MEMORANDA

OF

FOREIGN TRAVEL:

CONTAINING NOTICES OF

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STATES

OF

WESTERN EUROPE.

BY ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Entrance into Switzerland—Canton and City of Schaffhausen—Notices of the Government—Manners—Habits—Dwellings—Language—Religion and Religious Services—Reflections—Curious mode of collecting Alms—Description of the Cataract of the Rhine, and the Surrounding Scenery—John Muller—Ride up the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Constance.

The Canton of Schaffhausen is the twelfth in magnitude of the twenty-two which compose the Swiss Confederation. It is situated on the right bank of the Rhine, which washes its southern shore; and belongs more naturally to Germany than to Helvetia. On all its other sides it is shut up by the Black Forest. Its surface is extremely limited, and its entire population less than thirty-five thousand souls. The culture of the vine is the principal employment of the people. The whole population are of the Reformed religion; and the government is as completely democratical as is consistent with the notion of representation. The Canton is distributed into twenty-four tribes; and a Council of one person from each tribe, exercises the executive power of the little state; while a Grand Council of seventy-four persons, is invested with the real sovereignty.

The city of Schaffhausen is on the Rhine, in latitude forty-seven and a half. It contains seven thousand persons, and is walled, and defended by a strong but small fort. The streets are extremely irregular; running up and down, of breadths constantly varying, and on courses that shift every few hundred feet. Like those of most European towns, they are pretty well

paved with stones; but like the rest, have no side walks. They are ornamented with fountains at their intersections; which are garnished by figures of the ancient Swiss, in their national costumes, standing on high pillars in the middle of the fountains; one figure to each fountain. The houses are built of stone, or plastered on the outside. They are four or five stories high; the first and second of which are in general very low. Many of them are covered on the outside with allegorical figures as large as life; others with historical paintings, mixed with portraits of distinguished men. All the more ancient ones have a name, written in large German letters, over the main entrance; and not uncommonly, mottoes and short sentences, of various kinds, in various languages. The two houses opposite my window in the hotel called 'the Falcon of Gold'—near the Schwabenthor or Suabian gate, are named 'the Little Grapes'—and 'the Great Contest.' The latter is covered with all sorts of paintings, and mottoes, in Latin, German, and Italian. Upon many houses, these inscriptions breathe a spirit of great piety; and many of the names are less fantastic, though most are curious enough.

There is in the place a college, in which are nine professors, who teach theology, physics, philosophy, mathematics, history and the ancient languages. The cabinets of the town are said to be rather good; and the libraries select, and rich in manuscripts; especially that belonging to the city, which comprehends the one gathered and used by the historian Müller.

We spent a sabbath day in Shaffhausen; and I can truly say I never spent a Sabbath in any place, where the outward observance of it was so universal and respectful. Silent, solemn, and grave; the whole people seemed to give up all worldly cares and employments, and devote the day to the service and enjoyment of God. Ah! thought I, the world need not be surprised that a little handful of men have dwelt in the midst of tyrants and slaves, able to vindicate their national independence. They love liberty, and they serve God; two facts which solve all the phenomena of their remarkable history.

We went at noon to the cathedral, an ancient building, to attend on the public worship of God. The people speak exclu-

sively the German language, in which the services were conducted. As we approached the door, we observed that each person stopped for a moment, and looked at a large printed card which hung beside it. I found it to be an alphabetical list of the first lines of the German metrical version of the psalms; and a large metal pointer was stuck in a hole opposite the one, with the singing of which the public worship commenced.

The church was a low and ill looking building, but of great compass; and was pretty soon filled with people. The females sat by themselves in the centre of the room; all destitute of bonnets, but wearing a tight black cap, and nearly all dressed in black dresses with very short waists. The males, occupied other places; but all stood. The services commenced by singing—then a short service of prayer, read by the minister, but without responses from the people, and during which all retained the postures they had assumed when they entered the church. Then followed the reading of a portion of Scripture: and afterwards an earnest and apparently most acceptable exposition of a few verses. The preacher was a youthful looking man, and spoke freely, without notes, but in the grave manner of the Germans. I understood him too imperfectly to express an opinion of his effort. During the time he spoke, the males all sat; to do which they had to let down the seats, which turned on hinges and made a sudden and loud noise, as the seats for six or eight hundred persons creaked at once. They made this change at the instant he commenced his sermon, until which time they had stood upright. And the moment he completed his discourse they simultaneously rose, replaced the seats against the backs of the pews, and stood till the services ended;—which they did, by a form of prayer, as at the commencement, and the singing of a psalm, announced by a clerk. There was no instrumental music of any kind; and the whole service, though unique, struck me as simple and not inappropriate. It was one of those lessons, of which many Christians profit so little; and of which, all who will enjoy that great part of the communion of saints to be found in worshipping in their various assemblies, will find so many;—not to be bigoted in our attachment to our

own forms; not to make important, those things so insignficant that all differ about them; not, in short, to consider forms as of the slightest moment, when put in comparison with the substance of things.

The seats seemed to be appropriated by one or two, to a family; and the proprietor was indicated by a card, or a metal plate, nailed to the back of the seat immediately in front.—These plates contained the name, or coat of arms of the owner of the seat, with the date of occupancy by the family; to which was added, on some, a short Scripture phrase. The seat I occupied, had in front of it a plain armorial bearing on a copper plate, with the date 1671 on it. To my left hand the seat was marked with 1800, and a name written on a card. On my right, 1727 was marked at the foot of a coat of arms. It was impossible that any thing could contrast more strongly than these things did, with the condition in which we find them amongt us. I sat in a spot consecrated for a hundred and sixty five years, to the religious instruction of the same family, through successive generations of parents and children! Doubtless there were others in the same room, bearing date above a century farther back. In the greater part of America—especially in that part of it with which I am most familiar—it is rather uncommon to find a man residing where his father was born; extremely rare for three or four generations to have been dwellers in the same spot, worshippers successively in the same house of prayer. I shall never forget the sensations with which, in my youth I heard a man say he was born in the same house in which his father and grandfather were born. And although there is and should be a sense of reverence, to the dwellers in such scenes; yet I find it often necessary to guard myself on such occassions from a feeling of disdain. Have you done no more in so many ages? I am ready to demand. Come and see what we have done, in the compass of one life-time. Our fathers were your neighbors; come and behold what they have accomplished, and anticipate if you can, what we shall have become after a thousand years of progression! Alas! who can read the dark volume of futurity? Who can forbid the wave to obliterate the writing on

the sand? This at least our republic can do; it can bless the earth while our day of glory lasts, and wring from all future ages tears of wo, that it ever ceased. This we have already done: we have ravished the whole world with the love of freedom, and shown them that virtue added to courage is alone needful to win it; a noble moderation only, indispensable to retain it. And without virtue and courage and moderation, what boots it whether nations be bond or free?

As we went to the church, sounds very like the rattle of a watchman, attracted our attention; and as we turned a corner, there stood before us an old man with an instrument in his right hand with which he made this noise under the windows of the principal houses, to attract notice; and in his left hand his hat, ready to receive the charity cast into it. None refused him; he received their gifts kindly, but not like a common beggar; and was only the more industrious as he met the more success. As we returned from church, we took a different street, and there saw the old man again, as busily at work as ever, and with the same apparent success. I found on enquiry, that he was a sort of beggar for the public; and this weekly collection made on Sunday, for the sick poor in the hospital. It seemed to me a strange substitute for their Sabbath collections so universal in other Christian churches. But really the object is better than many; and after all, it might be hard to say, that what is laid by on this blessed day, by the Apostle's direction, might not as well be put into a hat at our window, as into a plate at the church door, which they prefer in England; or into any one of the divers instruments with which persons are waited on in their pews, in America.

It was not my intention to have visited Schaffhausen at all: but going directly to Constance, to have entered Switzerland from the eastern, rather than the northern frontier. Finding it impossible to get to Constance before the Sabbath day, our party all preferred to turn aside and spend it at Schaffhausen, rather than in one of the villages of Baden. Schaffhausen is, however, a place of great resort for travellers, who flock to see the falls of the Rhine, in its immediate neighbourhood. On

Monday morning at sun rise, we were in a carriage; and crossing the low bridge at Schaffnausen, and mounting slowly the southern bank of the Rhine—found ourselves, after an hour's ride through vineyards loaded with grapes nearly ready for the vintage, on the cliff that overlooks this renowned water-fall.—It is the most considerable cataract of Europe; but in comparison with the falls even of the Passaic and Mohawk, inclines one to smile at the extravagance with which its magnitude is spoken and written about. A score of such would not make the northern chute of the Niagara. It is, however, a very lovely sight; and we were fortunate in a bright morning to visit it.

Opposite Schaffhausen, the Rhine is about as wide as the Alleghany at Pittsburg. It is already in rapid motion, and there is an increasing declivity in its bed, and an accelerated motion in its water until the fall is accomplished. The actual cataract occurs about a league below the town; in which distance the river makes several sharp turns. One of these is a few hundred feet above the fall; another precisely on the line of the cataract, which occurs at a sharp elbow of the stream. You approach at the interior side of the curve; and are conducted into and through the Chateau of Langen, to the brink of the precipice, upon which the Chateau stands. Your first distinct view of the fall exhibits it almost at your feet.

Exactly opposite Langen is Neuhausen; and the line of the fall unites the two places. The greatest volume of water, is on the southern side; and steps, and platforms, against the cliff, give you every desired view of the raging element; conducting you near the foot of the rock, into the very edge of the thundering torrent. The water is divided in its fall by five elevated rocks of a conical shape, which add to its turbulence, and increase greatly the wildness of the scene. The height of the fall is represented to be between fifty and sixty feet. I should suppose the representation was false, by one third at least. Indeed, there is no one actual pitch of the water, that appeared to me, half of the estimated height. It is rather the rushing of an immense volume of water, through a steep and very crooked channel; than a single pitch. Its effect is very grand. And nothing

could be more beautiful than the bright bow, which hung over the foaming torrent, varying its shape and posture as you varied your point and vision; seeming when viewed from above, to be almost vertical to the horizon, and gradually reclining as you descend, till when seen from the lowest and nearest point to the cataract, it contracts itself around you, in a bright and perfect curve—near enough to beguile you to reach after it. It is a very lovely spot.

But the ride itself would be enough, even without the sight of the falls. The view of Schaffhausen, as you return, is extremely beautiful. Seated in a valley at the very bottom of an amphitheatre of hills, clothed with the freshest verdure; its tall, thin houses, cluster together, as if they would soil as little as possible of the rich margin, which nature and industry have drawn so closely around them. An hour before, the rays of the morning sun sloping upon the fog which marked the windings of the river, revealed its crooked channel more and more distinctly, as we mounted higher and higher upon the hills. This sight is familiar to all who have been, in autumn, upon any of the streams of America, which pass through mountainous districts. It is especially on James' river, and the upper Ohio, that I have witnessed the rich exhibition. If we dare imitate the mythology of the refined Greeks, we might say it is the river Nymph putting off the robes which the night drew over her bosom, that she may greet with renewed joy the return of day. And earth, and sky, have few vestments, of more exquisite texture, lightness, and beauty; none surely, that are put aside with more gentleness and grace. How does my memory cling to the solemn and lofty features of the dear relative, who first directed my eyes from his own mountain, to this beautiful phenomenon! How sensibly, after the lapse of years, and the stroke of death, do I still feel his broad palm laid on my young head; and the distant valleys of the Blue Ridge, pointed out and named over, by their rich vesture, like that I gaze on now hanging over the valleys of the Rhine!

Schaffhausen was the native place of John Müller, the illustrious historian of Switzerland, and one of the best German

prose writers; called, indeed, the Tacitus of German Literature. It is known, however, that he passed the greater part of his life out of his native country; and in the service successively, of various foreign states. He was created, if we remember rightly, a baron, by the Emperor of Austria; and at the period of his death, was in the service of Jerome Bonaparte, then King of Westphalia. Ranking as he does with the first class of historians, it is interesting to hear his sententious and sometimes disdainful characteristics of his most renowned predecessors. "All the ancients," says he, in some fragments of his correspondence which have been published, "were by no means equally excellent. Cæsar writes like an Emperor, and is my favourite author: so, however, is Tacitus, though often a little too prodigal of reflections; and Sallust, who has compressed the most profound truths, under the most energetic stile. As for *Mister* Titus Livy, he is far too diffuse, courtly and credulous; though it must be confessed, much less so than *his grace and his excellency, Mister Burgomaster* Plutarch, whose prolixity and credulity, pass all bounds."

We left Schaffhausen the same morning for Constance, which is nine leagues above, on the opposite bank of the Rhine; where it emerges from the Boden See, or lake of Constance.—The day was one of the loveliest of autumn. Our course lay generally along the river's brink; sometimes in the edge of the water, with high banks upon the right, receding and rising gradually back. The clear and rapid stream, skirted on both sides by a succession of fertile valleys, and gentle slopes in perfect cultivation; interspersed with a cliff now and then, crowned with an old castle, or more frequently with a modern chateau; and the distance occasionally throwing up a lofty hill on the verge of the horizon; furnishes what should be called a prolonged promenade through villages, and amongst vineyards, and along avenues of fruit trees; rather than a day's journey along its banks. About half way between Schaffhausen and Constance, the stream widens to thrice its usual breadth; and gradually expands itself into a considerable lake, called the Unter See; which is divided by a broad peninsula caused by the long pro-

jection of lake Constance; which pushes itself several leagues to the north-west of the city itself. Before the lake is reached, the river contracts itself again, and is quite narrow at the city itself. So much so that the Austrian army which entered Switzerland in 1799, selected the village of Paradise, at the very gate of Constance, as one of the two points at which the passage of the Rhine could be most easily accomplished. The village of Stein at the other end of the Unter See, on the Baden side of the Rhine, was selected as the other.

Amongst the various objects of attraction, few will pass without a look of interest, the Chateau of Arenenberg, the residence of Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, and now divorced from Louis Bonaparte. A smaller number, perhaps, will stop to survey the spot near the village of Paradise, where the heroic peasants of Thurgovie and Swabia, who, so early as the year 992, rose against the ceaseless and hereditary oppressors of mankind, were cut to pieces. Their blood, like the dragon's teeth that produced a harvest of armed men, has not ceased for nine centuries to nourish liberty on the soil that drank it up.

As the road approaches Constance, the valley widens, the rows of immense pear trees thicken into orchards laden with fruit —the villages sink lower upon the horizon which expands itself before your advancing steps; until you turn the angle of the hill which skirts Ermatlingen, and find the plane, the city, and the lake of Constance spread out before you. A drive of twenty minutes over a plain which seems to have been in some former day reclaimed from the water, and which is now covered with fruit trees, brings you again within the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden. The words "Grosshertzogthum Baden"—point the limits which divide the Canton of Thurgovie from the Grand Duchy, to which the city and suburbs appertain. In five minutes, you are over the ditch, and stopped in the wide gate-way, to be questioned and have your affairs examined. For two days, we had been amongst freemen; and had seen no soldiers—heard nothing about police, and began to feel like being at home. I was glad the Grand Duke's people could

make neither head nor tail of my passport. They attempted in vain to decipher it; in vain to determine what language English was; and not less vainly to find some *visé* that would suit their taste, in those of the embassies of nearly every state in Europe, which to avoid trouble and delay, I had got attached to it in Paris. At length abandoning the passport, they demanded in German who, what, and whence we were? I spoke horrible German—they no French. I pointed to the passport, insisting that it was their affair to find out its meaning. They at length reduced the whole to one question: "Is he a merchant or a gentleman?" "A gentleman," said the courier. "Vorwärts," was the response; and we entered Constance by guess.

CHAPTER II.

Constance—Hall of the Council of 1414—Collection of Relics, Idols, Arms, &c. —Anecdote—Ruined Convents—Martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague —Spirit of the Council—Early efforts at Reformation—Multitudes who attended on the Council of Constance—Desolate Condition of the City—Beauty of the natural objects around it—First Sight of the Alps—Cathedral—Column of the Virgin Mary.

The City of Constance is within the territory which naturally appertains to Switzerland; but it has always been considered a German city. It is a strongly fortified and very ancient place; though of narrow dimensions and inhabited by few people.—The place with its suburbs and dependencies, cannot compute in all, above five thousand souls; and instead of being of such importance as its past history might lead us to imagine, it is one of the least important of the cities of Germany of its own rank. Indeed, it has been gradually sinking for many years, and the day may come when the traveller will seek it in vain.

There are neither stores, nor shops, except for the sale of the most common and indispensable articles, in the place. I tried in vain to purchase a few sheets of writing paper or a blank book; though I was offered a cart load of popish manuscripts; and idols of the primeval Celts, of the ancient Romans, and of the papists; all found on the shores of the Lake. How strongly did they paint the successive stages of the idolatry, which for ages that cannot be counted, has possessed these beautiful shores. And how thoroughly do these relics exhibit, the rise and decline of knowledge! There is a certain grace and dignity about every thing the Romans attempted; and even in their objects and in-

struments of a false worship, there is outwardly that which exhibits high cultivation of the arts, and an extraordinary sense of the fitness of things. This is the more striking, as it is true only of the idolatry of the Romans and Greeks: in the instruments of which, we find so much beauty and such infinite polish. The very reverse is true of all other idolaters without exception. The gods of the heathen, are not more disgusting, than the demi-gods of the papists. The figures of the Celtic worship have hardly as much beauty as those of papal invocation; and they both recede at measureless distances, from the era which stands between them. These hung in rows and sat in ranks, the remnants of those widely separated ages. I could not resist the internal question, why is it worse to worship that beautiful figure of Jupiter, than this miserable one of Mary? Why should not the Celt bow down and invoke the being represented by the face of that hideous dog, for it seems no more; as properly, as the Papist invokes that saint, whom they are skinning as if he were a hog, and who seems to have been worshipped, only because he was skinned?

These, and a prodigious number of relics of a long course of ages, are exhibited in the Hall where the Council of Constance sat. The house is situated near the only wharf in the town, hard by the lake; and is washed on the rear by a wide canal that cuts off a small island from the shore, at that place. It is a very large stone house, of five stories, two of which are in the roof; and is built in the plainest possible way. The Hall itself in which the Council sat, occupies the whole of the second floor of the building. Its dimensions are two hundred and sixteen German feet long, and one hundred broad. The height seems to be about twenty-two or three feet. Windows of a wide and rather low construction, occupy both sides and ends of the Hall. The floor of the story above, is supported by two rows of square wooden pillars, which divide the Council Hall lengthwise, into three aisles; of which the central one is about as large as both the others. Upon these pillars are placed inscriptions indicating the dates at which various princes, whose names are given, visited the Hall. The list is extensive; the names, however,

being chiefly German. In one corner of the large Hall, a room of rather narrow dimensions has been cut off; in which all the objects of curiosity, of a moveable kind, have been collected. The great Hall was arranged when I saw it, to accommodate a portion of the traders who had visited the great fair of Constance, then drawing to a close; and was full of stalls and counters, some empty, some occupied by persons who trafficted in cloth. Better traffic, this, than "in the souls and bodies of men;" as once was done in the same place.

The Frenchman who keeps the magazine of curiosities, well deserves a visit. For though his principal objects of exhibition in his own judgment consist of some miserable wax figures—some chairs on which he says Pope Martin V., and the Emperor Segismond sat at the Council, and such like trumpery; yet there are many other, and far more interesting objects, all of which belong to the city, and are shewn for its benefit, at a franc a head. There is a good collection of ancient arms; and he who will examine them, will find no instrument of blood like the three pronged dagger of the Inquisition, which makes one of the list. There is also a collection of idols, saints, &c., carved and painted, which is quite extensive, and of which I have before spoken. The box used by the Council in the election of a new pope, after setting aside the *three* then reigning, is a very curiously carved, high roofed, oblong casket, shaped like the traps used by boys to catch rats. It is divided crosswise into five compartments; over which the names of England, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy are written. With one or other of these ruling states, those deputies might be numbered, who were selected by the Council to vote with the cardinals, in the election of a pope; of whom four for each nation represented, were appointed. At the name of each nation on the lid of the box, is a hole, large enough to admit a quill; through which the ballots, being rolled up, were thrust into their respective apartments. What hopes, what fears, what machinations, what intrigues, were blasted or consummated at the final opening of this fearful casket!—The civilized world, by their representatives, were voting not only for their Universal Sovereign, but

for the direct and all powerful representative of God himself! The destiny of earth was in suspense, till this seal was broken; the Spirit of God would indicate infallibly his almighty will, only through these five holes; and when the scrutiny of these little receptacles of twisted paper was complete, cursings and death and the eternal flames, awaited every soul that dared to murmur against the irresistible fiat. What a leveller is time! The box is not worth a guinea; and yet with a guinea, you shall effect more with nine-tenths of the human race, than with all the names of all the men who composed the illustrious Council of Constance! You shall poll the human race, and, omitting Papists —ninety-nine out of every hundred, will say that they decreed the foulest lies against God and virtue; and were not only cruel murderers, but bathed their hands in the blood of the best men of their times!—Yet most of the Papal world, still asserts that this was a holy, œcumenical, and infallible Council; and that its decrees are entitled to the same credit, reverence, and implicit obedience, as if God himself had spoken them; while even that portion of the Catholic church which dissents from this belief, that is the ultra montaine party in Italy and the Jesuits every where; receive the Council, with the exception of the decrees of the fourth and fifth sessions,—placing a general Council above the Pope.

A curious incident occured between the little Frenchman, who I have said, keeps the collection for the benefit of the good people of Constance, and myself; which is worth relating, as it exhibits a very common feeling amongst the middle and lower classes of the population of continental Europe, towards our country. When we were about to leave his little magazine, he desired me to inscribe in a book kept for that use, the names of our party. I had a disabled hand, at the moment; and directed our courier to comply with the request. The Frenchman took fire at the supposed indignity to him, his book, and employers—and insisted that I must write the name myself. "No one," he asserted, "was ever permitted to decline; it was a most positive law of the city; nay, if monsieur (meaning me) were a king, or the Pope himself, he must nevertheless write his own

name."—Amused at the fervour of the little showman, and having a mind to test it a little; I calmly replied, "I am above all kings, nay, above the Pope also." He looked at me with profound astonishment, perhaps supposing me deranged. I proceeded: "Yes, for I am a citizen of the greatest republic upon earth!"—In a moment his features relaxed; he pressed both his hands upon his breast, and making a low reverence, solemnly replied—"*c'est vrai, c'est vrai*;" *it is true, it is true!*

Amongst the objects shown, were the door and grate of the prison of John Huss; which had been brought from the Franciscan Convent, where he was confined before he was sent to Gottlieben. I went to the Convent. It is now occupied as a manufactory of cotton cloth. The place where the prison was, is the dye house of the establishment; and the cell in which he was incarcerated, has been thrown out into the yard, in the process of some modern improvements, to give air and light to the interior. The large church of the Convent is now used as a stable, cow house, and repository for straw and rubbish. The chapels around it are stalls; and I saw hundreds of yards of cotton hanging to dry, in the choir. The cloisters are pretty well preserved, except the allegorical paintings on the inner walls, which the master of the factory had obliterated by a scraper, because they attracted the attention of the boys in his employment, as they passed them going and returning, about their work. What an issue! They who once despised the acute and learned Jerome, are despised in turn on the very spot, by a mixer of dyes! They who conspired against knowledge and goodness, lest they should engage and corrupt the world; have their favourite employments made the scorn of boors, because they amuse the children of their shops!

