proceed to the house of the bridegroom, where soups, meats, honey, wine, bread and cheese await them. Feasting, dancing, and songs, with putting the married couple to bed, form the joys of the night, and the wedding feast is afterwards often prolonged from day to day for one or two weeks: the poor are on these occasions never forgotten.

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### THUN.

At the *Auberge* of Entlibuch the intelligence of the landlord, who, I afterwards found, was a local magistrate, surprised me. He had read much, and gave me interesting, and, in some respects, lamentable accounts of the emigrations from Switzerland—then talked of the rent of land—the privilege of pasturing on the mountains—the right to cut fuel for winter use, and timber for house-building, and the mode of cultivating the soil of the valleys and the inferior declivities of the Alps. His son, a boy of about fourteen, attended to my wants at table. He, also, from what I was told of the means of instruction, was much more intelligent than I expected. The lad had really a tolerable knowledge of history and geography; understood French, and made several judicious remarks on the condition of the labouring people. There was on the table one of the almanacks common in Switzerland—I forget the title, but its contents was something like that of “Poor Richard,” and put into order by some Swiss



Franklin, with the usual days of the months, holidays, sun and moon's setting; and to each month there was attached some thrifty and seasonable advice, and usefully appropriate information relative to husbandry and taking care of cattle.

We left the little patriarchal world of Entlibuch, with its freedom, flocks, and mountains, and travelled along the little Emmenthal, four or five leagues, to Escholsmatt, a village within the district of Entlibuch. Here we baited the horse, and I observed that the barns were constructed with the floors elevated higher than the usual depth of the winter snows, and that each had an inclined plane to ascend and descend, with sledges or carts. This part of the valley is cultivated with skilful care. The churchyard, close to the *cabaret*, is similar to that of Zug—with fanciful crosses, curious epitaphs in barbarous German, and graves decorated with the gayest flowers wrought into “immortals,” festoons, and garlands. There are fine woods around this village, and the architecture of the houses is not only ingenious, but fancifully picturesque. We then journeyed by a romantic road to Langenau in the Canton of Berne, passing an immense wooden work-house, or house of correction; and an hour afterwards we halted to bait our quadruped, and to refresh ourselves at a pleasantly situated auberge near Signau in the Emmenthal, where we were attended to by a handsome young woman, as neatly costumed as ever picture presented to view. She was the landlord's daughter; and, as is frequently the case, was, for her rank in life, accomplished. She had some musical taste,

played on the guitar, and sung the *Kühreihen* sweetly. How does it occur that, in all German Switzerland, excepting Zurich, the young damsels are so *naïves* in their manners—that they have none of that false bashfulness which destroys the easy grace of female expression? The maidens of the Swiss valleys will, without hesitation, sing their national airs when you wish. They are as pure as the snow that covers the Jungfrau; and ill befall the man who would abuse the confidence which their innocence of thought inspires.

On leaving the fertile Emmenthal, we drove across the country to this insignificant, but charmingly situated town. My guide and driver Lorenz, whom I found to be a trustworthy man and well acquainted with the geography of mountain passes, and the reputation of cabarets and hotels, drew up at the Freyenhof, which has every comfort as an inn, with countless guides to lead you to every peak and nook of the Bernese Alps, and who, although they accost you instantly on alighting, are nevertheless very civil. Being now on the beaten track, for the house was crammed with his Britannic Majesty's lieges, I will not intrude much on the precincts of those who have, for the last twenty years, been writing tours over the common roads of Switzerland. I shall, however, to gratify my own curiosity, ramble over a part of the interesting Oberland—here there is every convenience for doing so—guides, boats on the lake, *calèches*, *char-à-bancs*, horses, mules, and donkeys. From the window of the bed-room to which I was shown, I have before me the Jungfrau, with her eternal

immaculate hood and glassy apron, besides eight frozen seas with their sublime Alps, and the romantic lake, and the picturesque valley, forming the splendid outlines of a grand diorama.

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## THE OBERLAND OF BERNE.

*Unterseen—Interlachen—Brienz—Meyringen—the Grindelwald—and the Jungfrau.*

THE Lake of Thun is as picturesque as any in Switzerland, and you almost regret that the boatmen land you so soon near its head at Neuhaus; from thence you walk to Unterseen, a little old town, from whence you see the sublime Jungfrau, clad in the purity of her virgin snow; lakes you have also, one on the right and another to the left, and, all around you, scenery enchantingly picturesque and sublimely romantic. Cross the stream which runs from the Brienzi to Thun, and in a few minutes you are in Interlachen,\*)

\*) The hotels and houses at Interlachen were filled with English travellers and families. Ebel says of this town —“This is no longer a village in the Swiss character, but a town in the English fashion. The wooden houses with devices or inscriptions taken from the Psalms, with small oval windows, and steep roofs, are replaced by elegant modern houses. The old inhabitants have gone over to Unterseen, and Interlachen is no longer inhabited but by English families. That the English and Scotch and Irish should travel as often as they please is perfectly right; but there is to me much that is deplorable in the cause and

one of the loveliest little towns in Switzerland—a charming summer's residence. Here Lorenz was waiting for me with the *char-à-banc*. The distance to the Jungfrau seems half an hour's ride, we drove nearly to its foot, and all those who visit Switzerland should do the same, were it only to see Lauter-Brunnen, and the "white horse-tail-like cascade," as Byron terms it, of the Staubbach;\*†) and the terrific ruggedness, of the Jungfrau.†) On returning by the same road, we

the consequences, on reflecting how many thousands of families from the United Kingdom are settled in various parts of the Continent—they all belong to the spending class. What is to become of their sons and daughters, when we consider that there is not one family in one hundred, living on the continent, who can leave their children in a condition to form an independant portion of the spending class; and although they may learn more easily the foreign languages, I have no hesitation in saying, that they acquire no education which will adapt them for being numbered (when necessity will certainly demand that they shall) with the productive classes, unless it be in anti-position to the theory of Mr. Malthus.

\*) The Count of Walsh in his notes on Switzerland and Lombardy, compares the Cascade of the Staubbach to the "floating pendant of the Maids of Morven."

†) I do not believe that the Jungfrau ever was ascended to its summit; although it is asserted that Mr. Mayer has accomplished the perilous undertaking. In difficulty of ascent, all declare that Mont Blanc is nothing to compare to the Bernese maiden; and having, since I have seen the latter, been at the foot of the former, I am of the same opinion, although I may very possibly be mistaken, as only those who have attempted both can determine. The

turned off at Zweylütschinen for Grindelwald. We travelled chiefly on foot along that romantic rugged valley, at the foot of glaciers and terrific rocks. It was not my fortune to hear or see Avalanches. Lorenz said he heard one fall in the distance—I did not, neither on this wild journey nor since my arrival in Switzerland. On one valley of this district, Tchingelberg, which is inhabited, the sun only shines from the 28th of October, to the 8th of March. Here we had the highest Bernese Alps; the Finster-Aarhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Schreck-horn, all impending over us on the right.

The Grindelwald is certainly as romantic a country as Alps, glaciers, eternal snows, waterfalls and dark valleys, with green pastures, fir

outline appears alone to warrant my opinion; and all the guides tell you the Jungfrau still retains her virgin purity; although called *Madame Dupuis*, in derision of a gascon, *M. Dupuis*, who boasted that he had ascended to her utmost summit.

The Jungfrau is said to be the highest calcareous mountain in Europe. If its culm be limestone, this is true; but I doubt it, although its base and sides are certainly formed of that rock. Finster-Aarhorn is two hundred and twenty-nine feet higher, and said to be composed of granite and gneis. The secondary Alps are chiefly transition limestones, breccia, and clay slate, and I am of opinion that all the high Swiss Alps, those covered with perpetual snow, are composed of Neptunian primitive rocks. The Oberland mountains, as far as the rocks bursting from them justify my conclusion, consist chiefly of primitive rocks. On the banks of the lakes of Thun and Brienz, on the south and east, transition limestone reposing on clay slate prevails,

woods, herds and flocks as an exception to its generally wild character, can render the natural aspect of a mountain region.

We traversed the Oberlands from the village of Grindelwald, which is elevated three thousand three hundred feet, by Alpine ascents and descents and by way of Scheideck and its high pastures, and past the rocky promontories of the Wetter-horn, and the thundering falls of the Reichenbach, until we descended to the valley of Hasli, and halted at Meyringen. This is not the most dangerous, but certainly the most fatiguing journey I have made since I crossed the Alps of Glaris. The scenery near Meyringen and the cascades of the impetuous Reichenbach are of themselves more than worthy of all the peril and exertion. We travelled down the valley of Hasli

and continues to Lauterbrunnen; but on proceeding up the valley past Staubbach we observe the limestone reposing on gneiss.

The Stockhorn, which is a secondary Alp, consists, as far as trees and herbage grow, of limestone and clay, and its base and summit is entirely limestone. The Wetterhorn, which belongs to the Superior Alps, being nearly twelve thousand feet high, is stated by the Swiss geologists to exhibit, as interceptions to limestone reposing on Gneiss, magnetic ironstone in beds of clay, which envelope also marine petrifications. I have avoided in these notes saying anything of consequence relative to a science which requires special study, to create that instructive interest which all geologists experience. Switzerland and all countries which exhibit the wild scenes of high mountain chains, valleys, cascades and turbulent rivers, are the true schools for the study of geology.

by the road leading near the canal to Brienz,—from which by boat, but not rowed by the fair *batelière*, I descended the lake to Interlaken, where I had sent Lorenz to meet me, and then drove by Unterseen and the delightful road along the lake to Thun.

This excursion from Thun by the way of Interlaken to the Jungfrau,—then to the Grindelwald, and thence to the valley of Hasli, and to Brienz, and by the lake to Interlaken, and then by the road back to Thun, unfolds every variety of scenery which Switzerland affords. It has so frequently been detailed, that I will add nothing further to the delineations of picturesque tourists.

Exclusive of what Lord Byron would term the most anti-narcotic scenery on earth, the people, their dwellings, the pastures, and their herds of fine cattle, interested me delightfully. The inhabitants of Hasli are a remarkably athletic race, and the women, although somewhat too tall and muscular to be considered beautiful, are most symmetrically proportioned, and their oval faces remarkably handsome.

The road from Thun to Berne for about six leagues is excellent, and the country along the fast-flowing Aar, is in most parts well cultivated. We rolled rapidly along, and on approaching Berne, I was surprised at the number of pedestrians, equestrians, and the loaded carts we met, and charmed with the soft beauty of the scenery. On crossing the Aar to the town, we were told it had been a market day, on which occasion the country people flock in from all directions—they were all well clothed, and exhibited an appearance of affluence in their means that I have not

seen exceeded among any rural population.\*) The costume of the Bernese women is pretty and graceful, especially the head dress *à la Psyche*. We drove to the Crown hotel, where I was happy to find that my wife and friends were in the town. They had a little before gone out to enjoy their evening walk, and I soon after traced the direction they had taken, and joined them, to the delight of all parties.

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## BERNE.

THE Aar flows round three-fourths of this town, and were its landscape even destitute of the picturesque beauty and romantic grandeur which the magnificent prospect from the terrace commands, a noble river, sweeping majestically along, always imparts life and spirit to the scenery of its banks. Motion to be dull must be sluggish, and the founders of cities to insure their permanency, exclusive of the convenience of waters to float commodities, act wisely in studying this simple fact.

All the principal towns of Switzerland are so situated, and so are chiefly those of every country, except where towns have, like Versailles, been

\*) The weekly market day of Berne draws in from four thousand to five thousand country people, seven hundred to eight hundred carts, and fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred horses. There are two annual fairs also, and the manufactures, chiefly of woollens, cottons, and linens, paper, printed cloths, and leather, appear to be thriving.



forced into existence in places which nature intended for corn-fields.

Berne is not only in the centre of the most fertile portion of Switzerland, but in a position which enables its citizens to behold the most noble Alpine prospects. From the beautiful terrace, or promenade, elevated in front of the town near the cathedral, you behold the Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, Finster-aarhorn, Wetter-horn, Stock-horn, etc.—and, all round, you have luxuriant woods, orchards, vineyards, and cultivated fields. The view from the high hill of Gurtén, two miles from the town, exclusive of the Alps, overlooks the fertile country to the west, and the lakes of Bienne, Morat, and Neuchatel.

I have heard the streets compared to those of Chester. The similarity is true only in as far as that in both you walk, if you please, under cover, —but the old narrow galleries and steps by which you ascend to them, and the confined streets and ugly houses of Chester, are as dissimilar as can be well conceived, to the spacious streets with piazzas to each, and the magnificent hewn stone houses of Berne. In fact, excepting the new town of Edinburgh, Saint Petersburg, and some streets in Frankfort, there is not, considering its extent, a town in Europe superior in streets and buildings to Berne;\*) and, more than all, the

\*) The name of Berne is said to be derived from the German word *bär* (bear), or rather from its plural *bärn*, (bears) animals said to abound on its site, when founded in 1191, and forming the only figure on the shield or banner of the Canton. Near the barrier of Aarberg there is a fosse destined for several of those animals maintained

streets and houses are clean, being supplied with water in every part, conducted by pipes under ground, and the sewers, like those of London, essentially contribute to this desirable object.

at the public expense. A promenade surrounds this bear den. In the heroic songs of the people, the bear, figuratively the standard in battle, performs wonderful exploits - some of those collected by Tchredri are curious. We find a legend attached to the origin or locale of almost every conspicuous place, whether mountain or town, in Switzerland.

Berchtold of Züringen, the puissant and valiant founder of Berne, was highly odious to the lesser feudal lords whom he reduced to humble submission for the degrading servility to which they subjected their vassals.

Taking advantage of his absence from the country, they caused general disorder in Switzerland, and on his return he seized and executed some of the most turbulent of their vassals. The proud barons then contrived, and succeeded in a plan of atrocious vengeance. Berchtold had two daughters, young, lovely, and beautiful, and his wife, not more than thirty-five, retained so well the charms of youth, that she appeared little older than if she were their eldest sister. The barons who watched in ambush for them, in their walks near their castle of Burgdorf, stabbed them to the heart, and left Berchtold wifeless and childless.

Irritated at the extinction of his family, and having founded Berne, he granted the town such extensive privileges that all who hated the barons flocked within its walls and not only maintained the supremacy of Berchtold, but established a powerful enmity which finally humbled the refractory lords. So the legend hath it. History is not so positive.

Berne, until the late changes, was governed by the aristocracy of the Canton. The rural population and the majority of the town's-people had scarcely any voice in the administration. At present it is one of the most liberal of all but the democratic cantons.\*)

Its learned institutions and schools for the education of youth, not only in the city, but in the country, are honourable to the government and the people\*\*). The Public Library is especially worth visiting. It is rich in Roman, Greek, and Swiss antiquities, medals, and coins, and the Museum of Natural History contains specimens of all Swiss animals, plants, and minerals. There are many private collections, or museums, and the book and print shops have most of the modern publications of Germany and France, with the most remarkable views of Switzerland. As to the public buildings, the Cathedral, after the plan of the same architect as that of Strasbourg, is not only a superb edifice, but stands in a more full view and admirable position, than any church in the other capitals of Europe\*\*\*). The hotel

\*) See Sketch of the Political State of Switzerland, hereafter.

\*\*\*) See Statistical View of Public Education in Switzerland, Notes to My Note Book, No. 5.

\*\*\*\*) There are numerous curious German inscriptions on the tombs and monuments in the Cathedral. On the stone tables standing opposite to the monument of the founder of Berne, are inscribed the names of those who died fighting in defence of the country in 1798. The following is feelingly simple.

“Dem Andenken der im Unglücksjahr 1798 für

and other buildings have little, excepting being solid and appropriate buildings, to attract attention; but the hospitals and other benevolent institutions, especially those for orphans, and the great public granary, supported by thirty-four pillars, and in which also the corn market is held, are worthy the attention of those who would gain intelligence by travelling. In the vaults underneath, to which you descend by thirty steps, there are enormous *tuns* called *Lagerfass*. One, it is said, will contain two hundred and twenty-six *säums*—about seven thousand gallons.



## HOFWYL.

“THE most prolific source of crime, sedition, and the blood shed on scaffolds, is the false education of the people.

“Labour is the great moralizer of man, and rural labour has this particular advantage, that the property which it acquires, inspires a respect for the rights\*) of others.”

das Vaterland Gefallenen;” literally—“To the memory of those who in the unfortunate year 1793 for their fatherland did fall.”

\*) Not meant to extend to assumed or despotic rights, but respect for person and property—not intended to convey the Agrarian meaning, which the wild Republicans of the present day in France, and the workers of New York, contemplate.

These (translated from his own language) are the maxims of Emanuel von Fellenberg:—not of a demagogue, but of a nobleman, and who, if he were not, would with his soul have been noble although born the son of a peasant.

Hofwyl, the scene of M. von Fellenberg's philanthropic experiments, is within less than one hour's brisk ride of Berne, and as I found Lorenz's active Swiss horse and light *char-à-banc* would convey me at least over twice the ground that Torti with his Roman horses (as he called them) would drag the carriage, I engaged him further in my service, until we should all arrive at Neuchatel. We accordingly started together from the Crown, and passing through the barrier of Aarberg, left behind us the walls and towers of Berne, then crossed the Aar, and on the road branching into two, I directed Lorenz to take that leading to Hofwyl,—knowing well that we should be at Aarberg in time enough, as Torti, who seldom trotted forward faster than four miles an hour, always chose to halt two hours to bait his horses.

We soon arrived at one of the most interesting scenes of intelligent industry in the world, situated in one of the most beautifully rural spots in Europe. The buildings are chiefly on the brow of a hill—the Jura chain sheltering them from the northern blasts. The inferior mountains extend to the east, and the eternally snow-clad Alps appear beyond them in the distance. On one side lies the water of the *Buchsee*, a clear picturesque stream—on the other rises and extends the wood of *Grauholz*. Such is the situation of Hofwyl, the seat of the patrician family of Fel-

lenberg, and of its present representative, to whom the property and that of *Meinchen-buschee* adjacent belongs.

Von Fellenberg had early in life remarked the extreme profligacy of the poor in the Swiss Cantons, and the moral superiority of those who, like the pastoral people of the Alps, live comparatively independent in their means—while pauper children, especially in the towns, were invariably brought up in ignorance and vice. He was by constant and vigilant observation led to the conclusion that the most effectual way to make people better, was to make them comfortable; that morality and comfort through life are to be most effectually secured by bringing up children from early years in habits of industry, and, at the same time, that the best education for them was to cultivate their minds with a view to virtuous conduct, and to useful purposes.

With this philanthropic object steadily in view the excellent von Fellenberg commenced the rudiments of his plan for educating pauper children. The great principle of his plan—useful and intelligent labour—\*) was grounded on the fact, that the greatest portion of mankind must live by labour, and, consequently, that those who are habituated to labour from childhood, are the hap-

\*) A man may be industrious with little intelligence. He who makes only one part of a watch, or of a steam engine, probably understands nothing of the principles of machinery. At Hofwyl the object is to teach the scholars to depend on their own ingenuity and knowledge as agriculturists; that they may mend or make the wooden work, if not the iron work of a plough, harrow, or rake, if necessary.

piest of the working classes. He began by essaying what could be done with one poor orphan. He then appropriated two large farms, the one as a practical *ferme modèle*, the other to the purposes of new experiments in agriculture. The children taken, after the first successful experiment, were chiefly from the mendicant poor of Berne, who led a life not dissimilar to that of gypsies. The principle first attended to, was to treat the children with uniform kindness, and as rational beings, by which means their affections and confidence were won and secured. M. von Fellenberg observing that in case of misconduct an unsatisfactory reason was always uttered with confusion of manner, took advantage of this natural symptom of misconduct, and established the rule of asking the children to give reasons for what they did; this became in practice an excellent regulator of conduct. He laid down also, as a second principle, that no humiliating chastisements should be inflicted, and that none of the ordinary means of encouragement should be adopted—that there should be neither high nor low in the classes—no prizes—no medals—no whippings—increasing the tasks during the hours allotted for recreation forming the sole punishment. The children are allowed to justify themselves with perfect liberty of speech, and are heard with patience, and reproved with tenderness of language that produces gratitude, allays angry feelings, and prevents the deceit which severity ingenders. M. von Fellenberg's plan specially embraces the uniting with useful labour, those amusements which unbend the minds, and gladden the hearts of youth, to unite liberty with

established rules of property and order, and to prepare all for their avocation through after life, and for their intercourse with the world, in whatever sphere they may be employed. In cases of misconduct, pointing out calmly to a child its errors in private, is admirably conceived. The early feelings of tenderness are thus not wounded, the angry temper is not irritated, the child is not excited to contradiction by the vanity of appearing in spirited opposition in presence of its schoolfellows, silent reproof impresses deep self-regret and virtuous conviction, while open degradation renders the feelings callous, and gives birth to artful inventions to deceive the master and the school fellows of the delinquent. M. von Fellenberg's triumphant success for thirty-four years, on his own responsibility, and for a long time opposed by the advocates of established practices, proves also that his maxim is much better, to rid a school of an unreclaimable boy, rather than enforce a system of public castigation.

These principles comprise the leading rules of the plan on which M. von Fellenberg commenced, and which he has put in practice with such eminent honour to himself and such benefit to his fellow creatures. Few men however have encountered more malicious opposition. To annihilate his reputation, he was designated an underminer of order, of established customs, and of religion, —a mad enthusiast, an ambitious character, who with a view to power, aimed at political distinction—these were the epithets bestowed on him by the aristocrats of his country. He however persevered: the good cause prevailed—he extended his plan and then established a normal school,



but the worthy oligarchs of Berne passed a law for its suppression. The people were roused in consequence, the law was rescinded, leaving, however, the nomination of the director of the school to the Government, whose tool he became and exercised his functions so designedly improperly, that he has been expelled.

I did not see M. von Fellenberg—he was for the moment absent—but all the information I required was communicated to me; every arrangement explained, every operation and experiment pointed out and elucidated by the superintendants, or teachers. To the two farms are attached workshops for making all kinds of agricultural implements on the most approved models, and an admirable institution which is devoted to the theory and practice of agriculture. Here also is a museum in which plants are classified according to their utility, not scientifically, but with their stalks, roots, leaves, flowers, and seeds: also specimens of most kinds of wood, and of birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, &c., prepared by the boys. These collections afford at once instruction and amusement. The winter evenings are spent in this room by the poor children with their master the good Werhli, and on Sundays after divine service they go forth to the hills and woods in search of whatever may enrich their museums.

One hundred pauper boys, and the same number of pauper girls \*) are wholesomely fed and

\*) Von Fellenberg's sister has the girls under her special charge, taught by competent matrons. I have just learnt that Werhli has been engaged by the government to conduct a very extensive new establishment.

warmly clad at the expense of von Fellenberg. They cultivate the largest farm to remunerate him in some degree for their maintenance and instruction; and their parents, or those who have had them in charge agree that they shall remain until the age of maturity; by which arrangement they acquire the habit of sober industry, and understand how to appreciate the value of labour, before they leave Hofwyl to begin the world on their own responsibility. About ten hours in summer are spent in labour and in agricultural instruction in the fields; and one hour, (a short time it is true, but sufficient) is devoted to school instruction, which includes, not only reading, writing and calculation, according to the system of Pestalozzi, but also a knowledge of plants, animals, earths, chemical phenomena, &c. In bad weather they work within doors: the boys are instructed by carpenters, joiners, and blacksmiths, in making various articles useful in cottages and on farms; the girls in knitting, carding, spinning, plaiting straw, &c.

Their assiduously vigilant and kind head-master, Werhli, under the special direction of von Fellenberg, keeps a journal of all that regards each child, from the moment of its admission, noting its natural disposition, character, religious, moral, and intellectual progress, and its application to labour.

To develope and maintain a spirit of cheerfulness with active alertness, is an object of the first consideration with Werhli. He never speaks to them but smilingly, and in tenderly kind expressions. He works, he sleeps, he converses, and sings with them. Labour and order thus wisely

persevered in, overcome all the moral obstacles of perverse early habits: such has been the effect of this admirable plan, that the children of the most vagabond beggars collected here and there from the abodes of misery, are trained and reclaimed without the least occasion for corporal chastisement.\*).

\*) Those who advocate floggings in the army and navy of Great Britain, might learn wisdom and humanity from a greater man than the best of them, the tutor of the pauper children of Hofwyl.—

The following passage relative to the punishing of children, from Rousseau, is forcibly illustrative of the evil practice.

“I was one day studying alone in a chamber contiguous to the kitchen; the maid had put some of Mademoiselle Lambercier’s combs to dry by the fire; when she came to fetch them, she found the teeth of one of them broken; who could be suspected of this havoc? None besides myself had entered the room, they question me; I deny having touched the comb; M. and Mademoiselle Lambercier consult, exhort, press, threaten; I persist obstinately, but conviction was too strong, and carried it against all my protestations, though this was the first time they caught me in so audacious a lie. The affair was thought serious; it deserved it. The wickedness, the lie, the obstinacy, were thought equally worthy of punishment; but this time it was not Mademoiselle Lambercier that inflicted it. My uncle Bernard was written to; he came; my pour cousin was charged with another crime not less serious; we were taken to the same execution.

“They could not force from me the acknowledgement they sought: I was immoveable. I would have suffered death, and was resolved on it. Force itself was obliged to yield to the diabolical infatuation of a child; for no other

Besides the establishment for the children, there is an agricultural school in theory and practice for boys of the middle and higher classes: these scholars receive a superior education, in mechanics, natural history, and agriculture, on a principle of utility, in which art, science, and literary education are combined. The trades useful in connection with agriculture, the German, English, French, and Italian languages, are taught,

name was given to my constancy. In fine, I came out of this cruel trial in pieces but triumphant.

“It is now near fifty years since this adventure, and I am not afraid of being in future punished for the same fact; well! I declare in the face of heaven I was innocent, that I neither broke, nor touched the comb, that I never came near the fire, nor ever thought of it.

“I had not reason enough to feel how much appearances condemned me, and to put myself in the place of others; I kept to my own, and all I felt was the rigour of a dreadful chastisement for a crime I had not committed. The soreness of my body, though violent, I scarcely felt; I only felt indignation, rage, and despair. My cousin, in almost a like case, who had been punished for an involuntary fault as a premeditated act, grew furious by my example, and raised himself in a manner to unite with me. Both in the same bed embraced each other with convulsive transports; we were suffocated, and when our young hearts, a little eased, could breathe out their indignation, we sat up in our bed, and began both of us crying out, a hundred times, with all our force, Carnifex! Carnifex! Carnifex!

„This was the end of my childish serenity. From this moment I ceased to enjoy pure happiness, and I feel even at this instant the remembrance of the charms of childhood stops there.”

and also music, natural history, gymnastic exercises, the use of fire arms and the bow and arrow to lend cheerful amusement to the more solid studies.\*)

The normal school, or school for preparing village schoolmasters, if perhaps in extensive usefulness equal, if not superior to either of the others; the masters taught there have now (1834) more than eight thousand children under their care in various parts of Switzerland.