I returned through the Convent of the Jesuits; it is now used as a school. I passed the Convent of Dominicans; it is vacant and shut up—its last use having been as a barracks and magazine for military stores. I was carried to the spot where once stood the church of St Paul—in whose dungeons Jerome of Prague was confined, until his health gave way, under his severe suffering; and he was removed to the tower of Gottlieben, about

a league off, on the Rhine. The rear of the church is supplanted by a handsome private dwelling; what was the main entrance is the rear of the yard opening against the ramparts; and now admits you into a coach house and suit of offices. The place where Huss and Jerome were burnt, is out of the city, beyond the ditch; and about mid-way between the routes issuing from the southern and western gates; both of which are in full view from it. The place is still called Die Brühle; and is separated only by a road, from another spot called Paradise. The exact spot where these early reformers were burned, is not perhaps known. But our guide, stopping in the midst of a meadow planted with apple and pear trees, said that tradition declared the stake to have been about where he stood—or within a few yards thereof.

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which every one who admires true excellence, and is capable of being impressed by real greatness, must be agitated, in the midst of these objects. It was not only the cruel and unjust death inflicted upon two heroic men; although those men were blameless in their lives—learned beyond their day—laborious in every good work—and martyrs to the cause of reason and religion. It was not only that they met their dreadful sufferings, and still more dreadful trials, with a meekness, courage, and devotedness, inspired by more than human motives, and sustained by more than human strength. On the other hand, it was not only that the whole world was guilty of this act, and sunk into the brutality which could deem it inspired by God; for if ever a General Council really met, this was one, in the most ample sense—representing every Catholic state, and supported by the presence or representatives of the principal temporal and spiritual authorities of the world. Nor was it alone, that the enlightened men of that age from all countries—John Gerson of Paris—Poggio of Florence—Æneas Silvius, afterwards Pius II., &c. &c., concurred in the diabolical acts, and sanctioned the horrid definitions of this Assembly. It is humiliating indeed, to reflect, that the great and cultivated spirits of that age should not have relented, over the gentle and refined Jerome; nor fallen in love with the modest,

candid, and upright spirit of Huss. That they should not have blushed at the thought of dishonouring the dust of John Wiclif, whom, if they deemed him heretic, they knew to have been both virtuous and learned. Above all, that they should not have revolted with horror at the idea of compelling the Emperor Segismond to violate the safe conduct freely given to Huss; and on the faith of which he had come to Constance. That they should have concurred with ferocious bigots in defining it as a rule of morals, that faith need not be kept with those whom the Papal church deems to be destitute of faith; and that in such cases perjury consists not in breaking, but in keeping oaths!

Sad as these considerations make the subject, there are others that give it a more melancholy interest. We speak habitually of "the Reformation;" and we speak correctly if we mean to indicate, merely that the attempt to which we allude, was blessed with more success than any similar one. But they who look closely at the past, know that in every age of the great western apostacy, there has been a constant opposition to its dominion, and testifying against its fatal heresies. The church of Rome herself enumerates not less than fifty schisms. And though she might quadruple the number of what she would call schisms, she has named in her existing list, amongst some real corruptions, many bright testimonies to the truth as it is in Jesus. Indeed one of the best evidences of truth, is, to prove that Rome has cursed a doctrine, from the seventh century to the present period.

This is not the place to show that these lines of witnesses had any connexion with each other. Wiclif was undoubtedly the disciple of the martyrs of Languedoc and Provence; as Huss and Jerome, were just as surely his. The Waldenses had perished: how, need not now be said. The great schism of the West, during which for half a century, two or three popes ruled at once, all claiming to be the real and only vicegerent of God; had allowed the truth to vegetate again in the secret places of the earth. The spiritual rulers of the world were too much occupied with making and unmaking popes and cardinals and bishops, and corrupting and seducing their mutual partizans; to

care for the "little flock" of Jesus Christ. In such a time sprung up these martyrs. And while the Council of Constance healed the schism, which had so plainly proved the falsehood of all the pretentions of Rome, and so completely broken up in ages of confusion, all pretexts of an apostolical succession; it struck at the same instant, with its mailed hand, the church of Christ to the earth, by its false definitions and its bloody acts. The election of Martin V. healed the schism. The sacrifice of Huss and Jerome, was the first scene in a tragedy which, after lighting the flames of civil and religious war over all Europe, and deluging the eastern half of it with blood for nearly a quarter of a century; closed by the total suppression, by fire and sword, of this great effort for freedom and religion. Sacred names of Ziska and Procopius Rasa; how grudgingly have those who love God and liberty rewarded your glorious deeds?

Three great and distinct attempts to reform the world, have been made against the church of Rome, by different races, speaking languages radically dissimilar, inhabiting different countries, and widely separated by the lapse of time. The first by the nations in the south of Europe speaking the Romanesque languages: the second by the Sclavonic race, in the east of Europe: the third by the Tutonic race, in its centre. The third we now rejoice in; the first we melt over at the well known and oft repeated tale of wo; the second, more extensive and better sustained than the first, not less real though less successful than the third, we have forgotten. The history of the great Sclavonic attempt at reformation is yet to be written.

The Council of Constance, it is to be remembered, was rather a Congress of the civilized world, than a mere ecclesiastical Assembly; and while the exalted rank of many of the persons who assisted at its sessions gave a most memorable consequence to its proceedings; the multitudes who composed their retinues or flocked after them, almost exceed belief. Various lists of the principal personages, with the number and quality of their attendants have been preserved, of which the substance or copious extracts of three at least are given by *Lenfant*, in his History of this Council. Amongst others in attendance there were 30

cardinals, 20 archbishops, 150 bishops, 100 abbots, 14 auditors of the Rota, 18 secretaries of the Pope, 140 writers of apostolical bulls, 273 attornies, 150 priors, generals of orders, &c., and 200 doctors; these being all of the ecclesiastical state. Of civil persons, besides the Emperor Segismond who gave himself up wholly to the affairs of the Council, there were present, all the electors or deputies from those absent, many sovereign princes, besides margraves, burgraves, counts and barons, and independent gentlemen beyond computation; almost every kingdom, republic, state, city and community in Europe, being represented by its respective ambassadors. There are set down as having congregated at Constance also, 2,300 knights, 18,000 inferior persons of the ecclesiastical profession, and no less than 80,000 laymen who were strangers. All these were exclusive of the retinues of the great; as for example, of the 80 persons who composed the household of Cardinal de Viviers, the 40 persons who followed Cardinal Alba, the 352 persons with John of Nassau, Archbishop of Metz, the 360 followers of the archbishop of Saltsbourg, and so in proportion of all the households of the great personages in attendance; the Emperor alone having 1,000 persons in his suit. To all these are added many other lists, also independent and additional; composed of persons of more humble condition, and sometimes of very equivocal employments. As samples merely of these, we cite 75 confectioners, 300 fruiterers of whom 83 provided only wines of Italy, 346 jugglers or merryandrews, 505 fiddlers;—to all of which one list adds 700 courtezans, while another asserts that no less than 1500 of them were drawn to Constance by the meeting of the Council there. If these things be so, we may readily believe many of the various facts that have been preserved, as illustrations of the condition and morals of this vast and motley gathering; one of the most expressive of which is, that above 600 persons were drowned by night in the lake of Constance during the sessions of the Council.

There was once a city devoted to ruin; and its streets sown with salt, to mark its abiding desolation. Constance seems to be hastening to a fate more insignificant. Nothing can be more

striking than its present aspect of abandonment, compared with its former consequence, and the great events of which it was the theatre. Its cathedral stands in forsaken solitude, without a worshipper to bow before its shrines. In all Europe, I saw not one empty, but it. Its convents are converted to the commonest uses or shut up. Its Council Hall is made a mart for Jews and pedlars to huxter their wares in, and even they are unable to command any attention. The usual autumnal fair which ought to last fifteen days, and which was attended by dealers from all the neighbouring states; languished through eight days, and on the tenth day of it, the city was abandoned and the long rows of booths, empty and forsaken, filled the streets only with proofs of its desolateness. Strangest of all, the disciples of the very martyrs it burned, preach their doctrines publicly, in sight of their funeral pile, and in hearing of their prison. Yet the people of the place are said still to hate the truth with a hereditary bitterness. And although in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden, who is a Protestant, there is a certain degree of religious liberty enjoyed; these people became so much enraged at a missionary sent to them from Switzerland two years ago, that they ran upon him, and smote him, and cast him out of their city!

Amid all other changes nature alone stands unchangeably beautiful; and there can be few spots from which she greets the eye with a wider or more delightful prospect, than from the towers of the cathedral of Constance. Here, as at Strasbourg the keeper of the clock who is also bell-man, lives on the top of the tower. A few words on the door desired you to ring a bell; and in a moment a reel on the top let down a key. I entered and ascended by a narrow and dangerous wooden stair-way. From the summit portions of the Grand Duchy of Baden—of the kingdoms of Wurtemburg and Bavaria—of the empire of Austria, and as much of Switzerland as the eye could take in, were distinctly visible. The greater part of the lake, and many leagues of the valley of the Rhine, complete the vast and delicious scene. From this spot I beheld for the first time, the everlasting Alps. And although the very nearest to me was per-

haps fifty miles off, and the most remote, in the Tyrol, the Grisons, and the Valteline, thrice that distance, the first sight of them made me start, by their stupendous magnitude. I had repeatedly seen the principal mountains of America; but we have nothing that gives one the least idea of what a mountain fourteen or fifteen thousand feet high, of which above eight thousand are covered with eternal snows, looks like, or is.

Before I left the cathedral, I walked about it once more in perfect solitude; without beholding a single vestige of life, or any evidence that it was ever frequented, except what was furnished by two or three lamps burning dimly in different parts of it. How often did the crowds of the great men of the earth throng these long promenades, and recline together on these vacant seats, carved as richly as if each were for a king!—Where be they to-day, when in the Hall of their power, their secret things are made a by-word; and in their sacred places, a solitary heretic, from a world of whose existence they had no conception, finds the echo of his footsteps as he treads upon their ashes, the only sound that has succeeded to the shout of triumph and the voice of stern command! The fashion of this world passeth away. Treasure that lesson, oh, my heart;—for thou hast had strange proofs of its truth.

On the right of the choir is a large chapel devoted to the Saviour; in which besides his figure on the cross, are two as large as life above the altar, representing Thomas in the act of putting his fingers into his side. On the opposite side is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary; in which is a picture of her above the altar, with a dagger stuck in her girdle. No bad admission, I thought. And turning to depart, my eyes caught the inscription in Latin around the edge of the sounding board over the pulpit: "their sound has gone out into all the world."—True, most true; and in a very peculiar sense, different from what was meant. There is left of them little else than a report.—That has indeed gone out to the very ends of the earth. I heard it there. It will spread to the uttermost verge of time; and eternity will reiterate the tale of blood!

The egress through the inner side, leads into a handsome court; in the midst of which is a pillar of considerable height

upon which is a statue of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. There are two rows of inscriptions in letters of gold on the faces of the pillar. The bottom ones are long. I found from one of them that the diocess of Constance is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and placed under her especial care. The upper row of inscriptions consisted of four short sentences—one upon each face of the plinth of the column. They follow: *Mariæ Patronæ Mortalium. Mariæ Dominæ Angelorum. Mariæ Terrori Infernorum. Mariæ Refugio Pecatorum.* "To Mary the Patroness of Mortals. To Mary the Mistress of Angels. To Mary the Terror of Devils. To Mary the Refuge of Sinners." If these things are true, what need can there be for any other deity in the universe? If they be false, how awful is the blasphemy contained in them? But true or false, is it the same system which is taught in the Bible?

CHAPTER III.

Canton Thurgovie—Route from Constance to Zurich—Civil and Political Condition—Cholera—Quarantines—Agriculture—Singular Dress—Canton Zurich—Great Prosperity—Grain Market—City and Lake of Zurich—William Tell—Feelings of the Swiss towards Americans—Difficulties with France—National Spirit—Arsenal of Zurich—Ulric Zwingle—Lavater—Literary and Religious Establishments—National Costume—Burial of the Dead—Birth of an Infant.

The distance from Constance to Zurich is twelve Swiss leagues; equal to thirty-six English miles. We were eleven hours making the journey, with a single team of horses; for which we paid eighteen francs each and eight francs to the driver. There is no provision for posting in Switzerland except to go all day, with the same horses; for which you always pay two days' hire, for a single day's service; the charge for the second day being for their return.

The greater part of the way, lies in the Canton of Thurgovie; as is the case also with the route from Schaffhausen to Constance. This Canton is one of the most fertile of the Confederation. It contains 80,000 people: of whom 62,000 are Protestants, and 18,000 Catholics. The constitution is thoroughly free; the Canton being divided into eight districts, which are subdivided into thirty circles; which elect the grand council of 100 members, to whom appertain the powers of Government. Its most considerable towns are Dissenhoffen and Steckhorn on the Rhine, and Frauenfeld and Winterthun on the great road from Constance to Zurich. They are all walled towns; and at Frauenfeld which

is the capital of the Canton, there is a very extensive and well preserved specimen of the ancient square towers; which seem to abound in Switzerland, even more than on the northern side of the Rhine. The people speak exclusively the German tongue, though in a very peculiar patois.

Our farther progress to the south-east from Constance, was rendered impossible by the prevalence of Cholera, and the sanatory regulations of the countries beyond the Alps. All the little states in the north of Italy, have been ravaged during the whole summer by this terrible scourge. In Venice, it prevailed from the end of the year 1835, for ten months without intermission. At this moment it rages in the mountains of the Grisons and the Tyrol, which are amongst the most elevated portions of the earth; and has gradually extended itself southwardly along the Adriatic, westwardly in Peidmont and Savoy, and to the north-east over Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, and parts of Bavaria. As yet the Alps have stopped its progress directly to the north. Not a case has ever occurred in Switzerland, on the northern side of these frozen barriers. The quarantine regulations, are nearly as much to be avoided as Cholera itself; and the states in which the disease confessedly prevails, enforce these vexatious and worse than useless restraints against each other, as severely as if they were themselves exempt from the pestilence.

The way to Italy over the Alps, has been comparatively forsaken, for many months; and the hope that the approach of autumn would produce some favourable change, is not yet realized. We have therefore, either to abandon all idea of seeing Italy; or make a detour to the south-west of five hundred miles, and find our way to Rome by water, from some port on the Mediterranean. We will turn then, the left flank of the Alps; we will take up the line of march, through the centre of Switzerland and the south of France, overhung at every step by his summits. Nor will we regret having gone, needlessly, as to our main design, five hundred miles out of the way. The days we spent in accomplishing them, are days of gratified curiosity, and increasing knowledge; and the vineyards of Champagne, the beautiful hills of Lorraine, the plains of Alsace, the clear waters of the

Rhine, the blue sources of the Danube, the dark summits of the Black Forest, and the forsaken streets of Constance, though our eyes behold them no more, will be often revisited by the restless spirit.

The whole population of Thurgovie, seemed to be labouring in the fields as we passed through their pleasant country. Some were sowing wheat; others digging the potatoe, which seems to be universally cultivated, and no where to yield abundantly; many were gathering in the ripe fruits, especially apples and plums, of which latter, they have the greatest quantities in Switzerland, of the largest and sweetest kind; from which they make a drink called "Zvegstenwasser." The cow and the ox are the chief domestic drudges; and they are yoked, in a very peculiar manner, by the neck, but each separately. In Germany they are yoked by the head; but the same yoke commonly unites two firmly together; in America, they are caparisoned in the same way, but on the neck; in Switzerland, by the neck, but each separately. The Swiss cattle, are generally, remarkably beautiful; and they constitute a large part of the wealth of the rural districts. The people differ in few respects from their neighbours of Schaffhausen and Constance; except in the caps of the women which look exceedingly like the tail of a turkeycock, spread to its full dimensions, and seated on the back of the head. In the centre of them behind, just on the back of the head, and visible only when you are right behind them, I have often seen, down in the depths of the cap, circular brass plates, (which I believe were the heads of the largest sized curtain screws): from five to six inches over; seated as a base around which a frame work flares obliquely backwards two feet; being occasionally, I should think three feet wide, at the upper extremity. This decoration is reduced or laid aside by females, when at work: and in Switzerland as in France and Baden, they perform every sort of labour with and as the men.

The Steig divides Thurgovie from Zurich; and on its summit you are greeted with a superb view of the Appenzale and Glarus Alps, which lie off to the south-east. The Canton of Zurich, the first in rank, is one of the largest of them all. Its inhabit-

ants, are the genuine descendants of the ancient Almans, whose language, habits, and spirit they in a great degree preserve.—They number 190,000 souls; of whom almost the whole are Protestants. Since the Reformation, the people of this Canton have pushed all the branches of agriculture suitable to their climate and soil, to a high degree of perfection. I visited the grain market of Zurich during one of the regular market days, and was greatly delighted with the whole appearance of the scene. The large Hall was filled with all sorts of grains and vetches, of admirable kinds; the street before it crowded with wagons heavily loaded, and drawn by good horses, or beautiful cattle; the long light boats from the lake, lined the quay upon which the steps of the Hall landed in the rear; and the farmers with their tight leather breeches, and woollen morning gowns for cloaks, looked cheerful and well. There is in another part of the city, an immense public storehouse for grain, provided in case of a year of scarcity. The grain is perfectly dried; and would keep sweet, for an indefinite period. The building in which it is stored away, was originally a Convent for White Monks. One is very often amused, at the strange migrations through which the religious houses of the dark ages have passed, since the diffusion of light: and still oftener consoled, to see the public good promoted, by giving a new use or direction to what were so long sources of unmixed evil. How much better is a granary, against a time of famine, (to which interior places are so much more subject than others,) to give people bread; than a set of idle vagabonds who spent their lives in debauching and eating up society? How much better to feed the starving body with sound food; than to poison the hungry soul with superstitious falsehood? The manufactures also of the Canton, especially those of cotton, acquired a very great perfection at an early period; and have retained it to the present time. Large quantities of the beautiful article, known over the world as Swiss muslin, are made here.

The city of Zurich is a very pretty place, containing twelve or thirteen thousand souls; and situated on both sides of the Limath where it issues from the Zuricher See, or lake of Zurich.

The lake is about two leagues long, and one broad. Just below the town, the Sihl empties itself; and at the confluence of the rivers, and along both banks, is a most delightful promenade. In a thick grove at the end of it, is a large monument of black marble, in the shape of a Roman altar, erected to Gessner, by his fellow-citizens of the town. On either side of the narrow valley in which the city is built, are mountains, which rise to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the lake; and shut in the prospect. But to the south-east, the lake, its verdant and highly adorned shores, and the distant and majestic Alps, expand before you from every part of the city.—From some of the promenades on the ramparts, and other elevations in and around the place, this view is indescribably superb. This is particularly the case, from the ramparts called die Katze; from the terrace of the noble establishment for orphans; and from the Lindenhof. This last is a delightful spot, lifted up a hundred and fifteen feet above the Limath, covered with immense Linden trees (whence its name); and refreshed by a delightful fountain. Upon it the Romans had a citadel; here for many ages, the tribunals of Zurich held their public sessions; and here if popular tradition in the place is to be credited, was enacted that thrilling scene between William Tell, his infant boy, and the Austrian bailiff Gessler, at whose recital our young bosom heaved with such intense emotions; and which five hundred years have not robbed of a particle of its interest in the eyes of his grateful countrymen.

The admiration of the Swiss for the character of William Tell is an unbounded national passion. The dullest eye kindles at the mention of his name. Every emotion of patriotism, national gratitude, and ardent love of liberty, seems to find its readiest mode of utterance, in passionate expressions regarding this heroic man. Their idea of him, embodies what in their view is most perfect in man; and this abstraction is kindled into enthusiasm by the sense of inexpressible personal obligations. If he deserved such reverence—and who shall say he did not?—it is refreshing to see it rendered by the free; a standing monument th slaves lie, when they say we are ungrateful.—If it exceeds

all mortal desert, it reveals at least the depth of human devotion to those inextinguishable rights, which God has decreed to be the birth right of man; but which man has so seldom enjoyed.

I have perhaps found a more frequent expression of feeling on this subject, than I should have witnessed at another time; or than would be observed by any but an American. I often wish we had some name for our language, that would distinguish our country. They perceive by your accent what is your native speech: and at once address themselves, every where in Europe, to providing for your peculiarities, in diet, manners, and habits, as if you were English. Nine-tenths of these English peculiarities are the very opposite of what nine out of ten Americans would themselves practice; and of the remaining tenth, nine parts are not to my taste. I even refuse, naturally, both beef-steak and tea; eat no raw meat; and abhor malt-liquors. It is therefore needful—constantly for an American in Europe to say, you are mistaken—I am no Englishman. If we could say—I speak American;—instead of saying I speak English; by-and-by they would cease to be deluded by our accent. For as to speaking any foreign language without one, I have little faith in it.

This digression is longer perhaps than was necessary, to show that all Americans must necessarily make themselves known as such; or do worse. It generally creates a sensation to do so. The distance is commented on; it is to them, a place somewhere in limbo. Our double war with the English; or our recent quarrel with Louis Phillippe, are each commonly remarked on, and always with a double surprise: first at conduct which seems to them audacious, and secondly at its unaccountable success. It is but justice to say, that whatever may be thought of the recent difficulties between the King of the French and the President of the United States, (General Jackson); the universal effect in Europe has been extremely favourable to our country. In Switzerland, universally, the first idea when your country is known seems to be of Washington! In the next instant they recur to their own past and glorious history. The third transition is to their own recent difficulties with France and some of the German States.

It is France especially at which they are enraged; and every part of Switzerland seems deeply excited. Popular meetings have occurred in all the Cantons. And such meetings mean more here than any where else; for they annually assemble in nearly all the Cantons for the regular exercise of the sovereign power of the State. About a month before my arrival at Zurich, a meeting of this kind took place here; and strangely enough, upon the spot where Massena, in 1798, gained his most decisive victory over the Austrians. Ten thousand freemen of Zurich united their unanimous voice with that of the other Cantons, hurling contempt and defiance at the King of the French. They have all held the same language: "We have no wish," they say, "to harbour persons responsible to the laws of their own country. We will not allow machinations to be carried on in Switzerland against the tranquillity of any neighbouring state, or the safety of any neighbouring Prince. But on the other hand, we will not be dictated to by Louis Phillippe, on any part of this subject. We will not permit him to send his spies into Switzerland for any purpose, least of all for the purpose of tampering with political refugees who have come hither for shelter from tyranny; and after exciting these poor men to desperate attempts, as he has already done years ago those of Spain, Poland, Italy and Germany, abandon and sacrifice them; and all for the purpose of giving false pretexts to movements against the liberties of his own country. We are not an apanage of France. We mean to continue free or perish. And above all sovereigns, we choose not Louis Phillippe!"

It must be confessed they have had some reason to be enraged against the King of the French; against whose minister here, the Duke of Montebello, they have proved in the face of Europe the most infamous proceedings. The clear and conclusive paper of the Swiss Diet on the whole subject, appeared about the same time that M. Viordrat published an expose of the conduct of the French Government in the affairs of the Spanish refugees, six years ago. He represents himself to have been the accredited agent who transacted all the business between the French Government, and a committe of Spanish refugees then in Paris;

at the head of which was Mina and Mendizable. The object was no less than to revolutionize Spain and Portugal, and unite the crowns, upon the head of one of the sons of Louis Phillippe, married to some princess of the house of Braganza; excluding entirely the Spanish line of Bourbon. And Louis Phillippe, say M. V., tampered with, supported, and sacrificed the refugees. Whatever be the facts of these cases, this good at least has resulted: the Swiss Cantons have manifested to Europe that they are inspired with the intrepid spirit of their fathers. And it may be hoped that while such a manifestation will not be without its influence on surrounding states; all men, who hereafter conquer their freedom, will be instructed by the credulity of the French in 1830, and the conduct of Louis Phillippe ever since. It is high time men had learned that kings are but men; and that if they are able to govern others, others like them are surely able to govern themselves. If any sort of government can exist, which men are to administer, *a fortiori*, free governments can. Kings are then, more than men; or they are worse than useless.

One of the most interesting places about Zurich is the city Arsenal. The first objects that strike you as you enter the large room, are long and thick rows of complete suits of armour, ranged like men ready for battle. Those plain suits in the upper ranks are those of the Swiss who fell at Morat; those highly finished dark coloured suits below them belonged to the officers of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, slain on that disastrous day. Along the walls fronting, are pikes and lances and crossbows, and the numerous two handed swords of the ancient Swiss, and their vanquished enemies; each having a tale of its own, that makes the heart bound. On the opposite side, and hung thickly around the room, are banners, taken on the field of battle; hanging by their side are those, which were borne triumphantly over them. That small banner with a crossbow of gold in the centre, and the cross of the confederation at the top, is the banner of William Tell! The larger one by its side, plain, blue and white, with a collar of red; is the one under whose folds Zwingle, who was to the religion what Tell was to the freedom of

Switzerland, died on the field of Cappel. They have his armour at Luzern. There is the *fleur de lis* of France; it was pointed out with peculiar emphasis. And on all sides are the tattered and too certain monuments, of many a bloody day. Alas! for blind and dying worms, who are perishing like the moth; and who yet must needs hasten each other to perdition. Alas! for the hard alternative to which a wicked world so often reduces us; to shed our fellows' blood, or part with what is dearer to us than our own! Woman too! That she should mingle in such fearful strife, and rob the savage life of man of the sweet influences with which her smile and voice adorn and bless it! A woman clad in steel! And men who have mothers and wives, savage enough to lift their hands against her! I never behold these female coats of mail, (and they are to be found in all ancient collections,) without a thrill of joy at the recollection of what the Christian religion has done for woman.

I have mentioned the name of *Zwingle*. Would that the church of God knew it better. Would that some one competent to the work, and while the materials still abundantly exist; would write a memoir worthy of his great name. He saw the truth before Luther; he saw it more plainly and fully; he received it all with a more docile spirit; and sooner clothed himself with all its vestments. I have stood with profound emotion in the pulpit of the vast cathedral of this city; the seat of his latest labours. I have trod upon the sacred spot which drank up the warm currents of his life; shed in the just and lawful defence of religion and his country. Joshua before the gates of Jericho, had doubtless a plainer, but perhaps not a more real call of God, than Ulric Zwingle at the field of Cappel. Though cut off earlier than most of his co-workers in the great cause of religious reform; he was either a wiser, or a more fortunate workman than the most of them. The efflux of three hunderd years finds the simple gospel order of the churches of Zurich just as he left it: the smiles of God resting upon his chosen city, and his blessings poured upon the field of his wise and intrepid labours. What matters it if we live long or live short, so that we live to the glory of God and the good of man!

The religious and literary establishments of Zurich, like those of all the Protestant Cantons, are extremely simple and comprehensive. Religious liberty is perfect. I passed through a Catholic chapel to go into the cemetry of the church of St. Peter, to see the tomb of Lavater, the Physiognomist; who had once been the pastor of the latter, and who was shot between his door and the church, by a random bullet, when the French, Austrians, and Russians were murdering each other under the city walls, in the year 1798 or '9. The city is divided into four parishes, with two pastors to each; and there is a small congregation of the French Reformed church. The city library contains about 60,000 volumes (a greater number by half than is owned by the Congress of the United States); and is said to possess a number of inedited manuscripts of the illustrious men of Switzerland—amongst which are many of Zwingle. The University is one of the most celebrated in Switzerland; and the whole system of popular and superior instruction, is in a condition of great prosperity and activity. There are three Gazettes published in this city; two of which appear twice a week. The civil constitution of the Canton and city is not only free, but strongly democratic.

It is extremely singular that persons of different countries and religions should perform in ways so dissimilar, those simple and constantly recurring duties which devolve on all alike. For example, what diversities in the burial of the dead? I came suddenly upon a funeral in the streets of Zurich. It did not meet me unexpectedly; for I had seen the open grave in the cemetry of which I have already spoken. And the children whom I saw playing around it on the grass, contrasted so terribly with the long bones of the arms and the pieces of skulls of other generations, which the grave digger threw out of the pit; that the scene hung about me. At the end of the street a crowd of men stood, silent and uncovered. I took off my hat and stood amongst them. The street was lined for a considerable distance; and a procession came slowly down the hill. All were men, and all uncovered. Six bore the coffin, over which a black pall was thrown. The rest walked behind, slowly, and in silence. This is well, I said to myself; extremely suitable. That is the

minister, said the man next me; and I was grieved to see a band and cocked hat, and a long black affair like a short cloak hanging from the centre of the shoulders, by a cord round the neck and breast. Upon close inspection I found that a number of other persons had similar dependencies. As the end of the procession passed, those who lined the streets put on their hats and retired. I asked if it was a person of consequence? No, was the reply; it is the habit of the country, to pay this respect to the dead.

Five minutes before, we had seen a female issuing in great haste from a house on the street; and in evident excitement, hastening from place to place. She carried an immense nosegay, worked upon a frame two or three feet high, and composed of every sort of gay flower. She is going, said the Valet de Place, who was our guide, to communicate to the friends of her master's family the birth of an infant, just come into existence. It is our custom, he added. My heart approved it, as kind and affecting. At every stage of our being we need each other's sympathy, or require mutual aid in bearing each other's burdens. There, proceeds the evidence that some hearts are torn; and we hear the Master's voice bidding us weep with those that weep. Here, is a messenger of good tidings; and the same heavenly admonition bids us open our hearts to all kindly influences, and rejoice with those that do rejoice. It is but from this to that end of a narrow promenade; and it is over with us all. How it adds to the gracefulness and sweetness of the brief passage; and ah, how will it minister blessings on its close; to be kindly affectioned one towards another as we struggle through it!

CHAPTER IV.

Occupation of Switzerland by the Romans—Canton Zug—The Fields of Cappel and Morgarten—Churches—Don Carlos—Exposure of the Dead—Canton Schwytz—Remains of Ancient Dialects—The Avelanche of Goldau—Mont Rigi—Geological Peculiarities—Tell's Chapel—The Alps.

It is probable that the whole of Switzerland was completely occupied by the Romans. On the island of Lindau, in the southern part of the lake of Constance, Tiberius established a camp under the reign of Augustus; and it was made the central point from which for six years, they carried on a war against the Rhetians. It is probable, also, that their most extensive and strongly fortified station was not far to the right of Zurich, as you go towards the west. At the confluence of the river Limath, with the Aar and the Reuss, in the Canton Argovie, the most considerable ruins are still found; spreading over an extensive tract, and occupying several villages around the spot I have mentioned. The Romans called the place Vindomissa. One of the villages is now called Windish. This spot is supposed to have been the permanent station of the 21st Legion; which was the elite of the Roman forces employed on the upper Rhine. In all the adjacent parts, indeed nearly in every part of Switzerland, as well as in Germany, France, Spain, and the British Islands, the remains of that astonishing people still exist;—and new monuments of them are even now, after the lapse of two thousand years, frequently discovered. The boast of Attila was, that no grass ever grew where his cavalry had once passed.

But I have never looked upon any fragment of Roman power, nor on the smallest vestige of their presence; that I have not been ready to say, civilization and wisdom and fidelity and far-sighted policy and quenchless courage, have trod this soil! Rare greatness: to have been able to reach universal command; to have left every where decisive proofs of having well deserved it; to have increased the amount of happiness and knowledge in every land; and in their very fall, to have left an infusion of their spirit and polity, which saved the nations from absolute despair, through long ages of darkness, under the tripple curse of Mahomedanism, Popery, and Barbarism, which overwhelmed together their wide dominions!

If their be any part of ancient Helvetia which was not occupied by the Romans, possibly not settled at all during their possession of the country; it was that wild region, composing part of what is called the Four Forest Cantons; especially the Canton of Schwytz, through a part of which we passed in going from Zurich to Luzern by way of Zug.

Zug is the smallest but one of the Swiss Cantons: its whole surface being less than five geographic square miles. A very considerable part of this small superficies is occupied by mountains, or covered by lake Zug; which is about four leagues long by one broad. The population of the whole Canton does not exceed 16,000 souls; almost the whole of whom profess the Catholic religion. It has, however, a fine climate, and a soil admirably adapted for pasturage, to compensate in some degree for its too straitened limits. And so far have its secluded situation and narrow boundary been from securing it the tranquillity which would seem to belong to these conditions; that it has been the theatre of some of the bloodiest contests in which the Swiss have engaged. On the plain to the south of Cappel, a small village of Zurich, was fought that dreadful battle during the civil wars of religion, in which Zwingle fell in 1531. The little plain, skirted by the lofty Albis on the left, and a dense forest on the right, with a ditch and rivulet through the centre; smiles as sweetly upon you, as if its bosom had not drank up precious blood, shed for liberty to worship God in the mode

pointed out by himself; a liberty seldom granted by the Papacy, to any she is able to incarcerate, to butcher, or to burn. Near to the town of Zug, on the eastern side of the lake, lies the valley of Morgarten: there the Swiss gained their first and most important victory over the Austrians. In one respect this little commonwealth, is an object of most profound interest to every lover of his race and of liberty. Since the year 1352, it has existed a free and popular government; without revolutions, changes or internal strifes. What other government, *not free*, now exists, or ever did exist, which could make similar statements of any five centuries of their existence? And yet it is difficult if not impossible to discover here any thing that might not be discovered in any other portion of the human race, of equal numbers, left equally to themselves. The lust of power hath eaten up the earth. And to enable itself to do so, it hath first brutalized mankind. And then to justify its doings, it hath declared itself regnant by the fiat of God; and those it has destroyed, capable by the same fiat of nothing but subjection!

Zug is a small, ancient looking place, situated on the eastern side of the lake, near its northern end. You discover at once that you are again in a region of Catholics; and in walking about the place, I stepped, as is my habit, into one of the churches. The parish church is dedicated to "Monsieur Saint Michael, the Arch-Angel." I was amused at the politeness which his title exhibited; and was entirely at a loss to comprehend upon what authority, or by what process, he being an Arch-Angel, could have become a Saint. It was my purpose to visit his church. But I missed my way, and found myself in that of Saint Oswald. An old man entered the church immediately after, and very anxiously exhibited its decorations and treasures. The amount of silver utensils greatly surprised me, both by their extent and their dimensions. But what seemed the most prized was a small gold service, presented to the church by Don Carlos of Spain; as an inscription on the bottom of a plateau, dated 1826, declared. By the way, this Don Carlos is a great enigma. His general character is that of a man of sincerity and honour; and yet he has committed numberless acts which

are utterly irreconcileable with either trait. He is universally suspected of cowardice, and has never been present even in a skirmish, during a war of several years' duration; and yet the inception and whole progress of the war indicate obstinate bravery. His whole aim is to restore to Spain absolute despotism; and yet he is heroically supported by the only provinces in Spain, that retained, before the late revolution, any portion of their ancient freedom; and by no others. I strongly suspected him of being a cheat, as to his religious professions; for really it seemed incredible that he could be in earnest in appointing the Virgin Mary general-in-chief of his forces; and using as his banner an embroidered frock. But it is inexplicable, if he be not sincere, why he should have selected this small obscure state —this mean, antique town—this church, neither the first, nor perhaps the second in it, as an object of his princely bounty.

In one corner of the church yard, which is thickly covered with crosses set up over the dead, in the manner usual in cemeteries of this sect; stands a small chapel, apparently for common use, in burying the dead. One entire side was in open arches; a lamp burning before its altar; and one aged female with a long string of what looked like glass beads, praying at the ballustrade. I stood at one of the entrances, and encountered an object which filled me with horror. In one corner of the chapel stood a pen, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and almost full of human bones. The pen was made of narrow pieces of plank, so put together as to leave square holes like nests in a pigeon house. There were fourteen rows of these squares from the floor up. On the two sides there were fourteen others; nine on one side, and on the other five. There were of course just one hundred and ninety-six squares: and in about two-thirds of them sat human skulls, with their hollow and eyeless sockets, and their long lipless teeth, glaring and gnashing in your face. The interior was full of bones, of which there must have been several cart loads. Out of many of the squares projected long arm and leg bones, with wreaths of withered flowers hung on them; or supporting a little plate of metal, or a piece of board, with the name of the person to whom the bone once

appertained, upon it. Some of the skulls had the names, and dates of birth and death written on them. Others were filled with pencil marks, the names I supposed of transient visitors to the horrid charnel house.—Religion was intended to refine and humanize the soul of man, while it enlightened his judgment, and above all sanctified his conscience. But here is a code which teaches its votaries to worship the bones of pretended saints, who never were, or had better never have been; and permits them to expose and to neglect the relics which have a sacred claim upon their care for decent sepulture, and respectful preservation. Who was St. Oswald, that I should worship the bone of a pig's foot set in gold, and sworn to be his toe? And who shall dare to teach me in the name of God, that my father's dust may be dishonoured without shame; my brother's mortal part exposed like a dog's carcase, to the idle gaze of every passer-by?

From Zug to Luzern there are two roads. We followed the one which kept the left shore of the lake, and passed at the foot of Mont Rigi. The road is one of the best in Switzerland—the drive of six leagues is one of the most romantic and delightful in the world.

Before the southern end of the lake is reached, you have already passed out of the Canton of Zug, into that of Schwytz. This Canton was one of the three which originated the Swiss confederation, and laid the foundation of its independence. It has had the fortune to give its own appellation to the whole country; for Helvetia, is nearly forgotten in Switzerland. It is situated between the lakes of Zug, Zurich, and Waldstetten; and would be considered a vast aggregation of mountains, in any other country. But as not one of its high and numerous elevations reaches to the altitude at which eternal snow reigns, that is, to a height of 8,000 feet; its inhabitants describe it as a country of meadows and alpine pastures. It is of considerable extent, as compared with some of the other Cantons; but possesses only 32,000 souls, nearly all of whom profess the Catholic religion. They are an extremely interesting people;—simple, poor, and full of peculiarities of dress, language and manners:

and it is very probable that some of their retired settlements, as well as some of those of the neighbouring Canton of Uri, are an identical people with the ancient Goths. In nearly all the Cantons, however, there are found small and obscure settlements, speaking languages which the ready ignorance of modern times has designated under the general name of *patois;* but which on more careful and more enlightened search are found to be the precious relics of an almost extinguished antiquity. Thus there seems no doubt that what is called a corrupt dialect of the present German, in many of the villages of Zurich and Bern, is the pure language of the ancient Almans. The aboriginal Celtic is still retained in some parts of the Vallais. The ancient Rhetian is spoken at the village of Ilanz, on the upper Rhine, in the Grisons; while the common language of the lower classes in that large Canton, is no other than the ancient Provencal, consecrated to poetry and religion. The peculiar dialect of the inhabitants of the valley of Mutlathal, in Schwytz, and of one or two small communities in Uri, is most probably the ancient Gothic. The prevailing language of all the Cantons may be called a corrupt German; while the French and Italian prevail in those Cantons bordering on the two countries respectively.

At the end of the lake of Zug, on the south-west, a sweet valley opens before the traveller, between Ruffiberg on his left and the famous Rigi on his right. Not many leagues off is Einsiedlen, where Zwingle was Curé before he removed to Zurich; and where the light of Divine truth burst upon his acute, candid, and richly stored mind. The most remarkable, thing I heard about the place of late years is, that the Abbè of a convent of Benedictine monks in it, some years ago, twice refused a prelacy offered to him by the Pope.

Near the spot where this valley opens on the lake, stand the ruins of the village of Goldau, made remarkable by the fearful avalanche, which overwhelmed it and its immediate neighbourhood, in the night of the 2nd of September 1806. About five o'clock in the morning, the summit of Ruffiberg fell with devastating fury on the devoted region; and in an instant converted

a delicious garden into a frightful desert. They who went to their rest happy and rich, waked broken-hearted and in beggary. They who laid their heads on their couches in full health and perfect security, heard but one piercing shriek, or heard nothing,—felt but one thrill of unutterable anguish, or felt nothing, —and passed away forever! It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

Several churches, above a hundred dwelling houses, and more than double as many smaller houses not inhabited, were utterly destroyed, by the enormous ruins which formed a new mountain in the midst of the valley. Four hundred persons perished miserably, and less than half that number, the miserable remnant of a ruined community, deprived of their families, their friends, their country, and their means of subsistence; scattered themselves over the earth, as if to carry into every land, in their heart broken pilgrimage, the knowledge of the consummate ruin to which every creature might in a moment be devoted. What land, what city, what village, has not been visited by real or pretended victims of the avalanche of Goldau?

Rigi, which I have once or twice named, is one of the most remarkable mountains in Europe. It is situated on the margin which separates the region of plains from that of mountains—and while it comes far short of the alpine summits to the south, it towers far above any point of the extended region of hill and plain, towards the north. Its location is at the southern end of lake Zug; while its own southern and western bases are washed by the Waldsetten See. It reaches an elevation of 5,220 feet above the Mediterranean Sea; and its base and sides and immediate vicinity, enjoy one of the most delightful climates and fruitful soils in Switzerland. Its length is about four leagues from east to west, and its breadth about two leagues from north to south; from which base it rises like a vast pyramid, on whose summit is often exhibited the beautiful phenomenon of the Mirage,—Nebelbild, as they call it in their own speech. It could hardly be expected that such an object in sush a country could escape being devoted to superstitious uses. High up on Rigi is *La Chapelle de Notre-Dame-des-Nieges*, (our Lady of the

Snows), founded in 1689, by Sebastian Zay, of the village of Art, at its eastern foot. Nature did much; and extraordinary indulgencies from successive popes accomplished the rest. The Chapelle of our Lady of Snows is a place of frequent pilgrimage. It is extremely remarkable that the Virgin Mary should be supposed to possess not only divine powers, as omnipresence and omniscience,—seeing she is prayed to in every place and every tongue at the same moment; but she is invested with a power not attributed in the same religion to God himself;—namely, that of indefinite self-multiplication, so as to produce radically different persons. Thus our Lady of Loretto; our Lady of the Snows; our Lady los Dolores, who is Don Carlos's divinity; and I know not how many hundreds beside; are each *a* Virgin Mary, but each a *different* one. So that there are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the same virgin, all different.

It is perhaps in a geological point of view that Rigi and its neighbourhood are the most remarkable. The whole region about the southern end of lake Zug is full of breccia; and Mount Rigi, from its base to its summit is composed of alternate layers of it, and of a dark freestone. The immense borders of Ruffiberg and Steinberg, on the opposite side of the valley of Goldau from Rigi, are essentially mountains of breccia, or nagleflue, as the people of the country call it. These layers of breccia, on the side of Mount Ruffi, where the road along the lake shore is in many places dug along its foot, are of various thickness, from three or four to twenty or thirty feet. But on the steep and exposed northern side of Rigi, they assume a regularity almost exact, in layers that appeared at the great elevation at which they are most distinctly visible, to be about four feet thick. At this point great sections of the mountain are entirely bare, and exhibit an appearance most singularly artificial. If the columnar formation of basalt on the northern coast of Ireland, is to be compared to the enormous collonades of some gigantic castle: we may content ourselves at length with having found his walls in the costly masonry of these Swiss mountains. Where the sides of the mountains have been uncovered for the

road way, or where great blocks of the material have rolled down into the valleys, there the breccia is slowly decomposed under the action of the elements. In all these numerous specimens, the red pebble greatly predominates; and seemed the hardest of the group. This struck me the more, as pebbles of that colour are comparatively rare, in all the strata of gravel, and along the shores of the lake and neighbouring rivers.

The strata of which Rigi is composed, seemed to me to be very much disposed after the exterior figure of the mountain itself: sections of large curves, parallel to each other, and all elevated towards the north, at an angle of about twenty-two degrees. These observations were made by the eye only; and by the eye confounded, by the extreme irregularity of the position of the strata in this part of Europe. The face of Mount Albis on the side as you come from Zurich, presents many naked precipices; in all of which the strata are distinctly visible, and are perfectly horizontal. From Cappel at the foot of Albis to Art, beyond Ruffiberg, is about five leagues. Before reaching Art the strata of Ruffiberg are in some places nearly vertical; and generally elevated considerably to the east of north. Those of Rigi, which is within a league of the last named mountain, have already been mentioned. At Luzern, three leagues farther west, the strata of the Musseg, which overlooks the town, are inclined about twenty-two degrees towards the south, from a vertical posture; or, more correctly speaking, are elevated three-quarters of a right angle towards the south; which is precisely the reverse of the strata of Ruffiberg. Three leagues farther westward, Bramegg presents strata precisely horizontal, and resembling so far the strata of Albis; the latter being limestone and calcarious earth; the former sand stone and clay. But precisely vis-a-vis to Bramegg—the north front of Mount Pilatus rises 5,760 feet in height, masses of granite, elevated towards the north, about as much as the strata of Rigi; but unlike the curved strata of Rigi,—the granite masses of Pilatus are flat. These hills and mountains all range from north-east to south-west, in a line not above ten leagues long. On the summit of Bramegg, the face of Pilatus seems almost to touch you; the

masses of Rigi and Ruffiberg lay against the bosom of the gigantic and snow-clad Alps behind them, with an outline perfectly distinct.