In all its divisions of instruction and labour, Hofwyl, it not perfection, has the aspect of greater harmony than any institution that I have had the fortune to know. Here are children of various christian denominations, yet religion creates no dissensions. The worship of God is taught by the respective clergymen, chiefly by tracing the beneficence of the deity in his works, and by prayers of adoration and thanksgiving, with hymns and patriotic songs. Vocal and instrumental music are taught with equal liberality. The great end of von Fellenberg is to render mankind useful and happy—his name will descend to posterity not as the patrician, but as the great patriarchal school-master, with more honour and renown than that of any oligarch or conqueror. The best man is he who does the most good and the least injury to the human race. Conquerors massacre their species, feudal lords degrade and starve them out of existence—Emanuel von Fellenberg, with his own property, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, reclaims the vicious, and in-

\*) There are about twenty English boys, besides Swedes, Russians, and Germans in this school.

structs the ignorant—allowing them to think and learn and act according to the free exercise of their reasoning faculties.

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## AARBERG.

WE drove from Hofwyl by a picturesque road through an interesting agricultural country, embellished with belts of wood, vines, cherry and other fruit trees, and joined my party at the Crown, in the little town of Aarberg. The people in the square before the *auberge* were actively engaged in preparing huge butts for the vintage; and this being on the high post road from Germany to the south of Switzerland and Italy, carriages were incessantly arriving during the time we rested to bait the horses. The landlady of the Crown is said to be the fattest woman in Switzerland—with the exception of the walrus and whale, she certainly seems one of the greatest masses of living blubber.

Signor Torti appeared to day as taking unusual licence; he was not exactly drunk, but in that happy state which sailors term half-seas over. He had, however, although he had drank his brandy and kirschwasser raw, always an eye to money-saving. He spent an hour in trying to barter one of his worn-out Roman horses for a strong Swiss quadruped. Not being able to accomplish this, he bought the animal; I forget whether he managed to sell his own, but he put the

patience of all to the stretch, by losing more than half an hour disputing with the smith about the price of putting a shoe on one of his other cattle. Nothing certainly can be more tiresome than travelling with the horses of a *Vettarino*; and although he manages to arrange better for you, and at less cost at the inns, the time lost at places where you least wished to remain, and the slow progress you make on the roads, greatly overbalances every other consideration in this tortoise mode of being dragged over the country.

I left my party for them to travel direct to Neuchatel, and Lorenz with his untireable horse drove me through the Canton of Friburg to the battle field of

## MORAT.

HERE the Burgundians were routed with the most terrible slaughter, on fair battle ground, for the Swiss had not the advantage of so commanding a pass as at Mortgarten.

The celebrated Ossuary of bones and the chapel constructed by the Swiss to remind their children of the patriotic valour of their ancestors, were destroyed in 1798 by the French, who in their progress into Switzerland and Germany, demolished every object which marked the discomfiture of their armies in former wars. The bones have nearly all disappeared—the bleaching of centuries adapted them so well for knife handles that the postilions carried them off whenever they passed. Skulls and other bones are still to be found, but I felt no inclination to search for them; nor did

I, as Lord Byron had done, "venture to bring away of these relics, as much as may have made the quarter of a hero."

An obelisk has been erected by the Canton of Friburg, in 1822, to commemorate the victory of Mórát in 1376.\*)

The town, above the field, is of little importance in itself, although well built, and the houses have arcades like those of Berne; but in the vicinity, numerous Roman coins and antiquities are found, and Avenches—near the lake, was the ancient Aventicum, the Roman capital of Helvetia.

As we drove round the bottom of the lake by a bad road leading over an alluvial bottom, there were several boats fishing for sheat-fish *Silurus Glanis* which, and the sturgeon (*Acipenser Sturio*) are the largest species of European fresh water fish; they abound also in the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne.

Some time after joining the main highway, we turned off to the right, and drove from Ellash over the banks of the picturesque lake of Bienne, until we came opposite the little romantic Island of St. Pierre.

\*) There is a Linden tree near the spot, planted to commemorate the battle, said to be one hundred and forty-eight years old; and another at Friburg, said to be planted about three hundred years ago. On the eminence of Villars, above the field of Morat, there is a Linden from which, in 1330, Ebel says, "all the bark was peeled, and it now measures thirty-six feet French (thirty-eight English) in diameter, and is ninety feet in height."



This classic rural spot, to which Rousseau was exiled by the Government of Berne, and which he has so celebrated in his "Confessions," rises one hundred and twenty-two feet in romantic beauty above the surface of the lake. We crossed over in a boat. It is little more than half a mile long, and not a quarter in breadth, yet it has a high hill, and a valley and several undulations, with woods, vineyards, a pasture, an orchard, and the house in which resided the unaccountable philosopher.

The chamber which he occupied remains as he left it; there is the bed on which he slept—the chairs on which he sat—the table at which he ate—and the one on which he wrote.

I do not know that I have been more pleased with anything that he has written than the following passages, which I translate from his "Reveries of a Solitary Walker."

"Of all the habitations in which I have dwelt (and I have had delightful ones), I know of none in which I have been so truly happy, or any that I have left with so much tender regret as the Isle of St. Pierre, in the centre of the lake of Biemme. This little Island, called at Neuchatel the Isle of La Motte, is little known even in Switzerland. No traveller, that I know of, takes notice of it. It is, nevertheless, most agreeably and singularly situated for the happiness of a man who wishes to contract himself; for though I, perhaps, am the only one whose destiny makes it imperative, I cannot think I am the only one that has so natural a fancy, though, at present, I never saw it in any other.

“The banks of the lake of Biemme are more wild and romantic, and not less pleasing, than those of the Lake of Geneva, because the rocks and woods border nearer on the waters. Though agriculture and vineyards are less abundant, cities and houses less frequent, there are more natural verdure, more meadows and retreats shaded by groves, more frequent contrasts, and accidents more reconcileable. As these happy banks have no great roads convenient for carriages, the country is not much resorted to by travellers; but it is more engaging to a contemplative solitary man, who is fond of expatiating at leisure on nature’s charms, and of retiring to a solitude which no sound disturbs, except the cry of eagles, the warblings of birds, and the rolling torrents which break from the mountains. This beautiful bason, in form almost oval, has, in its centre, two little isles; the one, inhabited and cultivated, is about half a league in circumference; the other, smaller, is uninhabited and uncultivated, and will be at last destroyed by the incessant conveyance of earth, to repair the devastation caused by waves and tempests in the other. ’Tis thus the substance of the weak is always employed to the profit of the strong.

“There is but one house on the island, but it is large, agreeable, and convenient. It belongs, as well as the island, to the hospital of Berne. Here the steward, with his family and servants, lives. He has abundant poultry, dove-houses, and fish-ponds. The island, though so small, is so diversified in its soil and aspect, that it presents every kind of site, and is capable of any sort of culture. It has fields, vineyards, woods, orchards,

rich pasturage, shaded by thickets, and surrounded by shrubs of all sorts, whose green is preserved by the neighbouring waters: a lofty terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs along the whole length of the island, and in the middle of this terrace a pretty room has been built, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring shores assemble and dance, during the vintage, on Sundays.

“’Twas in this island I took refuge on the dilapidation at Motiers. I found the abode so charming, I led a life so agreeable to my humour, that I resolved to end my days there, and had no other uneasiness than that I should not be suffered to execute this project, which did not agree with that of taking me to England the first effects of which I then began to experience. Amidst the surmises which troubled me, I could have wished that they had made this asylum my perpetual prison; that they had confined me there for life; and that, in depriving me of all power and hope of quitting it, they had forbidden me every communication with any other place; so that, ignorant of all that passed in the world, I should have lost the remembrance of its existence, and that mine would have been forgotten.

“I was suffered to pass two months only on this island, but could have passed two years, two ages, and all eternity, without a moment’s regret, though I had, besides my housekeeper, no other society than that of the steward, his wife, and servants, who were all, in fact, very good people, and nothing more; but it was precisely that which I wanted. I reckon these two months the happiest part of my life; and so happy, it would have sufficed for my whole existence, without

giving birth in my mind, a single instant, to the desire of another state.

“Of what sort, then, was this happiness, and in what consisted its enjoyment? I shall leave that to be divined by those of the present age, from the description of the life I led. Precious *far niente* was the greatest and the principal of these enjoyments, which I wished to taste with all its delights; and all I did, during my stay, was, in effect, no more than the delicious and necessary occupation of a man devoted to an idle life.

“The hope that the utmost of their wishes was to keep me in this lovely mansion, where I was willingly entangled, from whence it was impossible to get out without assistance, and without being perceived; where I could have neither communication nor correspondence but by the concurrence of the people who surrounded me;—this hope, I say, gave me that of ending my days there in greater tranquillity than those I had passed; and the idea of having time to arrange every thing at leisure, was the cause of my not beginning to arrange any thing. Removed there in haste, alone, and naked, I successively sent for my housekeeper, my books, my little equipage, which I had the pleasure not to unpack, leaving my boxes and trunks as when they were brought, and living in an habitation where I thought to end my days, as in an inn from which I should depart the next day—all things as they were, were so well, that to put them in order would be deranging all. One of my greatest pleasures was, particularly, to leave my books closely packed up, and to have no ink-stand. When annoying

letters forced me to the pen, I borrowed, in ill-humour, the steward's ink-horn, and hurried to return it, in the vain hope of having no more occasion to borrow it. Instead of dismal scribblings, and worm-eaten books, I filled my room with flowers, in my first fervor for botany, for which the doctor of Ivernois gave me a taste, which soon became a passion. Rejecting all works of labour, I indulged in the amusement which pleased me, and which was attended with no more trouble than an idle man desires. I undertook composing the "Flora Petriuscularis," and describing every plant in the island, without omitting one, with particulars sufficient to employ the remainder of my life. A German, it is said, has written a book on the zest of a lemon; I would have written one on every herb in the field, on every kind of moss on the trees, on each weed which adorns the rocks; in fine, I would not have left the hair of an herb, not a vegetable atom, but it should have been amply described. In consequence of this grand project, every morning, after breakfast, which we all took together, I set out, a magnifying glass in my hand, and my "Systema Naturæ" under my arm, to visit a part of the island which I had divided for this purpose into small squares, intending to go over them, one after the other, in each season.

"Nothing is more singular than the raptures, the extacy I felt at every observation I made on the vegetable structure and organization, and on the action of the sexual parts in fructification, the system of which was then quite new to me. In two or three hours I returned loaded with a plentiful harvest, a stock of amusement for the

afternoon, in case of rain. I employed the rest of the morning in going with the steward, his wife, and Theresa, to observe their labourers, and then generally setting to work with them; the people of Berne, who came to see me, often found me perched on high trees, girt about with a sack I was filling with fruit, and which I afterwards let down by a cord. The exercise I made use of in the morning, and the goodhumour inseparable from it, rendered the rest I enjoyed at dinner time very agreeable, but if it was too much prolonged, and that fine weather invited, I could not wait so long, and whilst they were still at table, I slipped away, ran and jumped alone into a boat, which I rowed towards the middle of the lake, and there stretching myself in the boat at full length, with my face upwards, I let it gradually get into the stream at the water's pleasure, sometimes for several hours lost in thought, confused, but delicious, and which, without any constant or determined object, was nevertheless, in my opinion, an hundred times preferable to every thing the most charming I ever found in what is called pleasure. Often, when informed by the setting sun of the hour of return, I have been at such a distance from the Island as to be obliged to labour with all my might to get back before night. At other times instead of an excursion into the stream, I diverted myself by coasting the verdant banks of the Isle, whose limpid waters and cooling shades have often invited me to bathe. But my most frequent navigation was from the larger to the smaller Isle, to land and pass there my afternoon, sometimes in walks very circumscribed, amidst shrubs

of every kind, and sometimes fixing myself on the summit of a sandy eminence, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, and even clover, which had possibly been formerly sown there, and very proper for rabbits, which might there multiply in peace, and have nothing to fear, or nothing to spoil; I hinted this to the steward, who sent to Neuchatel for males and females, and we set forward in great pomp, his wife, one of his sisters, Theresa, and myself, to establish them in the little Island, which they began to stock before my departune, and where they doubtless prospered, if they were able to support the rigours of winter. The founding this little Colony was a holiday. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, leading in triumph the company and the rabbits from the great Island to the small one; and I haughtily observed, that the steward's wife, who dreaded the water to excess, and always fainted on it, embarked under my command with confidence, without showing the least fear during our passage.

“When the lake was agitated, and prevented its navigation, I passed my afternoon in running over the Island, herbalizing on this and that side, seating myself sometimes in the most pleasing and solitary retreats, to meditate at my ease; sometimes on the terraces and heights, to satisfy my sight with the magnificent and ravishing prospect of the lake and its shores, crowned on one side by neighbouring mountains, and on the other opening into rich and fertile plains, where sight was lost in the bluish distant Alps which overstretched and confined them.

“When dusk approached, I descended from the summits of the Isle, and seated myself on the

borders of the strand, in some hidden retreat, where the noise of the waves and agitation of the waters, chasing from my soul every care, plunged it into delightful thought, and night stole often on me unperceived. The ebbing and flowing of these waters, their continued noise but roaring at intervals, striking without intermission the eye and ear, fed in me the internal movement which thought had extinguished; and caused me to feel my existence with delight, and saved me the trouble of thinking. There arose, from time to time, a few weak and short reflections on the instability of worldly things, whose image was seen on the surface of the waters, but such light impressions were soon done away by the even and constant movement which lulled me, and which, without any active concurrence of my soul, engaged me, however, to a degree, that, summoned by the hour and signal agreed on, I was unable to wrest myself from it without effort.

“After supper, when the evening was fine, we once more went to take a turn on the terrace, to breathe the air of the lake and the night. We rested ourselves under the pavilion, we laughed, we chattered, we sung some old songs, which at least equalled modern ones, and at last went to bed, contented with our day, and wishing such another on the morrow.

“This, setting aside unforeseen and unwelcome visits, was the manner I passed my time during my residence on this island. Let people ask me now what was there so attracting as to cause in my heart that regret so violent, so tender, and so lasting, that, at the end of fifteen years,



it is impossible to think on this lovely habitation without each time being transported by rapturous desire."

We landed from this delightful spot, which still retains all the picturesque beauty and charming solitude which Rousseau so poetically describes, and drove on, enjoying beautiful views, to Neuchatel, where I arrived and ensconced myself in comfort within the Falcon, some time before Torti's horses appeared in the twilight, plunging along the streets with the carriage. On alighting, all were more than prepared for an excellent dinner, served up at a very short notice by the landlord.

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## NEUCHATEL.

HERE we are at the foot of the Jura, under the sovereignty of Prussia, in a principality of mountains, valleys, rocks, woods and waters. Neuchatel, or Neuenburg, has had many masters—Helvetians, Romans, Burgundian kings, German emperors,—then its own feudal tyrants,—then Austrians,—then back again to the lords of Burgundy; after which, as a confederated canton with sovereign dukes of France for princes, it abolished Catholicism, at the word of that ardent preacher William Farel, when convents and their properties were confiscated, the churches seized, and all catholic images thrown down. It continued with the Princes of Orleans, Longueville, and Nemours as its sovereigns until their family

became extinct in 1777, when thirteen pretenders appeared and vanished, and Frederick III. of Prussia was declared sovereign of Neuchatel and Vallengin, as an independent state.

Napoleon took it from Prussia in 1806, and gave it to his companion in arms Alexander Berthier, whom he created Prince of Neuchatel. In 1813, it came again under the Prussian sovereignty; and in 1831, an insurrection broke out declaring it a republic. This revolt was crushed, and the townspeople now tell you that they were happy under Marshall Keith, the viceroy of Frederick the Great,—were mildly governed under Berthier,—and are justly treated by the present King of Prussia.

This town is delightful in its situation and the noble prospects in commands of waters, woods, and alps. The view from the mountains of Chaumont, two leagues from the town, is said to be one of the most extensive in Switzerland. It seems less frequented by English travellers than I expected, but it is somewhat out of the great beaten route, and that is a sufficient reason.

Education, especially primary instruction, is liberally diffused, Neuchatel may well be proud of its gymnasium, and numerous schools, as well as of many benevolent institutions. The citizens are said to be, like the French, much given to pleasure. That this may be the case, is possible enough; but there is at least great appearance of industry and comfort in the town, and, as far as I have seen, in the canton. The vintage this year is most abundant, and other crops generally

productive; manufactures seem also in a thriving condition. \*)

We could willingly have remained here a week longer enjoying the delicious promenades, and rambling up the valley of the impetuous Seyen to Valengin, and I wished to have made an excursion up the vale of the Jura Reuss, to see the lake-makers of Motiers, and even the house from which the fanatics pelted Rousseau out of their country, the same in which he wrote his famous *Lettres-de-la-Montagne*. †) The season was how-

\*) The natives of Neuchâtel who have gone adventuring to seek fortunes in other climes, have seldom forgotten the place of their birth. David Puri, who by integrity, industry, and enterprise, amassed immense wealth in England and Lisbon as a merchant, left on his death in the latter city, his fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds sterling to be expended in public instruction and in building a commodious town-house in his native city. Colonel Meuron bequeathed it his museum collected in various regions. Pourtales left seven hundred thousand francs to found the hospital which bears his name. The Savings Bank here receives sums as small as five batz, and not more than one hundred and fifty francs par annum, from any; paying three and a-half per cent interest. The manufactures of watches here and at Locle, and Chaud de Fond, deserve attention.

†) Even the powerful protection of Frederick, and of the Marshal Keith, were insufficient to shelter Rousseau from the fury of zealots. They called him antichrist—flung stones at him in the streets, and the mob finally attacked his house, throwing large stones through the windows and doors and through the roof, until he was saved by the military.

ever too far advanced. We had Italy in view: Doctor Scott's health had been shaken within the last few days; and easy journeys became necessary. We arranged accordingly to make Geneva a resting place for sometime before we attempted to cross the Simplon.

It was also plain to me, that however much I might digress from the direct road during fine weather, as the days were decreasing in length and the decline of autumn coming on, it would not be prudent for me to be a day absent from my wife or friends, none of whom could accompany me over rugged paths; therefore to complete as far as possible my acquaintance with Switzerland, I resolved now that the weather was still remarkably fine, to make the most of every hour, while Torti's horses crawled on with the carriage by way of Yverdun and Lausanne direct to Geneva.



## THE STEAM-BOAT.

THE iron-built steam-boat which traverses the lake of Neuchatel, makes excursions also by the canal-like rivers of communication to Bienne and Morat. I started by this conveyance early in the morning for Yverdun. It was calm, the sky was bright, and the lake transparent, with numerous fishing and ferry-boats on its surface; and the scenery, especially that of the Jura, was grand. Colombier, once the favourite residence of Marshal Keith, is a delicious nook, and those

who love retirement might find a hundred spots where they could live amidst picturesque solitude. An iron vessel, propelled by steam, floating between the Alps and the Jura! What a triumph in the progress of human invention!—and what next? Steam carriages rolling over the Simplon and the St. Gotthard,—not impossible nor unlikely.

This is a graceful and swift vessel. In her neat cabin are several books, all useful. The everlasting "Penny Magazine" in French and in German, bound in volumes;—*La Suisse Pittoresque*, in numbers;—pamphlets on agriculture, and on manufactures; and a Guide to Switzerland. There has been no regular breakfast, or dinner prepared; the steward said, that he had *Côtelettes du mouton* and *Bifteck* ready to dress, and about ten o'clock he brought me a beefsteak and potatoes very well cooked, and also a pint bottle of Neuchatel ale, which was perfection.

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## YVERDUN TO LAUSANNE.

We landed on a marshy alluvion at Yverdu about eleven. Several vehicles were in waiting. A poor woman, with her son, had one—a sort of foundered chariot, which her son drove. Our passengers turning it into ridicule, and all of them, except myself, having engaged carriages, the poor woman, who was a widow, sobbed. The conduct of three young Englishmen, on this occasion, was unfeeling and disgraceful. Fellows who arrogated the name of gentlemen, but who

richly deserved a sound drubbing, which I heartily wished the widow's son and some of the boatmen had inflicted. The young men I allude to were dressed in *blouses*, like the butchers' frocks in London, and had each a double-barrelled fowling piece. Seemingly they were going a shooting, and were attended by a servant, in gold and purple livery, carrying their bags and a basket.

I engaged the afflicted widow's son with his crazy-looking, but, as it proved, strong chariot; and after visiting the chateau now occupied by an extensive branch of the Cantonal institution of Pestalozzi, left Yverdun, an active place with courteous inhabitants, and which has, besides the above, several schools, a public library, museum, hospital, an institution for the deaf and dumb of the town and country, and cotton, with some other manufactories, etc., although its population does not exceed four thousand.

The Canton of Vaud from the lake of Neuchatel, to that of Geneva forms an interesting agricultural country, diligently cultivated. We travelled by a new road leading through Eschalons; and as we attained the height, some miles further on, the lake of Geneva, especially its romantic heights towards Meillerie and Chillon, with Mont Blanc towering gloriously over Savoy, burst suddenly into full view, and formed a magnificently sublime landscape.

In half an hour after, we were rolling over the abrupt streets of Lausanne.

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## GIBBON'S HOUSE AND LIBRARY.

AFTER dinner I walked out, conducted by the commissioner, and visited Gibbon's house. It is exactly such a residence as I would have chosen—sufficiently retired to be tranquil, and near enough to human beings not to be solitary, with accommodations for all the comforts that a moderate man could require; with a fine terrace, and a large garden, and a sublime view of lake and mountains, fruitful verdure and stupendous rocks. The scenery alone would call forth grandeur and wisdom in the ideas of even a far less gifted man than Edward Gibbon.

There was a placard in the coffee-room of the Golden Lion, stating, that Gibbon's library was for sale; I flew thither, the wreck remained, and I only purchased a few books, which I was convinced were his, although it was ungallant to suspect that the beautiful Mademoiselle \*) (who came into the room, on the servant who attended not knowing how the books were disposed) should say that any were genuine that were not. I, however, made sure of a Suetonius, with Gibbon's arms and handwriting, and with his pencil marks on several pages referred to in the "Decline of the Roman Empire." It is an Amsterdam edition, elegantly printed, in 1697, with fine engravings of heads, medals, etc.

\*) Whose father had the disposal of the Library.

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## LAUSANNE.

This cantonal capital covers a far more irregular craggy hill than that on which old Edinburgh stands, and never were streets more tiresome than these, but stray a hundred yards from the town and you are amidst orchards, vineyards, and cornfields.

Its college, its schools, its philanthropic institutions, and the public spirit of this town and canton have greatly interested me; particularly when I consider that little more than thirty years ago, the whole of Vaud was a fief belonging to Berne\*); and that one hundred and fifty years ago there was not one shop in the country. Its rapid prosperity is mainly owing to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which drove a multitude of industrious and intelligent French Protestants to Switzerland, who settling chiefly in the country of

\*) Some of the old laws laid down in the charter of Moudon in 1359 and long in practice, are curious; the fines were taken care to be chiefly paid to the feudal lords, as

"Sixty sols to be paid to the seigneur for striking another with an offensive arm," under its feudality to Berne.

"Gluttons, or gourmandes, to be fined for each offence ten florins, women half that sum, Ecclesiastics and public functionaries to be dismissed from their places.

"Dancing is a scandal, and interdicted under penalty of three florins for each offence, three full days of dancing to be allowed on the occasions of weddings only."



Vaud, carried thither their habits of thrift and their manufacturing and agricultural skill.

Besides lounging in book and print shops I visited the college, academy, public library, museum, and the cantonal hospital and workhouse, all worthy of a traveller's attention.

The *bazar Vaudois* is another lounge for travellers and idlers, exhibiting what the inscription on its front expresses. "*Exposition permanente et vente à prix fixe de toute espèce de produits de l'Industrie, des Sciences et des Arts.*" It is a vast dépôt containing an endless variety of articles made of wood, iron, glass, paper, and precious metals and stones. Many of these are manufactured by the ladies of the canton to be sold for benevolent purposes. It is open every day, even on Sunday, for three hours, to the public.

The cathedral is a huge, gothic structure, built, it is said, in the tenth century, and filled with tombs and monuments, among which, as well as in the cemetery, are an astonishing number of English names. Many of the tombs are curious, especially that of Pope Felix V, who abdicated the *tiara* in this cathedral, and those also of several barons and bishops, and of a Russian princess. That erected by Sir Stratford Canning in memory of his wife, who died so young, is a beautiful specimen of Canova's sculpture. The following sentence of the inscription on this tomb is most tenderly affecting: „*Une fièvre l'ayant at-taqué pendant ses couches elle est morte l'onzième mois de ses noces.*“

They say this cathedral has a thousand pillars and that formerly it was one of the richest in Europe. The reformation, however, plundered it

of every ornament except the architecture and the tombs.

The late revolutionary movements have settled down in peaceful security by extending the elective privilege and legislative power to nearly all the resident inhabitants. Considering this state of political liberty, it seems unaccountable, that a law should have lately been passed against the Momiers, or Methodists, worthy of the Days of Praise God Barebones. But the Protestants of Lausanne have always been renowned for religious intolerance and puritanical rigidity. Dancing, theatres, and convents, were considered shameful and wicked. At present, however, all these amusements are permitted, and society is said to be much more agreeable than formerly. But opinions on this subject differ. Picot, a Genevese says in his Statistics of Switzerland, "*La beauté du site de Lausanne et l'amabilité de ses habitans lui attirent un grand nombre d'étrangers*" — and M. Martin, a Frenchman, says "*Chaque année Lausanne est envahie par une nuée d'Anglais qui viennent économiquement y passer la belle saison, et qui n'ont pas peu contribué à répandre dans les réunions cette froideur, ce flegme qu'on rencontre dans les sociétés de Londres.*"

A cloud of English invading Lausanne on the score of economy! Why, Monsieur Martin, you are like the Baron Haussez, and nearly all Frenchmen, perfectly ignorant of the structure of English society, and the motives which send the English travelling annually over the Continent. The expenses of living and the prices of nearly every article of food are as high at Lausanne as in London, and the cost of the annual trip econo-

*miquement* to pass the *belle saison* at Lausanne, that is if they eat, drink, sleep at night, and pay also for post horses, or even for being conveyed in diligences, will alone require more money than would support them the whole year in much greater comfort in England. \*)

\*) The distance from London to Lausanne is about six hundred English miles. Suppose a family of four persons and one servant only travels from London to Lausanne and back, and that they have their own carriage, for in the latter case five individuals can travel cheaper than by diligence, the lowest expense will be as follows. —

	<i>L. s. d.</i>
London to Boulogne, including freight of carriage	8 13 0
Boulogne to Paris, $31\frac{1}{2}$ posts . . . . .	10 5 4
Paris to Geneva— $65\frac{1}{2}$ ditto . . . . .	26 4 0
Geneva to Lausanne per steam . . . . .	<u>5 2 0</u>
	<i>L. 48 2 4</i>
Ten days on the road; beds 2 francs each, breakfast 3 francs, dinners 4 francs, tea or coffee say 1 franc, that is 10 francs each . . . . .	16 0 0
Servant 5 francs, say 4 francs, per day . . . . .	<u>2 0 0</u>
	<i>L. 66 2 4</i>
Double this amount to include returning home .	132 4 8
Living two months in Switzerland, say 60 days at the very cheapest rate including a pint each of ordinary wine, 10 francs, and 5 francs for servant, per day . . . . .	<u>108 0 0</u>
	<u>Total <i>L. 240 4 8</i></u>

The above calculation is much below the actual expense

Dutchmen, Russians, Germans, Danes, and Swedes, have generally correct ideas of English customs, manners and propensities; but the French, who travel less in foreign countries than most Europeans, and, still accustomed, as Voltaire observes in a letter to Hume, "to ridicule all that is not customary among themselves," form the most erroneous conclusions respecting the English nation. Among whom, however, the ostentatious rich ignorant—Lord Byron's "travelling English"—afford, I am most ready to admit, the most ample scope for Parisian satire.

Lausanne appeared to me as if certainly invaded by the English. Every hotel was crammed with them; but they assuredly were not of the saving, but of the spending and restless class. Pleasure and variety,—not abstinence,—not economy—are their objects.

it includes nothing for stewards of steam-boats, landing at London and Boulogne, Commissioners of hotels, expenses at Paris, waiters, anything extra for good wines, excursions, etc., for all which an English family will find their expenses at least £50l. more than the above. If they go either by way of Rotterdam or Ostend, and then by the Rhine, the expenses of travelling will be found more than the above. Having travelled each route, I found that by Paris and Geneva the least expensive.

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## LAKE OF GENEVA.

"Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face."

Childe Harold.

"Mon lac est le premier."

Voltaire.

When Lord Byron was so wooed, his tiny cutter was the most dashing vessel on the splendid Genfer-see; and, in comparison, the bark of St. Preux must have been but a crazy craft.

But now two magnificent steam-packets, fitted up like floating-hotels, with every luxury, daily traverse and circumnavigate these beautiful and sublime shores. I walked down by a picturesque road amidst fruit-trees and handsome villas, to Ouchy, the port of Lausanne. Near the jetty was the majestic Winkelried ready to depart for Vevey. Her decks were crowded with fashionable-looking passengers of both sexes. I joined them. The day was charmingly bright, and neither too warm nor too cold, and I revelled in the enjoyment of splendid scenery, in contemplating the triumphs of art, and in musing over the manners and hearing the inconsistent remarks of the multitude on deck. I looked over the vessel's side, while the snow-white foam, which dashed off the wheels, contrasted sublimely with the pellucid blue lake,—but was not disposed to say, with the moody Childe,—

"Clear placid Leman, thy contrasted lake,  
 With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing  
 Which warns me with its stillness to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

I felt happy in the fortunate temperament of my own constitution and mind, which enabled me to enjoy the sumptuous feast which nature spread before me; and as the world and I have always agreed tolerably well, I had no reason to complain of its turbulence. I had both Childe Harold and the "Nouvelle Héloïse" in my pockets; and as I dipped into some passages of the former, I never felt more for the sufferings of Byron, or regretted more the infirmities which beset his sublime soul. Would that it were true of him, even so far as he says—

„High mountains are a feeling— but the hum  
 Of human cities torture."

\* \* \* \* \*

\*Are not the mountains, winds, waves, skies, a part  
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?\*

You may certainly traverse all Rousseau's ground with the „Héloïse" before you, and be struck as Lord Byron was, to a degree that he could not express, with the force and accuracy of his descriptions and the beauty of their reality.

In tracing the wanderings of Rousseau through his Confessions, in his reveries, and in his Héloïse, you are equally struck with the force and adaptation of Lord Byron's sketch of him—

'Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,  
 The Apostle of Affliction, he who threw  
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew,  
 The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew  
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue  
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past  
 The eyes which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree  
 On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame  
 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be  
 Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same,  
 But this was not the love of living dame,  
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
 But of ideal beauty, which became  
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
 Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.\*

We had almost every variety of character among our fellow passengers. Some of them were intelligent and communicative. Half, as usual, were English. An elderly lady, who talked of Lyme Regis and petrefactions, had a travelling companion in the form of a spectral young preacher, in a galloping consumption. A well-fed man, who had come from Italy, and told woeful tales about the late disasters of the tremendous *lavanges* of the Simplon, seemed superlatively blest in his own good opinion, and in declaring that he had the resolution not to look at a newspaper for the last twenty years. Three men in Genevese gowns, and of Calvin's creed, were disentangling some tough knot of foggy divinity, and listened to by

an audience of some twenty open-mouthed wonderers.

An English lady drew nearly as great a portion of observation. She had once been pretty in face, and was still elegant, although thin in form, and the long fingers of both her somewhat sinewy hands were thickly decked with brilliant rings. She was evidently past the Rubicon of thirty. The picturesque had apparently no charms for her. A stripling of not twenty, whom she had, as it appeared, never seen before, engaged her attention—she fastened on him, and told him the prettiest things in the world.

Our approach to Vevey disturbed their prattle; on landing, they walked off together.

“The old maid will certainly seduce the boy, said the man who never read newspapers.

“I went to Vevey,” says Rousseau, “to lodge at the Clef, and during the two days I remained saw no one. I formed an attachment for this town, which has haunted me in all my travels, and which made me establish in it the hero of my romance.

“I would say willingly to those who have taste and sensibility, go to Vevey, visit the country, examine the sites, sail on the lake, and then acknowledge that nature made this charming country for a Julia, a Clara, and St. Preux.”

Vevey is, in truth, a delicious spot—the lake and the whole scenery sublime. The town was crowded, and I only stopped to see the black marble fountains, and to ascend, I hardly can give a reason why, to the church where the bones of Ludlow, one of our unhappy Charles's judges



lie under a monument of black marble, and also those of Broughton who read that King's sentence.

I hired a *char-à-banc*, and on the most "anti-narcotic" of roads, drove first to the town of Peilz; Madame de Warens' birth-place, and then, with Rousseau and Byron as my guides, to

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;  
 Thy trees take root in love; the snows above  
 The very glaciers have hid colours caught,  
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks  
 The pendant crags, tell here of love who sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,  
 then mocks."

From the *Bosquet de Julie* we drove through Montreaux beneath and amidst vineyards, until we descended to the frightful dungeon of Chillon. I had seen enough of those horrid places in Germany, and nothing but the associations which Byron called from its "vast deep," would have induced me to have seen „all from the Potence to the Cachots," I re-ascended, disgusted with past ages, and delighted with the scutcheon of the Canton of Vaud painted on its walls, with the words *Liberté et Patrie*, announcing that the reign of *feudal justice* was for ever gone.

We drove on to Villeneuve, where I dined, and then struck off from the lake by way of Bex and its salt springs, to St. Maurice, where I slept. Early next morning we rode along the rapid Rhone,

to the Pissé Vache, a remarkable gorge and waterfall which bursts among and over rocks. From thence we proceeded to Martigni, or Martinach, where I breakfasted. Here I was again beneath Alps and Glaciers, and on the road to the Simplon. I have seen, however, the boldest features of Switzerland, and will say nothing of places often described before. We returned by the road—a most romantic one it is, leading on the south of the lake to Geneva, I halted at St. Gingo, and then at Meillerie, to see its stupendous rocks, by a cut through which the highway leads, and then drove on to Evian, a delightful place, where in an old chateau, with some feudal baron, Mr. Beckford tells us he once resided.

The *Pays de Vaud* looks like an eternally smiling amphitheatre from this spot; while Savoy, with less sun, would wear a thriving aspect, if the people—the squalid, half-clad people—were not so wretched. They live under a despotic government, and are ridden by ignorant priests. No wonder that they are miserable and degraded.

At Evian I paid off my *char-à-banc* man, got into a boat, then crossed the lake where it is nearly a thousand feet deep, and landed at Morgues a little before the sun retired in rich splendor beyond the Jura.

This is another delightful spot; from which you have a view of the triple summit of Mont Blanc; near the town stands the Castle of Vuflens, celebrated in her "*Chateaux Suisses*" by the authoress of Caroline de Litchfield, the celebrated Madame de Montolieu, who lately died at her residence near Lausanne.

I hired a man and two horses, and rode on enjoying fresh air and delicious views, to the Park of Prangin, embellished by Joseph Bonaparte to whom it still belongs,—why does he not reside on the charming spot? Have the Holy Alliance any control over the place? I believe not. We then rode through Nyon and beneath vineyards to Coppet, the residence of Necker, and in the garden of this seat, lies buried his remains and those of his admirable wife. Madame de Staël resided here for many years, and here, when he frequently visited her, Lord Byron said she was far more amiable than elsewhere. I gained admission into the house, and felt a kind of sacred reverence for the chambers inhabited by Corinne and by Necker. Her portrait, by David, hangs in one of the rooms.\*) The associations which arise on

\*) Madame de Staël, who shed such enchanting lustre, although the Parisians accused her of gaucheries, over the society of Coppet, and that of her soirées, before her banishment from Paris, tyrannized over some of the most splendid ornaments, even those she most rapturously loved, of her social circle.

Her love and vanity exhibited their strong contending passions in her bearing towards the excellent Benjamin Constant.

Her frequent allusions in her „Germany” to the charms of French conversation, „of a recital in the mouth of a man of sense and taste,“ are all written, with Benjamin Constant in her eye, as the beau idéal of those charms. His conversation certainly displayed the powers of sorcery. Madame de Staël loved him with fervent ardour. Her first husband, Baron de Staël Holstein appears to have been a pitiful wretch. Yet under his name Corinne had acquired

treading the spots where dwelt those whose talents distinguished them, are not the least delightful to those who wander around the shores of this lake. I walked to Secheron where also Byron and the Shelleys used to delight in each other's society. I believe Mrs. Marcet is living near this place, if not in the vicinity of Lausanne. Opposite is Diodati; and I shall soon behold the excellent Sismondi at his country seat of Chêne. Ferney will occupy a day.

I reached Geneva on foot in the evening. The hotel de Bergues was full. It is too large, and I hate overgrown Inns; so I put up at the *Ecu de Genève*. The second, but I think the best house. My friends had not arrived. My solitary excursions are finished—we must all go to Chamouni together.

her well merited celebrity, and that name her vanity would not relinquish for the truly more famous one of Constant.

Yet, when Benjamin Constant, whose honest pride spurned the idea of a secret marriage, allied himself to an accomplished lady of higher birth, and greater fortune, of the noble family of Hardenberg, the discreditable violence of Madame de Stäel's mortification raged to such an extent of impropriety that, were it not well known, and generally spoken of at Geneva, we should discredit the whole as the fabrication of malicious envy. She afterwards found in the obscure Rocca, a person who willingly became her nameless husband.

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## EXCURSION TO CHAMOUNI.

ALTHOUGH Chamouni is only eighteen and a half leagues, or about fifty English miles from Geneva, the journey there occupies nearly two days.

To proceed thither we hired a strong roomy coach to carry us to St. Martin, or Salenches, from which no other carriage can proceed but *char-à-bancs*—we left Geneva early in the morning. The Salève was enveloped in mist, the Jura looked blacker and higher than usual, and the day seemed to threaten bad weather; we were almost inclined to return: but I was convinced that the morning vapours of Switzerland always portend fine weather. So it turned out.

We had scarcely left the Canton of Geneva with its active industry, comfort and liberty, than we encountered a wretched people, lodged in hovels, clad in rags, and looking as if half starved. The proportion of *Goitres* to the population is shockingly great. Cretins too are numerous and on the brow of each ascent you are assailed by the most loathsome diseased beggars in all Christendom; Ireland always excepted.

Yet the soil and the pastures of this part of Savoy until you pass Chède, are equal to those below the Grindelwald of Berne, where health, affluence, and independence reigns.

The road follows the course of the Arve. At Bonnaville where we breakfasted at a tolerable Inn the scenery assumes bold Alpine features.

It was Sunday, and the people were grouped here and there about the doors, exhibiting in appearance nothing like the holiday animation and neat attire of the French peasantry—nothing like the robust health and gay costume of the Swiss cottagers. Ignorant from having scarcely any means of instruction,—dull from the priests forbidding dancing, and all the amusements that gladden the heart,—dispirited by the degradation of their social state,—squalid and unclean in their persons, and filthy and miserable in their habitations, from the poverty to which they are consigned by circumstances, and not from the nature of the country they inhabit.

At Cluse, a village wedged in between hideous precipices, between which the Arve thunders down, the people are wretched in the extreme. Formerly they were employed in the various divisions of watch-making, which occupation during the long winters of the country, gave them as it now does to the inhabitants of the Jura, useful and profitable employment. This business has now nearly disappeared. Half the population, especially the women, who are most disgusting in appearance, with their open throats and breasts, are said to be (and they certainly appear to be so) Goitres. It is also computed that there is a *Cretin*, or idiot in each family.

It is remarkable that all accounts of Savoy describe the people happier and the country in comparison to the then state of France, far more improved than at present. \*)

\*) In the journal of a traveller, who visited Switzerland, Chamouni, and other parts of Savoy, in 1787, he

After passing the gorge of Cluse, the road leads along the Arve, below tremendous limestone precipices;—the deranged state of which exhibits the effects of having been subjected to violent disturbance. We pass two cascades resembling, but much smaller than the Staubbach, and an elevated cavern, to which there is a giddy ascent, and in which there is a sort of café for refreshments. The valley opens to the right as we approach St. Martin, and on the left the pyramid of the lofty Varena rises above, nearly seven thousand feet almost perpendicularly. It had a most singular appearance as we reached the hotel ad St. Martin, which we preferred to that on the opposite side of the bridge at Salenges. A dense cloud belted the mountain, and the limestone culm of Varena rose above it, not unlike the Skellig rock as it elevates its pyra-

remarks "the inns in Savoy and Switzerland are cleaner than those of France: and they also give you knives and forks, whereas in France you are expected to bring your knives with you." This remark as respects the inns still holds true, with the exception of the knives and forks, which they now give you I believe in every Inn in France, unless it be in some of the wild parts of Basse Bretagne, and la Vendée: but what follows certainly does not, "As we have now done with Savoy, I cannot help mentioning that it is a delightful country; the cottages are scarce but very neat." The annexed passage again holds true at this day — "the goitres prevail much; it is a great swelling on the neck like a wen, we observed many idiots, and there is such superstition prevails about them, that families do not think they flourish unless they have one among them, and they are consequently very kindly treated."

midical head out of the sea, of the south west coast of Ireland.

The Inn at St. Martin is a remarkably good one, and from its belvedere you have, perhaps, the best view that is anywhere to be obtained of the three summits of Mont-Blanc. The opposite inn, by an absolute order of the Commandant of the province, possesses the monopoly of *char-à-bancs* for Chamouni, and more travellers frequent it, in consequence, than that of St. Martin, of which we have, for civility, good fare, and comfortable beds, to speak with all due praise. The view of Mont-Blanc at, and for some time after, sunset was sublime and splendid. About ten o'clock the moon rose brightly over it, and before midnight shed silver light over its summits. The pinnacles of the Varena and the neighbouring mountains, flinging their shades back and across, and into the Arve, imparted also peculiar romantic grandeur to the scenery.

We started early on the following morning by two *char-à-bancs* for Chamouni—no other kind of wheeled vehicle having ever been attempted on the path. On reaching Chède, where there is a bridge, waterfall, and small lake, the *sentier* becomes exceedingly steep, yet lined on each side with dwarf walnut, apple, barberry, wild damson, birch, and mountain-ash trees. At a spring near the lake stood, or rather stooped, a Cretin, dipping up water with a small glass jug, which he presented to each of us. We gave him a few batzen and passed on. The ascents and descents were now remarkably rough until we reached the valley of Servos, in the little village of which



there is a mineralogical cabinet, well worth attention. It contains specimens of the geology and mineralogy of Mont-Blanc, Chamouni, and the neighbouring Alps, arranged according to the system of Brogniart. Some of these polished, as well as some horns of the chamois worked into boot-hooks and walking-stick handles, we purchased. We then crossed the Arve over a crazy bridge, near which were a herd of cattle, and goats on the crags and steeps. We ascended for two miles an abrupt path among rocks, here and there overhung with firs, and over a deep black ravine, through which, more than one thousand feet underneath, the Arve dashed furiously among the rocks. The *sentier* frequently approached within a few feet of the precipices. In one place where I got out of the *char-à-banc*, there is a huge granite rock partially covered with heather, from which I plucked some branches. It overhangs the gorge, and the view from its brink is certainly terrific. Opposite, Mount Brevent rose to an elevation of six or seven thousand feet, yet on its steep brows hung *chalets* at a most frightful height. We at length passed the foot of the Bossons, from which a rapid stream runs into the Arve; we rolled over it, and in half an hour we were at the door of the Union Inn of the Priory of Chamouni—we put up here. Dr. Scott and the ladies were much fatigued from the shaking and bumping of the *char-à-banc* over stones and the uneven parts of the road. They required some rest, and I started with Joseph up the brow of the Flegere. From this mountain you completely overlook the Mer-de-glacé, and have by far the most commanding

view of Mont-Blanc. The ascent is certainly difficult—we had frequently to halt and rest; at length, with the assistance of our mountain pikes, we reached the pavilion on a kind of table ground, forming part of the Flegere, or rather an extension of the Brevent. From this point the prospect overlooks not only the Mer-de-glacé, the Bossons, Bois, and Argentière glaciers, but even commands a full view of the culms of those extraordinary peaks, the Aiguilles du Midi, du Plan, de la Blaitière, de Charmoz, de la Fourche, de Dru, and the Gout de Dôme: Mont-Blanc, and the Alps to the east, as well as the Col de Balm. Beneath lies the long green valley of Chamouni with the Arve and its tributary Arveiron, flowing, like a furious stream of salt mixed with water, through it, and the houses looking no larger than dice scattered over the floor of a large saloon.

The descent was more fatiguing, particularly to the knee and ankle joints, than the ascent; but we reached the inn in time for dinner, which was ordered at a late hour.

The night was remarkably cold. This was not to be wondered at, when the middle of autumn was gone by,—and our hotel, deep in the valley as it lay, was still three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and in the immediate face of eternal snows and glaciers; the latter on a level with our windows.

The scenery of Chamouni at night, while the moon shone brightly on the snowy summits eleven thousand feet above us, and on the iron-grey peaks, when all beneath lay black and hideous, was different in aspect from any landscape

I had ever seen. It seemed to me, as I walked alone on the terrace, about eleven o'clock, after all had gone to bed, as if I were the last man in a desolate world, about to be consigned to the oblivion of a region in which neither heat, nor light, nor joy dwelt. I remained, contemplating the vast solitude, until the cold drove me shivering to my bed-room; and, although I had plenty of covering, it was nearly an hour before I recovered my natural temperature. What a forlorn prison must this vale in all appearance be, during its dreary winter of nearly eight months, with snow for more than six, lying many feet over every part of its basin, slopes, and heights! Yet even at that season, the people of Chamouni, from its being a district not rich enough to be oppressed, nor so poor as to deny them sufficient maintenance, are among the very happiest peasantry of all Savoy. Their priest alone (evil befall such ghostly pastors!) denies them the pleasure of such amusements as would gladden the hearts of the young and cheer up the spirits of the aged.\*)

\*) Probably not one in a hundred in this wild district have ever travelled ten miles from the valley. They are fondly partial to its solitude. My wife being much pleased with the chambermaid, who wished for a situation at Paris, where her brother had gone, offered to hire her on the condition that she would engage for a whole year, and would make up her mind not to have the *mal de Pays*, and return before that period. Strange as it may appear she acknowledged, that she could not conscientiously say, that she might not. She gave us some curious accounts of the young people evading the priests forbidding them

In winter, shut out from all the world, when the gorges of the Arve are choked up with impassable snow, the inhabitants usually remain within doors; their cottages are heated with large stoves, the fuel for which they bring down from the brows of the mountain, sliding it from the precipices over the frozen snow, which business in clear days, together with attending daily to the cattle which are housed and fed with the hay gathered during the short summer and autumn, forms the chief employment of the men. The women spin, knit, and weave coarse cloths for domestic use.

The weather in midwinter is usually clear; the temperature in the valley seldom below ten degrees Reaumur, but on ascending about two thousand feet the cold is insupportable, except by severe exercise. Chamouni, according to the accounts of the inhabitants, is subject in winter to terrible storms, especially from the east, when the wind blowing through the mountain gorges, and drifting the snow furiously along, sweeps the whole valley. The gales of early spring and late autumn are also described as blowing with great violence, tearing the trees from the roots, unroofing and sometimes overturning the houses. In spring the torrents and the avalanches cause terrific devastation. The former roll down ice, rocks, earth and trees. The latter break forth, exploding like incessant thunder, covering the

to dance, by resorting to some unfrequented place, and of his severity when they confessed these peccadillos. Mutual instruction we found forbidden in consequence of an order of the Government.

glaciers, and often part of the valley: tearing rocks, trees, and earth in their way. These phenomena are also common in the immediate vicinity of all the glaciers and eternal snow-clad Alps of Switzerland; but description renders them more terrific in Savoy, although from appearance some parts of the valley of the Sernft, in Glaris, and of the Grindelwald, seemed to me equally exposed to the same disastrous sublimities. Those who would become by description more satisfactorily acquainted with the phenomena and natural history of the Alps, must read the works of de Saussure, Bourrit, Pictet, Volenberg, and Meisner. Those who have no wish or leisure to consult those works, may, on the other hand, be content with a cursory notice of a few general observations.

The discovery, in 1741, of the valley of Chamouni is justly attributed to the celebrated English traveller, Dr. Pocock, accompanied by Mr. Windham. It would seem that it was indistinctly known before then from the side of the Valorsine, as a terrific valley, and believed to be the resort of brigands and barbarians; but the deep gorges of the Arve, even that leading into the valley of Cluse, formed passes of the utmost terror and difficulty. Messrs. Pocock and Windham were consequently deemed fool-hardy adventurers when they departed from Geneva, although armed and accompanied by a band of hired defenders. They encamped at night, and ceding to the entreaties of their guides, would enter into none of the cabins then in the valley of Cluse. On reaching the gorge of Servoz, all the guards were seized with superstitious fear on observing the

terrific pass that led to the "accursed mountains," (*montagnes maudites*) as those of Chamouni were then called. The intrepidity of the English travellers at length surmounted all obstacles, and they finally reached the glaciers and the foot of Mont Blanc. On their return the recital created both wonder and discredit. Two years after, M. Baulac, a librarian of Geneva, resolving to be satisfied on the subject, penetrated the valley, and published his journey in the Swiss Mercury of that year. For seventeen years after, Chamouni was neglected. M. de Saussure, in 1760, made his first visit to Chamouni. M. Bourrit, chanter of the Geneva cathedral then gave an account of his excursion, and of the glaciers. The journeys and ascent of Mont Blanc by M. de Saussure excited the greatest curiosity, and from that period to the present day, the valley of Chamouni has been the frequent resort, not only of men of science, but of the curious of all nations.\*)

\*) In 1762, a first attempt to ascend Mont Blanc was made unsuccessfully by three chamois-hunters, in consequence of the encouragement held out by M. de Saussure. In 1773, four Savoyards made a second unsuccessful attempt by the mountain de la Côte, along the side of the glaciers of the Bossons.

In 1785, three chamois-hunters, by the same route, ascended until they were so overcome with drowsiness as not to be able to proceed farther.

In the same year, M. Bourrit made the attempt, but was met and compelled to return by a tempest.

In 1784, the same enterprising men, in September attempted the route west of the Bossons, but cold and fatigue

In regard to the height of mountains, I am disposed to consider the altitude of Mont Blanc in its latitude of nearly  $46^{\circ}$  North, as far as regards atmospheric elevation, almost as high as the tropical Chimborazo. Count Byland of Holland, whose agreeable acquaintance I made at Paris, has spent more than twenty years ex-

arrested their progress at a great height, and two chamois-hunters proceeded even so much farther than the others, that they reached within about one hundred and fifty feet of the highest culm.

In 1785, M. M. de Saussure and Bourrit resolved if possible to reach the summit, and with fifteen guides they succeeded so far as to ascend the first night eight thousand five hundred and thirty-two French feet above the level of the sea. Here they constructed a tent and passed the night, and next day reached an elevation of eleven thousand four hundred and twenty-two feet, when the snow became so soft as to render further ascent impossible; the heat was also insupportable, although the thermometer was only two to five degrees Reaumur in the shade, and four to seven degrees in the sun.

In 1786, six men of Chamouni were tempted to renew the ascent. One of these, a remarkably hardy man, James Balmat, lost his way, and passed the night near the summit of the glaciers, and in the morning observed the culm at no great distance, and an easier way to its summit. His youth and vigour enabled him to descend to the valley. On the 7th of August following, he left Chamouni, accompanied by Dr. Pacard, and after most extraordinary efforts, they reached the highest point on the following day at 7 o'clock. After passing twenty hours among the snows and glaciers, they returned, after much suffering, to the village. Both

mining the natural history of mountains and volcanos. He illustrated very satisfactorily to me during our conversations on scientific subjects, various Alpine atmospheric phenomena. He also considered the rarity of the atmosphere on the culm of Mont Blanc much the same as on the summit of the highest Andes.

their faces were dreadfully swelled. that of Dr. Pacard was for eight days so distorted as to be hardly recognised. In the same year, M. de Saussure accomplished his celebrated ascent. The succeeding attempts were—

- Aug. 1787. The late scientific and ingenious }  
 Colonel Beaufoy, } of England  
 Aug. 1788. Mr. Woodley, }  
 Aug. 1802. Baron Doorthesen of Courland, and Mr. Fornerer of Lausanne.  
 Sept. 1812. M. Rhodes, of Hamburg.  
 Aug. 1813. Count Matezeschi, of Poland.  
 June, 1819. Dr. Renselaer and Mr. Howard of the United States.  
 Aug. — Captain Hundrel, of England.  
 Aug. 1820. Dr. Hamel, of Russia, and Mr. Durnford, of England, reached the grand plateau with twelve guides, when an avalanche fell and buried several, of whom three perished.  
 Aug. 1822. Mr. Tree Clissold, of England.  
 Sept. — Mr. Jackson, of England.  
 Aug. 1825. Dr. E. Clark, and Captain Shirwell.  
 July — Messrs. Fellowes and Howes, of England.  
 Aug. 1827. Mr. John Auldjo, who has given a most interesting narrative of the ascent.  
 Sept. 1854. Dr. Martin Barry.

One woman, called Mary of Mont Blanc, has been at the summit.