I had nearly forgotten, in this narration, the Chapel of William Tell, which constitutes one of the most interesting objects in the region of which I am speaking. It is a small, solitary building, between lake Zug and lake Waldstetten, which approach within a league of each other, situated at a steep defile of the road, and immediately on its edge. At this spot, says tradition, Tell slew the tyrant Gessler. The story of that Austrian bailiff causing a hat to be set up on a pale at Altorf, which is not far off, before which all were required to make obeisance; of the refusal of William Tell, his arrest, his condemnation to the fearful trial of skill in archery, and the success of that trial; is a familiar legend. The narrative proceeds to add, that Gessler, little satisfied, sought occasion against the resolute Swiss, and at length brought him from Altorf towards his own chateau, whose ruins are in sight of this little chapel; that he might be confined, or at least watched. Tell escaped by the way, and instead of fleeing, hastened forward to this defile; at that fine old tree arranged his crossbow, corded up its stiff iron bow—(they show it still at Zurich)—and as his own and his country's oppressor ascended this steep pass, drove an arrow through-and-through him. Over the door of the little edifice, protected by the projecting roof, is a painting representing the scene, and below it the following lines:

Gessler's hochmuth, Tell, erschlossen
Unt edle Schwitzer freyheit entsprossen
Wie lang vird aber solche vaeren
Noch langer ven ver, die Alten vaeren.

The valley of Goldau and the adjoining shores of lake Zug, where it opens upon them, afforded the first clear and wide view I had enjoyed, pretty near at hand, of the majestic Alps. From the foot of Rigi, looking behind you, over the village of Art, the valley is shut in only by the enormous mountains of Glarus, Appenzall and the Grisons; between which, and the spot you occupy, the lower ranges of Schwytz and Uri, rise in gradual and beautiful succession. The multitudes of the summits may be imagined from the fact, that on one of the bridges of Luzern

there is an arranged diagram, which points out to you, from that single spot, twenty-seven summits; of which Rigi and Pilatus are amongst the nearest and lowest, and of which some of the most easterly reach the stupendous elevation of 1,500 toises, of ten feet to the toise; the name, distance, and elevation of each being furnished in the diagram. Many of these summits are covered with eternal snow; and already, though but the first day of October, the region of snow had commenced its descent, and the ranges of the second and third class, were arrayed in the frozen vestments which they wear for nine months of every year.

It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of those glorious objects. You are in the midst of the first ripe fruits of autumn. The children are gathering the chesnut and the pear together; and the grape is soliciting the time of vintage, upon these narrow and delicious shores. Lift up your eyes, and the green pastures of the neighbouring mountain sides are full of herds of cattle, whose bells mingle with the sounds of content, which fill the earth and the air, at the happy hour of eventide. From whatever land you come, there is above this but the blue heavens and the bright clouds which decorate the sunset. Behold those terrible figures, whose magnitude and severity would overwhelm you, if it were not for the exquisite grace which distance gives to their outline, of which every deformity is covered by a vesture so soft and rich, that the unpractised eye does not immediately decide which are Alps, and which the clouds through which they always pierce. There is a grain of the finest sand at thy feet. How insignificant a material object compared with thee! There is Rigi at thy side. How art thou as nothing in comparison of its uplifted greatness! And what is it to St. Gothard, or St. Bernard: or they to the footstool, or it to the throne of God!—Glorious, all-pervading, unseen intelligence, who inhabitest eternity, and fillest immensity! Uncreated, imperishable, irresistible, mysterious Spirit; whose existence is only less inscrutible than the possibility of thy non-existence! Pity us, as we stand awed into a sense of our own insignificance, in the midst of one outwork of thy great and beautiful creation! Blessed be thy name for the certainty, and the assurance thou hast added thereto, that he in whose sight nothing is great—does not and cannot esteem any thing small!

CHAPTER V.

Die Vier Waldstetten—Origin of the Swiss Confederacy and Independence—Ca ton Luzern—Agriculture of the Central Cantons—City and Lake of Luzern—The Vast Chain of the Alps—Public Worship—Bridges—National Curlosity—The Lion of Thorwaldsen.

THE four cantons of Uri, Underwald, Schwytz and Luzern, were long known, as Die Vier Waldstetten,—the Four Forest States; or more familiarly, as they are even yet designated, the Country of William Tell. They lie around the Waldstetten See, or lake of the Four Cantons; Luzern and Schwytz on the north, and Underwald and Uri on the south. In all these Cantons the Catholic religion predominates, and the spiritual condition of the people is probably less altered by the events of the Reformation, than most other portions of Switzerland. Secluded, poor, and little enterprising, but cheerful, brave, and impatient of foreign domination; they would be almost unknown to the rest of mankind, if their country were not from its location in the very centre of Europe, sometimes the theatre of war, and incessantly of travel. The whole four Cantons contain somewhat less than 170,000 souls, of which Luzern alone has 100,000. The physical character of their whole territory is essentially the same; wild, broken and romantic—sometimes exceedingly beautiful, and still oftener savage to the last degree; a country of woods, and hills, and valleys, and terrific mountains, and inaccesssable fastnesses; cut and drained by small rivers and lakes, as pure and clear as the everlasting glaciers which create and nourish them. It is the cradle of the liberties of modern Europe. And

little risk is incurred in predicting that if those liberties perish, the valleys of Die Vier Waldstetten are as apt as any to be their grave, and the descendents of the Almans the last who will make their obsequies memorable.

Burglen, in the Canton of Uri, was the birth place of Tell: and Grütli in that of Unterwalden, was the spot at which the founders of the liberties of Switzerland, matured their purposes. *Les trois Swiss*—or, *Die Drey Schwitzer*—according as the speech be French or German, are words in every mouth: and no painting is so common, in all the Cantons, as some rapresentation of *The Three Swiss.* Werner Stauffacher of Steinen in Schwytz, Erric (or Arnold) an der Halder of Mechthal in Unterwalden, and Walter Fürst of Attinghausen in Uri, met from night to night, at Grütli, to bewail their own and their country's wrongs—and to mature their desperate plans for redress. There they bound themselves to each other by the most solemn oaths, to free their country or perish.—Walter of Attinghausen was the father-in-law of William Tell; and the tower of Altorf, in which that hero was incarcerated, was in full view of his own dwelling place. It is detracting nothing from the worth of these patriots to suppose—that they caught from the more intrepid and free spirit of Tell, much of that ardour and constancy which crowned their efforts with success; and made them in effect not only the liberators of their own narrow Cantons—but the founders of the Swiss confederation. The Helvetique league seems to have been proclaimed in 1315: whereas Tell had slain Gessler seven years before. There is at Brunnen in Unterwalden this inscription: *Hier geschah der erste ewige Bund, anno* 1315, *die Grundfeste der Schweitz:* "Here was the first perpetual league, the foundation of Switzerland."

The Canton Luzern, is situated almost in the centre of Switzerland, and is one of the most fertile of them all. It is one of the three presiding Cantons. The Swiss Diet meets alternately at Bern, Zurich, and Luzern, holding two annual sessions in succession, at each place. Our road led through the entire length of the Canton, from lake Zug on the north east, to the rich vale of Emmenthal in Bern on the south west. It is a country of rich hill sides and pleasant valleys; the former never mounting up to

the terrible region of eternal snows, and the latter never shut up in the deep seclusion, which prevails over the other forest Cantons. The people employ themselves entirely in the care of their cattle, which abound in every part of Switzerland; or in the culture of the soil. This is indeed the general character of the central and northern Cantons. I did not see a single tolerably large flock of sheep in Switzerland; and wool is comparatively scarce and dear, what exists being coarse, and most usually of a black or grey colour. Hemp is every where cultivated for their own use; and is the staple of their household manufactures. The grape also is unknown in these fertile but elevated regions. I did not see a single vineyard, from lake Zug to lake Leman; though in the interval I passed through the heart of four large and fertile Cantons—occupying perhaps half of the best country of the confederation. It is scarcely proper to call it a wine country. For although some Cantons cultivate the grape extensively, their wine is usually inferior, and seldom their chief staple. It is a land of cattle and bees, a land of milk and honey. Honey is in profusion every where, and of the most delicious quality; cattle of a peculiar race, unlike any I have seen elsewhere, of dun or black colour, with small horns drooped backwards, high withers, always fat and perhaps therefore beautiful, constitute the real wealth of the rural population of Switzerland. The country is a country of pasturage, and at an elevation where the ground is no longer tilled, the rich and nutritious Alpine pasturages, sustain multitudes of as beautiful cattle as are to be found in the world. The cheeses of Switzerland are famous over the world, and I found again and again little districts, in which cheeses I had seen, or heard praised all my life as German—were, so to speak indigenous. I have eaten Gruyeres and Scherpzeger (the latter is so called from a word which signifies *to grate,*) again and again out of the hands that made them.

The town of Luzern stands at the western extremity of the Waldstetten lake, which amongst its several appellations receives also that of the lake of Luzern. At this point the river Reuss issues in a bold, deep and rapid stream from the lake; and is adorned, as the Limath is at Zurich, with a large stone tower of

considerable height and great antiquity, located about the centre of the stream. The surface of the lake is 1,320 feet above the level of the sea. It is six leagues long, and of a width varying at every step—but if one should not count its projecting arms, never very considerable. Its depth is above 600 feet, in many places. This is the most picturesque of all the Swiss lakes. Nothing can be more varied or magnificent than the views which its shores constantly afford. From any open spot about Luzern, the eye ranges over a landscape, which out of Switzerland the whole world cannot furnish. In front is the lake winding far away between promontories that rise up out of the very waters and in the distance hide them by their deep blue shadows. On the left is the bay of Kursnacht, surmounted by the beautiful pyramid of Rigi; on the right, the ragged and barren summits of Pilatus. Around you is the town itself, seated on both sides of the Reuss, in a narrow vale; surrounded with walls and towers, and hills that mock their puny dimensions. But far off, beyond the shores of the lake, through the vista which it opens, is that range of eternal Alps which give to all the scenery of Switzerland, a character of such majesty, such sublime repose. That fixed, frozen, changeless glory; towering out of the reach of earth; cold as the brow of death, even beneath the overwhelming radiance of a world of light, whose reflection makes every valley beneath them rejoice. It is not a single summit; not even a single mountain, nor one chain of mountains. It is world of ice and snow, and rocks, and wooded precipices; all in that order counting downwards from the top. Its fearful height, beginning at your feet and rising away—away—to the clouds—to the very heavens; so far—so wide—such a terrific pile—range beyond range—ending you know not where. And then its vast prolongation. To the east—to the west—the same measureless depth—the same interminable abyss. I have travelled along its base for whole weeks together; and at every elevation from which I could command its awful proportions, I seemed no farther removed from what I saw there—no nearer to the end of its career here. Stretching from the Mediterranean, far eastward beyond the most distant portions of Hungary, and seated upon a base eighty

leagues in width, of what should be the finest portions of Europe —it is altogether the most astonishing physical object which the world affords.

We spent a sabbath day in Luzern. It is a place of six or seven thousand souls, and eight Catholic churches and convents; of which, as in most considerable towns in Switzerland the Jesuits have their full share. I was not able to ascertain that there was any kind of Protestant service in the place; and the whole population seemed as completely Roman Catholic as their neighbours of Zurich or Bern are Protestant. It is extremely curious how an imaginary line often decides, what reason and conscience alone should settle; and exerts an influence over us, that throws contempt upon our boasted powers. In Zurich a child would laugh at holy water and the counting of beads, and consider the worship of the host as absolute insanity. In Luzern the whole population seemed to give itself up most reverently and seriously, during the greater part of the sabbath day, to these and similar acts of religious worship. This praise at least, is justly their due, that they pay an unusual outward regard, for their sect, to the sabbath day, and that they seem deeply in earnest, in their misguided worship. I was for a considerable time in two of their churches; the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Leger, which is rather out of town, and another church in it; perhaps an hour in each. There was nothing like an attempt to instruct the people, or even to read the Word of God to them in either. Indeed the second time there was nothing done at all—except the lighting of lamps and the moving of tables from place to place, and the walking in and out of the servitors for about an hour; during which a house full of people, seemed patiently to expect some issue which I despaired of, and went my way. But I saw venerable women and men diligently engaged in counting glass beads on a long string; and I thought it a singular employment for respectable old people—especially on the sabbath day and at church. I saw persons of all ranks and ages, as they entered the house, dip their fingers in a vessel of water, several of which were dispersed in different parts of the church; and then reverently apply it to their foreheads, their mouths, their breasts, and

their abdomens. Many seemed to think they had gotten too much; for they applied their wet fingers to others, who had none. And all, while in the act of dipping in the fingers, crossed their legs by putting the right foot behind the left; and courtesied by bending the left knee forward. This at least is clear; religion is an indestructible necessity of the human soul. The mind may be darkened—the judgment perverted—the imagination heated—the passions excited; and thus all sorts of degrading and horrible substitutes be palmed upon us, as a worship acceptable to our Creator. But it is precisely because the profound sentiment of religion in the soul, is superior to the passions, anterior to knowledge, and active and constant even beyond the imagination itself; that it will feed upon what they all reject—or be nourished by their vilest ministrations—and survive their general torpor, rather than be extinct itself. It is a truth I have learned in the midst of sorrow and brokenness of heart, over the ruin of immortal beings. And while I have not ceased to implore the Lord to remember in tender mercy, those so wofully misled by its strong impulses, in the midst of adverse circumstances; I have rejoiced in the new strength I felt imparted by this truth, to every effort for the salvation of my fellow worms. Let us rely on it as an undoubted truth, that men know they are sinners. Let us teach the way of salvation—with an engrossing sense, that the most abiding want of the soul is thus only and thus fully to be supplied.

Amongst the objects of interest at Luzern, the bridges deserve special notice. There are four of these, of which three are thrown over the river Reuss, and the fourth over a kind of arm of the lake. This last, which is the longest of all, and two of the others are covered and crooked; being intended entirely for foot passengers. They are decorated in a very singular way, with paintings of a triangular form, placed above the heads of the passengers, and presenting a double face; so that the people who pass in opposite directions, see very different series of paintings. The Mill Bridge, so called from being an appendage to the city mills, is as old as 1403; it is three hundred feet long, and decorated with thirty double tablets, exhibiting double that

number of designs; of which the principal are copies from Holbien's *Dance of Death.* The Chapel Bridge, so called for a reason like the last, was constructed in 1303, and is a thousand feet long. It is adorned with a hundred and fifty paintings; of which above half illustrate incidents in the history of the country, and the rest the famous acts of St. Leger and St. Maurice, the patrons of the city. The Bridge of the Court, is still longer and still more adorned; being thirteen hundred and eighty feet long, and decorated with two hundred and thirty-eight scriptural and apocryphal subjects. Upon one of the bridges, is a very small chapel; and upon all, images of some kind, enclosed and protected, but fully exposed for veneration.

In examining these bridges, I was made acquainted with another peculiarity of the place. We have in the middle and western states of America, a small duck of peculiarly timid and wild habits, commonly called the Didapper. These fowls are rare in the region to which I had considered them peculiar; and I had never seen them elsewhere. At Luzern, I saw more of them than I had seen altogether in my life before; and perfectly domesticated. Hundreds of them were swimming about the bridges, and collected in flocks on throwing pieces of paper, or any slight thing into the water. They are a small, graceful bird, of a pale lead colour; and these had all a white spot on the front of the head. The extreme clearness of the water in all these mountain lakes—exhibited their long yellow legs and broad webbed feet, in strong contrast with their short, curved fishing bills. The matter interested me a good deal; but I found no one willing to give any information about them. Indeed I soon perceived that the worthy citizens thought it quite as odd that a stranger should interest himself about their flocks of domesticated Didappers, as I did that they should make a mystery of their opinions and designs in regard to them.

And yet upon the whole they seemed to interest themselves in the movements of strangers in their good city, to a degree that is rather surprising, considering what multitudes annually flock thither. They who travel soon become accustomed to the ordinary forms of curiosity, But the people of Luzern gratify theirs

in a way quite their own, so far as my experience has yet gone. Asking questions about the name, residence, business, &c., of a traveller, is an accomplishment purely American. I have answered more such interrogatories in one hour in my own country, than I ever heard asked at any one, elsewhere. It is to be observed, that in all parts of Europe, the records made at the hotels, or by the police, go a great way towards furnishing confirmed gossips, with what they obtain by word of mouth in America. And besides, it is not so easy to get information, when the great majority of those questioned are ignorant of the language they are interrogated in; as is the case with travellers in most places on the continent. At least we may solace ourselves with the reflection, that the rather uncivil curiosity of individuals in America, is confined to a small, and that the least enlightened class of our people; whereas in Europe it is a matter of state, regulated by cabinets, and pursued for the sole benefit of the great. There is no idler in America who asks a poor traveller who falls into his power, the tenth part of the rude questions, that every king, prince and potentate on the continent will force you to answer, yea and to prove that you answer truly—and that repeatedly, before you can enter the city in which his august body is fed and lodged. Nay they often do what our ill manners at the worst would scorn. I have seen them search trunks and boxes of men and women; and heard of their searching their persons!—But at Luzern they do the business very quietly and civilly. They only place mirrors on the outside of their windows, at such an angle that a person in the house can see all who pass along the principal streets and resorts of strangers. Some have one only; in which case they see you only as you approach or as you depart. In this case, however, one look is not always satisfactory; and a head projected from the window testifies at once the curiosity and defective arrangement for its gratification. Many however have two glasses, placed on either side of the window; and thus the fair faces of the indwellers need only turn from right to left or left to right, and more fortunate than the lady who watched the "Stout Gentleman," they get a view of the rear which she was hardly content with—

and one of the front also, which in her case was denied to her longing eyes. This street-gazing is rather a common quality in several parts of Switzerland. At Bern all the better sort of houses are provided with cushions, to recline on, in the thick window sills of the second and third stories; and you will not pass a street, if the weather is tolerably good, without finding persons of both sexes, and every age, engaged in the commendable work of lolling upon these cushions, with their heads out of doors, and their eyes wandering in search of prey.

I should not omit to mention a monument of exceeding beauty and high nationality, which is found at Luzern. It is called the Lion of Thorwaldsen, and is intended to commemorate the fidelity and courage of the Swiss guard of Louis XVI., on the memorable days of August, 1793. It was projected by M. de Phyffer, a patriotic Swiss; the model given by Thorwaldsen at Rome; the work done by Ahorn, a young artist of Constance; and paid for by a sort of national subsidy. It is a colossal lion, whose length is twenty-eight feet, and his height, if he stood erect, would be eighteen feet. He is however represented as crouching, and expiring from the wound of a lance, driven through his body and broken off at both ends. And his dying body is thrown over a shield, with the fleur de lis of France upon it; as if the noble beast would cover and protect what he could no longer defend. Above are inscribed in great letters—*Helvetiorum fidei et virtuti; To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss.* The conception is exceedingly grand, and the execution in the very highest style of art and genius. The whole is cut at a considerable elevation, into the perpendicular face of a cliff which had been smoothed to gain a good surface, and which mounts up, and extends far in all directions. It is a most superb production.

Not far off is a small chapel with the words, *Invictis pax—Peace to the unconquered*—engraved over its entrance. And the whole unity of the piece is touchingly preserved, by the presence of a fine, handsome old man as master of ceremonies, who was himself present and severely wounded, in the butchery of his comrades commemorated by the work. The strata of the cliff

which forms the element of the monument, are finely exhibited on its face; and are the very reverse of the prevailing strata of that region. These are elevated at a great angle towards the south-east.

CHAPTER VI.

Security of Interior Switzerland—Battle Fields—Route from Luzern to Bern—Art of Travelling—The Entlibuch—Swiss Cottages—The Emmenthal—General Structure of the Alpine Ranges—City of Bern—Public Fare—Costume—Political Changes.

LUZERN is often called the Gibralter of Switzerland; but perhaps with more of fancy than truth. They who have conquered all Switzerland, up to the gates of Luzern, would risk all against almost nothing, by an attempt to push their conquests further. It is the outpost of the Alps, of eternal ice, of savage precipices, and of a climate in which winter reigns with absolute dominion for three-quarters of the year, and where all the sweetness and power of summer scarce adorns his terrible features with faint smiles for a few fleeting months. The valleys which penetrate these regions have no charms for the fierce shedders of human blood. The scattered and simple dwellers in them, irresistible in their defence, have sought no extension of their power, nor even of their principles. The very herds which feed upon the short thick grass of their lofty hill sides, are a race peculiar and indigenous; and their plants and trees languish and decay in all other climes. The oppressors of the earth have nothing to gain in these solitudes; nor have they any thing to lose by permitting the liberty which they abhor, to dwell in peace where nothing else has vigour enough to exist.

And yet the hill sides, and the mountain tops, and the deep valleys of Switzerland, have felt almost as frequently as any part of Europe, the mailed footstep of the warrior; and run as red

with his blood. From the summit of Bramegg in the Entlibuch, between Luzern and Bern, as you stand facing the terrific crags of Pilatus and, looking to the south and over his brow, the vast Alps of the Oberland and the boundless fields of ice and snow and living rocks beyond and to the right and left; you have all around, and almost within reach, renowned spots consecrated by the fury of human passions. If you look eastward, the broken top of Russiberg, tells you of the glorious valley of Morgarten beyond its base, where at the first, Helvetia bathed her young freedom in the kingly blood of Austria. If you turn to the north, Sempach is at your feet; and the voice of Arnold of Winkelried is almost audible to you yet, as bravely devoting himself for his country, he rushed upon the long pikes of the enemy, and gathering in his arms and in his body the utmost he could contain, shouted to his faltering brethren, "I open you the way dear confederates, remember my wife and babes."—Turn with your eyes full of tears, towards the distant west, and behold at the feet of the Jura, Murten, (or Morat, as the French call it), where Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his proud nobles, left their bones to be buried by the hands of the "miserable peasants" he came to sweep out of his royal track. If only such fields as these were stricken, the heart would be consoled under the horrors which cleave to them, by the reflection that the right triumphed, and that sharp lessons were given to tyrants. But there is Cappel between you and Morgarten; and while we rejoice in the very home of Tell, we weep over the grave of Zwingle, slain by a brother's hand, in social and religious war. Turn too where you will, these cloud-capped summits are the everlasting monuments of strange soldiers and foreign quarrels, but too often submitted in their sight to the keen arbitration of the sword. The top of Albis to the north-east, recalls Massena and the victory of Zurich. The gigantic bosom of St. Gothard to the south-east, still resounds the name of the ferocious Suwarrow. You strain your eyes in vain to catch a ray from the top of Saint Bernard, far to the south-west; where upon the earth's top, and above all its red glory, is inscribed the name of Napoleon, above that of Hannibal!—Terrible butch-

ers! I would rather be drowned in the tears shed after your footsteps, than answer for a thousandth part of the blood which cements your fame!