I am writing this with the loftiest of the Alps before me,—the snow of its brow dazzles my eyes, and the people of Chamouni say they do not recollect an autumn when its summits have been for so long a period unobscured by clouds or tempests. An attempt was made about a month since contrary to the advice of the guides, to reach the culm, after some snow had fallen. This failed, but Doctor Martin Barry, an English gentleman has just succeeded in making the ascent; the weather has been as propitious as he could wish. Experience also has taught the guides the best route and the safest mode of travelling, so that the ascent now, in comparison to that first made, may be compared to making a voyage at the present time round Cape Horn, instead of encountering the disasters of that made by Lord Anson.

The thin atmosphere of the Alps, and the consequent rapid evaporation, form the well known causes of lassitude and inclination to sleep, which is experienced. Some are depressed, or rather intoxicated, and then stupified by these feelings, at a much less height than others. On crossing the glacier pass of Segnes (which is from eight to nine thousand feet high) from the Grisons to Matt in Glaris, and also on the Bernese Alps, I experienced on the former less drowsiness than my guide; while on the latter I felt greater inclination to sleep than the herdsman who accompanied me. In both cases the feeling was exactly the same as I have already mentioned having often experienced while travelling over snow during intense frost in the cold latitudes of North America.

But the transition being so sudden on ascending from a warm valley to the height of from eight to nine thousand feet amid perpetual snow, the effect on many constitutions is, first, insensibility, swooning, and then violent fever and swelling of the flesh and skin. Mules suffer so much uneasiness at the height of ten thousand feet that they can scarcely stand.

The greatest diurnal cold on the Alps is, as on plains, a little before day-break, and the most extreme heat occurs about two o'clock in the afternoon. The optical illusions, so frequent on, or in the vicinity of, the Alps deceive amazingly as to distance, especially before a South-wind, or rain, when the mountains appear twice as near as before and much higher and more marked in the outline.

The experienced guides prognosticate forthcoming weather from various atmospheric appearances. When at eve the clouds extend along the mountains, and when in the morning they crest the summits, not the slopes, or when the culms are surrounded by semi-transparent vapors, which seem to greatly extend the surface and diminish the distance of the Alps, rain may be expected. In summer when it rains for several days, or for weeks, good weather cannot be depended upon, until snow falls on the inferior Alps. But when in the morning, the snow is seen on the flanks of mountains from the summits down to the limits of forest trees, the Chamois hunters have no hesitation in ascending to the most perilous resorts.

The flux and reflux of the winds in summer form another remarkable phenomenon of the Alps;

but the cause is no other than that which occasions the sea and land breezes in the West Indies, or in other countries, during hot weather. The greater evaporation during day, on the land, creates, if I may so speak, a suction to commence, at the hottest hour, about two o'clock. Water, on sea coasts or lakes, and the thicker atmosphere of valleys, feed the current that rushes inwards to restore the equilibrium, over land and mountains. At night again condensation, or dews, is greater on land, especially highlands, than in valleys, or on water, and a part of this condensed vapor or dew rushes outwards or downwards to supply the more rarified atmosphere, whether over sea or valley—this called by seamen, the land breeze—by the people of the Alps, the mountain-wind. When these become irregular and blow *vice-versa*, that is if the wind in the evening blows up the valley, tempestuous weather may be expected.

This last wind Foehn (*Favonius*) is unexceptionably stormy on the Alps, and frequently blows with the fury of a hurricane, and accompanied by lightning and thunder. The South East wind parches the skin, and brings on dry weather. Thunder storms occur on the Southern flanks of the Alps in the morning, and on the North in the evening.

The gradual succession of vegetable substances, growing from the valleys upwards until nothing but the *lichen* appears, affords the naturalist and botanist in the course of a few miles the advantage of examining the nature of the different regions of the globe, which on its common surface would require him to traverse a distance of

from one thousand five hundred to two thousand miles. In this view the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland afford the most ample study to the naturalist, whether in geology, mineralogy, botany, or in examining the variations and phenomena of climate. The streams of the Arve and the Aveiron carry down from underneath the glaciers almost every species of Alpine rock. The source of the latter river seems no more than a small vault flowing from under the Mer-de-glace. Joseph, while we were on the opposite height, would not believe that the cavern was more than ten feet high, nor the green grass-like peaks of ice, more than twenty. On reaching the source of the Arveiron, we saw it rushing down violently out of an immense cavern. We proceeded some distance inwards until the dangerous difference struck me between entering a grotto formed of a solid rock, and a vault of ice, which was occasionally disintegrating, and we then instantly retraced our steps. We carried away some pieces of various-colored granite, mica-slate, gneiss, quartz, disintegrated feldspah, breccia, asbestos, tuffa, etc. Accompanied by Doctor Scott, we afterwards collected two specimens each of the different rocks which we observed along the edge of the Arve, and on the following day returned to St. Martin by the route which leads from Chède to the baths of St. Gervais.

The latter are situated in a most romantic dark valley, immediately beneath a picturesque waterfall—the bath buildings are commodious—the charge for lodging and board moderate, but the situation cold and gloomy.

We slept again at St. Martin, and on the following morning returned from one of the most interesting excursions that I have ever made.

On arriving at Geneva, letters awaited me containing intelligence which rendered it impracticable for me to pass the winter in Italy. In consequence we made up our minds to remain some time longer in Switzerland, and then return through Burgundy to Paris.

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## ALPINE PASTURES.

THE leading or peculiar occupations and customs of a people are always worthy of special inquiry, inasmuch as their predominant employments and favorite amusements, customs, and even prejudices form subjects of important consideration to the legislator as well as to the moralist. In Switzerland, whether it be among the herdsmen of the Alps and Jura, the watch-makers of the latter, or the chamois-hunters of the former, we may observe much to interest us.

The Alpine pasturages are elevated in heights of two, three, or more ranges, according to the season—the herdsmen ascending with their cows and goats and often with sheep, as the heat increases from early spring to the high temperature of July and August, and then descending as autumn declines into winter. These pastures form the principal source of maintenance and opulence to the inhabitants of the greater part of Switzerland, Savoy, the Voralberg, and the Tyrol.

Each pasture elevation has its particular *chalets* for the herdsmen. The butter and cheese afterwards carried down to market are made in these tiny habitations. Below in the valleys, or often in sheltered nooks on the brow of the mountains, are the winter houses for the cattle, which are then fed with the hay gathered by great industry even in spots to which the goats can scarcely resort.

The intrepidity of the *mäher* (mower) of the Alps is scarcely less than that of the Chamois hunters. Whether he be gathering grass for the cows, blue melilot to mix with the cheese, or medicinal herbs for the druggist, he starts forth provided with food, *kirschwasser*, and tobacco—the soles of his shoes fortified with pointed nails, and with hay inside to soften his fall when he leaps from rock to rock,—his gaiters unbuttoned below to leave him free at the ankles, and a whetstone stuck under his belt to sharpen the little scythe or sickle carried over his shoulder. He thus ascends to the hollows and crests of rocks on the brow and summits of mountains, and ties the hay he cuts in firm bundles, which he then pitches downwards from the heights. In this perilous way he in summer gains a scanty living. In winter he may be seen suspended by ropes, over precipices and gorges, to reach fallen trees which he contrives to displace and slide downwards for fuel. If he succeeds in saving, by these daring pursuits, enough to justify his demanding the hand of the maiden he loves, and whose father often has no more fortune than a little *chalet*, an Alpine pasture, and the milk of three or four cows, which the pretty peasant maid

carries to sell in the valley, where he has probably first met her, he marries—takes a *chalet* and becomes, in his turn, a herdsman, and in time the proprietor of a few cows, and the father of a family.

The herdsmen are superstitious, as are all the people of the Alps. If, when driving their cattle to the mountains, they are stopt suddenly by torrents, the chief herdsman sends one of his comrades as a deputy to the parish curate to demand prayers, which he obtains on certain conditions—such as agreeing to give the good moral pastor a cream cheese in autumn. The deputy then returns, the cows cross the torrent without difficulty or danger, and, soon after arriving at the *chalet*, the *chaudière* is filled before half of the milk is drawn from the cows.

The people of the valleys and Alps, especially of the Grindelwald, Oberhasli, Unterwald, Uri, Glaris, Schwytz, Appenzell, St. Gall, and the Grisons, believe in lucky and unlucky days, and the Rothenthal and other dismal ravines to be the abode of sorcerers. They believe also in magic and fairies, and purchase amulets to cure diseases which they consider to be caused by sorcery. The mountain Genii, they say, create and allay storms, hover about water-sources, fountains, old mines, caverns, and ruins, and maltreat the herdsmen who have the hardihood to frequent their resort. These credulous people tell you gravely that early each spring a fairy appears at certain streams washing two white goats, if the season is to be abundant; and two black ones, if unfavourable weather, and bad crops and pastures are to ensue; that all the

bees will fly off when the master of the house dies, if they neglect acquainting them of the event by shaking the hive; that the subterranean people who dwell in the caverns of some mountains carry off sheep and goats and devour them in feasting with the spiritual guardians of the crystals of St. Gotthard; that these evil Gnomes sometimes, but rarely, point out the retreats of the chamois, and permit the hunters to kill a certain number; but if they exceed the privilege they punish the disobedient.

A gigantic phantom is believed to appear annually, gorgeously appavelled, on Mount Pilate, and that whoever beholds him can only survive the vision one year. They relate tales at night, of hobgoblins and of dwarfs, seen disguised as herdsmen, leading off and then milking the cows, —of spectres chasing the cattle from Alp to Alp, lifting the heifers over ravines and precipices, and only at last giving them up to the prayers of the saints to whom most of the wells are consecrated. A common hobgoblin is a white horse seen at night standing on a mountain or rock. They have also their familiar spirits, or brownies, who assist them in keeping their flocks together, and prevent the cattle from straying. Occasionally the brownies and other hobgoblins have desperate combats at night, on particular heights.

The pastoral Swiss have also their traditions of a golden age, when the cows grew to a monstrous size, and with udders so large and full that they were milked into valleys, where the cream was skimmed off into boats. One day, say they, a young cow-herd was overturned in



his wherry while rowing over a milk pond; the youth of the neighbourhood, searched long in vain for his body. Afterwards, during the process of making butter in a churn as large as the round tower of a castle, his body turned up among the frothy cream, and they buried him in a cave which the bees had lined with honey-combs as large as the gates of a city.

These, with many other superstitious tales, should not, perhaps, be altogether despised among an ignorant people; they form, in fact, the poetry of the childhood of society. We must instruct them before we laugh at their prejudices and credulity.

The oxen and cows frequently grow to a prodigious size. Some oxen are said to have attained the enormous weight of 3,000lbs (of 16 ounces.)

The cattle that feed at an elevation of from four thousand to five thousand feet are considered the finest, especially in the Emmenthal, Simmenthal, Vaud, and Freiburg. The cows fed in these parts, weigh from 500 to 700lbs, and yield ten to twelve quarts of milk per day. The lesser, and more general breed weigh about 400lbs. Picot in his Statistics of Switzerland gives 900,000 as the number of cows, oxen, and young cattle, besides goats and sheep which feed in summer on the Swiss Alps. These are reduced by slaughter and sale to 600,000 in winter.

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## WILD SPORTS OF THE ALPS.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

THE wild sports of Switzerland have decreased with the beasts of chase, which are said to have been formerly, remarkably abundant. Daniel the Hermit says "that he saw fifty hares a day brought to the same house, and the Grisons eat venison and game as plentifully as we do beef." They are salted and smoked, or when fresh are roasted like sucking pigs, by having the hair first scalded off: they are fat in autumn, and lean in winter. They yield about a pint of oil each, which is sold to the druggists. Goats may be considered indigenious, if not wild, in the mountains; they climb the steepest declivities, and even rocks which seem almost perpendicular. In Appenzell, they have skipped about me, and frisked along, following us for nearly an hour on the mountain brows: they will gnaw or eat hedges through with their teeth, and leap over high walls to feed on the forbidden pastures. They eat eagerly the long mossy *lichen* which grows on the trunk and branches of the Alpine firs, and will live, and find something to browse on during the most severe winter.

The wild bull (*Urus*), which has given the name to the as savage Canton of Uri, formerly ranged amongst the mountain pastures. The antelope, stag, roebuck, fox, wolf, lynx, otter, bear,

wild boar, and hares, are all stated by Picot to be yet met with, but that the antelope, stag, and lynx, are extremely rare, and, from the daily pursuit after them, will soon disappear.

Wild birds are also, in many parts, during the season, abundant; nearly every species in Europe frequents Switzerland, and in many parts there is not only an abundant field for shooting, but also excellent fishing. Woodcocks and snipes are shot in the alluvions or marshes of rivers; plovers, partridges, and also water-fowl are met with in places not much frequented. The great vulture of the Alps, and those who perch on the rocky cliffs of lakes are among the most formidable birds of prey, and many stories are related of their ravenous courage and strength.

The Glarnisch, and other glaciers of Glaris, and the wilds of the lake of Wallenstadt, are favourite haunts of the Lämmer-Geyer, (the vulture which carries off lambs,) or bearded vulture. A chamois hunter is said, several years ago, to have discovered on the scarp of a rock, near the summit of the Glarnisch, the aerie of one of those winged despots. He took off his shoes and stripped off all but his shirt and breeches, to enable him more easily to climb to it, and with only his fusil to support him at times, he climbed and crept up and along a narrow shelf suspended over a terrific precipice, until he reached the nest in which were the young brood. As he was in the act of taking them out the old vulture darted furiously, with the rapidity of lightning, down upon him from the heavens, and fastened her talons deep in his naked side. He, however, in this dreadful position, when a single false movement was

certain destruction, retained his presence of mind. He remained firm, until he drew with one hand the muzzle of his gun to the body of the vulture, and with the toe of one foot first cocked the lock and then fired the contents of the barrel through the body of the desperate tyrant of the air, which fell dead with its claws still sunk deeply in the hunter's flesh. The latter then descended safely with his prey—the young turned alive into his sportingpouch—the old with its beak tied to its talons, hung round his neck. His wounds, the deep marks of which he always retained, are said to have been many weeks healing.

But all the wild sports of Switzerland give place to hunting the chamois. We saw these graceful animals brought down on different occasions. The last was at Chamouni. We had a quarter of it for dinner, but the flesh was little better than, (in fact much the same as) that of a young goat; and we only wonder that human beings would encounter the perilous risks they do, after this wild, but, when once caught alive, gentle animal—which never, from timidity, puts confidence—in man. Hence the opinion that it cannot be tamed:—when the fact is, that it cannot, with all its quick apprehension, overcome its dread of other animals.

The mountains of Appenzell, Glaris, Underwald, Uri, and the Bernese Alps, have been the most adventurous resorts of the pursuers of this timid animal.

To be an expert chamois hunter, all the qualities are necessary of a strong and active constitution, which can bear the extremes of heat and cold, whether in frosty nights on the Alpine

rocks, or in the day exposed to a scorching sun—whether in wet, dry, snowy, or frosty weather. The hunter must not have any constitutional disposition to vertigo. His sight and hearing must be remarkably keen, his footstep sure, his hand firm and steady, with a presence of mind not to be suddenly startled in the most frightful perils.

To these qualities must be joined strength to carry burdens, and also courage, patience, and experience. All these to enable him to overcome the most fearful of animals.

The extreme timidity of the chamois, with its keen sense of smelling and hearing, and its active dexterity, are the gifts of nature, which enable it to avoid the huntsmen with such extraordinary watchfulness and fleetness. They are hunted with, but generally without, dogs. Dogs are only convenient according to the position of the places which the chamois frequent.

Two, and never more than three, hunters go forth in the night, with a pike hooked at each end, so as to take hold in ascending or crossing rocks or ice; also a mountain staff, armed or pointed with iron—a carabine or rifle—cramps with several points, and straps to attach them to the shoes to prevent slipping. In their *carnacière*, or large sporting pouch, they carry, besides ammunition, a small telescope, bread, cheese, and *kirschwasser*. The first night they rest at one of the most elevated *chalets*, generally an open shed, in which they are warmed by a wood fire. They set off early on the following morning, in order to arrive at break of day near where they expect to find a herd of chamois, or they probably go first to place themselves on some favourite height,

where they establish what they term a *Luegi* (German *Lug*, *i. e.* illusion)—that is, a lurking place on the verge of jutting rocks, where, to be hidden from view, they raise two large slabs of stone on edge, leaving a small interstice between to see through. One hunter then crawls on all-fours, from this ambushade, and looks through his telescope in every direction for the chamois, his comrades resting with the arms, &c., behind the upraised stones. If he perceives game approaching, he makes a slight motion in the direction with his hand. They then deliberate as to how they may kill or best approach them, in case the herd turns in another direction. As they know well the country, with its passes, and the safety-rendezvous of the chamois, experience governs their decision.

The most dexterous hunter approaches from rock to rock—frequently creeping—sometimes watching half an hour or more, immoveably flat, according as the troop moves;—sometimes he takes off his white shirt, puts it on again over his clothes to resemble the snow or ice, over which he creeps;—sometimes he takes off his shoes, and walks barefoot, leaving all weight behind, over the dangerous ledges of precipices. At other times he stands immoveable as the rocks—measures the distance he has to attain with the eye, and when he can distinguish the curves of the chamois' horns, he concludes he is within two hundred and fifty feet of the game. He then makes zig-zag or such other advances as he can. By patient circumspection he may at length approach within gun-shot distance, and then if he cannot mark the female leader, he fires at the largest and fattest. If it falls, he rushes to it, seizes it in triumph,

and frequently drinks the blood in extacy, as he believes it to be a special antidote to vertigo. He then opens its stomach, throws away the uneatable intestines, ties the hind and fore feet together, and, throwing it over his neck, carries it down to his companions, who afterwards all make a frugal repast, and then continue the chase. At night they salt or smoke the game they thus kill. The skin is preserved for gloves, the fat for medical purposes, and the horns for sale. A full grown chamois weighs from fifty to seventy pounds, and in good condition, yields seven to eight pounds of suet or fat.

Sometimes the hunters separate; one goes in the immediate, the other to an opposite, direction. If they succeed in killing the female which leads the troop, the whole flock is stupified;—they run confusedly round her body, and are all easily shot;—a male never leads, or keeps sentry. When the female conductress perceives cause of alarm, she whiffles sharply, and the whole herd fly off, with amazing fleetness, to their inaccessible retreats. Formerly they were often discovered in herds of forty to fifty—now it is seldom that more than twenty are seen together. They bring forth a single fawn (rarely twins) in May: immediately after birth the fawn follows its dam, and almost with equal swiftness.

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## RURAL ARCHITECTURE OF SWITZERLAND.

The rural architecture of a country speaks much, if not strictly, for its actual prosperity, at least for the ideas of comfort, and consequently intelligent industry of the population. The cottages of England and the mud cabins of Ireland form tolerably correct indices to the respective conditions of the peasantry. The wretched mud-huts of Savoy, Nassau, and frequently those, in which live the squalid peasantry of the country extending for twenty or thirty miles west of the Rhine, tell you plainly that the people, who inhabit them are in a far more poverty-smitten condition than those who live in the roomy, warm, and handsome, farm-houses and cottages of Emmenthal, Entlibuch, and Thurgau.

Between Flanders and Picardy the difference, of rural architecture is sufficiently striking to convince us that those who dwell in the clean, airy, yet warm, and handsome, Flemish farmhouses, are, if not more opulent in their means, certainly blessed with greater in-door comforts than the agricultural population of the adjoining parts of France.

The Swiss farm-houses and cottages, especially in the valleys, are chiefly based on stone, and constructed of wood, usually larch, hewn smoothly,



and joined closely together, the projecting roof, gables, and sides, and the obtuse angle at top are all, too, in the Grecian style. The ground floor is a kind of store house or cellar, and seldom inhabited, as the winter snows fall so deeply as to rise to the level of more than five or six feet. A gallery usually surrounds each of the other stories, and the roof projects above so as to shed the snow or rain off these balconies. The common ascent to each stage or floor, is by stairs leading to the gallery. The roof and walls are covered with very small wooden shingles, which, in appearance, when laid on, resemble the scales of a coat of mail. The floors are of fir boards—each house has a large stove contrived to diffuse warmth around, and to answer all the purposes of cooking. Near this stove, which is handsomely made, and always shining bright, a small staircase leads to the second floor. The windows are extended in horizontal length along nearly all the breadth of the end walls, and occasionally in the side walls. They are formed of small parallelograms of glass set in wooden frames.

The little pastoral *chalets* are of only one story—the roof covered with boards, which are pressed down with heavy stones to prevent the wind blowing them off. The barns and cattle houses are well and commodiously constructed—the former often on the floor above the latter. In some parts the roofs of houses and barns are covered with tiles, but this is only common in the strictly agricultural districts. Altogether I have seen nowhere on the continent of Europe, except Belgium and Holland, the peasantry so generally well lodged as in Switzerland. In the backwoods and

new settlements of America where the materials are so abundant, how admirably suited is the architecture of Entlibuch and the Emmenthal!

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## GENEVA.

THERE is much in Geneva,—that is in its old buildings, old streets, old churches, in its learning and scholastic forms, that reminds me of Edinburgh; the stamp that Calvin gave to the manners and ideas of the one, and Knox to those of the other, being of the same faith and spirit, have produced nearly similar effects.

Geneva, like Edinburgh, owes much of its celebrity to the schools that have flourished within its walls from the time that Calvin founded the academy to the present day. Perhaps no seminary of learning, for the number of its students, has sent forth to the world more distinguished men for enterprise, talent, and honourable conduct.

Here the resemblance, however, between Edinburgh and Geneva ends. The former contains more than five times the population, and twenty times as many inhabitants belonging to the spending class. Coteries always existed in both—the exclusive spirit of illiberality has, for the last one-third of a century, been dying fast away in the former, while it is more tenacious of life than ever in the latter.

Useful instruction, in all the sciences, is abundantly supplied. The museum, the observatory,

the public library, &c., which I have visited, have much, as well as the botanic garden, to recommend them. Why do they close the latter on Sunday? the citizens, that is if they be so disposed, might there as innocently amuse themselves, studying natural history, as in leaving their pigmy watch and jewellery tools, to break, with giant hammers, limestone, gneiss, or slate, on the brows of the Salève; for they are all geologists since the days of Saussure. But there are probably some Sir Andrews and Mr. Percevals still among the worthy magistrates of the town which the grim Calvin first hugged to his gloomy bosom.

The benevolent institutions of Geneva are admirable. The Cantonal hospital is a vast building, and its management is well and humanely administered. The poor appear also to be well provided for, either in the way of giving them employment or subsistence, or else they must, from the shame of being in poverty, have flown from a place where there is such active industry and so little apparent misery.

Geneva is certainly a curious town, with its fortified walls, steep streets, and high houses. But for some years its improvements have been more rapid and extensive than those of any town on the Continent. Since 1816, the botanic gardens, and a splendid street, the Rue de la Corraterie, and the opening of a broad and splendid quay in front of new and elegant buildings, and a magnificent new bridge, and a palace-like hotel opposite, have all gorgeously and extensively embellished a town which was one of the most irregular, unsightly, but also one of the most charmingly situated, towns in Europe.

How gloriously does the Genfer-See open before it, with Mont-Blanc and the Alps, and the stratified Salève on the right, and the Jura's wild and picturesque scenery on the left! How transparently blue does the magnificent Rhone flow through it, and downwards amid sublime precipices and luxuriant verdure! Then the rides and excursions on each side the lake, whether to Ferney, to Secheron, to Copet, or Lausanne; or on the south to Chêne, the residence of Sismondi, or to Coligni, where Byron dwelt, and from which he made excursions on the lake, to the Shelleys at Secheron, or to Corinne at Copet, or finally to the awful recesses of Chamouni.

Then you are on the high roads to Milan and all Italy,—to Savoy,—to all parts of Germany,—to Lyon,—to Paris,—to all parts of France, with post-horses or public conveyances ready for you. How delightful a place it must be to reside in—why not fix my habitation here, where I and my wife, quite unenslaved by other ties, may repose, or walk, or ride, to enjoy heavenly views in a climate nearly as mild in winter as that of Paris? Why, because we also love society—that which is on the courteous well-bred footing of the Soirées of our best circles in Paris—that of our warm-hearted friends in England: not that which resembles the social intercourse of Geneva, consisting, with all its wisdom and intelligence, of redoubtable coteries! If that be the case, I would reside with nearly the same goodwill as an exile at Tobolski, or even as a dweller in Chester, Litchfield, York, or any other Cathedral country town. To hear, to think, and to speak happily and independently, that is, honestly; so as to

delight and be delighted, without the trammels of prejudice, we must live amidst the society of the gigantic capitals of great free nations, or with a small circle of social friends amidst rural solitudes.

I was two days at Geneva before Torti's Roman horses appeared dragging the carriage slowly along over the Bridge, from the direction of Vaud. I was rather uneasy about them, but found that my party had halted to rest longer than I expected, at Verdan, and at Lausanne. I had, in the meantime, visited the Academy, Museum, and almost every institution in Geneva; dined one day at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel in which I put up, the second at the hotel de Bergues, where I met some acquaintance; there, also was (with her brother, as I was told) the Countess G——, not very fair, but certainly very fat; she has expressive eyes—further I admire not—for although I will not hate, I have never loved “a dumpy woman.”

At the *table d'hôte* of the hotel de Bergues there was an immense assemblage, English, Germans, Swiss, Italians, and French. Some resided there for the summer, but the greater number were transient flying visitors for one or two days. Such a table exhibits very strikingly the peculiar manners of the people of different countries when assembled in society; but I doubt if those characteristics form any data whereby to judge of the domestic manners or habits of a nation. If so the people of England and of the United States would appear to lamentable disadvantage beside those of the Continent. I must, however, note, that I have not, during very extensive in-

tercourse and observation, remarked, on the part of the higher intelligent English whether of the nobility, or of the untitled families, any instance of manners or language offensive either to their own countrymen or to foreigners. I must make an exception, however, in respect to young men, the sons of the gentry, when unaccompanying their families.

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### SISMONDI.

This celebrated historian, economist, and philanthropist, resides at his patrimonial seat Chêne. I drove out, on arriving at Geneva, to see him. We had a letter of introduction from our worthy friend, Miss Garnett, whom we left at Paris, deeply engaged in Scandinavian lore, and translating that beautiful heroic legend of Royal Love, „Frithiof's Saga.”

I found Sismondi in his library, from which Mont Blanc towers gloriously in the view over the Salève. I was delighted with his conversation and his benevolent views,\* so unassuming, so good, and so disinterested is Sismonde de Sismondi, you might realize your dreams of a Republic. Read and study the best history of your nation, written by this impartial and profound philosopher, and then learn wisdom before you attempt forming constitutions!

\*) See notes to the Note Book, No. 7.

We talked on various matters—on politics—on the general state of things—of Switzerland, and of literary men. Had some conversation about Jeremy Bentham and his manuscripts, and Etienne Dumont, whose family are in Geneva. Madame Sismondi soon after joined us, and we then talked of mutual friends, of Paris, of London, and of Geneva;—of France, of England, and of Switzerland. \*)

- How tranquilly happy they both look: what a sweet retreat is theirs! I wish it was transferred with all its scenery, to within some ten miles of either London or Paris, that I might frequently join their weekly *soirées*. Meantime my wife and friends, and I, are invited to meet the *élite* next week at Chêne. I returned to Geneva, but drove first to Diodati—a charming spot: but no Byron is there!



## FERNEY.

IN making excursions in the vicinity of Geneva, we found it convenient to have one of the roomy well-made coaches, which you open or close over

\*) Madame de Sismondi was a Miss Allan, sister of the late Lady Macintosh. It is needless to say how intimate and friendly Sismondi and Sir James Macintosh were. Sismondi can never be lost to the world. He lives from a patriotic sense of duty in Switzerland; but his sphere is either London or Paris.

head at pleasure, and which the landlord of our hotel provided. It carried us all very comfortably.

About a mile from Geneva, in a lane overhung with wood, we observed two ladies and a venerable-looking old gentleman, with hair and a long beard, white as snow. My wife called my attention to him, saying, "there is Sir Egerton Brydges! I know him by his resemblance to the curious portrait in his autobiography." The likeness was striking, and the appearance of the aged Baronet (who is, he declares, by the law of the land, Baron Chandos of Sudeley) highly patriarchal.

He lives little known to society, devoting his hours to poetry and other literature. I agree not with him in political ideas, nor in many of his opinions regarding men and their ways; but that he has transcendent perceptions of poetic grandeur, no one unprejudiced can deny.

The road to Ferney, from which we diverged to the high wooded bank where you overlook the muddy Arve, rushing like desperation into the pellucid Rhone, leads picturesquely through a fertile country.

We had forgotten that Ferney is a few hundred yards within the French frontier, and remembered not our passports. The police stopped us with the accustomed "*On ne passe pas!*" Absolute as the government of Prussia is, I had travelled through that kingdom and out of it, and except on passing from the Belgian frontier, my passport was not asked for afterwards, neither in Prussia, Nassau, Darmstadt, Baden, Basel, or any Canton of Switzerland. At Zurich I sent it to the proper office merely to have it stamped to show I had



passed through Switzerland. They demanded it not in Zug, the Forest Cantons, Lucerne, Berne, Freiburg, Neuchatel, Vaud, or Geneva; but the moment we entered France, "*votre passeport*" was the salutation. Blessed fruit of bloody revolutions, and of bloody wars—beautiful liberty for thirty-four millions of people—the perpetual surveillance and custody of a political police. England and America, you have at least the privilege of walking on whatever road you please, to boast of as a liberty which your revolutions and reforms have not deprived you of! How different have been the consequences of revolutions, and the realities of reforms in England, America, and France!

The French police, gend'armes, and douaniers, however, when they are convinced you are neither Carlist, Republican, or Bonapartist, give as little inconvenience as possible. They said, "if you can satisfy Monsieur le Maire, he will take your parole." I had in my pocket a letter from a well known public character at Paris, directed to me at Geneva. I found the Mayor taking his wine; he was very civil—looked at my letter, said to the Policemen, "Let Monsieur and his party pass, I have his parole"—then asked me to take a glass of Chambertin, which I willingly did—and we parted most courteously.

A few minutes brought us to the populous village of Ferney, at the top of which we turned off by a broad avenue, which led us past the church, on which is inscribed *Deo Erexit Voltaire*; was this a conviction or a whim of the philosopher? We entered the residence, which is rather severe and feudal than magnificent in its

exterior appearance, yet much altered, although somewhat restored by its present possessor, and—as the Count de Lally Tollendal observes when he visited it, “the study in which Voltaire wrote the age of Louis XV., the fragments on India, and the Defence of Calas, is occupied by a servant, in which he polishes, not the human mind, but boots.”

Two apartments only remain, an anti-chamber, and the bed-room of Voltaire, as the philosopher occupied them. In the latter are the bed and bedding on which he slept, the chairs on which he sat, tables, etc., with his portrait, tolerably painted, and very expressive, at forty: another of Madame du Chatelet; one of Frederick the Great, quite in keeping with that monarch's character, and sent by him, when he wanted to regain the favourable opinion of Voltaire. Near it is a portrait of Catherine of Russia, worked in tapestry, and, as she says in the inscription on it, by her own imperial hands for her friend M. Voltaire. The other portraits are Le Kain's—very expressive: a Savoyard boy, and Voltaire's seamstress with a Madonna face—the latter are in crayons. There are engraved portraits of Washington and Franklin, Calas, and Sirven. In the same room is the pyramidal monument erected to, but which does not contain the heart of, the philosopher; although all English travellers, who have written their tour, tell us it does, gathering their information from the inscription—

*“Son Esprit est partout, mais son Cœur  
est ici.”*

It bears also another device—very silly, if applied to the surrounding pictures—

„*Mes Manes sont consolées puisque mon Cœur est au milieu de vous.*”

The chateau, the rooms and the furniture, are all simple in design and unostentatious. Not so a painting over the door of the bed-room, said to have been designed by Voltaire himself. If so—never was there a greater violation of the unities, an accusation which Voltaire delighted to charge against Shakespeare. Our great dramatist, however, has never introduced the double of the same character at the same moment on the same stage. But the *genus irritabile vatum* of Voltaire, which never could bear the eternal fame of Shakespeare, here blazes forth in a combination of ostentatious vanity and diabolical revenge. The precept of Horace *Ut pictura poesis* is neither in the design nor in the execution; and, as Count Lally Tollandal very justly observes—“*Le sujet est double, et ce double sujet c'est Voltaire et encore Voltaire.*”

Henry IV., with the *Henriade* in his hand, presents Voltaires praises of the first of the Bourbons to Apollo, from whom he solicits triumphant honors for the poet. The God accords those unphilosophic requests to the King, and Voltaire appears, advancing conspicuously, on the left of the middle ground of the picture; while he, at the same time, on the right, is as ostentatiously conducted in triumph by a choir of muses and groups of genii to the temple of memory: beneath, an infernal gulf yawns, in which his enemies,

in the agonies of despair, are falling down head foremost.

The whole conception is so barbarous—so incoherent,—that if it were not well authenticated, we could not for a moment think that a genius so indisputably great and splendid (notwithstanding all that fanaticism, and illiberality, and envy, have said to blast his fame) could bring forth so monstrous an abortion.

His taste, in choosing Ferney for a residence, and in its garden and avenues, which he laid out and planted, was of a far different character. This delicious site, with its prospect of Mont Blanc and Alpine scenery,—of the Jura, and of the banks and lake of Geneva, is, indeed, such a retirement as a wise man, with kindred society, would delight to spend his years in, after the active gaiety of the world ceased to possess allurements.

His private theatre and library have been destroyed and their local transformed into that of a large green-house. The neglected church looks as if it would soon fall to the ground. An old man, who acts as beadle, shews the place within it which Voltaire marked out for his tomb. It is very different from that where his remains now lie, *vis-à-vis* to those of his antagonist Rousseau, in the proud chambers of the dead, within the Pantheon at Paris. The same aged being pointed to the slab on which Voltaire sat, telling us that he attended the service thrice a-year in the church, viz. on Easter, Pentecost and the *Fête Dieu*. It was probably on one of these occasions when, observing the assembled villagers, whom he had collected and made happy at Ferney, still happier

in their devotions, that he was inspired with the beautiful verse beginning—

*“Si dieu n’existait pas, il faudrait l’inventer.”*

I looked for the bust of Voltaire, in porcelain, the first thing created by the royal manufactory of Berlin, and with the word *immortalis* on its base, written in letters of gold by the hand of the Great Frederick: but the royal gift is gone.

The aged man, who was our *cicerone*, shewed us a specimen of Voltaire’s autograph; but the parchment folio within which were the seals, with their signatures attached, of the correspondents of the Seigneur of Ferney, has fled, probably, with the bust to Paris.

We were at first amused when he showed us a fanciful grey silk cap which, he said, the author of *Tancred* and *Merope* wore in summer, when he promenaded *“faisant des gestes sur la terrasse.”*

A little reflection made me think more seriously on the subject, and ask myself, what in reality is the sum of wisdom and the amount of happiness.

Nothing is termed ridiculous, or indecent but what is not customary among us,—the manners of other nations, when not familiar to us, are at once considered ridiculous; that is as fit subjects for being laughed at. The foolish exquisites who were in the steam-boat in which we came down the Thames, laughed at the honest London tradesman, who innocently thought that rushes and reeds were fine corn. Slavish customs would say a Newton, a David Hume, a Boerhaave, an Eras-

mus, an Adam Smith, a Swift, a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Grattan, a Franklin, a Rollin, a Jeremy Bentham, a Rowland Hill, a Pestalozzi, acted ridiculous parts, they had all their eccentricities, or in other words, did things which did not square with prim formality, or with fashion.

A lady said one day to Madame de Staël, "it is surprising how very clever persons do such very foolish things." "Not at all," replied Corinne, "stupid people do just as many, but no one thinks it worth while to notice them."

Voltaire entered into the spirit of his own tragedies by frequently acting the part, in his private theatre, of some one of the characters. He did more—to save the trouble of dressing twice in the day, he often used in the morning to put on the costume of the personage which he represented in the evening, and would, so dressed, go down directing his gardener, which our present *cicerone* says his father was, and then for one or two hours go to overlook his labourers in the village.

The little anecdotes of the private life of great men are always interesting, and the Veteran who attended us repeated many. From his age, however, he could not be more than fifteen when Voltaire left Ferney, and must have had most of those anecdotes related to him by his father.

When Voltaire became possessed of the property of Ferney, in 1769, its inhabitants were lodged in eight wretched cottages. In 1778, when the Philosopher died, the village which he reared, contained, exclusive of his own chateau and church, eighty comfortable houses, and one thousand two hundred

inhabitants. At that period Ferney was visited by the illustrious of Europe.

I was anxious to see the public *salon-à-manger* of the chateau of Ferney.

Here were daily spread twenty-four covers, for passing travellers, who had to make an arduous ascent over the Jura, or who had descended, fatigued or hungry, after surmounting that difficult elevation.

Many were the kind acts of Voltaire; and if he laughed at the world and satirized religion, it was the manners, the prejudices, the follies, of the age, and the abominations of priestcraft, which he attacked and exposed to the contempt of mankind.

In alluding to what he had done at Ferney, his own expression is beautiful—

*“J’ai fait un-peu de bien, c’est mon meilleur ouvrage.”*

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## RURAL CUSTOMS AND FÊTES.

THE pastoral peasantry and those of the democratic Cantons are the most ardent in athletic exercises, and in celebrating the anniversaries of the great deeds of their ancestors. Many of their old observances are still reverentially maintained. The wrestlers of Entlibuch, which I have elsewhere noticed; the annual processions and cross-bow shooting at Altorf, on the spot where

Tell hit the apple placed by Gessler's command on his son's head; the respectful funeral ceremonies; the *kiltgang*, or the nocturnal but innocent meeting of lovers; the *jeu des œufs*, or egg-game of Unterseen; the dancing fêtes, and wedding matches of Freiburg; the *fêtes des vigneron*s of Vevey, and many other customs are still celebrated with joyous enthusiasm. Many have, however, ceased to be observed: such as the fêtes of liberty of Schwytz, and the processions of Zug.

The diffusion of education, the new modes of agriculture, and the extension of manufacturing industry, are effecting changes and results in the manner and custom of the labouring population in Switzerland, similar to those in progress among the most enlightened nations of Europe.

There are few people, however, more tenacious of their traditions and costumes than the Swiss. The Scotch Highlanders were so until the end of the last century; and although the songs and tales of Scotland are always dear to the heart of those born on her soil, yet the kingdom as regards interest, and civil, religious, and political rights, being now completely amalgamated with the empire of which she forms an integral part of the great whole, the customs, dress, language, and interests of all the people of which, are rapidly assimilating.

The twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland, except for the confederated purpose of protection, are each independent states; and the people of each are respectively proud of their particular national customs, traditions, and costumes.

The *Kiltgang* prevails nearly all over Switzerland. On Sunday evenings the young herdsman



descends from the hills to visit the maiden he loves. The former approaches the window of the latter, who is decorated in her best attire. He recites boldly a rhyming or prose romance: she replies and consents to a sort of capitulation. The young lover then mounts to the window sill on which he sits: she offers him some gingerbread and kirschwasser. He then enters, or remains without, according to the degree of favor with which he is received; and they usually prolong the conversation until day break.

Impropriety seldom occurs: should virtue be offended and its abuse known, the parents of each, or if not, the minister or priest of the parish, insist on the immediate marriage of the parties.

The Egg-game was generally played every Easter monday at Berne and other places. It is still continued at Unterseen, where one hundred and one eggs are placed in a strait line at equal distances from each other. At one end an expert man stands holding a corn-fan filled with grain, into which he dexterously receives the eggs thrown to him.

Two young persons, in gay costumes, and sometimes with hair powdered, join hand in hand, and, preceded by joyous music, follow one on each side the line of eggs to the farther end. They there separate, one runs with all his might to Neuhaus, there drinks a glass of wine, and runs back as swiftly, in order to be on the spot before the other can lift up all the eggs, one by one, and throw them in the same order into the fan. If he fails, or if one egg falls on the ground, the whole are replaced and he must recommence his labor. The first who conquers, receives a prize contributed

by the spectators: a dance generally terminates this feast.

The Fêtes of Liberty, the last of which was celebrated in Schwytz, in 1784, formed a regular drama. On the appropriate day, a multitude assembled in a meadow near to the head of the lake of the four Cantons.

The Genius of Switzerland then appears carrying in one hand a crown surmounted with the insignia of the thirteen Cantons: in the other a lance, on the top of which was the cap of liberty. He marched, preceded by two armed heralds of gigantic stature, and with two warriors in full armour, and bearing each a large ancient sword. A muscular group of Alpine herdsmen in the usual costume, and carrying a huge Morgenstern, followed in the procession: then came the captain of the cross-bowmen, and his troop, costumed in green, and each bearing his bow and quiver and arrows. On their approach, William Tell, and the three great liberators of the country Fürst, Stauffacher, and Melchthal; also Conrad Baumgarten, who, with a blow of his battle-axe, cut off the head of a Baron of Wolferchies, who attempted to maltreat him. The servants of Gessler then appear, in the costume of the time, and plant the pike, on which they place their master's hat. The deputies of the Cantons then come forward carrying each his banner. A corps of chosen soldiers bring up the rear. The Genius of Helvetia then advances and pronounces an oration, in which he enjoins the people to follow the virtuous footsteps of their ancestors, and to transmit, in purity to their descendants, the precious deposit of liberty

confided to their care, and to show themselves at all times worthy of the good Swiss name.

This forms the prelude to the drama.

In the first act, Gessler takes possession of the house built by Stauffacher, under pretence that it is too large for a private individual; the three liberators then appear, declaring the degraded state of Switzerland, and vow solemnly to liberate their country, and drive from it their oppressors.

The second act represents the people saluting, as they pass, the hat of Gessler. William Tell then passes on with scorn, and is arrested by the soldiers of Gessler, and condemned to shoot at an apple placed on his son's head:—he pierces the apple and his son is safe.

The third act represents the Austrians carrying off the cattle of old Melchthal; the son indignantly attacks the bailiffs, and flies from the vengeance of the governor, who, being unable to arrest the son, puts out the father's eyes.

The fourth act represents the act of confederacy between the Forest Cantons.

The fifth opens with a faithful representation of the National Diet, in the midst of which appears Nicholas of Fluc, exhorting justice and concord. The Genius of Switzerland reappears, and closes the drama by a patriotic and animated oration.

The "Fête of the Vintage," celebrated at Vevey, exhibits a medley derived from pagan ceremonies, — from the Old Testament, — and from domestic customs, with songs and dances. In these assemblies from five to six hundred actors appear, — some costumed as patriarchs, — some as mitred abbots with crosses in hand, — others as Hercules

with his massy club,—and as Jupiter, vestal virgins, goddesses, and shepherdesses, all appropriately costumed. When the procession is over, they repair to the Grande Place to enjoy a gorgeous banquet prepared for them at the common expense. While they are feasting, bands of musicians play the national airs. This imposing ceremony has also been lately celebrated with splendor at Lausanne.

“Eating the Bread of Reconciliation,” is one of the most pleasing customs of Switzerland, and is more particularly common in the Grisons. When two neighbours fall out, their mutual friends contrive to bring them together in the same house, and then prevail on them to sit down with the company to eat bread at the same table. If they succeed, which is generally the case, rancour and animosity ceases—the persons at variance break and eat the same bread, and they afterwards are usually better friends than before.

In the Engadine, if a man has been falsely accused, imprisoned, tried and acquitted by the judges, all the inhabitants assemble to conduct him from prison, and the prettiest young maid of the district presents him with a flower, “the rose of innocence.”

The young always rise respectfully before the old, and they listen in silence to the tales of ancient times, related by the aged.

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## SWISS MERCENARIES.

FROM the number of Swiss stipendiary troops at various periods in foreign pay, and chiefly maintained by absolute potentates to suppress all opposition on the part of subjects attempting to resume their liberty, we might naturally conclude that the mercenary troops of Switzerland wanted both moral principle and patriotism. This would, however, be a hasty decision. It would be no easy matter to prove that the Helvetic soldiery do not go forth to serve and fight, regardless of the cause, exactly in the spirit of Captain Dalgetty, for those in whose service they are sure of the best quarters, best pay, and expect most booty; yet when they once hire themselves to any power, no matter whom, provided their masters, for the time, fulfil the contract entered into, the fidelity of Swiss mercenaries is equal to that of a Newfoundland dog. Their conduct in France, particularly in 1793 and 1830, sufficiently prove this. England has had them in her service in attempting to crush liberty in America. The pope, and the Kings of Sardinia and Holland, still retain their Swiss mercenaries.

Puffendorf draws characters of the different European nations, a century and a-half ago, and from what he then says of the Swiss, the following quotation is not only curious but almost true of them in the present day;—

“The Switzers pretend to be downright honest and true to their word; and, indeed, they are

generally simple and plain-dealing, without any great cunning or bye-designs; but they are courageous and soon provoked to wrath. They are steadfast in their resolutions, from whence they don't easily recede; their valour, constancy, tallness, and strength of body, has so recommended them to a great many princes, that they choose their guards among them, and the King of France maintains a considerable number of Switz foot soldiers. They are very forward to fight, but not to undergo any other hardship or labor; they expect to have duly their pay, if that fail, they return home as fast as they can; from whence comes the proverb—"No money no Swiss." They do not love to bear hunger or hardship in other countries, because they have enough of that at home. It is one of the articles of agreement made with France, that that crown shall never have less than six thousand at a time in pay, and that these are not to be separated. That in case these articles should not be performed, they may be in a capacity to assist one another. They also never will be employed in any sea service."

They have seldom intermingled with the ranks of other nations, but fight in regiments, battalions, or companies, all composed of their own nation.

There are no Swiss guard maintained since the last revolution in France. In fact the latter nation abhors them.

The King of Holland maintained, in 1830, and, I believe, does so still, three regiments of two full battalions, and one regiment of three battalions—in all nearly equal to about six thousand men—pay exclusive of allowance for clothing, amounted

to 1,175,114 florins, and their total expense to 1,944,522 florins or *L* 162,043 sterling.

The King of Sardinia maintains at present only a company of one hundred Swiss guards, and the Pope two full regiments of three battalions each, and amounting, in all, to four thousand four hundred men.

There is much, however, to be lamented in this practice of a people hiring themselves to butcher their fellow creatures, especially if it be not to protect the majority against arbitrary power. Our English troops, now in Spain, are to all intents mercenaries, and as far as they may be engaged against the inhabitants of Biscay and Navarre, they will be fighting to deprive those people of privileges very nearly resembling those of the democratic cantons of Switzerland, which the present constitution deprives them of.\*)

\*) See "Resources and Statistics of Nations," vol. i. where the local privileges of the provinces of Biscay and Navarre are detailed. In respect to the other provinces of Spain again, the opposition to Don Carlos is that of oppression against the attempt to re-establish a greater despotism in government and religion than that which already exists. In England the new constitution of Spain is far from being understood. Like that of France, but far less liberal, its spirit centres all power in the Capital, and aims at destroying all that remains of the electoral privileges and self government of districts and municipalities. It is in consequence of this policy on the part of the Court of Madrid, and the influence of the priests, who impress on the minds of the people the double cry of "liberty," „and church in danger," that Don Carlos has been able to hold out so long.

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## SWISS EMIGRATIONS.

SWITZERLAND from a greatly improved state of agriculture, and the extensive introduction of manufacturing industry, may probably maintain in another half century twice her present population of about two millions. It is, however, certain, that emigrations, which have long prevailed, will always continue to flow from this country to others, that afford a wider field for more profitable industry and enterprize.

Necessity at all times have caused the Swiss, like the Scotch, to emigrate, and the success of each in foreign lands have been strictly similar. Formerly, when all the European nations were in a political condition not favorable to foreigners, and America only beginning to be known, plagues frequently carried off the redundant population, or rather the number of mouths over those for which there was sufficient food. These diseases, like cholera and typhus fever, in the present day, usually devastating the habitations of the poverty-smitten portion of the population.

One of the greatest ravages,—that which most effectually impoverished Switzerland, and gave, especially after the peace of 1815, the greatest stimulus to emigrations,—was caused by the wars of the French revolution, to which the Swiss Cantons, became, from their position between France,



Italy, and Germany, the devoted prey of a licentious soldiery and avaricious leaders.\*)

\*) Zschokke, who was appointed a Commissioner to act on the part of Switzerland at that disastrous period thus expresses himself—

“The Italian confederated states retained every mark of their former long servitude under corrupt, or incapable masters. That beautiful country was inhabited by an half savage race,—the land was ill cultivated; the people were, generally speaking, suspicious, ignorant, superstitious, cunning, bold, and servile. The Helvetian commissioner could only maintain his official dignity by measures of severity, and to put an end to political persecution and deeds of bloody vengeance, he was often obliged to use the power of punishment entrusted to him. He belonged himself to no party, and obtained, therefore, the confidence of none. Those who called themselves patriots, spoke of him, both in their private conversations and public newspapers, as an aristocrat, receiving pay from England and Austria. But he was so fortunate, while residing alternately at Lugano, Bellinzona, and Locarno, as to succeed in preserving security and peace, and to find some men of information and moderate opinions, whose counsels proved of essential use to him, and who had never taken part themselves in the bloody transactions of their countrymen. With the approbation of government, one of these men was afterwards named Governor of the Canton of Bellinzona, another (Franzoni) governor of Lugano, and a third, Maghetti, was placed at the head of the chamber of administration of Lugano.

To induce the clergy to support the republic and public order, the Commissioner delayed the declaration of the Helvetian constitution, until after the payment of the tithes, of which they had been deprived by unjust laws.

Having, on several occasions, observed the arrival of Swiss emigrants in America, and having marked their patient endurance, industry, and propriety, while suffering the privations and encountering the difficulties incident to new countries, and afterwards their well-earned prosperous condition, I entertained in consequence, not only then, but afterwards while on the continent of

In the month of August, the constitutional government was for the first time established, and the tree of liberty raised amidst loud applause and rejoicings. Aufdemaur, a native of Naples, who spoke Italian with great facility, proclaimed with much enthusiasm, to the assembled gaping multitude beneath the trees of Lugano, the blessings of liberty and equalianza.

These blessings were in the mean time much interrupted by the unbounded avarice of General Massena. After having occasioned a famine in Italian Switzerland, by prohibiting the exportation of corn, he sold it himself through his emissaries, at an exorbitant price, in the market of Locarno. The Helvetian Commissioner, finding that all his representations to the French and Cisalpine governments produced no effect in controlling this infamous speculator in corn, and bold extortioner of money, repaired in person to Berne (September 1800) to endeavour to remedy existing evils. He there informed the Helvetian executive council and the French ambassador, both by word of mouth and official documents, of the abuses which that unfortunate part of Switzerland had endured, in contempt of all stipulations, and rights of nations. The noble minded Rheinhard, and Matthew Dumas, chief of the general staff of the French corps of reserve accompanied him back to the Italian States.

On the frontiers of France, opposite to Basle, there was

Europe, a lively interest in the causes which occasioned their expatriation.

I was driving in a cabriolet, outside of the walls of Paris, in 1832, and near the Port St. Nicholas I observed an encampment, or rather two encampments, which I mistook for a numerous band of gipsies, until the fresh complexions of the men, women, and children undeceived me. I got out of the cabriolet, and walked to where they were cooking some food at different little fires, and made inquiry as to who they were. An elderly sedate looking man gave me the following information —

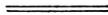
a repetition of the same prohibitions and speculations upon corn, which had occasioned bloodshed in Italian Switzerland. The French General, Amey, established posts on the soil of Switzerland, and at the doors of Basle, with the intention, he said, of preventing smuggling. This shameless abuse of power in a country where the entrance of corn was not prohibited, induced the Governor, when he found that all friendly expostulation was vain, to order that at the first repetition of the act, the soldiers at the French posts should be imprisoned, and their officers sent away; and, resolving to oppose by open force this act of flagrant injustice, he commanded the citizens to assemble, fully armed, in the square of the town, immediately in front of the windows of the French General. He then passed them in review himself, and afterwards held a communication with Amey, who agreed to give up the command, and receive fresh terms from the Commander in Chief, Moreau. The French government, however, opposed this agreement strenuously, and would not consent to make any alteration in the terms which had already been granted and received.

They were Swiss emigrants from the Canton of Freiburg going to the United States, by way of Havre. The first emigrations after the war from that Canton, Neuchatel, and Berne, commenced generally in 1818, when the agents of the American packets at Havre, (in consequence, as I knew, of the success of those employed especially for the packet ships arriving from New York at Liverpool) first reached the Swiss Cantons with flattering accounts of the new world. Young men were those who then tried the experiment of emigrating. They hired themselves for two or three years to pay the charge of passage, and for a small portion of land and a few implements of agriculture. The successes of the first emigrants and their letters to their friends induced others to follow; and in a few years, annual and general emigrations on a great scale have moved from Switzerland and Germany to America. The sobriety, hardihood, and industry, common among all these people, adapt them admirably for the colonization of wooded countries; and were I to proceed to found a new colony, and wanted settlers, I do not know, on the continent of Europe, those that I would prefer—taking them with all their excellent moral, and physical qualities—to the inhabitants of the Swiss valleys.

On determining to emigrate, a resolution which poverty and the want of employment alone compel them to adopt, they sell everything (except a horse if they have one) to pay their expenses to Havre, and their passage from thence to America. They then construct a light covered cart, in which the family travels over France, sleeping in the same vehicle at night, while the horse feeds on

the grass along the road, and living themselves as they best can until they reach their place of embarkation, where they sell the horse and cart for whatever they can get.

The laws of the United States regulate the number of passengers to the tonnage of the ship, yet this humane law is often violated, for not long since a vessel of only ninety-four tons left with no less than one hundred and six passengers, who were bribed away by the low freight of thirty francs each person. The question of transporting passengers across the Atlantic appears next in point of humanity to the negro slave trade, and the "white slave trade" of carrying emigrants to America claims loudly the attention of the philanthropists.