The most direct route from Luzern to Bern, makes the distance about eighteen leagues. Persons do not generally travel it, however, but diverge to the south and visit the romantic region beyond Thun. We were somewhat afraid of the proximity of the deep and increasing snow upon the Alps,—a little restricted in time,—and anxious to improve the delightful weather we had enjoyed almost constantly since we left Paris. We were not as well informed, either in regard to the routes or the objects of interest connected with then, as we afterwards became; which is indeed a common misfortune with travellers, and one that seems remediless.

As to giving yourself up to the direction of superficial way-books, or following the notions of travellers who have preceded you, it is out of the question; while on the other hand, to ascertain for yourself the real state of things, to see, to know, to examine every thing, is not only an intolerable labour, but requires more previous knowledge than most men have the happiness of possessing; and more time than most travellers have to spare. There is great skill in travelling well, and I have seen but few who attain it. I have met with persons who seemed to me the most useless and miserable of beings, wasting their time and means; some rushing about Europe like men in a phrenzy, without any thought, except of the moment the next stage would be reached; and others idling and sauntering about, as if their only purpose was to forget how many days made a year. Others will take a guide or a directory, and go to work, as if they had laid a wager how much they could look at in a given number of days; and which after seeing, is remembered simply as costing such a number of pounds, or occasioning such an amount of labour. More still, go at random; dart into a valley they came a hundred leagues to see, and dart out again; express their whole emotions on the top of the Semplon or the Splugen, by puffing out, "what a journey up;" and seem to have just the notion of what is past over, or what is yet to come, that our

dear little ones at the first dawn of reason, have of the most affecting stories, after whose conclusion, their only response is, "Tell on, Pa." It is a high, and I am surprised to find, a rare gift, to be alive to the beauties which the Creator has lavished upon this lower world. It is not common for the past, or the present even, to be sufficiently known to make the recollections of the one, or the promises of the other, a source either of instruction or delight. And the very power of observing and distinguishing what is before the eyes, in the most obvious forms, so that truth shall be confirmed, error corrected, virtue strengthened, and just and enlarged sentiments created and nourished—seems denied to an immense proportion of those, upon whom such invaluable opportunities are lost. I may say, after being seduced this far, that if the great mass of travellers would speak candidly, I believe they would be obliged to say, they derive as little pleasure, as it is manifest they do improvement, from that which is undoubtedly one of the most copious sources of the one and the other. And what, it may be asked, is to be inferred from hence? Nothing—just nothing; except that the world which travels, is a fair sample of the world which stays at home; the history of the one and the other, being a story of time misspent, and precious opportunity sacrificed to folly, ignorance, or vice.

The day and a half which it requires to go by the direct route, between the cities already named, may be happily, sweetly passed away. The first half of the way lies in Luzern, passing through the region called the Entlibuch, which I have casually metioned; and which is a district of high and fertile hills, interspersed with farms and forests, and covered with the neat and comfortable cottages of the Swiss. These cottages are common to every part of the country, and I presume to Germany also; for I saw them first in the Grand Duchy of Baden. They are very capacious, with the roofs reaching very low, often almost to the ground, and the windows always in the ends of the house, which also are protected by a projecting roof. There is most frequently a long raised way of earth or stone, by which the second floor can be entered from without, and be thus made, in

whole or part, a convenient receptacle for the products of the earth. The ground floor is usually appropriated to the uses of barn, stable, and cellar; and the steep roof of the house never fails to have as many stories as the whole house beside—often more. They are generally built of wood—a frame set on a stone wall; and the whole aspect is one of great snugness and comfort. In some regions, as around Zurich, they are all white, and have an exceedingly picturesque appearance.

The latter half of the journey leads through the valley called Emmenthal in Bern, which is one of the richest and most beautiful in Switzerland, or in the world. Commencing in a narrow strip between the mountains, with a rill murmuring through it, and steep precipices hemming it in; it widens and enlarges—full of villages and farms—covered with herds of beautiful cows, rich in machinery, and extensive bleaching yards filled with thousands of yards of linen; until it is lost over a gentle swell in the wide valley of the Aar. This river is one of the largest in Switzerland, and furnishes on its banks some of the finest portions of it. A more beautiful or highly cultivated region is scarcely to be found in Europe, than the banks of the Aar, in the vicinity of Bern.

I had repeated opportunities during this ride, especially the former part of it, to see the range of mountains which forms the northern outposts of the Alps, in such a way as to give an exact idea of their formation, in regard to some points which are much disputed. The Albis in Zurich, the Russiberg and Rigi in Zug and Schwytz, Pilatus between Luzern and Underwald, with the Friburg mountains towards the west; these taken together form a line from north-east to south-west, in front of St. Gothard, the Semplon, and St. Bernard; which themselves form a line behind them of incalculably greater extent and elevation. I have seen both sides of both lines. The north-western side of both is precipitous, rugged, and inaccessible; so much so, that the summits can be reached very seldom from that point. But where soil is found, it is always rich on that exposure. The opposite or south-eastern part is gradually sloped off, and is as much less fertile, as it is less abrupt. The structure of these tremendous

elevations reminded me very often of what I had seen, both elsewhere in Europe, and in every part of the United States.—Those who have been at Stirling in Scotland, have seen in miniature, on a very small scale, a representation of the ranges of which I now speak, furnished by the precipice on whose south-eastern face that town is built, and those to the right and left of it. In short, I have never seen in any part of the world, mountain ranges, which did not coincide in their apparent structure, if they coincided in their line of direction. They all indicate a particular and terrible convulsion, and all demonstrate a general subsidence towards the south-east.

The city of Bern is, after Geneva, the largest in Switzerland; and it is one of the most regular and well built cities in Western Europe. It is situated in a very sharp elbow of the Aar, which carries into the Rhine the waters of this section of the confederation. A single bridge is thrown across the stream—the approach to which, on the farther side is through a long and noble avenue of trees; and on this side up a steep ascent into the principal street of the town. On both sides of this street the foot pavement is rather in the houses than in the street, being conducted under a low and dark arch-way, over which the second stories of the houses extend. The streets are so laid out, that the sun never shines on but one side of them, which makes the houses on the other side as damp as their walks are gloomy, The taste of the people in the arts, is in accordance with these strange notions. One of their principal fountains, of which there are a number, as in every continental city I have yet seen, is adorned with the most extraordinary and disgusting piece of sculpture to be found amongst men. Upon the top of a pillar is seated an obese looking old man, quite at his ease, eating a baby! He holds in one hand the lower extremities of a child whose head and shoulders he is masticating; and in the other, a basket full of urchins, to finish his repast. Other infants are hung around his neck by straps, like game; and two or three, who have got out of the basket, are scampering off around the pedestal. The whole concern, spring, man, and all--is well named *Kindernfressendbrunnen*—which any mouth but an initi-

ated one, could as easily eat a child, as pronounce. We may translate it "the children gormandizing fountain."

It is not, however, only in the arts of design that the Bernese furnish a model. They have a specimen of mechanical contrivance, as amusing as the other is hideous. The principal street of the place is nearly stopped up by a tower, through which, and to one side of it, narrow passes are opened The tower is called, from its use, *Zeitglockenneue*, and contains the town clock. It is the machinery connected with this clock to which I allude. A minute or two before the clock strikes the hour, a wooden or metal cock, "as large as life," seated on a projecton of the tower, claps his wings and crows twice; and at the corresponding time after the striking of the hour, he repeats his salutations. Not far off, are various other contrivances equally ridiculous. A man seated on a throne, opens his mouth and lowers his sceptre at each strike of the clock; and with the other hand turns a sand-glass up-side-down, as soon as the hour is fully told. At his feet a circle of bears, of which about half are visible at a time, make a march in time to his sceptre and jaws; being carried round on a circular plate. Near at hand is a lion rampant, who shakes his royal mane; and a small man who strikes on two bells at the same time, in accord with the first crowing of the cock. The hour is struck twice—part of the machinery working with each—and the whole movement occupying perhaps three minutes.

It was market day in Bern, and the streets were crowded to excess, not only with the usual attendants on such an occasion every where, but with numerous booths and tables, exposing for sale every sort of merchandize and manufactures. It was the after part of the day when we arrived, and yet every thing was in great activity. The markets of Europe are arranged very differently from those of America. The stalls for the sale of meat which occupy so large a part of all American markets, are seldom found at all in those of Europe; but are kept like our grocery stores, in the various quarters where they are needed, and are always open. Markets for fowls and birds are also separate, or at least are held on different days from other markets.

The bird market of Bern is one of the greatest curiosities in the city. The market for vegetables is to itself—that for fruits to itself. The fruit market on the principal bridge of Zurich, which was held just before our window in the *Hotel de l' Epie*, and which we had three or four opportunites to see, is one of the most picturesque sights which even Switzerland affords. Every where in Europe females are the principal attendants on the ordinary markets both to purchase and sell; and almost every where the donkey is the principal *vehicle* which transports the affairs to market and his mistress home. But in all, except the largest class of cities, there are weekly, monthly or quarterly markets—or where they extend beyond a single day, fares; at which much greater numbers attend, and trading of all sorts is practised by men as well as women. Such a one we fell upon at Bern. And besides the activity given by it to its ten or twelve thousand inhabitants—half as many more were gathered together by its influence.

Every Canton has a costume peculiar to itself; and the female especially seems to have taxed her ingenuity for the production of a sufficient number of the most singular head-dresses in the world. It is in this article that the costumes of the different Cantons are especially distinguished. And in this, extravagance is pushed to the most absurd extent. The female of Luzern wears a skull cap fitted tight to the head, made of velvet, and richly embroidered; while her hair is platted and hangs down her back, with broad ribbons hanging to the end of it. Bonnets are a luxury unknown to the Swiss peasants any where, except in Geneva and Vaud. The women in Freyburg plat their hair, with the help of horse hair and stuffs, into mats of enormous thickness, which they wind round their heads. The Vaudois wear a wide brimmed straw hat, with a very low crown, and a handle in the centre of the top. The Bernese have a plain black cap, tight to the head and garnished by a border of net work, either of horse hair or of silk, of the most preposterous width, certainly from nine to fifteen inches, and always black. When made of cotton or silk, the border hangs about the face and neck in ample folds. When made of horse hair, as it is commonly, it sticks

straight up, except on the top of the head, where it is drawn back and fastened, giving the head the appearance of a chicken cock's, with a double comb. The varieties in other parts of their costume, are endless, and far exceed my skill in drapery to describe. Some are rather plain—the Bernese exceedingly decorated with chains and trinkets. Indeed, the short petticoat without sleeves, (which is universal,) when coupled with the metal ornaments, and the deep tan of the skin, very often brought to my recollection the North American Indians.

In the Canton Bern, before the influences of the French Revolution of 1830 had produced a corresponding result here, there existed, if we may so speak, an Aristocratic Republic, not unlike those of Venice and Genoa in former days: or as the great Haller, who was a native of Bern, has described it, a Military Republic, after the model of that of Rome. The change here has been more absolute than in France itself. The aristocracy of the towns, and the rural noblesse composed of the landed proprietors, are much more numerous, and had far more power and influence in this than in any other Canton. At present the popular party is possessed of the whole power of the state; and recent events seem likely to swallow up or overwhelm the entire aristocracy of Switzerland, in a mighty national movement, impelled by a pressure both from within and from without. The contest in Bern has been long continued, and with various successes to the respective parties. On one occasion there had very nearly been a civil war, if Erasmus is to be credited, because the wives of the noblesse insisted on the exclusive right to wear a particular kind of shoes; and their hair depending. On another, John de Buhenberg, their *Schultheiss*, was banished with his partizans, "for a century and a day," because, as his enemies alleged, he governed like a prince, rather than a citizen. At length, however, the contest is settled; and the ancient institutions of Bern are likely to be subjected to still further changes, rather than to be restored.

CHAPTER VII.

Influence of the Local Situation of Switzerland—Effects of the Revolution of 1830—Foreign Interference with the Affairs of the Confederation—Difficulties with France in 1836—National Spirit of the Swiss—Fellenberg—Personal Troubles—Deficiency of American Diplomatic Agents—Notices of Bern—Influence of Alpine Scenery.

It happened that I was in Bern in the interval between the adjournment of the regular Diet, and the convocation of the extraordinary Diet, which the interruption of all relations between that country and France had rendered necessary. The local situation of Switzerland, with reference to Italy, France, Germany, and the dominions of the house of Austria, makes it the natural point of escape for all who find it necessary to fly from any of these countries; a city of refuge for the criminal and the unfortunate, in the centre of those powers that have been for so many ages amongst the greatest in the world. If those powers had been less, Switzerland had long ago followed the fate of Poland and the Italian republics. But it seems to be a capital necessity of great states to have something placed between them, that may relieve the severity of their mutual friction: an arm of the sea—an impassable mountain—a small state. God has furnished an enduring barrier in the difference of speech; but the passions of men find others needful. So great is this necessity felt to be, that in the most signal instance of departure from it in modern days—the partition of Poland, and the consequent juxtaposition of Austria and Russia—the former of those powers has long desired and offered to remedy the evil and correct the de-

fect, by restoring its part of Poland, for the purpose of re-constituting that kingdom and restoring its ancient nationality, and thus interposing between them a state less powerful than either of themselves. The events of the last fifty years have sufficiently shewn the governments of Europe, the necessity of having some vent of this sort for the periodical commotions which vegetating liberty engenders. There is no alternative but butchery or expulsion—no choice but between the guillotine and Siberia. Russia has her own Siberia—Switzerland is the Siberia of all continental Europe besides.

The world is not likely to forget the memorable events which followed the Revolution of July, in Germany, Italy, Poland and the Peninsula. In France and Belgium alone, besides Switzerland, the revolutionary party achieved, as they then thought, a complete triumph. There is much reason to believe that the French government encouraged revolution every where, unti Louis Phillippe frightened the northern powers into an acknowledgment of his dynasty, by the extent and magnitude of these movements; and then he sacrificed the patriots he had excited to attempts which became desperate, only when France disavowed them. The effects of these various commotions were too considerable to permit the adoption of the ordinary policy. Italy, Germany, and Poland, might have furnished Switzerland with refugees enough to form an army. Another course was taken. France took the Poles into her pay; England gave those who sought her shores, scanty and temporary supplies; and Austria sent squadrons of them to the United States. All Europe had guaranteed the nationality of Poland; and all Europe looked on and saw that nationality annihilated, after the most heroic struggle which modern times have produced. Nothing can present, in a more perfectly just and striking contrast, the public sentiment of Europe, and that of the United States, than the fact, that Congress voted an extensive domain, as a national present to those whom Europe had cast out!

The power of the democratic party in the Swiss Cantons, and the vast numbers of refugees created by recent events, have made the northern powers exceedingly watchful and jealous of al

that transpires there. Under various pretexts the expulsion of these political refugees from Switzerland, had been repeatedly and urgently demanded, by Austria, Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Baden, with the connivance of the Pope, and the Kings of Sardinia and France. At length in August of this year, (1836) the Federal Diet adopted a *conclusum* on the subject; which, although not equal to what was demanded, was more than several of the Cantons seemed disposed to yield; and was taken as sufficient for the time being, by the "Great Powers," as some of them arrogantly call themselves. In the meantime, the King of the French, whose life had been twice attempted and who found himself threatened not only with revolution, but with assassination; directed his ambassador in Switzerland to take a leading part in inducing the Cantons to act with vigour and promptitude against the refugees. His pretext was that they plotted against his life, as well as against the repose of States. The French ambassador, the Duke de Montebello, so managed the affair as to give the Diet great offence. At the same moment certain refugees made disclosures to leading members of it, which excited suspicions against the French ambassador and King; and a bold, acute, and perfectly successful investigation and exposure of the conduct of the former was the result. It was proved beyond question, that the French authorities had employed spies, (especially an Italian refugee named Carsiel) for the purpose of exciting those whose expulsion they demanded, to enter into the very plots, for having engaged in which their expulsion had been previously demanded! MM. Keller and Monard, deputies from Zurich and Lausanne, were the leaders in this courageous act. The Diet agreed on a clear and dignified report, which neither the King of the French nor his ambassador, ever attempted to answer; ten thousand copies of which were sent to Paris for circulation. About the same period, the French ministry at the head of which was M. Theirs, was dismissed, in consequence of a disagreement touching the recent revolution in Spain; and a new ministry essentially doctrinaire, after some delay, was installed under the Presidency of Count Molé. An early act of this ministry was to draw up an ultimatum, equally insolent and

false; which having delivered through the hands of the Duke of Montebello to the Federal Directory, they closed at once all relations, whether diplomatic or commercial, between the two nations, until ample satisfaction should be made to the insulted honor of France.

It was only the day before I reached Bern, that the Duke had done his last office and closed the bureau of his embassy. A few days after, the call for the meeting of an extraordinary Diet of two delegates from each Canton, to convene at Bern on the 17th of October, was despatched to the several cantonial directories. And about the same time, the Canton Vaud, which is one of the largest in the confederacy, refused to agree even to the conclusum of the diet; much less to the more recent demands of France. This step can have no other effect than to complicate the whole affair more seriously; and render its settlement without bloodshed, still more difficult.—For if the Diet can with honor pacify France, and preserve the friendship of the northern powers, by rigidly executing the conclusum; why there will remain the necessity of coercing in some way, the powerful Canton of Vaud. But on the other hand, it is obvious that the ancient spirit of Helvetia is roused; that the conduct of the French government has united almost the whole people in abhorrence against it, and a profound purpose to preserve at all hazards, the dignity, the independence, and the liberties of Switzerland. So that it seems more probable that the *conclusum* of the Diet would itself be repealed, than any attempt be made to coerce the Canton Vaud. If the conclusum be repealed, an army will immediately environ Switzerland, from the Rhine, around by the north, the east, and the south, to the Rhone. On the west, the line of frontier next to France is already shut up, and nothing that is Swiss is allowed to pass; and it is declared by France that it shall not be re-opened till a satisfaction, not only impossible, but incomprehensible is rendered. It is already avowed by the organs of the present French cabinet, that the plan of operations will be, to environ the Swiss on all sides, and starve them in their mountains.

It seems scarcely possible that things should continue as they

are and not probable that they would go back. If the Swiss sought only revenge against France, Austria is ready and able to forget refugees, and wink to blindness at any thing that would increase her influence in Switzerland, and over the passes of the Alps. The Emperor of Austria is King of Lombardy; and his fairest dominions are inaccessible to all foreign powers but France; and her only route to them is over the Alps.—But if the Swiss rely on themselves, their fastnesses, the justness of their cause, and the goodness of that benign Power, which has commanded the nations to remember the stranger, and to beware how they oppress the friendless, (and it is not for themselves, but for the stranger and the oppressed that they resist;) He will find, or make a way for their deliverance. How base is power. How heartless, how selfish, how detestable, are the schemes and purposes of those, whom God himself has denominated "the basest of mankind!" There is not a man in France that wishes to go to war with the Swiss; nor one in Switzerland who wishes to go to war with France. But the ministers of Louis Phillippe the First, did a dirty thing for a vile end, and were caught in it; and to satisfy French honor, the only alternative is to tell an official falsehood, under tenor of threats; or to shed innocent blood! The world is tired of war. Christianity abhors war. Commerce detests war. Wealth trembles at war. Justice and mercy shrink from war. But all these interests united, control the mass of all modern civilization. Then why need there ever be war? There never would be war, if the race of tyrants was extinct. There is no modern civilized nation, of which the great mass is not willing to mind their own affairs, and treat all other people with justice and civility. In such a case, there could be no war. Throw a king into the scale, and the chances are equal that he will outweigh all the interests I have named.

The probability however is, that this matter has gone further than the King of the French intended; and it has certainly been managed with a want of tact of which he would not have been guilty. A singular incident occurred very recently, which proves this. The celebrated Fellenburg, at a public meeting in the Canton of Bern, declared in the course of an address on the pre-

sent state of Swiss affairs, that he had the *highest* authority for saying, that the private sentiments of Louis Phillippe were altogether at variance with those of his cabinet and his ambassador, in relation to the existing difficulties; that his heart, grateful for the protection which the Swiss had once extended to himself, was broken at the prospect of a rupture with them; and that he not only wished, but was resolved to make an amicable adjustment of the matter. What does this mean? Was Louis Phillippe deceived as to the state of parties in Switzerland? Is he deceived as to the result of his past measures? Is he in earnest? Or is he merely intrigueing to keep certain men out of the approaching Diet, that he may have a better prospect of bringing it to terms?

I have mentioned the name of Fellenburg. It is known that his famous establishment is at Hofwil, a league or two from Bern. I had appropriated a day to the inspection of that place; and in the hope of being able to accomplish it, had obtained the necessary letters of introduction. The state of affairs between France and Switzerland trenched on my private matters, so as to consume in other and useless attempts, the time I had expected to spend at Hofwil; and thus deprived me of the pleasure and instruction I had hoped to derive from that source. Both the servants that accompanied our party—the one as courier, the other the nurse of our infant, were Swiss, with Swiss passports. To do without a nurse, was in the existing state of the mother's health, impossible; to get along with our party, through countries whose languages are constantly changing, and none of which any of us perfectly understood, was extremely difficult without a courier—a servant, at least, if not an interpreter. The entrance into Italy, except by the south of France, was sealed up by cholera or quarantine; and the entrance of our servants into France forbidden. The representatives of foreign powers "near" the Swiss government, as the phrase is, reside where the government is located; and therefore at Bern at the present time. I thought myself fortunate, therefore, in ascertaining the difficulty, at the very place where I could probably provide against it; but soon found that I had little reason to congratu-

late myself. There was no American agent of any kind at Bern; none, that I could certainly ascertain, in Switzerland; or even if (as some conjectured) there was one at Basle, he might as well be in Paris or London, so far as duties to be performed in Switzerland are concerned. This defect of national representatives, is deeply injurious to our national character abroad, and exceedingly inconvenient to our citizens. My courier (who, having resided twelve years in England, considered himself nearly as much entitled to be an Englishman as a Swiss,) urged me to apply to the English minister. I did so, and stated the case to his substitute in his office (of what rank I am unable to say.) The question was very simple, and was soon settled. I wished to know if the ambassador of a friendly power, would, in the absence of any representative from my own government, say in two words, on my passport; that besides the persons named in it, two servants had been added to my family since the passport had been given to me in America; so that my servants might have their characters merged in mine, and pass by my passport, instead of showing their separate Swiss passports. I was asked if I would pass for an Englishman? No; for nothing on earth but an American. Then the British ambassador can do nothing for you, sir. Very well; let things take their course. The courier was by this time anxious for the result, as well as disappointed at the bad progress of our first attempt. His next suggestion was, that as I would be nothing but what I was, he should become for the occasion, what he was not; and that I should write to some American agent for a passport for him as an American citizen. To this I demurred as decidedly as to the other proposition. It was none of Louis Phillippe's business who my servants were; and while I was responsible for them, he might pass them, if he chose, without asking any questions beyond the naked fact, that they belonged to my family, as mere travellers through his dominions. But if he chose to ask more, either in regard to me or them, I could neither tell, nor connive at others telling aught but the truth. As a last desperate alternative, the courier got my permission, to wait, on his own responsibility on the Russian ambassador for aid, or at least advice. The ambassador was

extremely polite ; but the case was hopeless. I forbade the subject to be mentioned any further; and quietly resigned myself into His hands who is able to deliver alike from cholera, quarantine, the French King's intrigues, and every other curse which the folly or guilt of man has brought upon the earth.