## SWISS WATCHMAKERS.

OF all the mechanical and handicraft employments of the Swiss people, there are none more interesting, in the details of occupation and result, than that of watchmaking, with its numerous divisions and sub-divisions.

The day after I arrived at Geneva, I received a letter addressed—

*A Monsieur,  
Monsieur Milord—  
etc. etc. etc.*

This letter was neither more nor less than an eulogy on the super-excellence of the watches and jewellery of one of the most extensive *horologers* in the town. It was impossible to make

any article superior to, or so cheap as his, for he surpassed all the world as a manufacturer!

This trade puff, however, was a text to inquire further into the extent of an ingenious branch of industry, that has enriched thousands in the cantons of Geneva and Neuchatel.

The Genevese commenced watchmaking about two hundred and fifty years ago, and from that period they contrived to excel all other nations in the beauty of their workmanship until the year 1787, when they reached the *acmé* of prosperity; the master manufacturers employing more than four thousand workmen in the city, and about two thousand in their auxiliary workshops at Cluse, Vevey and St. Croix.

Clock and watchmaking commenced amid the ar vines of the Jura, in the canton of Neuchatel, about the middle of the last century. The business increased rapidly in consequence of disturbances which expelled a great number of Genevese artisans from their city. The establishments at Locle, and Chaud de Fonds, have given employment to, and enriched a population, which has more than quadrupled since this profitable branch of ingenious industry commenced, to which has since been added curious works in wood, ivory, shells, etc.: rents are in consequence higher in that wild valley than in the most fertile plain; and never did hydraulic ingenuity succeed in a more daring attempt than in constructing the subterranean mills, where the river Bied has been conducted by a tunnel cut about one thousand one hundred feet through the rocky mountain.

The watchmakers of the Jura are adepts in manufacturing to suit the taste of all nations.

Simple solid watches for Holland, Germany, and the United States—watches enamelled and enriched with pearls for Spain and Italy—large watches with gilded copper cases ornamented with Mahometan devices, for the Turkish market—and those of every fanciful fashion to suit the caprices of France and England.

The computed number of watches exported annually from the Canton of Neuchatel, is stated by Picot at one hundred and thirty thousand, the most part of which are in gold cases, besides about one thousand clocks, (the prices of the watches are from about six shillings to about twenty-four pounds sterling each); about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds weight of the parts of watches and clocks, and of tools for watchmakers are also exported annually. Seventy thousand watches chiefly gold, and ladies' watches, are said to be made in Geneva annually, but these statements appear to me vague—the smuggling carried on to an enormous extent into France, Italy, and Germany rendering these statements uncertain.

Many are the tales of the ingenious methods of smuggling to evade the French douaniers. Some time ago, when the Marquis de St. Crieg was Directeur en Chef of the Douanes of France, he resolved to put the vigilance of the douaniers to the test by repairing personally to Geneva. He there went to the *magazin* of one of the first watchmakers and jewellers, and purchased various articles to a considerable value, on the sole condition that they should be delivered in Paris at the price agreed upon, free of any charge or duty.

The manufacturer immediately complied, and asked the purchaser to be so good as to give the

name to whom he should have the honor to address them. — The latter immediately wrote down—

*St. Criq,*  
*Directeur en Chef,*  
*etc. etc. etc.*

The former looked at the signature, and with the utmost *sang froid* said, "very well, Monsieur le Marquis, the box, with the jewels, will be in your hotel at Paris as soon as you arrive there, or I will forfeit the whole value."

The Marquis bowed,—returned to his hotel,—ordered post horses to his carriage,—drove off immediately,—and on crossing the frontier, described the box, offered the douaniers a reward if they detected it, and threatened a dismissal from office if they did not. The same notice had been dispatched to the several passes of the Jura, and the Marquis pushed on without delay to Paris. On arriving at his hotel, and on going into the principal *salon*, after making his toilet, the first thing that struck him was the identical box of jewels on the marble table. "A magician," thought he, "must have brought it here." No such thing—the *Chef* himself was the smuggler! The jeweller, immediately on his leaving, covered the box over, carried it to the hotel where the Marquis put up at Geneva, gave it in strict charge to the commissioner, who knew his business well, and who took the opportunity of putting it, unobserved, with the other luggage, on the carriage. On arriving at Paris the servants observing it was a fancy article, carried it at once into the Marquis's usual sitting saloon.

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## SOCIETY OF GENEVA.

I HAVE heard it remarked in Paris that the Genevese were French frozen; that the ladies are good but never better; that they may have charms in conversation, but that you cannot persuade them to interchange opinions and phrases with that easy polite confidence in which consists the charm of conversation.

M. de Bonstetten says, "the ladies of Geneva are like young boarding-school girls in white frocks, sipping coffee out of brimful cups, and if a gentleman approaches them they cry out, "take care, you will spoil my dress.'"

These manners are attributed to their small limited Sunday evening coteries. A Genevese writer expresses himself on this subject, by remarking, "These little societies have a most disagreeable effect on the manners of our ladies. Circumscribed within small circles, they only develope themselves, morally speaking, at forty, and become agreeable at sixty, dying of old age at the time they begin to be amiable." The Genevese ladies are, however, women of merit; that which detracts from their amiability is, that their acts are those of strict duty and utility, that prevents amusing, and ends by almost disgusting you.

Their fellow citizen, Rousseau (for whom they are now erecting a splendid monument) on speaking of the people of Geneva, says, "with a dogmatical and cold manner, they are spirited and impetuous, and have very ardent passions. In the

simplicity of their attire they have grace and taste; both which they have in their conversation and manners. The men are less gallant than tender; the women have more sensibility than coquetry, and this sensibility gives to the best an agreeable and fine degree of spirit which goes to the heart and dispels all its *finesse*."

Müller says, "The Swiss of Geneva are regarded as beings who have descended from the clouds upon the Confederation. At all times worldly, proud, and civilized."

The French writers are the most severe upon the Swiss of Geneva, Vaud, and all those in Switzerland, who speak and write the same language. Like religious sects, the less their doctrines differ, the greater the animosity with which they regard each other.

M. Martin observes, in his work on Switzerland, "The foreigner who visits Geneva for the first time, if he be admitted into the saloons of the aristocracy, is struck with singular amazement at the prejudices of the *noblesse*, and their mania for distinction; with the haughty disdain and pedantry of these republicans of base alloy. Riches will not suffice to justify *parvenus* entering the doors of a house in the Bourg de Four, which is the Faubourg St. Germain of Geneva. No, the man who, or whose wife or daughters do, must have a title, be an officer of State, and be descended from a great family."

In the spirited "*Lettres sur quelques Cantons Suisses*," just published, written also by a Frenchman, the author remarks, "The aristocracy of society which exists in Geneva exists in no other part of Europe—not even in Russia, is the *Esprit*

*de Coterie* carried to such a ridiculous and to such an exclusive extent; and although the evil is much greater in the form than in the intention, it creates a secret uneasiness, much more dangerous than if the cause were avowed and admitted.

“The *Esprit de Coterie* has exercised a fatal influence over the academy of Geneva, in which public literature has been, and is, in a deplorable condition. All its efforts have been directed to the sciences, from the sole reason that the aristocracy has its men of science but not its literary professors.

“Charles Didier, one of the distinguished writers of the day, whose early productions gave full promise of future greatness, is a Genevese, who in his native city could find no situation worthy of his talents, and consequent'y came to France to establish his literary denizenship. Under much the same feeling, the celebrated Professor Rossi quitted Geneva.

“The literary state of this city is in its decline. Geneva, which owes all it has to intelligence and study, will be no more than a central commercial bank, if it haste not to re-assume its intellectual sceptre; and the only method by which this can be effected, is to break down on all sides this narrow *Esprit de Coterie* which exiles talent and paralyses all independence of thought. Geneva possesses all the solid elements of social splendor, patriotism, morality, learning, and wisdom. — It has distinguished men and women, of whom one alone, Madame Necker de Saussure, would suffice to honor a great country. All those elements are now closed up, and no agreeable fruit has

the power to grow forth, while its useless excellencies are bound within that iron circle of intolerance—the *Esprit de Coterie*.“

The education of the female sex appears to have been carefully attended to; and if the few Genevese ladies that I have met with in society be a standard to judge the rest by, they may well pride themselves for superior acquirements and personal charms. I can, however, speak of them but imperfectly; for although I have met, and associated with both ladies and gentlemen from Geneva out of their own country, my intercourse with them in this town has been but limited, and as far as sociability and ease of manners are in question, certainly not very flattering to them. A stiff precise formality prevails; and this, I believe, is all that can be charged against them;—they are intelligent and upright, yet neither winning in conversation nor fascinating in manners. But these manners dissipate in the sincerity of their domestic affections, and the excellence of their private character—which, after all, form the only real standard of worth. Madame de Staël being a Genevese was often sneered at as deficient in the graces and charms which she has so ravishingly described.

As to the opinion of a Parisian, relative to the Swiss character, it must be taken with little confidence. The society of Paris is of itself so *légère* and easy, and delightful, that long acquaintance with it destroys the full enjoyment of that of other countries.

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## RELIGION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

VOLTAIRE and Gibbon, whatever they may have philosophically thought, must have been religious in Switzerland. There is an ever present Deity reigning in her mountains and valleys that creates devotion and religion, apart from dogmas, in every heart.

But exclusive of these, Switzerland is essentially religious—fanatically so in some districts; far less severe than formerly in others—particularly in Geneva, Vaud, Berne, and even Basle and Zurich.

The Catholics have a greater number of pastors than the Protestants, there being a priest for each one hundred and fifty of their flocks, while there is but one minister for seven hundred and twenty Protestants. There are seventy-two monasteries still existing, the chief of which are, Muri in Aargau, Einsiedlen, Schwytz, that of the Jesuits in Freiburg, and Pfeffers in St. Gall. There are besides, sixty convents and seventeen collegiate churches.

The clergy of Geneva are said to have abandoned the doctrines of Calvin and are rather at present of the Socinian faith, while their enemies say they are Deists. As preachers I can only say that they deliver excellent moral discourses, without meddling with the disputed points of Christian doctrine.

In Neuchatel, Berne, and Zurich, Protestantism is considered orthodox. In the Chatellanie of Lan-

deron during the Reformation, it was put to the vote whether they should adopt the new doctrines or not, the votes being equal, and there being but one person in the town absent, he was sent for, and decided the mode of worship which subsists to this day by voting in favor of Catholicism.

The proportion of Catholics to Protestants is as two to three—that is eight hundred thousand of the former, one million two hundred thousand of the latter. In every part of Switzerland I have remarked the utmost urbanity between the members of each church. In Vaud alone have I observed any religious intolerance and that was towards the Methodists.

The benefits of public instruction are much more widely diffused in the protestant than in the Catholic Cantons; but of late years, extraordinary progress has been made towards instructing the youth in every part of the confederation. \*) The seed sown by Pestalozzi has produced a crop which is ripening fast; and the noble efforts of Fellenberg, founder of normal schools, and lately of the Cantonal governments, are supplying able masters to the whole country.

In the higher branches of literature and science,—in the support given by the Cantonal governments to primary, secondary, and collegiate instruction, Switzerland offers a far more liberal

\*) I have compiled full details of the moral statistics of Switzerland which includes education, and which will all appear in the forthcoming volumes of my work on general statistics. See also notes to My Note Book, at the end of this volume.

and extended example of public instruction than Prussia; however much that of the latter has been extolled.

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## GOVERNMENT AND PRESENT CON- DITION OF SWITZERLAND.

THE Swiss confederation previous to the French invasion, in 1798, exhibited almost every form of government. Some of the thirteen old Cantons\*) were pure democracies, in which every man was a sovereign in his own house and a legislator in the *Landesgemeinde*; others were municipal Republics, in which the free citizens only of the chief towns, elected the members of the legislature. In Berne, Freiburg, etc., patricians who held the supreme power, constituted aristocratic governments. The allies of the Cantons were small independent states; either Republics as Geneva, St. Gall, the Valais, and the Grisons; or ecclesiastical principalities, such as the bishopric of Basle, the dominions of the Abbot of St. Gall, the Abbacies of Engelberg, the Pfeffers, and Einsiedlen. The state of Neuchatel and Valengin

\*) The three first Cantons who asserted their independence in 1307, were Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, they are called the *Waldstätten*, or Forest districts. Luzern joined them in 1332; Zurich in 1351; Glaris and Zug in 1352; Berne in 1355; Freiburg and Solothurn in 1431; Basle and Schaffhausen in 1501; and Appenzell in 1513.

formed a principality whose sovereign was the King of Prussia. Some Cantons only sent deputies to the Federal Diet. The countries subject either to the Cantons or to their allies, were districts which had been conquered, or otherwise acquired from their former feudal lords, as Thurgau, Aargau, Toggenberg, and the county of Baden, and also the Valteline; the Italian baillages, and the Pays de Vaud, purchased from the Dukes of Milan and Savoy. The inhabitants of these had no political rights; they were vassals under the absolute sway of their republican masters, who sent to them governors (baillies), for the purpose of enriching themselves, rather than for the upright purpose of just administration. "Like all people-kings" says Müller "the most democratic Cantons were the most arbitrary in their conduct towards their subjects—they showed themselves selfish, harsh, and haughty." They might be compared to the Republican slaveowners of the united states of America, or to the former Dutch government, in the East Indies.

The wars of independence, which the Swiss so heroically maintained against Austria, Burgundy, and France, were succeeded by their civil wars of religion,—of the peasants against the towns,—of subjects against their masters. The peace of Aarau, in 1712, put an end to those calamitous horrors, and eighty-six years of domestic and foreign peace followed. A period considered the most happy in Swiss history,—that of hospitality, simplicity, and industry. A period in which the Swiss, when compared with neighbouring states, certainly enjoyed a high degree of happiness and freedom. Their intrepidity and



patriotism had gained them the deference of the most powerful foreign princes. Their respective administrations which assumed different forms, were marked with the character of order and moderation. Catholics and Protestant lived in neighbourly cordiality. As to liberty was rather that of municipalities and corporations, than the equal civil rights of persons. In the democratic Cantons, it is true, every man was a legislator, but in the oligarchies, the people of the country were ruled by those of the towns. It must however be admitted that the latter generally conducted themselves on equitable principles. Zschokke observes: "They acted like scrupulous guardians. The magistrates, even the highest among them, received but small salaries; fortunes were made only in foreign service, or in the bailliages of subject districts. The public administration was conducted with order and economy; taxes were few and light. Although the laws were defective, and trials secret, the love of justice prevailed in the country; power wisely respected the rights of the humblest freeman. In the principal towns, especially the protestant ones, wealth fostered Science and the Fine Arts. Zurich and Geneva distinguished themselves in this particular. Berne opened fine roads, raised public buildings, fostered agriculture in its fine territory, and yet contrived to hoard considerable sums in its treasury.\*) But the old patriotism of

\*) When the French entered Berne in 1798, they robbed the treasury of nearly seventy millions of francs, which they found in it. See Zschokke's History of the Swiss Nation, chap. 55.

the Swiss slumbered; it was replaced by selfishness,—the various states remained estranged from each other,—the military art, as a means of national defence, was neglected. Switzerland presented to strangers the aspect of an earthly paradise inhabited by happy and peaceful men, but strangers saw only the fine verdure of the plains, and not the inhospitable rocks behind; the majestic grandeur of the Alps, and not the ravages of the Avalanches. They admired the pomp of their Diets, without suspecting the discord that reigned therein; they beheld the trophies of William Tell, without perceiving degradation in the cabin of the peasant, they saw instruction spread in high names and lofty pretensions which served only to conceal narrow views and mean actions.”

Switzerland was reposing unprepared and watchless when the French revolution rolled over her Cantons. „Liberty,” and more than all, “Equality,” was proclaimed by the French leaders, who found numerous followers in Switzerland.\*) The peasants, however, and shepherds

\*) Zschokke, in the sketch he gives of his own life alludes as follows to his impressions when at Paris during the commencement of the first revolution.

“The romantic brilliant image of the happiness of a nation under free institutions quickly vanished beneath the sober sadness of reality. As when he [Zschokke speaks of himself invariably in the third person,] had observed in Switzerland in the aristocratical towns, more absolute power, and in the subjected villages, less freedom for the peasant, than in monarchies, he felt little disposed also at that moment to admire the Republican form of government. This disenchantment of his hopes, which destroyed

of the little Cantons, could not comprehend the meaning or the use of any other liberty than his highest dreams for the felicity of man, caused many bitter hours to the young traveller; he was often, while in Paris, tempted to exclaim, "all is error—all deception; our race is full of cunning, and although endowed with the power of speech, and with higher capacities than other animals, they know not even to what purpose to apply their boasted reason."

In speaking of Switzerland, at the time when he was a schoolmaster at Reichenau, again when acting as a commissioner, he observes—

"Tumults had already commenced in different parts of Switzerland; the ruin of the old confederated States appeared likely to ensue from their criminal dispositions, and the murderous intervention of France. The Grisons, as a confederated state, remained, however, foreign to their commotions. In the mean time, the new citizens of the free states of the Grisons, viewed with as much displeasure, at Reichenau, the difference of the confederation, as he beheld with anger the crimes and impostures of the French. The wooded and mountainous Cantons of the interior of Switzerland were still undisturbed, and prepared for self defence. He wrote to the Commander-in-chief, Aloys Reding, whom he had known in days of peace at Schwytz, and who had visited him at Reichenau, and proposed to enroll himself under his banner. Reding's answer, after the battles of Northenthurm, and Arth, announced to him, with deep regret, that the oath of confederation had been dissolved."

On having fled from Schwytz, Zschokke observes.—

"His friend, the learned Albrecht Stapfer, minister of public instruction, had the kindness to appoint the now unoccupied stranger to a place in his department. In this new situation he had still greater opportunities of

that which was to them the heir-loom of ages; but on the other hand, the flame of revolution found perceiving the disastrous turn, which, partly from choice and partly from necessity, the revolution was then taking. The wisest and most clear-sighted persons declared that the constitution forced upon them was against the spirit of the people, and consequently untenable. But various were the opinions then formed, as to the best mode of proceeding, and the best end to be derived. Those who had lost their places, who had been deprived of fortune, authority, and influence, as well as the clergy, who feared that their rights would be taken from them, were desirous of re-establishing by the aid of Austria and a tumultuous populace, the same order of things which had proved worthless both in days of peace, and in the hour of danger; while the greatest number of unprejudiced and intelligent men were equally opposed to the restoration of old, as to the duration of present abuses, and endeavoured to promote greater unity in the state governments, and to create an equality of liberties and rights, and an higher standard of education for the people of Switzerland. And although these men most cordially detested the power of the French army, yet they acknowledged the necessity of employing it as a shield against the efforts of the contending party, to excite deeds of sedition and revenge, and agreed that things must remain, at present, in their actual state.

“The noble-minded Stapfer, -the most enlightened men of the nation, Escher von der Linth, Usteri, Remyer, Fellenberg, Pestalozzi, and many others, who supported him in his philanthropic pursuits, admitted their new friend to their institutions as to the best manner of serving their country, during that momentous period. Stapfer believed that their efforts should be directed to awaken the minds of the people, by periodical papers, by the freedom of

among the subjects of the Swiss, materials ready for combustion. It first broke out in the states of the press, by establishing (what had been already planned) committees of education for the people in all the different Cantons of Switzerland, and Literary Societies, which were to invite all persons of education to labor in the same cause.

“But the executive Directory claimed, in a few months, his activity in another direction, and sent him, in May, 1799, with full powers, as Commissioner, to the disturbed, and still fermenting Canton of Unterwalden. The French troops had quelled there seven months before, by streams of blood and flames, a fearful insurrection. From the severity of the former commissioners, all the prisons were at that time, filled with the suspicious or the guilty; more than an hundred accused persons were set at liberty; many others languished in the dungeons of the fortress of Aarberg.

“The Helvetian delegate had a most difficult task to perform in that unhappy country. If he were enabled to accomplish it with any degree of success, it was owing to the advice and assistance of his friend Reding, and other distinguished men of Waldstätten, who treated him with confidence. Without the extensive charities that he received, in consequence of his proclamations for suffering humanity, from every part of Switzerland, nay, even from remote countries in Europe, more than one half of the poor inhabitants would have been obliged to wander from their homes. To yield support and aid to the deserted country, he was often obliged to employ means which must, at the first glance, appear very singular. For instance, he, a protestant himself, erected an altar on the place of the destroyed chapel of St. Meinsod, to induce the pilgrims of Maria Einsiedlen to return thither, when he found that a cloth manufacture, and the labour of the turf hogs,

the Bishop of Basle, between the bishop and his people; Austrian troops came to support the former, and French troops to assist the latter; and the result was, that the Bishop was obliged to run away, and a mock republic was set up, under the classical name of Rauracia; which, after a few months existence, was merged into the great French Republic, and the country was given up to the agents of the directory.\*) Unparallel-

did not alone suffice to supply with necessary food, the inhabitants of that poor valley; who had formally depended solely for sustenance upon the pilgrims.

“When the greatest difficulties were at length conquered, and the executive government was again placed in a state of legal activity, he directed his attention to the improvement of the schools in the small Cantons, which had been of late much neglected. Yet many beneficial institutions that were established in Uri, and through Reding’s aid, in Schwytz, were, in later years, again destroyed, — and even Becker’s book, entitled *Noth- und Hilf’s-buch*, which was printed at the cost of the Helvetian government, and distributed gratis to thousands, was condemned by the priesthood as heretical, and suppressed.

\*) When France, in the year 1798, interfered in the internal dissensions of the Swiss, — destroyed their ancient bond of union, — and stationed her armies on her mountains, — she seized several of the most distinguished inhabitants of the Helvetian Republics, and dragged them forcibly into her own remote provinces. She performed these acts of violence either to obtain large sums of money for the ransom of the prisoners, or to rid herself of men whose influence she dreaded over the minds of their countrymen, and whose opinions she knew to be inimical to the new established government. Zschokke has founded on this

ed calamities, foreign and civil wars, invasions by French, Austrians, and Russians,—years of blood, misery and shame, passed over the devastated regions of Switzerland. A semblance of central government was set up in imitation of the French Directory; it was subverted by the Austrians and the insurgents; revolts succeeded revolts, until at last Bonaparte, having become First Consul of France, and having made peace with the rest of Europe, turned his attention towards Switzerland. Of the misfortunes of that country his hands were guiltless, and he was understood to have reprobated the unprincipled aggressions perpetrated by his predecessors. Indeed the Swiss war had been from the first unpopular in France, and was stigmatised by the appellation of *la guerre impie*. The Swiss weary of their dissensions referred them to Bonaparte's arbitration, and deputies from the various Swiss states and municipalities repaired to Paris. He listened to all, made himself acquainted with their respective claims, and, at last, in February, 1803, he gave out his plan for the constitution of Switzerland. The union of Switzerland into one single Republic, which had been enforced by the Directory, was discarded, as incompatible with the habits and character of the various populations. Switzerland was to constitute, as heretofore, a confederacy, the number of Cantons being raised to nineteen; the six new ones to

circumstance one of his most interesting romances: "The Fugitive of the Jura," which I am happy to say will soon appear in an English costume, from the pen of Miss Garnet, the translator of Frithiof's Saga.

be formed out of the former allies and subjects of the Swiss, namely, the Grisons, St. Gall, including the territories of the Abbot, Aargau, Thurgau, Vaud, and Tecino. This last Canton comprised the Italian bailliages of Luganb, Locarno, Bellinzona, etc., south of the Alps. The Valteline, however, remained annexed to the Italian Republic. Geneva and the Bishopric of Blase, having been incorporated with France, were not restored, and the Valais, another ally of the former federation, was set up as a separate Republic under the immediate protection of France, for the sake of the military road which was then being opened over the Simplon to Italy. "Thus," continues M. Zschokke, "Bonaparte gave us a lesson to settle in future our differences among ourselves, without having recourse to a mediator." In most respects, the provisions of the First Consul's mediation were liberal.

The Cantons were to have no subjects, towns, families, or exclusive privileges—all Switzers were declared equal in political rights, and in the free exercise of their industry, in any part of the confederation in which they chose to settle. The general interests were entrusted to a Diet of Deputies from all the Cantons, whose president was the chief magistrate of the town where it was assembled for the time being. The Diet was to meet once every year, and to sit by turns in each of the towns of Berne, Freiburg, Soleure, Basle, Zurich, and Luzern. Every Canton was to have its own constitution, on the principal of equality of rights, and on the system of direct representation, with certain qualifications of property. The peculiar institutions of



the old democratic Cantons, however, were not interfered with. \*)

Bonaparte urged the "impolicy of meddling with the traditional customs of that simple race of men,—that the small Forest Cantons had been the cradle of Swiss liberty,—that they contributed even now the principal title of Switzerland to the sympathy of Europe. Destroy those free, primitive commonwealths, the monument of five centuries, and you destroy your historical associations; you become a common people, with no claim for escaping the whirlpool of European politics."

The Act of Bonaparte's mediation was sworn to by all the Cantons. It remained in force for ten years, till the fall of Napoleon. Switzerland during this period, although surrounded by armies, remained in tranquillity. The commerce of the Cantons was shackled, like that of the other continental States, by the anti-social system of Napoleon; but industry, no longer cramped by the monopoly of trades and corporations, prospered; manufactures spread even on the slopes of the Alps; and the great canal of the Linth\*) a truly national work, uniting the Lakes of Zurich and of Wallenstadt, was constructed. The Swiss were exempt from the conscription, but bound to furnish an effective corps of sixteen thousand men for the French service, as they had done in the time of the French kings. The wars

\*) The smaller districts of Switzerland aspired to become separate Cantons. This disposition to subdivision, the very reverse of the French system of centralization, is characteristic of Switzerland.

which followed required a much greater draught of men for the French army; and the more thinking people of Switzerland considered that independence of dangerous stability which had no security but the will of an ambitious and remorseless conqueror.

On the decline of Napoleon's power, Switzerland, still under his guardianship, had full right to support him, but not without being placed in hostility against the other powers of Europe.

Zurich at the head of the nine old Cantons proclaimed the general danger, and their Deputies assembled in that town. On the 29th of December, 1813, they declared the Act of Mediation extinct; and declared the independence of the old and new, in all nineteen, Cantons, requesting them to select representatives to establish a new federal compact. The invitation was acceded to, except by Berne, Freiburg, and Soleure, who demanded that the old federation of the thirteen Cantons should be restored. But the others regardless of this opposition, proceeded to the formation of the federal compact on the part of the nineteen Cantons. \*)

\*) The new Cantons sent deputies to the allied sovereigns. Vaud had an influential advocate in the person of General de Laharpe, who had been tutor to the Emperor Alexander; and it has been since ascertained that that sovereign saved the Cantons of Vaud and Aargau from falling again under the rule of Berne.

The new Cantons which had been elevated from vassalage to independence, felt the natural benefit of the happy change, and they at least had the right to consider Napoleon the author of their independence; while the old Cantons

A new federal pact was finally adopted by the Diet, in September, including three new Cantons, Geneva, the Valais, and Neuchatel. The confederation thus formed, consisted of twenty-two Cantons. The ratification was delayed by local jealousies. The Congress of Vienna in March 1815, assumed the settlement of the territorial limits of the Swiss Cantons. The possessions of the *ci-devant* Bishop of Basle were annexed, as a compensation for losses, to Berne, with the understanding that Berne should receive deputies from its new accession of territory into its councils. The claims of other Cantons were settled by allowances of money. A pension was decreed to the abbot of St. Gall, which he declined to accept. Geneva received a small extension of territory from the lake towards the Jura, with the town of Carouge and its trifling portion of Savoy.

On the 7th of August, 1815, the new Federal Pact was agreed and sworn to by the deputies of all the Cantons. The five great Powers acknowledged and guaranteed the integrity, neutrality, and inviolability, of the twenty-two Cantons, within their limits as then fixed.

By this Pact, the Cantons may be divided into three classes:—

First.—The old democratic Cantons—viz., Schwytz, Uri, Glaris, Zug, Unterwalden, Appenzell, the Valais, and the Grisons—the two latter having but one vote in the Diet, but distinct governments. In the first six, the Lands-

which had lost influence and emolument, were consequently discontented.

gemeinde, or assembly of all the male people above a certain age, forms the supreme power. The two latter have municipalities and deputies—the Grisons may, however, be considered the most democratic.

Second.—Those in which aristocratic institutions continue to exist—viz., Berne, Freiburg, Soleure, Zurich, Luzern, Basle, and Schaffhausen, in which corporations of trades and patrician families held predominate sway, and taxed the industry of the country.

Third.—Those styled the new Cantons—viz., Geneva in which a system was adopted to counteract the democratic ascendancy, Vaud, etc.

In all these forms of government, there was, especially in the second and third, ample scope for arbitrary measures; and although symptoms of discontent had been frequently manifested, the country appeared tranquil, and was in reality prosperous, until the Italian Canton of Tecino rose, in consequence of the speech of M. Luvini, the Syndic of Lugano, who returning thanks to the meeting on the first of May, the day of election of its municipal officers, spoke with energy in support of a reform in the constitution; the assembly assented with loud acclamations, and the speech was printed and extensively distributed—all the communal assemblies were roused by the example of Lugano. The Executive Council, always before overawed by party, refused to oppose the people. The Legislative Council assembled as usual on the seventh of June. The President Lotti opened the Session by a speech urging reform. The Executive Council, by virtue of its right of initiative, proposed a liberal con-

stitution. The project was adopted, after mature deliberation, by the Legislative Council, and then submitted to the general assemblies of the circles. It was unanimously sanctioned and proclaimed.

The revolution was brought about in Tecino, without any interruption of public order, before the events of Paris could possibly be foreseen. Insurrections broke out over all the new Cantons in November and December. In Aargau and Vaud, the obstinacy of the then existing governments, occasioned serious disturbances; — the people repaired *en masse* to the towns, and compelled their respective councils to convoke the assemblies of circles, and to appoint deputies to frame a new constitution. When these measures were adopted, the people returned home quietly. In Thurgau and St. Gall the Executive yielded at once, and directed a reform of the constitution.

The opposition in the aristocratic Cantons was more obstinate. The towns were now, however, divided among themselves; most of the citizens demanded direct election and impartial appointments to offices. The communes on the banks of the lake of Zurich \*) were the most turbulent in the movement. At Uster, eight thousand men, who assembled, signed a petition to the Execu-

\* During the last forty years these communes have arisen several times against the privileges of the town of Zurich, especially in 1797 and 1804, when being put down by force, they were treated with great severity, and executions and confiscations took place. (See Zschokke's History.)

tive-chief, demanding a reform of the constitution of 1814, and an equal right for town and country. The great Council at length nominated a committee to draw up a system of direct election. In Schwytz turbulence, and in Basle devastation and blood-shed, were likely to destroy the peace of the country; but there, as well as at Neuchatel, tranquillity eventually prevailed. Berne, now the most liberal and always the best governed of the old Cantons provided against the effect of revolution in time, and all the other Cantons have adopted more liberal constitutions.\*)

The harmony and liberality which now prevail generally in Switzerland are, however, threatened with the dangerous interference of the German governments. Should France be so impolitic as to enter into their views respecting the resort of workmen and other foreign subjects to Switzerland, and especially to Berne, where they find themselves free and independent, the happy valleys of Helvetia may not only be again subjected to devastation, but the peace of Europe may be endangered by the resistance of a brave and patriotic people. The Federal Diet is composed of men who possess virtue and firm ideas of national rights—nor is it likely that the present King of Prussia, even absolute as his government is will tamely suffer the invasion of Switzerland. All that negotiation can do will, however, be attempted, to prevail on the Diet to adopt severe

\* See detailed constitution of the individual Cantons.

† Resources and Statistics of Nations, vol. i. p. 398, also Military Force and Revenue in that work, vol. ii. and Notes to My Note Book, No. 8.

measures in regard to the subjects of Austria and Germany.

Industry and peace are meantime promoting the national prosperity of Switzerland,—and the schoolmaster is diffusing general and powerful intelligence over this sublime country.



## NOTES TO MY NOTE BOOK.

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### 1. MÜLLER'S WILL.—*Page 21.*

IN the name of God!

"I, THE undersigned, feeling the hour of my dissolution approach, not without deep regret in leaving unexecuted the great plans, in endeavouring to accomplish which I have incessantly laboured; and depressed by the unhappy state of my fortune, which was first broken down by a well known catastrophe at Vienna; and especially reduced since the month of November, 1807, and now entirely ruined, I find it necessary in these, the last moments of my existence, to express my wishes relative to those sad circumstances.

"My days have been spent in labour, and my life has been doomed to suffering. My various duties and charges I have fulfilled disinterestedly and often with satisfaction. Let mankind, therefore, not disregard my last request.

"Sufficient money will, I hope, be found after my decease to defray the expense of my interment, and the maintenance of my faithful servant, Michel Fuchs, in my house, until the furniture is sold



or removed, and also a month's wages to each of my other servants.

"As my debts exceed the value of my effects, I have properly no occasion to name an heir, but in this quality to settle my affairs, I nominate my brother, John George Müller, Professor and Member of the Senate of Schaffhausen; and for my executor I name my said servant, Michel Fuchs, who understands all my circumstances.

"Could I have had the power of living even for four years longer with my actual income, or if I were left to pursue my labours for seven years, I should die with the consolation of having paid all my debts."

He then states that his library consists of about 8,000 volumes well selected—of numerous manuscripts—the manuscript of his work on Universal History, etc., to be prepared for publication by his brother—and then concludes in the following remarkable manner:—

"How much, in this last state of perplexity my heart burns with the desire of addressing those for whom I have principally lived, and who have to me been always the most dear—to you, my compatriots of the confederated towns and country of Switzerland, I leave the guardianship of my bequests. Implant with the ancient sentiment of generosity of your noble governments, and with the loyal character of your flourishing youth, the pleasing hope that you will realize the last wish\*) of your historian and friend. But that which we can only expect at most for rich

\*) His wish alludes to throwing off the French supremacy; and assuming independence.

England to accomplish, how am I to hope for in my exhausted country? And thou, Berne, patriotic honour to thy name! thou good and wise Zurich—wellbeloved Waldstetten, neighbours of the Alps, and you all who inhabit our mountains and plains—in all whom I recognize and esteem the Helvetian virtues—your remembrances will wander with me to the abodes of eternal bliss. And if there be found there a place assigned to those noble Switzers—the ornaments of the olden time, I will tell the fathers that the remembrance of their deeds and the feats of their example still flourish in the hearts and conduct of their children.

“Adieu, brother and sister!—adieu, my country—the joy, the ornament of my soul! May the God of our fathers grant thee peace and liberty! I wished to have written the history of mankind from the creation to our day.—My life will not endure—will not suffice to accomplish my purpose.”

“Cassel, 7th July, 1808.

(Signed) JOHN VON MÜLLER,

Counsellor of State to the King of Westphalia.”

## 2. WILD ANIMALS, FOWLS, LAKE FISH.

—Page 26.

ALTHOUGH the Ibex and most other wild animals common to Switzerland are now seldom to be seen, various anecdotes, as extraordinary as if they were fighting about the funds in Change Alley, are still related of combats between bears and bulls, although none of the former have been

killed since 1797, and very few have appeared after that year. The mountaineers say, that when a bull smelt a bear in the vicinity, the former became restless, and sought out the latter, giving furious battle—the bear using feints and dexterous evasions, until they closed;—that, on the mountains and in woods, the bull was usually conqueror, but that, in the valley or plain, the bear vanquished the bull. This contradicts the usual belief, and in America, I know personally, that a full grown bear, in the woods, will subdue the largest bull. Simond also quotes the same.

The storks which abound near the banks of the Rhine and the lakes, are described by Simond, as building their nests even on high roofs and chimneys, as well as on steeples and towers. He also remarks, that the trout, of the *black Lutschinen*, the waters of which are darkened with clay slate, have silver scales, while those of the other rivers are brown.

The multitude of fishes which swarm in the Swiss lakes is astonishing. The delicious blue lavaret trout, and the small salmon trout of Constance are caught in great abundance. The trout of Geneva weigh, frequently, thirty, sometimes fifty pounds, and the species called *Feras*, and the *dark chevaliers*, are justly esteemed. It is singular, that no eels have ever been caught in this lake. The limpidity of the water, and the scarcity of muddy flats may account for their absence. Perch, pike, and many other varieties are as fine and plentiful as the fresh water fish of any country, and form no inconsiderable means of sustenance to the inhabitants of every part of Switzerland.

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### 5. CHAMOIS HUNTING.—*Page 33 and 194.*

THE inhabitants of the Alps of Appenzell have at all times been courageous hunters; but that shy animal the Chamois has now become so rare, that they afford but little temptation for undertaking perilous enterprise, except in the superior Alps of Bern, Savoy, and the Tyrol.

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### PEASANTRY OF APPENZELL, ST. GALL, AND THE DEMOCRATIC CANTONS.—

*Page 33.*

THERE is the most distinctly marked difference between the manners of the inhabitants of outer (*asser*) and inner Rhodes. The Catholics being far from so rigid as the Protestants. The people of St. Gall are cheerful and fond of singing, dancing and Sunday recreation. The subscription balls of that Canton and Thurgau, among the higher classes, often become party *coteries*. The inhabitants of all the democratic Cantons are, in appearance, happy, and pay no imposts;—they are electors of their own magistrates, eligible themselves to all posts, sovereigns in their cottages, and law-givers in the *Landesgemeinde*. Hospitable, ignorant, and superstitious, the Catholics spend one-sixth of the year, exclusive of Sunday, in fêtes, processions, and fasts.

In the valley of Bergel, in the Grisons, the women are of extraordinary activity; while their husbands are transporting merchandize over the Alps to Italy, the wives are herding cattle, mowing, reaping, carrying loads home on their shoulders, yet they manage to rear their children and attend to their household affairs.—They are stout and well made, and fresh complexioned when young, but lose their beauty in early life. A white handkerchief, black corset, and apron bordered with scarlet ribbon, dark blue apron and petticoats, red woollen stockings, complete their simple but agreeable costume. The young girls tie up their hair in tresses round the crown, fastened with a silver arrow or needle. The old women wear a *tocque* of black velvet—the men are clad in blue vests, blue breeches, all alike, and well made.

In Bergel, the men dance together, without women; the girls range round the communion table and sing canticles before and after divine service.

The Pfeiffers or fifers of Zurich, Winterthur, St. Gall, and Thurgau, no longer exist as a class. They were mustered under a chief or sovereign, called Pfeiffer König, and the members held themselves ready to play at the masks of the carnival, at weddings, balls, etc. There were laws in their favour, as, "If any one injures a fifer, the former shall be compelled to look on a bright buckler, on which the sun's rays strike." The fifers have to this day continued to perform in the military music of Switzerland, as they have also done in that of England.

Of all the inhabitants of the Swiss Cantons, the people of the Valois, particularly those of the

upper valley, remain the least changed by the force of modern example. They love, it is said, their obscurity and are jealous of intrusion. They have no cabarets, no beggars. They are ignorant, and consider even poverty in some degree necessary to happiness. The marriage tie is scrupulously observed. If a young woman be frail, her parents and those of her lover, who exercise patriarchal authority over submissive families, insist on the immediate marriage of the parties, which invariably takes place. Their dwellings are simple and poorly furnished—their churches large and splendidly decorated. These ignorant people, however, on assembling each evening, in the principal place of their valley, or village, surrounded by glaciers, rocks, Alps, woods, and waterfalls, all in common devotion, attest not only their religious zeal, but form, when they are in loud chorus, a most sublime spectacle.

The severe laws of the Valois, although still rigid, have been greatly ameliorated. The rich are no longer fined because wealth was considered incompatible with democratic institutions. An unfortunate debtor is no longer forced to sit nearly naked on a large block of ice, beseeching temporary forgiveness, in a most humiliating attitude. Prosecutions for sorcery, which were once so common, have ceased, although the belief is common. The redoubtable *Mazze*, which expelled so many from the country, no longer exists. By it when a man lost public favour, all who would destroy him, first drove a nail into a mass of wood shaped rudely into the form of a human head. When a sufficient number of nails were considered to have been driven into this block, it

was placed before the unpopular man's door; who was then cited to appear, and justify himself. He was, however, usually prejudged, and condemned to leave the country on a given day; if he refused, they laid siege to his house or castle, which they pillaged and dismantled, and if he still resisted and refused, to depart, he was either destroyed or carried out of the Canton.

In the Waldstetten, a more heroic spirit always prevailed, with a more generous and ardent love of liberty.

An old usage, common at one time in all Germany and Switzerland, still prevails in some towns. In Aargau, a public crier goes round at the hour, crying "It is nine o'clock—put out your lights and fires, and may God and the Holy Virgin protect you."

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#### 4. GRISON REPUTATION.—Page 91.

THE Grisons have always been remarkably susceptible of any attack upon their good name. As far back as 1543, Sebastian Munster, Professor of Hebrew at the University of Basle, first published his "Universal Cosmography," which was adorned by ludicrous wood cuts and illustrated by maps;—it was full of errors and among others the Engandine was stated to abound in robbers. The Latin edition says *Habet multos latrones*; the German *Sy Sejgend grosser dieb denn die Ziginner*. The Grisons were roused in consequence of their reputation being scandalized—they assembled from

all parts and resolved to have satisfaction,—they sent deputies to Basle, but before they arrived, the defamatory passage was defaced by a broad line of black ink, in all the remaining copies. This was not sufficient, as many copies were sold. The deputies said the Engandines were poor yet honest, that their chief fortune was their good name,—that they were consequently more sensible of injury to their character, and that they, the deputies, were directed to demand nothing less than the punishment of the author and printer of the *Cosmography*. They were told the author had been dead two years, and that the printer Stuppan, was their countryman from Engandine, who, as soon as he was made acquainted with the obnoxious passage, was the first to erase it.

After much disputation, the deputies finally obtained written abjurations, *in duplicate*, of the calumny from the magistrates and senators of Basle.



### 5. EINSIEDLEN.—Page 77.

THIS celebrated Abbey, which was so long the resort of multitudes of Pilgrims, whose money greatly relieved the neighbouring poor, was plundered and destroyed by the French, who dethroned, as Simond observes, these Republicans.

The celebrated Image of our Lady of the Hermits, to which the pilgrimages were made, was taken to Paris, but restored in 1815. A serious dispute, however, arose as to its authenticity, and the neighbouring clergy protested against re-



erecting it in the church, as it would occasion great scandal in bringing thither pilgrims, if it were not the genuine Virgin, in which case it would only form a pretext to encourage the meeting of young girls with their lovers on the road.

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## 6. RUINS OF GOLDAU.—*Page 76.*

THE escapes and the deliverances from the Ruins of Goldau appear almost miraculous. Simond relates in his interesting book some of the most remarkable but they are too lengthy to quote.

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## 7. STATISTICS OF EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.—*Page 131.*

THE means of instruction are very unequally distributed in Switzerland. Bern, Zurich, Aargau, Schaffhausen, Basel, Neufchatel, Geneva, and Vaud, have, taking them aggregately, in elementary schools, nearly one individual of every eight inhabitants, so that when we calculate the number of children under six years of age in the proportion of persons over fifteen years of age in the whole population, about, 1,100,000, we may conclude that elementary instruction is taught or within the reach of every child above the age of five or six years.

Taking the Cantons in which the Catholics predominate, as Freiburg, Soleure, Zug, Luzerne, St. Gall, to which we may add the Protestant part of Appenzell, Thurgau, and probably Glaris, it is estimated that in a population of 554,000, one in thirteen, at least, actually receive elementary instruction at school, and even in the Grisons, the Valois, Inner Rhodes, Tecino, Uri, Unterwalden, Schwartz, and half of Glaris, nearly one in nineteen (a greater proportion than even at this day in highly civilized France,)\* now receive the benefits of primary instruction.

In the different Cantons of Switzerland the state of public education appears from the various statements I have collected to be as follows:—previous to 1830 I have taken principally the authority of Mr. Picot of Geneva, since then, I have taken my statements from various reports, chiefly those laid before the Federal Diet, and the Governments of Bern and Zurich.

BERN before the late change in its constitution, and since 1805, has had two classes of schools—secondary or inferior, and superior. In the first were comprehended the elementary or primary schools, and also the classes who studied religion, Latin, history, geography, mathematics, French, and the art of design or drawing; also the gymnasium of Bern which is preparatory to the Aca-

\*) Some time ago M. Charles Dupin, published his chart of France, exhibiting the comparative degrees of light and ignorance over all departments in shades, which certainly had the effect of making the chart a very dark one. Of late years, however, the means of instruction have been greatly diffused.

demy, and which again might, until lately, have been considered the chief college—the others nearly similar to it were and still are at Delémont, Porrentrui, and Bienne. The Academy of Bern, had in 1830, about twenty-four Professors for the several courses of antiquities, physics, chemistry, natural history, mathematics (pure), philosophy, history, law, arts and sciences, medicine, and the veterinary art, etc. Since 1830, the means not only of primary but superior instruction have been greatly extended—on a liberal scale, and on perfectly free principles. Besides the Academy and numerous scientific schools and societies, the Great Council passed a law in March 1834, for the establishment of an *Höheres Gymnasium*, (High School), and an University. Celebrated individuals of high acquirements, chiefly liberal men, who have incurred the displeasure of the despotic rulers of other countries have been invited and appointed to the chairs of the professorships of the new University. Reasonable salaries at least, for Switzerland, have also been fixed. Among the learned men now appointed, are Professor Herzig of Jena, to the Chair of statistics; Dr. Siebenpfeiffer of Bavaria (Rhenish), for state policy and the science of government; Professor Gelpke from Bonn (divinity), Professor Troxter of Aarau (as extraordinary in philosophy), Dr. Jahn of Saxe Meiningen (clinical medicine), etc.; Dr. Thiel of Jena, (anatomy); Dr. Brumar (chemistry); and Dr. Mohle (botany) are also to fill chairs.

In the new High School, which has thirty-two masters and three hundred and twenty pupils—Greek, Hebrew, Latin, (both language and litera-

ture), German, French, mathematics, geography, natural history, elementary philosophy; the latter subdivided into theology, history, logic, and psychology, are all to be taught in three courses, each course to comprehend a year's study; a school of industry is to be added. Probably this has been suggested from the useful practical result of M. Von Fellenberg's institutions.

The courses to be given at the University are:—

1. Divinity,
2. *Staats-Wissenschaften*, (Political Science including Jurisprudence.)
3. Medicine,
4. Philosophy,
5. Science of Education,
6. Philosophy and Historical Science,
7. Fine Arts and Belles Lettres,
8. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Natural History,
9. Technical, Economical, and Military Science.

The salaries fixed for Professors in ordinary are about 162*l.* sterling, and for tutors about 28*l.* per annum. Lectures are always to be delivered in German, except it be by sufferance on peculiar occasions in Latin or French. The many other regulations are too lengthy to enumerate, and relate chiefly to the management, which is to be intrusted to a Senate of Professors, which will grant diplomas, &c. There is to be a rector of the University and a dean of each faculty.

The general Board of Education for the Canton,

is to fix an annual credit for the University.\*) The primary and secondary schools of this Canton, including the institutions at Hofwyl, and all others for education, may be considered to impart instruction, according to the Report of the Board of Education, to rather more than one in eight of the population. In the school of Arts, established eight years ago at Bern, artificers and tradesmen generally are, according to their vocations, taught gratis in the evening, when the hours of labour are over, (chiefly by lectures), orthography and letter-writing in the German language, arithmetic and geography.

ZURICH. — In religious matters, this Canton is divided into ten chapters, each of which have from eleven to twenty-two curates; some have also one deaconry, and the town of Zurich, eight.

In respect to schools, the Canton is divided into fifteen sections or circles, subdivided into one hundred and two districts, in which according to Picot's Statistics of Switzerland, there were in 1817, no less than three hundred and seventy-eight elementary schools, with thirty-five thousand pupils, from six to sixteen years of age or about ninety-two to each school, which was at that time about one to six of the population of the Canton. This appears somewhat too great a calculation.

The Report laid before the Diet, for the year ending Midsummer 1833, however, gives even a greater number, that is 576 parish schools, including about forty secondary schools, having in all 49, 187 pupils, which in a population, at most

\*) The University of Bern was open in November, after I was there (1854).

no more than 250,000, gives one to five of the inhabitants, as receiving instruction. If this be correct as we have reason to believe, no rising generation on earth are now so generally educated. The annual grant of government is about 80,000 Swiss francs, being a little more than 5,000*l.* sterling.

The masters of the primary schools were so meanly paid hitherto, that the course of instruction must have been wretched—the country school-masters received about 4*l.* a year. Hereafter, they are, from the increase of the annual cantonal grant, to be paid about 21*l.* with some perquisites, which may amount to from 5*l.* to 15*l.* additional.

The late change in the government led to a change soon after in the administration of Public Instruction. A law was passed for extending the means, and improving the system of public education. A cantonal school, divided into a gymnasium, or grammar school, and a school of arts or industry, (*Industrieschule*); a normal school for preparing masters for the country schools, and finally an University, have been established in accordance with this law and the report which accompanied it.

The salaries of the Professors in the University are about 120*l.*, with some fees; and many eminent professors have lately accepted the several chairs.

It would appear that the views of the government are chiefly directed to the instruction of the lower classes.

The following extracts from the School-law will, perhaps, best illustrate the subject.

“National schools are established and maintained

for the purpose of instructing the children of all classes, that they may be intelligently active, useful to society, moral, and religious.

“The State therefore directs the establishment of common and higher public schools.

“The subject of education in common schools shall consist of—

“1. Elementary instruction (for pupils from six to nine years of age); the chief object of which is to exercise the various powers of intellect.

“Language: exercises in speaking, thinking, memory, reading and writing.

“Calculation: mental, on the slate, with practice in the four common rules.

“Form: distinguishing respective forms, reducing them to simple elements, classing and combining as preparatory to geometry.

“Elementary singing.

“2. Real useful instruction for pupils from nine to twelve years of age.

“Language: grammar, themes.

“Arithmetic, as applicable to business.

“Geometry and Form.

“Leading facts in the history, geography, and the constitution of Switzerland.

“Outlines of the geography of Europe, and of Universal geography.

“Outlines of general history.

“Natural history, and geography, as applicable to agriculture and trade.

“3. Cultivation of taste.

“Reading and learning poetry by heart; singing, drawing, calligraphy.

“4. Religious instruction.

“Sacred history (abridged), cultivating moral and religious feelings and ideas, preparatory to religious instruction for the church; the latter not being connected with the national schools.

“While knowledge and accomplishments are taught as essential, the first object of teaching will always be, improvement of the understanding.

“Pupils above twelve years of age, must be taught, and learn six lessons a week at the common schools unless they have also entered a ‘higher’ school.

“No pupil allowed to be absent from the lessons unless from necessity. Pupils leave the school at fifteen, before which they cannot engage in any service, unless their employers agree to let them attend school at the fixed hours. Parents and guardians may be fined each day, for neglecting to send their children to attend the regular lessons.

“During holidays, not to exceed from four to eight weeks in the year, there is to be at least one lesson learnt every day.

“Every year, from twelve to eighteen young men are to be received into the *Musterschule* (normal school), from the Canton of Zurich. There are to be sixteen exhibitions, each one hundred francs, for two successive years.

“Each year there are to be four meetings, under the direction of the Board or Council of Education, and all schoolmasters and candidates, within the district must attend. The object of these meetings, is, that schoolmasters may from time to time improve themselves. 1, by teaching, both with respect to method and manner. 2, by teaching on questions relating to leading points of



education; and by making up extracts from important works on that subject. 3, by communicating their respective views as to teaching, and to experimental facts gathered from experience. 4, by diffusing the knowledge of school-books. Each member of these meetings is required to write one treatise every three months, and to forward the same to the Council of Education."

#### IN REGARD TO THE HIGHER SCHOOLS,

"Government will provide all citizens with the means of cultivating the useful arts and sciences according to their free choice.

"For this purpose the State establishes a Cantonal school above the common national schools, and a high school, Hochschule or University.

"The Cantonal school is divided into a Gymnasium and Industrieschule.

"The Gymnasium will be a preparatory school for those who intend to devote themselves to the learned professions.

"The subjects of instruction in the lower Gymnasium, for pupils from twelve to sixteen years of age, religion, Latin, Greek, mathematics, geography, history, singing, instruction in drawing, calligraphy.

"In the upper Gymnasium, for pupils from sixteen to nineteen years of age.

"First Class,

"Religion, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, German language and literature, mathematics, natural history, and geography.

"Second Class,

“Latin, Greek language and literature, Hebrew language, German language and literature, history, mathematics, physics.

“Third class,

“The same as the second, with mathematical geography, and introduction to the philosophical studies.

“All classes to be taught singing, and for each two public examinations in the year.

“The Industrieschule, to be adapted to those who are to follow technical professions and trades, and to be divided into two sections.

“The lower for pupils from twelve to fifteen years of age, either to prepare them for the upper school, or to finish their instruction for any of the common trades.

“The subjects are, religion, mathematics, natural history and physics; geometrical and common drawing, German and French languages; history and geography, practical arithmetic, singing and calligraphy.

“The upper school, it will be left to the choice of every student to learn what lessons he may chose, but having once entered the class, he must attend it. Students are not precluded although engaged in business during the greater part of the day.

“The subjects of lectures are; mathematics, natural philosophy, geometrical and common drawing, commercial arithmetic, and book-keeping, the German, French, Italian, and English languages, and calligraphy.

“In the lower school there will be one public examination every year.

“The object of the University, or Hochschule,

is partly to cultivate and to extend the general province of all science, partly to improve the condition of church and state, by bestowing a superior education for the learned professions.