There are many things about Bern to interest the stranger ; many monuments of its former wisdom and courage ; many of its present prosperity and public spirit. There are six hundred and fifty rural schools in the Canton ; and here, as in all the Protestant Cantons, and several of the Catholic also I believe, popular education is not only gratuitous or nearly so, but the parent is obliged by law to send his child to school for a considerable portion of each year between his sixth and sixteenth year. Learning has however, had few eminent men to boast of in Bern. If we except the celebrated Haller, I cannot at this moment recall another. This is not to be attributed to want of opportunities, nor lack of public estimation of learning : for the city has its Academy—its faculties of law, medicine, theology, science, languages, &c. &c.; its libraries, museums, and numerous scientific collections and societies.

The bear is the ensign of Bern, and it is not without some show of reason that it has been called a city of bears ; at least so far as the perpetual recurrence of images of that sage and grave beast, in stone, print, wood, and coin, can justify such an appellation. It makes manifest, at least, the strong military bias of the people. Amongst its public buildings, one of the largest and handsomest is the *Burger-Spital*, a noble hospital, on whose front is engraved, *Christo in pauperibus—To Christ in the poor.*

The great church of the city—which was a Cathedral church before the Reformation, is an immense and superb Gothic structure, richly adorned with endless carvings in stone, and flanked by two lofty square towers. We were not allowed to examine its interior, as some private ceremony—whether a marriage or baptism, I could not learn—was about to be celebrated in it. As we were discoursing about it, the minister passed us, to enter the church. He was a handsome man—bare headed—dressed

in a long, loose robe, girdled around his loins, and his head swallowed up in a muff of monstrous dimensions. The dress was rather picturesque. But it seemed to me a silly excuse for a minister of the gospel to dress himself like a zany—that his ancestors did so five hundred years ago. The kingdom of God has as little to do with muffs and frocks, as it has with meat and drink.

But of all the pleasant places about Bern, its public walks are the most delightful. Few villages, even in Switzerland, are destitute of these lovely and refreshing promenades. But Bern is rich in them. There are few spots more delicious than its Platform, situated in the heart of the upper town, which is built on a cliff of the Aar; and overhanging the lower town, built on the narrow margin of the rapid current. On one side is the cathedral; on the other a precipice of above a hundred feet, railed in, and the incautious warned by an inscription in the centre, that a restive horse once plunged over it with his rider. The Platform is of considerable extent, and planted with numerous horse-chesnut trees, which are favorites every where in Europe. Below you, is the lower town, and the beautiful Aar. Beyond it, the rich and highly adorned country on its borders, skirted by ribs of hills, and the distance shut in by the vast ranges of the Oberland Alps, covered with everlasting snow, and shooting up their high peaks into the sky. The majestic pyramid of Niesen, the sharp and frozen Stockhorn, the graceful and lofty proportions af Shreckhorn, Eiger, and Youngfraw; "wild but not rude, awful but not austere." Bathed in the rich light of Autumn—white, all white—and so richly, dazzlingly white; contrasting by their magnitude and their colour, so strongly with the diminished and beautiful world at their feet; these great mountains fill the mind with solemnity and seriousness. You walk back and forward upon this Platform; and your pace becomes more measured, and your thoughts more elevated, and your imagination enlarged, and your feelings tranquilized. Your whole being sympathises with the majesty of the scene. The children who play around you, cease to be boisterous; the very labourer pursues his vocation in sedate silence; and none but an idiot or madman ever uttered a loud laugh while gazing upon the Alps.

CHAPTER VIII.

Canton Freyburg—Joseph Wolf—The Country of Gruyeres—Pilgrims—City of Freyburg—Great Suspension Bridge—The Peasantry—Goitres—Roman Antiquities.

THE Canton Freyburg is ranked amongst the large Cantons of Switzerland. It is situated towards the western side of the confederation; and contained in 1831, a population of 87,000 souls, of whom only seven or eight thousand residing in the district of Morat, (or Murten,) are Reformed. It is decidedly a Catholic Canton; and contains not only establishments of Jesuits, but several extensive ones of the austere and unsocial Carthusians; who seem to place the chief good, in silence, naked feet, and dirty clothes. Since the late revolution in this Canton, a degree of religious liberty not enjoyed in the Catholic Cantons generally, has been allowed; though even here, it is rather a shy toleration than any real freedom. In this Canton, the French language in a miserable patois is spoken as extensively almost as the German: but this is the limit to which that language has yet penetrated the country, in the use of the people at large.

There are several establishments of *the professed* that deserve particular notice on one account or other; and I regretted my inability to visit them. The hermitage of *Sainte Madalaine,* a league from Freyburg, is said to be cut entirely into the rock; although the whole establishment is four hundred feet long, and its clock tower eighty feet high. It is, however, the establishment of Trappists at *Valsainte,* nine leagues off, which possesses

most interest. It is the chief place of this singular fraternity; and was for some time the residence of the missionary Wolf. This extraordinary man was born at Bavaria, of Jewish parents, his father being a man of consequence amongst his people and a Rabbi. At the age of sixteen years he was baptized by a priest at Prague in Bohemia, and became a Papist. After some time he went to Rome, and spent two years in the college of the Propaganda, pursuing his studies. He was dismissed from that institution, and found his way to Switzerland; and finally into the Convent of Trappist Monks at Valsainte. Here he remained, until he became disgusted beyond farther endurance with the deceit and imposture of his companions; and at this critical juncture of his destiny met with an English traveller, at whose suggestion he visited England. He there found friends, under whose advice he spent two years at Oxford. His subsequent history is known, as well as his extraordinary efforts and sacrifices in the cause of Christ and his brethren: efforts and sacrifices, attended by some eccentricities and errors, which however they are to be regretted, have perhaps too seriously weakened the sympathy of the Christian world in his behalf.

The road from Bern to Freyburg, and thence to Lausanne in the Canton Vaud, over a distance of eighteen Swiss leagues, passes through a beautiful and well cultivated region, composed of a constant succession of hills and valleys, across which the route generally lies. To the right, the Jura mountains which skirt France and Switzerland, gradually rise from a distant dim line along the horizon, to bold and rocky promontories which seem much nearer than they really are. On the left, the mountains of the ancient country of Gruyers, famous on many accounts, and not amongst the least for their cheese—and the sweet and stirring music of their cow-herds; form a kind of low screen, over which the stupendous Alps lift up their heads, crowned with a diadem of pure, brilliant, and everlasting snow. The Counts of Gruyers lost these rich hill sides, in a singular way. Having become greatly involved by their extravagance—the evidences of their liability passed into the hands of the Bernese and Freyburgers; who eventually took the country for the

debt. By a strange chain of circumstances, the people of entire district were eaten and drunken, from subjects of a petty prince, into republicans; and that without any intervention of their own. I am not able to say what influence this singular lesson on the fruits of extravagance, had in producing the edict by which from the year 1735 to this time, the sale of spirituous liquors has been prohibited in these mountains. It is said that the consumption of coffee is greater here, in proportion to the number and wealth of the people, than in any part of the world. This may be attributed to the disuse of ardent spirits. Or probably to the general habits of luxury and prodigality, for which the wealthier people amongst them, are said to be famous. These qualities are, however, so far from being common to their neighbours, that the people of the valley of Frutigen, are reported to have abstained from eating meat for seven years—that by a rigid parsimony they might hoard the sum demanded by their barons, as the price of exemption from all imposts. The Swiss of another generation, would have redeemed their liberties with a different metal. And yet, perhaps, these simple peasants made the wiser as well as the surer purchase. The shedding of human blood should be the utmost remedy; and that only against intolerable wrong. Even amongst the wisest of the heathen it was a principle of morals, as well as of policy, that the sword was only, *ultima ratio*, the very last alternative. And even in this dire extremity, its use is qualified by a most instructive limitation. Ultima ratio *regum*. *Kings*—not mankind at large, but the rulers of the world, have been the great slaughter mongers of it.

At the village of Schmitten, between Bern and Freyburg, we had occasion to stop for a few moments, and were overtaken by a company of pilgrims; who were returning from Einsiedlen in the Canton Schwytz, where they had made a pilgrimage to the Benedictine Abbey, where a wooden image of *Notre-Dame des Eremites*, presented by the princess Hildegarde to the founder of the abbey, attracts yearly crowds of pilgrims. This company consisted of thirteen persons, of humble appearance; of whom three were females, and one a boy; the remaining nine being

young and athletic men. They declined all conversation, except the shortest and simplest answers to such questions as seemed to them worthy of a response. Amongst those not answered was that designed to ascertain their place of abode; and I can therefore form no idea of the distance they had gone to worship a stock, which has become doubly sacred since it escaped the fury with which the French soldiers in 1798 visited some other objects about the abbey. They were now nearly a hundred miles from the place of pilgrimage, on their return home. And although their progress was necessarily slow, seeing that some or all of them, stopped to perform an act of worship in every church and chapel, and before every cross and station-mark they encountered; yet they seemed weary and harrassed with the length of their way. For the rest, they were ragged, filthy, and haggard, to a pitiable degree; and presented a spectacle well calculated to humble our hearts in the view of what human nature is, and to fill them with sorrow at the proof of what it may be made.

The city of Freyburg is one of the prettiest in Switzerland; though one of the least frequented by travellers. The road leading through it is not quite so level as that by Morat; and all sorts of excuses are made by owners and drivers of post horses, to prevent persons from taking the route by it. I resolved to see it; and was doubly fixed in that purpose on finding that it lay precisely in my way, from which I must turn aside to avoid it. Its situation is exceedingly romantic; the country around it beautiful; the public edifices well worthy of inspection; and its institutions curious, and antique. There are few places in Switzerland, where I would suppose a traveller could pass a short time more pleasantly. It possesses one monument of taste and enterprise, I might almost say magnificence, which equals any thing of the kind, perhaps in the world. The town is situated on the south bank of the river Savine, whose cliffs are abrupt and high. Above these cliffs, and receding a little more from the stream, are still higher elevations; upon the sloping face of one of which the little city stands, with its white houses, and ancient walls; which cross the river and encompass a part

of the town built on the margin of the water, on the north side of the Savine. The work of which I speak, is a superb suspension bridge, thrown across the river from the tops of the cliffs, and hanging in the air without any apparent support; 900 feet long, and 140 feet above the bed of the river, with a breadth of perhaps 60 feet. At each end, on the cliff, is an arch of considerable height, through which the way passes. Over these are drawn two cords of a diameter of six inches, which are composed of fine wires, tightly bound together. The ends of these large cords, passed over the tops of the arches, are fastened into the cliffs on each side of the river, at a distance of perhaps a hundred feet from the arches, and nearly on a level with their bases. This fastening, and the fulcra afforded by the tops of the arches, form the entire support of the bridge. The great cords pass across the river, swagging in such a way as to touch the cone of the bridge about the centre; the bridge itself being slightly arched. The timbers of the bridge are fastened to the great cords, by vertical cords of one inch in diameter, made precisely like the great ones, and occurring at intervals of a few feet. It has been in use for about two years; and the heaviest burdens, in all sorts of vehicles carried over it. Its balance is so perfect, that it trembles at the tread of a single passenger. I was not able to learn the name of the architect; and got for answer, "Oh! he is some Frenchman; I believe from Lyons." It is a work full of genius and science; in which the simple and beautiful structure is surpassed only by the hardy and grand conception. I saw various advertisements of the first scheme of the seventh class of the lotteries, by the proceeds of which this noble work is to be paid for: and I bewailed the sad necessity by which ignorance and vice seem doomed to obscure all that is greatest, and degrade all that is most useful amongst men.

The village of Payerne, (called in German, Peterlingen,) although within four or five leagues of the town of Freyburg, is situated in the Canton Vaud. It is seated in the midst of rich and highly cultivated fields, lately stripped, when I saw them, of crops of peas, tobacco and hemp; and looking more like the

best portions of our middle and western states, than any part of Switzerland I had seen. We tarried an hour in the place for our driver to rest his horses—during which, I had an opportunity of seeing a large collection of the people from the vicinage at their weekly market. I observed here very strikingly exhibited, several peculiarities of the dress of the men of the middle and poorer classes, which are in a considerable degree common to other cantons. Very few wear woollen clothes; and the hemp and cotton fabrics which poorly supply their place in a climate so damp and cold, are thin and coarse. But even these garments never fit the person. Short in the arms, short in the legs, narrow in the back, the short tails sticking fantastically out, or lapping over each other, with every other possible defect of cut and make; the whole effect is such, that the wearer looks uncomfortable and ludicrous. This is nearly universal, and is, I think, a principal reason why the peasants of the country are always considered ugly. Their wives and sisters may treat them thus through incapacity; and indeed their hands seem fully as familiar with the hoe and plough, as with the distaff and needle. But a very slight glance at the females of this region, is enough to make one suspect that a secret purpose lurks at the bottom of their terrible handy-work for the other sex. They are not perhaps to be thought hard of, for desiring their husbands to look somewhat like themselves; and of all the female sex I had then ever seen, these impressed me with the most disgust. To say nothing of any thing else, three women out of every four had goitres of the most terrible dimensions: and I am rather inclined to believe, that if a strict scrutiny were allowed, a large part of the remainder would be found not wholly free from them. I had observed a few persons before, with this revolting disease; which had from the first excessively offended my sight, on account perhaps, of its rare occurrence in America. But to be thrown in an instant, amongst five hundred women, nearly all of whom were deformed in the throat, and very many to a degree scarcely admitting of belief; shocked me beyond expression.

There is no feeling more instinctive in the breast of civilized

and enlightened man, than tenderness and veneration towards all that is called woman. The debt of gratitude to our mothers which nothing can repay, heightened by the recollection of the tears we have wrung from their sacred eyes, serves to give to every aged woman a title to our reverence. The inexpressible tenderness of a father's heart overflows towards every bright look of maiden beauty, that recalls the name of daughter. And there is not a step of sedate and matron-like dignity and grace, that does not fill the memory, the imagination, and the heart, with that form which is the centre of every blessed picture of life. How much of its sweetness, yea how much of its dignity and virtue, does life owe to these hallowed relationships! For my part, I felt as if a calamity had overtaken me, when I found myself irresistibly repelled from the indulgence of such kindly feelings towards such multitudes, by what could only be called a misfortune: and my heart upbraided me for a fastidiousness of taste, as insuperable as it is perhaps indefensible. It would break my heart to dwell amongst such sights.

The village of Milden, still nearer to Lausanne, is not perhaps worthy of special mention on its own account; and I shall remember it principally as the spot where I saw a block of defaced stone, a few feet high, and of about half the width of its height, covered with characters, which the "tooth of time" has in a degree consumed. But that stone has the simplicity and beauty which every where distinguished the Roman altar; and it tells more eloquently, in its disfigured solitude, the tale of ruin which it alone is left to record, than words could repeat. It is the only relic of what was once a Roman city! All that abides to connect the idle lounger through these crooked streets, with heroic generations that have been dust for so many centuries! They who say they have deciphered the inscription, make it announce that Quintus Ælius, priest of Augustus, had erected at his own expense, this altar, to Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and to Juno Regina; and that he had given three-quarters of a million of Sesterces (about $20,000) to the city of Minidunum for the construction of a gymnasium: upon condition that if the money were not applied to this use, it should appertain as a legacy to the city of Aventicum.

I am solaced by the belief, that this is the real import of the inscription. Religion is the first necessity of man; learning his chiefest accomplishment; enlarged and wise benevolence, his highest excellence. It is touching to behold this memorial of the indwelling power of that which pertains to every generation, surviving all that was peculiar to the most majestic of them all. It pertains to nature, and therefore it is meet, that its memorials should live when all others die. The brook which murmurs past these walls, the mountain which frowns on them from afar, abide in their separate and changeless beauty and grandeur, just as when Minidunum and Aventicum, and Quintus Ælius and the wise Augustus, lived to gaze upon them. And so they will abide, when other ages in distant posterity retain of us less traces it may be, than this little stone. But in those most distant ages as in these passing now and in those buried in an unknown antiquity, the nature of man will stand changeless as the universe around him. How it rejoices the heart to know that with the blessing of God, the very essence of things involves the necessity that sustained efforts to do man good are obliged to succeed! For they are based in necessities and impulses, stronger than all that is within and without united; and so enduring that we can be ruined only by their mis-direction. Man will have a God. Will the Christian give him his? Man will submit himself to be taught by those wiser than he. Will the enlightened give him truth? Man's gifts are lavished evermore, where his affections cleave. Will the wise present him with objects worthy of a magnificent charity?

CHAPTER IX.

Canton Vaud—Religious State—Momiers—Dr. Malan—Felix Neff—Political Condition of the Canton—Approach to Lausanne—The City Itself—Gibbon, the Historian—The Cathedral—Felix V.—The Council of Basle—The Reigning Prince of Hesse Cassel—Manners of the Great—The Special Use of German Princes—Addition of Canton Vaud to the Helvetic Confederation.

The Canton Vaud, is one of the most considerable in the Helvetic Confederation, both in population and territorial extent: that is to say, if such language can be used, of a little state containing 180,000 people. Of these not above four thousand are called Catholics; the remainder not only professing the Reformed religion, but there is great reason to believe, enjoying evangelical ministrations of the word of life to a greater proportionate extent, than any other part of the continent of Europe.

It is known to the religious world, that the Christians of this Canton have, during the present generation, suffered a most rigorous oppression—I should perhaps call it—from their brethren professing the same faith with themselves. This state of things lasted six or eight years, during which persons were exiled, imprisoned, fined, and prohibited from assembling for worship; and otherwise vexed and pursued in the name of the laws, and under the procurement of the public authorities and nominally Reformed pastors; avowedly because they professed doctrines and pursued a course of life and worship, which need be no further explained to an American reader, than to say they were such as *all* the Christians of that country aim at. Happily,

this folly and wickedness defeated its own ends: or rather God made the wrath of man praise him, and graciously restrained the remainder thereof. For the last four or five years unlimited freedom of worship has been enjoyed; and at this time, there are above a hundred pastors in the Canton Vaud, who receive the truth in the love of it, and preach it faithfully and zealously to the people. "It is a blessed Canton," said one of the most active and enlightened Christians of Switzerland to me, one not himself a citizen of Vaud.

The state of things which preceded and ushered in this revival of religion throughout the Canton Vaud, as well as in other parts of Switzerland, and indeed in most countries of Europe; was extremely curious and interesting. I mention this Canton only, at the present time. I asked Dr. Malan, at Geneva, what was a Momier. I had heard the word used, in every sense, good and bad; and although I understood in general that a religious sect was designated by it, I was somewhat confused by its various imports. "Ah!" said the venerable man, "you speak to the king of the Momiers—to the first, perhaps, who was branded with the name." He then proceeded to inform me shortly, of his own conversion to God; of the privation of his appointment of instructor of youth in Geneva, on that account; of his lack of permission to preach, the contempt of his brethren, and the scorn of his fellow-citizens. In this exigency, his habit was to preach as he could in the adjoining villages of France, which are near enough for persons from Geneva to attend. The same malice which oppressed him at home, followed to revile him in the regions round about. To ridicule him, it was advertised that the *great Momier* would exhibit, at such and such times and places; the word answering precisely to a noun personal, made out of our word *mummery*. At first he was not aware that he was meant; but supposed that as the habits of the place and time encouraged Sabbath day exhibitions of all kinds, it was a real juggler who had availed himself of the crowd, and would actually exhibit his mountebank tricks.—"When I found out the truth," said he, with his dark eyes

beaming light. "I was full of joy. Then I knew it was a great thing. I did not see it so plain before. They had given it a name; it is a great work; they have so treated great works before: I saw that God intended great things!" The event has fully justified the expectations of the single-hearted Christian. And amidst the trials and sorrows of an apostleship, full of many that wound the spirit and break the heart; God has permitted his servant to see the truth of that in which he trusted. It is a great work.—Who shall say how much greater it is destined to become!

Amongst the early converts either through the agency of Dr. Malan, or perhaps through the same instrumentality to which his own conversion may be attributed, was Felix Neff. "The most gifted man, in body and mind, I ever knew, was Felix Neff." These words were spoken to me by professor Gaussen of Geneva. Neff was a soldier in the garrison of Geneva, was converted—became a minister of Jesus Christ—and was perhaps more directly successful, and more wonderfully blessed in his labours, than any man of this extraordinary age. It was through his instrumentality that the revival amongst the pastors in the Canton Vaud commenced; and that at a time when he was but imperfectly educated, and not licensed to preach. He went on foot from one parish to another, over the Canton—visiting the pastors. To these he preached; not directly, but with a pathos, subtilty, and demonstration, which characterized the man, and marked him as a chief captain in the army of the Lord. His instructions to the pastors, (what a phrase have I used—what a lesson is contained in it—a discharged soldier teach pastors religion!) His instructions, for they were truly such, were confined exclusively to the narration of what he had seen, heard, and experienced. He asked leave to tell what God had done for his soul. The pastor listened in the retirement of his study: and the truth slew him! He wished to make known what he had witnessed of the work of the Lord on the heart of such, or such a one. The pastor heard and the scales fell from his eyes. It was as the water of Marah, with the bitterness of sin gushing from the head of the fountain: and the servant of

the Lord cast in of the tree of life eternal, and the sweetness of heaven re-visited the stream. Will it be credited, that I searched the principal book stores in Geneva for some memoir of Felix Neff, and found none? Can it be believed that I was told in all I searched, that they had never before heard of the man!

I should not omit to state that Canton Vaud has taken the lead in support of popular sentiments, and just and liberal views in Switzerland, for some years past. Indeed the toleration of piety dates from the revolution in Vaud following that of July in France; while on the other hand the Christians of the Canton have with equal fervency espoused the cause of freedom. It is surely true that the Christian religion, is perfectly compatible with the existence of all kinds of social systems, not sinful in themselves; and that chiefly, because it has nothing to do with any sort of system, except to teach all men to do perfectly all their duties. But it is just as true, that the principles of Christianity are principles of justice to all, mercy to the unfortunate, and humility before God; and that its spirit is as widely different from that of most of the existing institutions of the world, as selfishness, cruelty, and oppression, are removed from the principles already stated. Let us, therefore, rejoice doubly in such manifestations as these, that true religion is at length permitted to compensate mankind for the horrors which false religion has perpetrated against them. They who love freedom more than they love virtue,—alas! too great a portion of our kind—will learn at length that true religion is the twin sister of well regulated freedom. And false religion, welded to the worst corruption of thrones, to the severest oppressions of the privileged orders, to all the wrongs of the poor, and all the sufferings of the miserable; must perish before the united force of temporal and eternal interests, the combined energy of heaven and earth.