“With one splendid exception, that of unlimited freedom, and opportunity of studying civil history and general policy, the University of Zurich is similar to those of Prussia.

“The masters and professors, unlike those of Prussia, are in a great measure independent of the government for they can only be removed on being allowed a pension, and in the report of the council of education it is remarked,

“Without good schools, there can be no national prosperity, without good teachers, there can be no good schools, and without competent salaries, there can be no good masters.”

In the common schools there is no distinction as to the plan, or amount of instruction between boys and girls.

Zurich which has at all times been eminent for learning, which, in fact, has given birth to elegance in German literature, is now in its University prepared to surpass all those of Germany.

The existence of the *Burschenschaft* in the former is denied by professor Oken, while the liberal course of studies already alarm the German governments.

The council of education decided, at once, wisely for the permanency, usefulness and celebrity of the University, by inviting eminent men to the professorships; among these are the celebrated Dr. Oken, the rector, and professor of philosophy,—J. E. Schoenlein, one of the first lecturers and pathologists in Europe, H. Locker, J. L. Balber, Zevingle,

H. Demme, Spoendli, and Von Pommer, in medical sciences, &c.—J. J. Hottinger, J. G. Baiter, Schintz, Snell, Orelli, Roebuck, and Loewig, in philosophy, &c.—Schulthess, Hirzell, Hitzeg, and Hess, in divinity,—F. L. Keller, G. Snell, Escher, Bluntschli, and Seuffert, in law, etc.

BASEL.—Previous to the late disasters which had distracted and divided the Canton, the University of Basel, although far from maintaining its former celebrity, was still a respectable and useful seat of learning. The country part of the population have lately insisted on the funds and property of the University to be divided, thus, in effect, to break up that ancient institution. Measures, however, have lately been adopted, although tardily, for maintaining or rather reorganising the University, which is to have faculties of theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and medicine.

I am not exactly informed under what circumstances, but if the *millionaires* of Basel were to allow its falling to the ground, they would richly deserve and incur the certain scorn and contempt of all Europe and America. The Cantonal government are to advance rather more than two-thirds of the expense of its maintenance—in all about 45,000 Swiss francs, or nearly 3,000*l.* sterling.

There are in the city of Basel many institutions, especially the society of Public Utility for instructing some hundreds of workmen, at the expense to them of only papers and slate, and numerous Sunday schools, which promote elementary instruction. The country Canton has declined in the diffusion of primary education since the separation from the city.

GENEVA.—More than two-thirds of this Canton are Protestants, who have in the town from fifteen to sixteen pastors, and fourteen to fifteen in the country. The Catholics have also in each Commune a *Curé*, with or without a Vicar, according to the extent of the parish. Greeks, Methodists, English, and Jews, have each places of worship, either in the town or environs.

The college and academy which were founded by Calvin and the council of the state, still flourishes. The faculties are divinity, law, and philosophy,—medicine, which seems unaccountable, has always been wanting, and students in medicine have usually gone from Geneva, to Paris or Edinburgh.

Each year those students who distinguish themselves in their respective classes are presented, in public, within the cathedral church of St. Peter, with silver medals as distinctions of merit. This is at variance with the system of Pestalozzi and Von Fellenberg. The professors each pronounce on the same occasion (which is considered as an intellectual fête at Geneva), a discourse appropriate to the sciences which they respectively teach. At these annual education meetings, which are also styled promotions, from the students being promoted according to merit from an under to an upper class, strangers are admitted. The lectures are nearly gratuitous—about 600 students attend the college, and about 250 the various lectures.

Several institutions, particularly the Gratuitous Infant School, Sunday Schools for labourers' children, the Gratuitous morning and evening Schools, the Society of Catechists, that of Sacred Music, and the School of Design, combine with the Col-

lege and State Schools in giving additional instruction to from 1,500 to 2,000 children. There are primary schools in all the country parishes in which reading, writing, arithmetic, and sacred music, are taught.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, the Society of Natural Sciences, the two Medical Societies, and the Reading Society, all contribute essentially towards instructing the more advanced in learning; and museums, libraries, and the botanic garden afford other liberal opportunities for study.

The private museums of de Lac, Candolle, de Saussure, Necker, Colladon, Morie, and Marin, Lindre, and others, are also open to the naturalist and virtuoso.

In the School of Commerce and Industry, German, French, English, Italian, and useful and scientific knowledge are taught.

There is also an Agricultural School and farm near Geneva at Corra, on the estate of M. Vernet. It is under the direction of M. Gerhardt, formerly of Hofwyl. None but entirely destitute children are admitted; they are carefully educated and maintained until they reach the age of twenty; they are employed judiciously in pursuits connected with agriculture and mechanics as applied to husbandry. Thirty of the children are maintained by the voluntary benevolence of the inhabitants of Geneva. Their labour is said to be worth about half their expense. The object is, to fit them for situations with farmers until they earn sufficient to enable them to become cultivators of the soil on their own account.

There is an asylum at Plain Palais, instituted for the instruction of children, especially girls,

whose families live in a state disgraceful to manners, and dangerous to public moralities.

Female education, both in the middle and higher classes, is much neglected in other Cantons, but specially attended to in Geneva.

Mr. Picot observes very justly of Geneva, "that there are few towns where the sources of benevolence and the means of useful instruction are more abundant. The annual contributions for these objects amount to a large sum."

Public and particular education have essentially contributed to the success of the Genevese youth in their literary career, and in their various avocations through life. They know at once in their own country men of superior education rank side by side with the most distinguished in place of fortune. They know, that their fellow citizens have their eyes fixed upon them, and that public opinion is formed towards them, according to their merit and industry, from infancy upwards. Under these conditions they persevere in a laudable spirit of emulation, and make unceasing efforts not to be outrun in study and acquirements by their companions and class fellows. The prizes, which are solemnly distributed at the termination of the academic year, form also objects of ambition, and the prospect of attaining distinction to which numerous examples of well-earned merit and honourable success in the persons of many to whom Geneva has given birth, leads them most confidently to hope, and in the end in most cases to realize.

VAUD.—The reformed religion too rigidly, it must be confessed, prevails in the whole of this Canton; with the exception of about 3,000 Catho-

lics in the district of Echallons, and a few Catholic families in Lausanne. There are 148 Protestant Pastors, and eighteen deacons, besides five or six German preachers. All are very moderately paid,—1,000 Swiss francs at first, increasing by additions annually of 200 francs, but never to exceed 2,000 Swiss francs per annum.

An Academical Council which sits at Lausanne, superintends public instruction. As far back as 1812, there were 513 primary schools, in which about 25,000 children of each sex, from seven to sixteen years of age, were educated. The masters, who had salaries of little more than 120 Swiss francs, have been under the superintendence of the parish minister.

In the colleges (which should rather be termed secondary schools) of Lausanne, Iverdun, Moudon, Vevey, Morges, Payerne, Aubonne, Chateaux d'Oex,—Latin, Greek, French, the Elements of Geometry, History, and Geography, have always, since their institution, been taught. Grammar schools, or mere Latin classes have for many years been established at Arbois, Nyon, Rolle, Aigle, and Bex.

The Academy, or University of Lausanne was founded as far back as 1537, with only two or three Professors. In 1833, there were no less than twenty Professors, for Theology, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Classics, Belles Lettres, Natural Sciences, Law, Medicine, and Surgery. The library of the Academy, founded as far back as 1594, occupies two vast halls. The apartments of the Academy, especially those on the ground floor, for Mathematics, Geography, and Gymnastics, are spacious.



That interesting institution, the Charity School, was founded in 1726 purely from benevolent motives, by good and disinterested persons. One class of scholars, the poorest in this school, are boarded and lodged gratis. The others are educated free of expense.

In 1827, the 591 public schools in this Canton were attended by 25,590 scholars, or rather more than one in seven of the population.

In 1828, there were 204 regulars, or under students at the Academy, and 94 *externés*, or out boarders. They undergo very rigid examinations, especially in Divinity and Jurisprudence.

At present, 1834, there are in the 162 school districts, comprising 388 parishes of the Canton, 626 schools, instructing 29,720 scholars, or about one in six of the 197,000 inhabitants. About 11,000*l.* has been granted this year to maintain the Academy and Schools, and the salaries of the teachers have also been reasonably increased.

NEUCHATEL.—Protestantism is general in this Canton, with the exception of the Catholics in the Convent of Capuchins, and the whole population of the Communes of Landeun and Cressier. There are thirty-six Protestant pastors for the thirty-three parishes; three of which pastors are for Neuchatel.

Primary education has long been generally diffused in, and accessible to, all the inhabitants of this Canton. The Colleges, or rather Secondary Schools, of Neuchatel and Chaux-de-Fond, have afforded ample means of useful common instruction, but students in Theology have usually gone to Geneva, and those in Law and Medicine to the German Universities. The Canton of Neuchatel has

produced many eminent and scientific men. The Society of Patriotic Emulation, instituted in 1791, proposes questions, distributes prizes, etc. Young women of no fortune have in this Canton the opportunity, benevolently extended to them, of receiving an education which qualifies them for governesses: as such they frequently obtain situations in Germany, Holland, and, I believe, occasionally in England.

The national schools last year were 233; pupils, 7,822; about one in seven of the population.

LUZERNE.—Although the first printing press in Switzerland was established in this Canton, it has been far less distinguished for learned institutions than any of the foregoing.

The population consists chiefly of Catholics, and there is a Lyceum for Theology and Philosophy, with a Gymnasium for the Fine Arts, and the French language. In these, both of which are in the town, there are seven or eight professors. There is also a Gratuitous School of Design, and there have also been for several years Primary Schools instituted in all the rural communes. Public instruction is under the superintendence of a commission. There are numerous libraries, but few, if any, learned societies in this Canton.

Of the National Schools not more than half the whole number, one hundred and sixty-six, are open in summer—there are fifteen or sixteen secondary schools. The Government is said to be anxious to improve the state of public instruction, but that the Jesuits' establishments at Freiburg draws away the children of the most wealthy inhabitants.

AARGAU.—The population of this industrious Canton consists of 71,400 Catholics, 79,800 Pro-

testants, and 1,700 Jews. In 1833 the Primary schools were in number two hundred and seventy-six, masters four hundred and forty-one, pupils 33,280, or rather more than one in five of the population.

A council of seven members presides over the schools of this Canton, and report in detail on the conduct of masters and scholars. There have been, since 1814, a secondary school in each district; and a high, or a Cantonal school in the town of Aarau, in which from 1803 to 1813, there existed an excellent institution, where eight masters have given lessons and instruction in German, Italian, French, Latin, and Greek;—Mathematics, Physics, Natural History, Drawing, Geography, Practical Arithmetic, and general notions of Commerce. In 1814, this Establishment was extended and funds assigned to it as the superior Cantonal school.

The government has also converted the Nunnery of Alsberg, founded in 1803, into an institution for young women—girls not under twelve nor over fifteen years of age, are admitted: those who are natives of the Canton pay two hundred and forty francs a-year—foreigners four hundred. The Government has provided six gratuitous places for poor girls of remarkable talents. German and French, Geography, Arithmetic, Natural History, Morality, Religion, History, the principles of Medicine, Sewing, Knitting, Embroidery, Domestic Economy, Drawing, Singing, the Piano etc.—This Institution may also be considered as giving both an useful and ornamental education, which in the event of necessity will qualify young women for becoming governesses.

The College or Lyceum of Baden has about 200,000 francs in funds—there are seven other secondary schools or Colleges in the Canton.

The lately established Institutions at Aarau, for Artisans, founded at the expense of two citizens, one of whom gave 50,000, and the other 25,000 Swiss francs to effect this object, has been placed under the direction of the celebrated Zschokke. The course of instruction in this school, (the building for which was provided gratuitously by the town), is limited to Arithmetic, Mechanics, Mathematics, Chemistry, the Elements of Physics, Drawing, Modelling in relief, composition in writing, and moral precepts for the conduct of the labouring classes.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.—There are Primary Schools in every district of this Canton. In the town there has been established for many years a public school for girls, a school for the sons of the labouring class, and others for poor children—a Gymnasium, in which Latin, Greek, French, German, Religion, History, Geography, Mathematics, Natural History, etc., are taught by twelve or more masters. There is also a gratuitous school of design, and a branch of the Gymnasium is devoted to merely useful instruction.

For Medicine, Theology, and Law, there is a college of *Humanities*, in which the Sciences, Ancient languages, Theology, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics, etc. are taught. The Public Library, enriched by that of the Historian Müller, is open to all the citizens; and there are numerous other Institutions, Libraries, and Scientific Societies in the town and Canton, which had

altogether extended the means of instruction to about one in seven of the population.

FREIBURG.—Education in this Canton seems to be altogether under the control of the Catholic Clergy. The Monks of the Abbey of St. Bernard have established an Agricultural School and farm, on the plan of that of M. von Fellenberg. There are nine Monasteries and seven Nunneries in this Canton. Picot states that “there are in all this Canton, which has a population of 77,560, (of whom 5,220 only are Protestants),—two hundred and seventy-nine monks, two hundred and eighty-one nuns, two hundred and forty-seven priests, the proportion being one male devoted for one hundred and one Catholics. In the town of Freiburg which had then a population under 6,500, there were in 1827, no less than one hundred and forty-one priests, eighty-seven Jesuits, sixty-four Monks, and one hundred and forty-nine Nuns, or one in every fifteen of the inhabitants.”

The Lyceum or College of this town, the Professors of which are Jesuits, is a stately edifice, lately much extended, with no less than five-hundred windows, and situated in the most commanding part of the town. Its magnificent halls, corridors, spacious refectories, handsome sleeping rooms, billiard tables, theatre, gardens, observatory, museum, laboratory, bazar, and toy-shop, all brightly clean, render this the most imposing of all Colleges. It is, however, a superficial school for students, in which the Jesuits, whose manners are exceedingly gentle, watch over them in other respects with monastic vigilance, and when chastisement is inflicted, which is done by

a masked lay brother, the punishment is barbarously severe.

The Bishop of Freiburg, who is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Jesuits, appear to be, one and all, ignorant of all except old Canon Law, and a little Aristotelian Philosophy. Yet the dazzling appearance of learning draws thither, a vast number of rich students. About three hundred attended four years ago, and 1,000 at present. Various branches of study are taught in French and German, but, as regards real knowledge, the system is superficial and illiberal in its object, and two hundred years in arrear of the present state of learning. The Cantonal Council has voted this bigoted seminary about 240*l.* per annum, while the Education Council cannot get more than 20,000 francs, about 158*l.* for primary instruction, and all the other schools of the Canton. We have, however, numerous schools, as uselessly supported in England under the fictitious name of Grammar Schools—in which useless Latin, only, may be learnt, by a manufacturing and trading population.

There is a Latin and French Gymnasium in Romont, and primary schools in every commune, besides numerous boarding schools.

In this Canton, which is the most illiberal in its Obligarchy, it is remarked that in the part in which French is spoken, all the institutions, whether hospitals or schools, are better established than in the German sections.

SOLKURE.—The inhabitants of this Canton are also chiefly Catholics. In 1827, Picot states that there were ninety-eight Monks, one hundred and twenty-seven Priests—in all three hundred and

forty-eight, or one for one hundred and fifty-two inhabitants.

The Lyceum was formerly directed by the Jesuits, and afterwards by three Professors. Primary instruction is generally diffused over the Canton. Poor children in the town are taught in the establishment called the Orphan House. Danzler, a Curate assembles about thirty teachers at appointed times, in his parish, to whom he gives instructions as to the most approved mode of communicating instruction.

THURGAU. — A mixed commission of Catholics and Protestants, superintends public education, which is chiefly directed to primary instruction. There is a Cantonal Agricultural Society, which disseminates practical instruction in farming.

ST. GALL. — There is a college with twelve professors in the town for Catholics, in which those intended for the church may complete their studies. The Protestants have a Gymnasium, with the same number of teachers or regents. These institutions, with eight or ten secondary, and several primary schools in the Canton, afford but tolerable means of instruction, which, however, the government has for some time been anxious to extend and improve.

APPENZELL. — In this Canton little further than diffusing primary instruction has been done in the way of public education. There is a good public library at Herisau, and several individuals possess libraries and interesting collections of objects in Arts and Natural History.

THE GRISONS. — There are in this Canton one hundred and thirty Protestants and eighty-seven Catholic parishes. The clergy, especially the Pro-

testants, are wretchedly paid—not much more than three hundred florins per annum. They are as ill-lodged, and scarcely much better instructed. The Catholic clergy are somewhat better off, and so far well-lodged, that they are enabled to receive travellers under their roofs, but they are so poor that it is usual, on leaving, to give as much as the value of what is partaken of to the servant. Every department is elective in the Grisons; even the schoolmasters.

**VALAIS.**—The inhabitants of this Canton are all Catholics. In the seminary of Sion, there are ten or twelve teachers—in that of Brig, twelve, and in that of St. Maurice six. This, in respect to schools and intelligence, is by far the most in arrear, of any part of Switzerland. It is not even more advanced than the neighbouring country of Savoy.

**URI.**—There are scarcely any good schools in this Canton, and those that exist are chiefly attended to only in winter. Some parishes have none; in these the pastors teach the children to read and write. Those parents who can afford to do so, send their children to Luzerne, or other places. The parishes elect their pastors, and even direct their duties.

**SCHWYTZ.**—The inhabitants are chiefly Catholics. There is not a public library in the Canton; that belonging to the Convent of Einsiedlen contains ecclesiastical works only.

There is a Latin school at Klosterli; generally there is little instruction but what the curates give to the children, there being no public system of education. Parents with sufficient means, send



their children to schools in some one of the other Cantons.

UNTERWALDEN.—Although the first efforts of Pestalozzi were made in this Canton, Education is scarcely more advanced than in Schwytz. There is a Gymnasium at Sarnen for theology, and another for the same purpose in the valley of Engelberg, with a library—the only one in the Canton.

GLARIS.—There are common parish schools in this Canton, and a good public library in the town.

ZUG.—In this Canton considerable efforts have been made in diffusing primary knowledge. There is a gymnasium in the town, and a girls school directed by the nuns.

TECINO.—By law it is directed that there should be a school in every parish, for teaching reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic. These laws state that parents shall be compelled to send their children to school, under penalties to be fixed by the parish boards, which have the direction of the schools. The state of public instruction, according to all accounts, is still unsatisfactory, but it would appear that, since the late revolution, there has been more progress made than formerly.

Although in the democratic Cantons the state of education is yet far from being in a pleasing condition; yet, taking all Switzerland in respect to the means for diffusing knowledge, and especially the freedom of public instruction in all civil and political researches, we discover it approaching to perfection in comparison with the so much extolled Prussian system, and a much fuller in-

quiry than the limits of this work will admit, would be found highly interesting, instructive, and satisfactory.

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### 8. SWISS CHARACTER IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—*Pag. 224.*

IN most countries to which the Swiss have emigrated, they have earned distinction—the labouring classes for industry, sobriety, and honesty, —the more intelligent and higher by intellectual superiority, integrity, and consistency of character. Necker, J. B. Say, Benjamin Constant, Declome, Dumont, the philosopher, Aubuzit, (the friend of Peter the Great), Mr. Galatin, now in the United States, were natives of Switzerland,—and many others might be named who, as merchants, negotiators, and public men, have been and are honourable and benevolent ornaments to the countries in which they have transplanted themselves.

Not, however, with the object of comparing those illustrious men to one who in delighting the people and creating a more refined taste for music, should not at the same time be despised in his avocation, the following anecdote may be amusing.—

Heidegger of Zug was manager of the London opera in Lord Chesterfield's time, about 1750, and being at supper with noble Lords, the question, what country of Europe has the most genius?—being asked, "Mine," said Heidegger, the company burst outright into laughter,—"I'll prove it," continued Heidegger, "I came here pennyless—in amusing you I have gained 5,000*l.* per

annum, and I defy the most noble of you, my Lords, to go into Switzerland and do the same" —full of wit and talent, he was remarkably ugly, and yet talked of it, with the best grace in the world. He one day bet with Lord Chesterfield that his Lordship would not find in London so ugly a man,—judges were chosen—after a long search an old woman was brought forth—the judges said, she certainly was ugly. Heidegger took off her coiffe, put it on his own head, and then his grotesque appearance changed at once the decision in favour of his ugliness.

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### 9. SISMONDI.—Page 206.

THIS celebrated historian and publicist, has for some time written in the *Revue Encyclopedie*, and in the *Revue d'Economie Politique*, several admirable essays. His opinions on slavery in the United States are clear, forcible, convincing, and undeniable; yet Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, has taken upon himself, in a very uncharitable, not to say unreasonable spirit, to attack Sismondi.

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### 10. AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES OF SWITZERLAND,—Page 229.

PASTURAGE and agriculture form the leading means of subsistence in the Swiss Cantons, to

which the lake fisheries and various manufactures lend very considerable aid. The Scotch plough, and, in many instances, the Scotch system of husbandry, have been extensively introduced: and the knowledge of agriculture acquired at Hofwyl has been very generally diffused over Switzerland. The rent of land is high, but certainly the soil is turned to the utmost account to which labour and care can convert its culture.

Manufactures have of late years grown up to some consequence, especially in silk and cotton articles, all the raw materials of which are imported at heavy expense. The fabrics of Switzerland also, it must be observed, owe nothing to fictitious maintenance, and whether they may be profitable or not, they are the result altogether of ingenuity and industry directly applied.

The principal expensive imports into Switzerland consists of colonial produce, wheat and salt, with such raw materials as are required in the several manufactures. Mr. Picot in the last edition of his Statistics of Switzerland, gives the following statement of articles exported from the several Cantons.

The Canton of ZÜRICH exports linen, flaxen cloths, cotton, muslin, and silk; wine, fruits, turf for fuel, pit coal, cattle, and kirschwasser.

BERNE exports several manufactured articles; wood, cheese, cattle, horses, fruits, crystal, and pit coal.

LUCERNE, horned cattle, pigs, poultry, horses, cheese, wheat, hides, tallow, and wood.

URI derives benefits chiefly from the sale, or the produce, of cattle, and from the transport of merchandize across the St. Gotthard.

The Canton of SCHWYZ, from horses, and horned cattle, cheese, (Schabzigre), and wood. Herisau possesses a manufacture of silk, which employs a great number of workmen.

UNDERWALD, horned cattle, sheep, hides, tallow, cheese, fruits, chesnuts, and wood.

GLARIS, manufactured objects, chiefly cottons, herbs, (Schabzigre,) dry fruits, wood, and slates.

ZUG, dry fruits, chesnuts, cattle, and wood.

FREIBURG, platted straw, horses, horned cattle, and cheese, (gruyere), which is much esteemed in foreign countries.

SOLEURE, wheat, horses, horned cattle, cheese, tallow, hides, wood, cotton caps, and woollen stockings.

BASLE, manufactured articles of several kinds, especially silk ribbons, and silk stuffs, kirschwasser, cheese, dry fruits, horned cattle, and a little wine.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, wine, cattle, game, iron, steel, and building stone.

APPENZELL, linens, muslin, cattle, cheese, and honey.

SAINT GALL, several manufactured articles, wine, fruits, horned cattle, horses, hay, wood, chamois leather, marble, and pit coal.

The GRISONS, about 35,000 fat cattle per annum, sheep, cheese, minerals, tufas, gypsum, and marble.

ARGOVIE, wheat, wine, fruits, wood, stone for building, iron, and several sorts of manufactured articles.

THURGOVIE, cottons, linens, wine, oatmeal, and cider and perry.

TESSIN, paper, glass, cattle, cheese, chesnuts, silk, wood, fruits, and chamois leather.

VAUD, several manufactured objects, cattle, fruits, chesnuts, but especially wine, which passes for the best in Switzerland.

VALAIS, cattle, wood, and charcoal.

NEUCHATEL, wine, besides several manufactured articles, and especially watches and lace.

The Canton of GENEVA, manufactured articles, especially watches and clocks, jewellery, false stones, enamel, printed calicoes, and leather.

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#### 11. FEDERAL PACT.—(*Still obligatory.*) *Page 254.*

THE twenty-two Cantons mutually guarantee their independence and territory. They are bound to assist each other in maintaining their independence, and defending their territory. Upon the demand of any one Canton, the Federal Diet is to afford assistance to defend the country, and preserve peace. Disagreements between the Cantons must be referred to the Diet, and the decisions of the latter, submitted to. The free transit of provisions and other commodities, from one Canton to another, is guaranteed. No new duties or tolls, on exportation, or importation, can be imposed without the consent of the majority of the Cantons. There are no longer subjects in Switzerland; the enjoyment of political rights can never in future be the exclusive privilege of any class of citizens in any one Canton. The High Federal Diet, consisting of the deputies of two-and-twenty Cantons, having each a single

vote, represents all Switzerland. The Cantons appoint Deputies for each Session, and receive instructions from their respective governments. The Diet assembles alternately, in the towns of Bern, Zurich, and Luzerne; two successive years in each. The ordinary Session begins on the first Monday in July, and lasts one month at least. It is presided over by the chief Magistrate of the Canton where it assembles; which Canton is called the *Vorort* or directing Canton. Between the end of one Session and the beginning of the next, the direction of Federal affairs is intrusted to the executive of the directing Canton, who must afterwards render an account of its administration to the following Diet. In affairs of great urgency, on the demand of five Cantons, or even of the directing Canton, an extraordinary Diet is convoked. Under similar circumstances, the Diet can, before its recess, invest the *Vorort* with extraordinary power, or associate to it representatives of the Federation, to act as a Federal Directory. The Diet declares war, concludes peace, forms alliances, or treaties of commerce, with foreign powers; appoints envoys and consuls; directs the organization of the Federal troops; appoints the general, colonels, and staff; calls upon each Canton to furnish its contingent whenever required, and directs the Federal forces, etc.

Many principles laid down in this Pact existed in the Government from the earliest period of Swiss independence. Those of modern date are considered improvements.

Although the Cantonal Governments have undergone liberal reforms, the foregoing Pact is considered to be in full force. There is no standing

army in Switzerland; but every able-bodied male inhabitant is bound to take up arms in defence of the Confederation, and from being divided in companies and battalions, all, at stated times during each year, are alternately armed and drilled, they form a ready army of militia-men prepared to defend their country.

In case of ordinary emergency, a contingent force, in all amounting to 33,000 men, are to be supplied by the several cantons, and a contingent revenue of 550,000 francs. The Cantonal revenues, as stated by Picot, amounts altogether only to 9,000,000 Swiss francs—about five francs for each inhabitant. And that respectable authority adds, that some, as exterior Appenzell and other democratic Cantons, do not pay a twentieth part as much for each person as Geneva and Basle.

As a general rule, duties on imported articles are low, and in some Cantons nothing. Domains, monopoly of salt, as in Berne, transit duties, and land and house-tax, form the usual sources of revenue. Situated as Switzerland is between France and Germany, PRUSSIA, I am confident, looks anxiously to the extension of her *political commercial cordon*, around SWITZERLAND.





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