As the evening began to draw around us, we approached Lausanne. "Behold Mount Blanc," said the voiturier, stopping his horses upon the summit of a hill. Not long afterwards, he paused again, saying "Lac Leman," and indicating with his hand the sheet of still water, stretched like a beautiful bow at the base of the surrounding mountains. The largest and love-

liest of the Swiss lakes—the loftiest and most majestic of all the mountains in the northern hemisphere, greeted us for the first time, almost at the same moment! A wild and varied landscape, such as the world has few like, is before and around the traveller as he descends by this route into the delicious valley of the Leman. To the right are the steep and naked ridges of the Jura, around whose base the lake seems drawn from you in the most graceful arc. Between the bare mountain and the smiling waters, a belt of verdure rich as one can imagine, full of vines and grain and fruit trees—and the habitations of man, stretches entirely to Geneva. To the left, and in front across the lake, the dark looking hills of the neighbouring cantons and of Chablais in Savoy, are the first steps of the eternal Alps; which far off seem to lean upon the sky. Above them all, far to the right, towers the triple head of Mount Blanc, ruling in cold and silent grandeur, the frozen world around him. Lausanne, elevated upon several hills considerably above the lake, but still more below the level of the country behind it, is seated upon the outer edge of the lake; and while it forms a striking object in the general picture, furnishes from its various promenades the most delightful views of the other parts of it.

This city is the capital of the Canton, and one of the largest and most pleasant in Switzerland. It is furnished with the apparatus of Chateau, cathedral, terrace, fountain, &c., belonging as appears by indispensable necessity to all continental cities of any pretensions. The still more important accompaniment of libraries, colleges, museums, hospitals, &c., are also found here, on the same scale of liberal and wise provision which distinguishes almost all the cantons. Its advantages, its pleasures, its climate, its beauty, and perhaps more than either, its liberal and generous policy towards strangers, have made the Canton Vaud and especially the town of Lausanne, a place of great resort for various classes of them. Men of letters, men of reduced circumstances, men suspected, men oppressed; at Lausanne there are generally to be found under these and various other classes, persons from most countries of Europe. The costume, language and features of them all, may be seen and heard in the dark and

steep streets, and combine with the picturesque appearance of the place itself, to make its impression very striking. Amongst the curiosities of the place, strangers are shown the library of the Spaniard Benial de Quiros, added to that of the city near a century ago; and the house in which Gibbon wrote his great work on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The latter is a plain stone building, rather low, situated in the rear of the church of St. Francis, near to an ancient building which once appertained to a Convent of Franciscan Friars, but is now more usefully employed as a kitchen of a hospital. It is at present owned and occupied by a *momier*; a believer in that religion, which Gibbon ridiculed, a worshipper of that Saviour whose disciples, the philosophic historian falsified the truth of history and perverted the principles of philosophy that he might traduce. Great as this change is, it happily indicates one somewhat resembling it, commensurate with the whole face of the Christian world. There are probably few who read the works of Gibbon who do not consider his attacks on the Christian religion, as decided stains upon them. But in his own generation perhaps an equally great proportion of the same class of persons, cherished them as capital excellencies; while he himself regarded them as furnishing one of the best evidences of the depth of his learning, and the greatness of his capacity. A great cycle in human thought has been accomplished. We have passed through an era in which every thing was dissolved; and the sharp ingredients which were thrown into the mass, were necessary to disengage the foreign and hurtful materials, and then subside with the impurities which generations of sin and error had accumulated. We have returned to a posture more elevated than any occupied by man, since the days of the Apostles. We are better off than after the revival of letters; for knowledge is more diffused and religion more general. We are happier in our position, than they were who saw the best days which the reformation ushered in; for now we stand upon the ruins of all those opinions of which the reformers only scaled the ramparts. Or more strictly speaking, the events which have progressed with power in the world since the American revolution, and which have

received so great an additional impulse in Europe since that of France of 1789; have produced upon all human interests precisely the effects which the Reformation did in regard to religion. Right ideas have the mastery: it is power, brute force alone that holds society in check. The heart of the world is accessible at every pore, to the naked, simple, glorious power of truth. The time for the life from the dead is come, for the world. If the church of Christ be faithful, a career of blessedness is before her, of which all past generations have seen but the twilight.

The Cathedral at Lausanne, which is regarded as one of the finest Gothic edifices in Europe, was once considered also peculiarly sacred. It was consecrated by one Pope, and the remains of another still repose in one of its aisles. The first was Gregory X., the other Felix V. The latter deserves the admiration of posterity, for an act of rare and noble self-denial, which is nearly unique in the history of the Papacy. The Council of Basle had deposed the reigning Pope, and elected the Count of Savoy, who took the title of Felix V. That the Council had ample power to do both these acts, had been expressly settled as of faith, by the Council of Constance. But the reigning Pope and his faction, chose to regard their interests as more infallibly revealed, than the will of God could be to a general council; although they held as of faith, that such a council spake as with the voice of God. But they evaded this conclusion by denying that the Council of Basle was holy, general, or œcumenical: a denial which robs them of the countenance of one of the most respectable assemblies of Papal divines that ever met. Felix V., after accepting the triple crown, and waiting several years without violence or bitterness, to see if the ultra-montaine party would submit to the voice of the Council and the general wish of the Papal church: found himself reduced to the necessity of taking up arms to subdue the anti-pope, creating a permanent schism by tolerating him longer, or abdicating the tiara. With the spirit of a benevolent man, and a wise prince—may we not hope also of an humble Christian, he chose the last alternative, and resigned the Papacy, in this cathedral, in the year 1449. I trod upon his ashes with profound reverence;

and looked upon his defaced monument with a feeling of kindly remembrance, strongly contrasting with the coldness, perhaps contempt, with which I regarded the pompous titles of the dead barons, and the carved marble of the mouldering prelates around him. His successors in the county of Savoy, are at the present moment kings of Sardinia: and it is not improbable they may yet rule over all northern Italy. The reigning pontiff and all who have preceded him for nearly four centuries, are the successors of the anti-pope, condemned and justly deposed by the Council of Basle; which had every mark by which the Papists themselves define a general council, in a greater degree than most of those they regard as such; and this additionally that it composed, as they say, the great Hussite schism. Either a general council is not infallible, or the Popes for four centuries have had only an anti-papal, instead of an apostolical succession—or the Council of Basle was an erroneous and schismatical assembly, instigated by the devil. If this last alternative be admitted, no human ingenuity can prescribe rules by which a true general council can be distinguished from a false one; and therefore the faith of Rome is built on the sand. If either of the two former suppositions be true, Rome can have no faith at all. But one of the three is obliged to be true, as the three cover every possible supposition in the case.

There was a curious point in the manners of the great, accidentally exhibited to me in great nakedness, at Lausanne.—Though grown familiar with the appearance of soldiers, I thought there were rather more than the usual portion, lounging before and about the galleries of the hotel at which I stopped. On asking what it meant, I was told they belonged to the household of the prince of Hesse Cassel, who was then a lodger in the hotel. Further enquiries revealed the fact that his highness, (whether royal or merely *serene*, I am not able to say,) had a family with him, that is a lady, perhaps several, and children. Another step in the investigation brought out the admission that the family, although *really* his, was not his *real* family. That is, his highness was publicly travelling up and down Europe, with his mistress and her offspring. I thank God that our re-

publican ideas are yet sufficiently in accordance with virtue and public decency, to save us from such open manifestations of debauchery. But we should judge the prince of Hesse Cassel harshly, if we supposed he was at all sensible of the nature of the outrage he was committing. The number of rulers in Europe, whether great or small, who have illegitimate families, is generally equal to the entire actual number; and this revolting truth has existed so long, that more than half the hereditary aristocracy of all Europe, is justly entitled to the bar sinister—the badge of bastardy, upon their proud escutcheons. Even those royal races which are extinct in the legitimate lines, survive in those which are otherwise. The present royal family of England, has but three feeble remnants of the large family of George III., to nourish legitimate rulers for the British realm, in the next generation. But in the other sort, the numbers are not so easily computed. The present "most religious King" William IV., the "head of the United Church of England and Ireland," has around him a large family of the late unhappy actress Mrs. Jordan; which he is so benevolent as to treat as if it was his own, and to allow, in the use of the name Fitz-Clarence, his own ducal appellation. These young gentlemen and ladies are the attendants of royalty, the friends, equals, patrons of nobles, prelates, magnates of England. It might almost be conjectured that something of this sort was meant in England, when they spake of a man's *being well born!*

These little German princes, are not however, to be underrated. They play a most important part in the affairs of Europe. For though their territories be often too small for an ancient park, and their cities not so large as we could build up in America in half a year; yet this is all the better. The more they can be multiplied, the better for Europe—for the world—for posterity. There are certain parts of the earth which seem peculiarly adapted to the growth of certain creatures. The Roman emperors sent to one province for the brains of the peacock, and to another for the tongues of nightingales, for their costly repasts. Lybia, in all ages, is the land of the lion; Arabia of the horse. Germany breeds queens! These little nests of princes, are the

common resort of the failing royalty of Europe. They contain too, by all odds, the purest races extant; for, as the learned reader will remember, the restriction of royalty to royalty in the article of marriage, was a thing unknown to ancient civilization; and sprung originally from the barbarians who subverted the Roman empire; amongst whom, their kingly races were considered possessors of a nature superior to that of all other beings. Restricted marriages grew naturally out of this idea; and keeping pace with the fiction of divine right have stultified and nearly extinguished the blood royal of Europe. But for Germany, the race of kings would have expired: and there it has survived chiefly on account of the number of royal houses.

The Canton Vaud appertained for a long time to the county of Savoy. Conquered afterwards by the republic of Bern, in a war undertaken to assist its allies of Geneva; it remained until the close of the last century, subject to that Canton. As one of the consequences perhaps of the French revolution, it revolted from Bern; and when the great powers of Europe were re-settling its states after the fall of Napoleon in 1814, this Canton was placed in the Helvetic confederation, on its present footing. It is said that the personal influence of General la Harpe—who was a native of Vaud, and had been attached to the person of the emperor Alexander in his youth, was the great obstacle to the re-union of the two Cantons at that period. It has no doubt been better for both, that the intrigues alleged to have been entered into by Bern, to obtain the re-annexation of Vaud, were not successful.

CHAPTER X.

Shores of Lac Leman—The Vintage—Labourers- Common Use of Wine—Lake Craft -Coppet—Madame De Stael—Pestalozzi—The Residence and Literary Labours of Byron—Ferney—Voltaire—Estimate of him.

From Lausanne to Geneva, is about forty English miles. The road passes along the shore of Lac Leman, through a region of great fertility and beauty—sustaining a dense population, and cultivated to a high degree. The villages have an ancient and rather sombre appearance; and the chateaus are hid away in the midst of groves of the walnut and pear tree. The valley is filled with vines, which were still covered with their delicious fruit, though it was the end of the first week in October. I had seen no vines since we left the shores of lake Zug, and not many since we had turned our backs on the Rhine. It surprised me to find so many and so extensive vineyards, such large vines, and such an abundant vintage; and especially to see the white grape, which is generally considered less hardy than the purple --predominating every where.

During my stay at Geneva I had an opportunity to witness the whole process of the vintage in this part of Switzerland; and will, in a few words, describe it. On both sides of the lake the white grape is preferred—and considered more suitable to the climate, than any coloured grape. It ripens a week or ten days sooner: and on the south side of the lake, as the frosts are earlier, the vintage is commenced sooner than on the north.

It is apparent from these several facts, that from the commencement of the vintage of the white grape on the south side of the lake, to the close of that of the red grape on the north side, several weeks must elapse. Much also depends on the season. But in general, the two last weeks of October are considered the period of the vintage. The labourers at this season are paid about eighteen cents a day, of our money, to the females, (who compose the larger portion of them;) and twenty-five or thirty cents to men. They are also fed in a plain way; and permitted to sleep in barns, and garrets. These labourers for the region around Geneva, meet in a sort of market every Sabbath morning, in that city; and are there hired for a period of one week, or less, at a time. The process of gathering the grapes, and making the wine then commences. The bunches of grapes are picked and put into small wooden vessels; which, as fast as they are filled, are emptied into a larger and very curious funnel shaped tub, which they use all over Europe to carry liquids in, upon their backs, with the small end of it downwards. This is filled with bunches of grapes; and as they are thrown in, a man mashes them with a sort of a pestle, pretty much as hommony is beaten. He then carries them to the wine press, which is generally erected in the same building where the wine is stored. The grapes are emptied from the tub upon the press; and after they have been pressed to apparent dryness, the pummice is cut up, and placed in hogsheads with water. This after soaking is used for making vinegar, for distillation into brandy, or as an inferior kind of wine, usually given to servants. The juice of the grape is not even strained; but thick and far more dirty than our sweet cider—it is taken from the press and thrown into hogsheads, which contain several hundred gallons each. This finishes the process. The wine ferments clear, and in three months is fit for use; being much improved of course, by age. But it is neither racked off, nor adulterated, nor mixed. It is the simple juice of the grape, and is so used by the grower, or so passes into the hands of the wine merchant. What befalls so much of it as the wine dealer handles, is best known to the trade. But in Europe at least, I presume its extreme cheapness

insures it against any adulteration except that arising from the addition of water, or inferior qualities of wine. As a drink it is in universal use. At every *table d'Hôte*, one bottle at least is set by every plate—and sometimes two, one of white the other of red wine. At the *cafés*, they give you what they call *dejeuner a la fourchette*, (literally, *breakfast with a fork*, a meal to which we have nothing answering,) at prices varying according to the quality of the repast and the reputation of the house, from one to three francs ; always throwing in a bottle of wine. And this is a bona-fide expected to be used ; for what a European does not eat, he often carries off in his pocket. At least you will generally see this done, with the sugar left after taking coffee. The wine commonly drank, is as a beverage, not much superior to the common cider of America. It is sufficiently strong to produce intoxication, especially upon those not accustomed to stronger drinks ; and the observant traveller will very soon see reason enough to discredit the common but extremely erroneous notion, that drunkenness is rare in those countries that produce wine.

The lake of Geneva, or Leman, like several of the smaller lakes of Switzerland, is furnished with two or three comfortable steam boats; which during the greater part of the year make daily voyages around it. It also possesses some water craft of a different kind, and of a very beautiful construction and equipage. Small vessels with narrow keels and sharp bows and sterns, and rigged with a false deck extending over the gunwales, so as to carry considerable stuff. They are furnished ordinarily with two masts, which are short and made of a single piece. To each of these is rigged a single spar, considerably longer than the mast itself, so attached that it can work up and down the mast; and so balanced, that it can play on its own axis, both vertically and horizontally. These spars support, each a single sail, long, narrow, sharp, and triangular: and they usually lay across the masts, at a pretty sharp angle: either both on the same side of the vessel, or with their upper points turned out on opposite sides, like the tail of a swallow. They are graceful and beautiful, and as far as my knowledge extends are

confined to Lac Leman and the Mediterranean sea: at least I have seen such no where else. And I recall with a pleasant association the ancient village of Nyon, on the shores of the former, where I saw them first, and the romantic city of Nice on the banks of the latter, from the terrace of whose sea wall, I saw her little harbour hid behind marble bulwarks, crowded with them. It is sweet to chain the memory to what we shall see no more, by bands ever so capricious; so that they bring back to us scenes which we looked upon when our hearts were at ease, and our spirits full of peace.

At a short distance from Geneva you pass through the village of Coppet, where Madame de Stael long resided. Here she produced some of her most extraordinary works, which are certainly amongst the most profound that any female has ever written; and which are neglected to a degree unaccountable, as they were perhaps once overrated. Here she gathered around her in an honourable and elegant retirement, many of the first spirits of the age; who from time to time, resorted to her abode and refreshed themselves with her converse. A very curious anecdote is told of one of these assemblages. Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, and other equally distinguished persons, were staying at Coppet, along with Pestalozzi; whom they had in vain endeavoured to draw into a discussion on the subject of education, in order to obtain an exposition of his peculiar system. He evaded all discussion—refused all debate—escaped every snare laid by his hostess and her guests, to entrap him into a full disclosure of his ideas, before an audience whom he perhaps feared, or perhaps despaired of. They at length organized a plot against him; and by pre-concert, one afternoon, the whole array of genius at Coppet, insensibly gathered around him and hemmed him completely in. Then commenced the attack. One demanded his ideas on such a point; another required an answer to this objection; and all had somewhat that required explanation and defence. Pestalozzi as usual attempted a retreat; but arms and legs and chairs surrounded him on all sides. The attack was renewed: and for a moment the old man seemed in despair. But finally, summoning all his resolution, he charged

upon the phalanx, and leaping over the lap of one of the party, rushed out of the circle, leaving it convulsed with laughter.

Almost opposite to Coppet, on the other shore of the lake and in full view, is the house of Deodati at Cologny, where Lord Byron resided; and in which he wrote the third Canto of Childe Harold, Manfred, and the Prisoner of Chillon. The scene of the last named poem is laid at the chateau of that name, on the shore of this lake, near its upper end; and the principal incidents are true. They belong to the life, sufferings, and heroic efforts of Francis Bonnivard, the defender of the liberty of Geneva—who languished six years chained to a rock in the dungeons of Chillon. Byron was attended during his residence here, by the poet Shelley, and the novelist Monk Lewis. I think none of the party, produced much impression on the Genevese. The house he occupied, is a plain stone edifice on the lake shore just above Cologny—and was vacant when I saw it. I had gone into the country for another purpose; and finding myself at the gate, walked in for a moment, upon the gloomy stone terrace. I take Byron to have been one of the most extraordinary combinations, that has had the human shape. His poetic genius was in modern times, altogether unparalleled. And yet his heart was cold, stern, and bitter; and his spirit caustic and capricious to a degree that would seem incompatible with a strong perception of what is beautiful and lovely, and wholly inconsistent with the fervid control of the imagination. It proves, that intense passion and profound thought have no necessary connexion with those qualities to which men have delighted to unite them; nay more, that naked and alone they may triumph in regions, usually appropriated to them only when guided and sustained, by more refined and tender impulses.

On the same side of the lake as Coppet, but nearer to Geneva, is the village of Ferney, the residence and I believe the domain of Voltaire; who made the acquisition of it in 1759, and lived in the chateau, if it deserve the name, till his death in 1775. The village is in the French territory; but being only five or six miles from Geneva, and the road from thence delightful, it may

be regarded, so far as travellers are interested in it, as an appurtenance of that city. Voltaire once said in derision of the Genevese, that if he shook his wig he could powder the whole republic. At present, I believe few persons find their way to his mansion, except those attracted to Geneva by its own objects of interest so derided by the literary leviathan, in the height of his glory. M. Bude, of a Genevese family and a protestant, is the owner of Ferney; and another house still nearer Geneva once occupied by Voltaire, is at present not only owned and occupied by a Momier, but I was told that a part of it was appropriated to the purposes of a magazine for Bibles and religious tracts. The succession to Voltaire seems even more extraordinary than that to Gibbon.

I visited Ferney, and found the whole matter a very paltry affair. The house is a comfortable and rather large country house; the grounds pretty, not more, hardly so much. The boasted church which Voltaire built, and inscribed on the front, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, I found full of wood and going to decay. It was a very small and mean structure in its best estate. The great objects of interest are his private apartments, which are said to be preserved in the same state in which he left them. These are particularly mean. They consist of an outer hall—an interior saloon of a circular shape behind it—and a small bed room on the left of it. Every thing here fills one with suprise, when it is remembered that this is the most secret place of a man of wealth and inconceivable vanity and pretension; at the very period when he was the intimate correspondent of sovereigns, and the most distinguished philosopher of the world. It is a little miserable hole, adorned with some bad pictures, and a number of small and wretched engravings. Amongst these were heads of distinguished persons of all countries; about half of the whole being Americans and English. I observed those of Washington—Franklin—Newton—Milton;—those also of Leibnitz—D'Alambert—Diderot—Helvetius—Racine—Corneile;—a portrait of the Empress Catharine, and one of Frederick the Great; and to my utter amazement, a print of Clement XIV. Voltaire did indeed affect universality on all subjects; to

know and to be every thing, was the ruling conceit of a soul, consumed with low and evil passions. But that he whose strongest wish was expressed in the anxious desire "to see the last Jesuit strangled in the bowels of the last Molinist," and who continually sought to have it believed that it was not religion but superstition which he warred against, and the Papal system, as the concentration of folly and imposture; that this same man, should hang up among his special favourites the head of the reigning pontiff, who was in his opinion the common father of all abominations, and the very centre of all that is ridiculous and unprincipled; was an exhibition for which I was not prepared.

No man who ever exerted so great influence as Voltaire, fell so speedily into so great contempt. With great activity of spirit, unbounded vivacity and wit, and much that cannot be denied, was real genius; he possessed also an exceedingly wide range of superficial knowledge. With a laboriousness and flexibility never surpassed, he wrote through nearly a century, with his eyes fixed on two grand objects; the greatness of Voltaire, and the littleness of all things else! See the issue. No one believes he was learned—few give him credit for poetic powers even of the second order—most suspect that his historical statements are unworthy of the least credit—no one claims for him any respect as a great thinker—and even his works, rich in the happiness of expression, are rejected by reason of their irreverence and obscenity! A century of great and successful effort terminates, in half a century, in an issue like this! As I looked upon the fragments which excited these thoughts, how strongly did the divine assurance come to me,—*No weapon formed against Zion shall prosper.* Behold the proof!

CHAPTER XI.

Canton and City of Geneva, and Region round about—Its Past History—Present Condition—Calvin—His Services to Geneva—General Estimate of him; particularly as a Reformer; as a Statesman—His Cotemporaries and Successors—Former Estimation of Geneva—General Religious Declension of the Last Century—That Declension at Geneva.

GENEVA is the smallest of all the little republics which compose the Swiss confederation; and was the last of the twenty-two which united itself with the others. This statement is made without reference to the rural part of the Canton of Basle, which has been separated from the city of Basle of late years; so that strictly speaking, there should be considered twenty-three Cantons—of which the Country Canton of Basle was the last admitted. Geneva contains only four geographical square miles of territory; and is smaller than Zug the next least, by three-quarters of such a mile. The population of the Canton Geneva is rated at 52,000; of whom 34,000 reside in the city of Geneva, which is the most populous town in the confederation, and would long ago have reached a high, perhaps the first rank of European cities, if its people would have levelled its ramparts so as to make room for improvements, and given facilities for the augmentation of their Capital. As it is, the space within the walls is completely built over with houses which are generally five or six stories high; the streets are narrow; the shores of the Rhone which passes through the town, and those of the lake which washes its walls are encroached upon continually: and

after all, considerable villages are growing up without each of the gates.

The situation of the town, upon an island and both shores of the Rhone where it issues from the western end of Lac Leman, is extremely beautiful. The larger part of it is on the south side of the river; and as the shore is narrow on that side, and skirted by an abrupt and high hill, upon the top and sides of which the white stone houses line the steep and crooked streets; the whole has an aspect peculiar—unique. It presents from all quarters a striking object, as the traveller approaches, whether by land or water. And the whole surrounding region as seen from it, exhibits a series of landscapes varying continually from the beautiful to the sublime as you change the point of view, and presenting a panorama hardly surpassed in the world. Towards the east is the beautiful lake, lined on both sides with a girdle of life, to which the desolate mountains that rear their naked sides above it, give new loveliness. Behind the town, towards the west and south, the ranges of mountains present the most superb aspects. Looking towards the south, on the left is the range of Bonneville in the distance, and next the conical mountain of Mole; between which and the Bonneville on one side, and the grand and petit Salave on the other—are wide openings on either hand through which the great Alps, with their glaciers and citadels of rock and snow, stretch away before you, as if to the world's limits. On the right, the two chains of the Salave rise up with a distinct and bold outline of that regular and rounded look, peculiar to mountains of the second and third class;—and far above them both, the mighty figure of the glorious king of Alps—the triple Mount Blanc—heaves itself into the clouds. Turning further towards the west, the plain in which the Rhone and the Arne unite their waters, and the villages which fill the narrow landscape, and the diminished and barren Jura pushing his rocky course far towards the north, complete the ample and various panorama. Every where in and around Geneva, the whole or some striking part of these scenes court the delighted gaze. If I should designate one spot as peculiarly favoured with the most rich presentation of the

more striking of these objects; it would be the little mound, on the Geneva side of the village of Grand Saconnex, on the great road as you go to Ferney. From this spot in the afternoon (when the atmosphere is always most clear) the view of Mont Blanc is inexpressibly magnificent—and will fully compensate for the time spent in visiting the miserable relics at Ferney.

The city of Geneva is strongly fortified after the modern fashion; and it is the only city in Switzerland which I saw thus defended. Many are encompassed in the ancient way, with a high and thick wall of large stones, overlooked by still higher towers at short intervals, and provided with covered ways at the most important points; a mode of defence perfectly useless in the present state of the art of war. At Geneva you meet with the deep ditches and thick angular stone-faced embankments of modern defence; with all the mazes of outworks and inworks, which the mortar and bomb seem likely to render as insignificant, as cannon have the plain wall of the middle ages. It is not surprising that the Genevese should be suspicious of their neighbors, and profit by an experience derived from an antiquity as great as that of their city; the whole of which teaches them that "they will take who have the power"—as well as the other part of the couplet, that "they may keep who can." In truth Geneva is one of the most ancient cities of Europe north of the Alps; and has had, perhaps, more than its share of the troubles common to them all. It was a place of considerable importance when the Romans first penetrated Gaul; and being conquered by them, wore their yoke five hundred years. Early in the fifth century, the Burgundians added the city to their kingdom and made it one of their capitals. Then came the Ostrogoths in the following century, who ruled it for a short period, and ceded it about the middle of the sixth century to the Francs; who held sway over it for three hundred and fifty years. Afterwards came the domination of the kingdom of Arles; and then that of the second kingdom of the Burgundians. Then followed the long and bloody feuds, between her own Barons and Bishops; in which the streets ran with native blood, in furious contests for the mastery, by so called Christian pastors

—pastors whose pious successors and brethren shudder with horror, at the bare mention of the name of Servetus. In the thirteenth century the counts of Savoy became powerful in the neighbourhood of the city and often cruelly oppressed it. Then came the Reformation; and in 1535, the republic was proclaimed in Geneva; and for eighty years she had to sustain new and terrible contests for her liberty and religion. In 1798 she fell under the power of the French Republic; but in 1813 recovered her independence; and it 1815 joined the Swiss confederation, as the 22nd Canton. The Congress of Vienna, and the treaties of Paris and Turin, recognized this union, augmented her little territory, and guaranteed free access to the remaining Cantons; from which it is almost entirely cut off by the territories of France and of Sardinia.

Such is Geneva to the eye; such have been her sufferings and efforts in past generations. If for these she deserves our regard, what does she not demand at our hands, for the unspeakable benefits she has conferred on mankind! How long and how multiplied has been her descent of illustrious men! How striking and how beautiful the lesson she has given the world of a social system, perfect in its conception, and perfect almost in its civil results! Here is a little community in which every man is free, and every child educated; in which the sovereign power resides in those hands that defend the State in danger, and adorn it in peace; where a common and diffused public spirit pervades the entire population; and the good of each is so clearly identified with the good of all, that in the great policy of the state, one finds the economy, the wisdom, the consistency and settled procedure of a well regulated family.

Whence came all these wonders? Who stamped this unique and extraordinary impress on a community, not in any wise specially prepared to receive it? Its list of great names, both at home and throughout the world, is as I have said full and rich; and that too in every department of human effort. But it was not to them all unitedly—it was not to them all in succession, so much as it was to one single capacious, glorious mind, that they and the world are indebted; that true and undefiled reli-

gion reigned so long within, and spread so widely from these walls; and that knowledge and freedom reign so firmly there to-day. What name is known in Geneva before Calvin; what name known in it since,—his enemies being judge, compares with his? His enemies! Strange that such a man had enemies while he lived! Stranger still, that three centuries of death, unattended but by blessings, increasing in their copious stream upon the earth; are unable to silence ignorance or to rob malevolence of its venom. Who had his deep and various learning; and yet who equalled his meek and humble spirit? Where shall we seek a rival to his capacious genius, his profound sagacity? his searching practical wisdom; all tempered and adorned by a modesty almost child-like, and a gentleness becoming the heart of woman! In an age too prone to vulgarity; his writings are unstained by a blot. Amongst contests and with enemies "fierce as ten furies" his voluminous productions will be sought in vain for a passage, tinctured with bitterness. Perhaps the dedication of his Institutes to Francis I., may be considered an incomparable model of discourse, uttered by a free and Christian, but oppressed man, to a bigoted and tyrannical prince; in which the deepest interests of sharp and existing contests, and warring parties are treated with a clearness, dignity and pathos, strangely in contrast with cotemporary efforts; with the addresses, for example, of Luther to Henry VIII. As elegant and as kind as Philip Melancthon, he had all the courage of Luther, united to the learning of Erasmus, the philosophical spirit of Zuinglius, the self devotion of Farel; and a piety more conspicuous in its touching, consistent and enlightened fervour, than almost any thing we meet with, even in that noble generation. If any man could deserve—he did, to confer his name, not on a sect or party—but on a system, held by the deepest thinkers in all succeeding generations, and rejoiced in by the most devoted spirits in all Christian sects. Paul, "the first great corruptor of Christianity," as Mr. Jefferson has called him: Athanasius, Augustin, Calvin, the mightiest disciples of Paul! The doctrines of grace, one will call their peculiar system; evangelical Christianity another; moderate Calvinism a third: the names are identical, in defiance

of the hatred and ignorance of the world, and the prejudices of many real disciples of Christ. The fall and corruption of man; the alone mode of salvation by grace through faith, in a divine Saviour crucified in the sinner's room and stead; the indispensable and sovereign work of the Divine Spirit, in the whole of salvation, and especially in the regeneration and santification of the sinner's heart, by the use of the divinely inspired word of God; the free, unmerited and eternal love of God the Father, for the people of his heritage—the sinners for whom he gave his Son to die—and to whom the purchased Spirit is sent with power: this is the Christian system.—And where, out of the Bible, in all the lapse of eighteen centuries, will you find its illustration and defence—its statement, its demonstration; as you find them accomplished by the hand, and illustrated by the labours and life of John Calvin?

This wonderful man is known to posterity principally in two relations, which are now considered almost incompatible with each other; and which are, in truth, sufficiently distinct. In his chief capacity as one of the leaders of the blessed reformation of the sixteenth century, there are few lands so dark as not to have heard his fame. But in the capacity of an unrivalled statesman, men know less of him. Yet he was far more decidedly the personal founder of the liberties of Geneva, than he can be considered the father of those churches, whose polity and doctrine he influenced. Influenced, we mean in a controlling manner; for all the reformed churches, and most of the evangelical denominations which have arisen since, have exhibited the traces of his great spirit through the influence of disciples, who drank wisdom from his lips—or imbibed it from his writings. As a statesmen, God gave him especially and directly to Geneva. As a religious reformer, to the whole world. In the former capacity and the field appropriated to its exercise, his success was perfect, absolute; and for a period of nearly three hundred years, the free institutions of that happy community have moulded its polity, and conformed its whole civil condition, into a model for the world to imitate. In the latter capacity, and the vast field, no less

in its compass than the limits of the human race which appertained to it, I have already spoken of the nature of his services to mankind.

It would however be as unjust as it would be false, to absorb all the claims of Geneva on the gratitude of the world, still more of the church, in those even of Calvin. We know less than we should know of his holy and honoured coadjutors in the early church of Geneva; but we know enough to bless God that he gave to the world, Farel, and Viret, and Theodore de Beza. We have preserved perhaps a less vivid sense of the merits and labours of their pious and learned successors than is due to them, and to the great cause which they adorned. Still we cherish the names of Chandieu, John Deodati, Theodore Tronchin, Benedict and Francis Turrettin, Benedict Pictet, Antoine Maurice, and how many others, whom I hope to meet in heaven! Men who kept the odour of sanctity for generations, in the church of Geneva; and filled all the churches of Europe with veneration for her name. So that they rejoiced in her gifts communicated to them, and sent back as they had opportunity, gifts in return; receiving their pastors and disciples as precious guides; and fleeing to her beloved walls, when overtaken themselves by the calamities inflicted on them by the enemies of God. At the Synod of Dort, Deodati and Tronchin exercised perhaps, not less influence than any two members of that venerable body. At one period the Christian refugees from France, Germany, Holland, Piedmont, Great Britain, Lombardy, and the cities of Lucca and Cremona in Italy, fled in such numbers to Geneva; that in a single day, (15th October, 1557) the government received three hundred persons into its protection. Who can ever forget that it was this city, which opened its gates to the unhappy Protestant exiles who escaped the massacres of Merindole and Cabrieres? Or who is not affected at the recital of the tender interest which all the churches manifested, when in her turn this beloved city was environed by dangers? Insomuch that collections to the amount of a hundred thousand *livres tournois* were sent to Geneva, as the result of an appeal made at the suggestion of Francis Turrettin; and employed to fortify

the city. "We should aid them," said the government of Holland to the Estates of the Provinces, at this memorable period (1661) "because that city has been chosen of God as the principal abode of his church—to make true religion abide there: because this church is the mother of so many others; because the world now hates and persecutes her, for the religion she professes, and the gospel of Christ which she teaches!" And while the churches of Poland, Germany, Hungary, Transylvania, Holland, Scotland, and England, sent succours to the city from which they had received blessings above all price; the elite of the reformed youth of France, flew to partake her dangers, led by Henry of Navarre, Sully, Du Plessis-Mornay, and their heroic compatriots! Glorious city, that deserved such regards! Alas! that she has fallen from her high estate! Blessed churches, that responded to such calls! Quenched alas! in their own blood; some are now without a name; others with little more than a name to live!

It is difficult to fix a precise date to the commencement of that period of declension in pure religion, which during the last century was observable over all the earth; and which especially towards its close, sunk into almost universal infidelity or heresy. It is probable that we should rather regard these sad catastrophies, as being so far isolated in each country, as to have peculiar causes and separate dates, as well as divers manifestations in each; agreeing only in the general fact of forsaking God—and in the special one, of wandering far from him, in proportion as they knew little of his truth before. The Catholics of Italy are exhibited, by all witnesses, and especially in the personal memoirs of the Bishop of Pistoia, as sunk into the lowest condition of pollution and superstition. Those of France became a horrid model of ferocious atheism. The episcopal church of England became essentially heretical, taking its own articles as the rule of judgment; and while its clergy openly exceeded the men of the world in "sumptuous living," they preached, when they preached at all, Arminian, Pelagian, and Arian, errors. The established church of Scotland died; and piety went out from her midst, leaving only a barren orthodoxy, and a cold ex-

ternal decency of life. In the United States we felt the same withering influences, and exhibited the like varied results. To the north, Unitarianism grew up; while in the middle and southern states, deism became the common sentiment. The previous condition of Massachusetts made it certain, that after taking a certain march away from God, she would be Socinian; while that of Virginia, after an equal march, forced her into a condition of more reasonable, but less religious skepticism. Even the mercies of God lavished on societies in such conditions, were liable to unusual perversions, differing according to their existing conditions. Thus a wide and true revival of religion in New England, ended to a lamentable degree, in all sorts of metaphysical heresies, which still disturb the minds of men; while in the west, the same gifts were perverted into extravagant and unnatural systems regarding social life, which are still exhibited amongst those called "Shaking Quakers."

There is a great principle at the base of all these varying results; a principle universal in the providence of God, as influenced by, or influencing in turn, his spiritual dealings with mankind. The condition in which we are, is the uniform basis of that which is to follow. The influences applied, of necessity produce some result; and whether good or bad, it is akin to the state on which they acted. The gospel itself either melts or hardens; and the eternity before us, will assume in its most glorious or most aggravated aspect, no other character, to each separate spirit, than the eternal development, perhaps, of that with which it emerged from its state of trial, into eternity.

As with each separate individual, so also with communities, the beginnings are more distant from the final result, than we commonly imagine. I suppose that the first cause, humanly speaking, of that awful state of society in France, which obscured with horror, the real benefits of the first revolution; is to be sought at least as far back as the revocation of the edict of Nantz, more than a century before its eruption: and that the brutal licentiousness of the nobles and clergy, under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, added the finishing touch; and so prepared the people, that the actual results were inevitable, under the giv-

en state of the case. So too in Great Britain; the state of the churches and people at the darkest period of the latter part of the last century, had undoubtedly a direct relation to the licentiousness of religious opinion fostered in the last years of the commonwealth; and to the atrocious and perfidious conduct of the parliaments and prelates of Charles II., by whom religion was hunted down, as the only crime which could not be tolerated within the realm. The difference of the final results in the two kingdoms is fully accounted for, by the different degrees in which they prepared for themselves wrath; and the consequently different conditions in which they stood, when the day of wrath came to them as nations. We trust it is not too much to say, we have faith to believe, that such days will return to them no more. O! that the world knew its day of merciful visitation; and would appropriate its blessings before they be hid again from its eyes.

No spot of earth has exhibited more thoroughly this mournful declension of religion than the republic of Geneva; nor has any illustrated more forcibly at the same time, the truth of the principles already stated. For although Geneva has thoroughly shaken off the peculiar doctrines which were so long her glory; the long and blessed influence which her civil and religious institutions had exerted, put her in a condition to make her fall without commotion, without bloodshed, without the destruction of public morals; and to preserve after it, many of those habitudes, of which the spirit and life were gone. And what was not less important, retained her in a state easily accessible to those precious influences, which in Geneva as throughont all Protestant Christendom, are repairing the breaches of Zion and restoring her lost beauty. I will speak briefly, of both these events.

CHAPTER XII.

Sketch of the Reformed Church of Geneva to its Apostacy—Arian Version of the Scriptures—Succession of Truth in the Church of Geneva—The Universal Religious Impulse of the Present Century—Its Origin and Progress at Geneva—Robert Haldane—Its Present State—Dr. Malan—The Church of the Bourg du Four—Evangelical Society—Colportage—Efforts to Preach the Gospel at Home and Abroad—School of Theology—The Importance of its Position and Efforts—National Clergy—Popular Condition—Extraordinary Session of the Grand Council of the Republic—Cimitiere de l' Egalite.

The church of Geneva is at once Presbyterian and national: in the latter respect it resembles all the churches of the Reformation; in the former, an immense majority of them. Its Confession of Faith once established, was made unalterable, except by the consent of the civil as well as the ecclesiastical authorities of the Republic: in short by the will of the whole people. At the same time, perfect freedom of religion reigned in Geneva, almost from the earliest period at which any portion of mankind had emancipated themselves from the dreadful idea that the conscience can or should be coerced; a dogma ground into the very soul of society, by the church of Rome, from the first day of its apostacy; and which, by itself, proves that deluded hierarchy to be the enemy of freedom, of knowledge, and of thought. A the successive changes in the institutions of Geneva, recognize these two great principles, viz: the inviolable sanctity of the faith of the national church; and the unlimited freedom of all, to believe and teach as they pleased, on their own responsibility, as free citizens. In effect, the latter principle has saved the

church of Geneva, when the former proved entirely abortive. The principle of religious liberty, which tolerated all, was forced to tolerate evangelical piety, in the established church; at a period when all the tribunals of it persecuted and would have cast out all who were known to practice its precepts, or rejoice in its doctrines. Another lesson, to teach those still blinded to the evils of establishments, that the kingdom of Christ is in no sense a kingdom of this world.

For a period of two centuries and a half, the ministers ordained in Geneva were required to protest, and did protest, "*that they held the doctrine of the holy prophets and apostles, as they are comprised in the books of the Old and New Testaments; of which doctrine (it was added) we have a summary in our Catechism.*" What the character of that summary was, admits of no doubt, when we say the Catechism spoken of is that of Calvin. After the church of Holland had adopted its famous articles in the Synod of Dort, a century after the church of Geneva had established its fame over Europe; the latter required from its candidates for ordination, assent to these articles also; articles which two of its own pastors (Tronchin and Deodati) had exercised so large an influence in framing. Still later, (in 1678,) the churches of Zurich and Bern, composed a *concensus*, on the doctrines of grace, against the dogmas of certain theologians of Saumur; and this formulary was added to the two already existing in the church of Geneva. But in the very beginning of the next century, the *concensus* first, and afterwards the articles of the Synod of Dort, were suppressed at Geneva; leaving the simple formulary they had used for a century before either of the others existed—not only unaltered, but as I have said already, to this day unalterable, except by the authority of the people and government as well as that of the church of Geneva. In short, the doctrines of grace, are to this hour the only *lawful* creed of the established *Unitarian* church of Geneva!

How long the church retained the use of this form, after its ministers no longer honestly intended what they uttered at its adoption; or how long the catechism of Calvin was actually used, after its statements had ceased to be assented to; is ex-

tremely difficult to be justly decided; and is a subject of contest amongst those most deeply interested. In this church, besides the consistory composed of pastors and ruling elders, and answering virtually to a Presbytery; there exists an association called "The Venerable Company of Pastors," which is, I believe, peculiar to it. It is a weekly meeting of all the pastors in private conference, for the single purpose of mutual counsel, examination, encouragement, and rebuke; resembling in some degree, the class meeting for private members, and the process for examining character in conference for the preachers, which Mr. Wesley established amongst his followers; and for which, as for some other important points of his system, many would be surprised to find, how deeply he was indebted to the Genevese reformer. This Venerable Company inscribed on its register, in 1725, these portentous words: "*the protestation imposed by our laws, on ministers, with reference to the Catechism of Calvin, does not require them to follow it wholly; but is simply to testify, that the* SUBSTANCE AND SUMMARY *of Christian doctrine is contained in it.*" It is worthy of all consideration, especially on the part of the Christians of the United States at the present time, that the church which introduced this gloss upon a simple and categorical statement, needed no more and attempted no more, beyond this gloss, to become thoroughly heretical; still retaining not only the same Confession of Faith, but the very form of adoption, which existed when the same church was thoroughly evangelical!

In the year 1788, the Catechism of Calvin was found to have been totally abandoned in the religious instruction of the schools, under the care of the established church. But for above fifty years before, other catechisms had been gradually supplanting it. In 1818, the Venerable Company of Pastors forbade one of the regents of the college of Geneva, "in the most express terms, to teach either of the following doctrines, namely: that there is but one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; that man is born in a state of sin; that he could not escape from that state, except through the new birth, effected by the Holy Spirit; that salvation is a gift, absolutely free, which God makes

in his Son, to the sinners he is pleased to save; and finally, that our good works are only the evidences of our love for our Saviour, and have no merit to redeem our souls." And in 1831, the Rev. Mr. Cheniviere, professor of Dogmatic Theology in the school of the national church, published two elaborate essays against the doctrines of the Trinity and of original sin. Before this the privation of Dr. Malan as teacher of youth, and that of Mr. Gaussen as pastor of Satigny; had been undertaken, prosecuted, and accomplished, by the Venerable Company, the consistory, and the council of state, upon pretexts at once frivolous and false; but solely for the reason that they were both faithful and zealous ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

So complete is this revolution in the church of Geneva, that I have the best authority to say there are not above two or three pastors in all the Venerable Company, who can be considered as decidedly holding the doctrine of the Trinity; and not more than one, or perhaps two, who openly preach that Jesus Christ is the true God and eternal life. About the time I was at Geneva, a circumstance transpired which presents in a strong light at once the sad condition of the Venerable Company, and the difficulties with which its few pious members find themselves environed. An Arian version of the New Testament had not only been issued by the Bible Society under the control of the national church, but funds put at their disposal by the British and Foreign Bible Society, to circulate a different and true version, were appropriated to aid the printing of the Arian version. The result was understood to be, that the British and Foreign Bible Society had broken off all connexion with the society at Geneva. And I was repeatedly assured from unquestionable sources, that the few pastors inclined to orthodox sentiments, were involved in this proceeding to the extent of connivance if not consent, to the false publication, and the faithless misapplication of funds contributed with a very different view.

All this subject, from beginning to end, is so full of instruction to all who will regard the lesson; and the whole case is so exactly pertinent to a great deal that has occurred again and again, in the churches of the United States, and amongst the rest in the

beloved church in which God has cast my own lot; that I have been the more desirous to make it plain. There is, however, another and more comforting part of the story to be told; and I proceed to it, as to a pleasant task.

Neither the entire church nor people of Geneva, have probably at any time forsaken the true faith. I have already spoken of Dr. Malan and Mr. Gaussen, as having been persecuted by their brethren for confessing Jesus Christ. The last named gentleman had been for fourteen years before the attack made on him—that is since 1816, preaching the gospel at Satigny. We have the authority of Mr. Gaussen, in a letter addressed to his flock in 1830, for saying that his immediate predecessor at Satigny, the Rev. Mr. Cellerier, had faithfully preached to them Christ crucified, for thirty years. This leaves no great space before we ascend to Antoine Maurice, the immediate successor of Benedict Pictet, as teacher of theology in Geneva; who was himself the favourite pupil, and successor of Francis Turrettin. Here, as in other churches, God has not left himself wholly without a witness in its darkest days; and here, as over all the world, he has of late years made manifest his great power, in the conversion of sinners to himself.

The spiritual declension of which I have spoken as common to all lands, was not at all more remarkable than have been the succeeding revivals of sound doctrine and true piety, which during the current century have manifested themselves with an equal universality. It does not fall within the present design, to attempt either a history or a minute exposition, of either of these most memarkable manifestations. I speak now only of the fact, in regard to the latter and blessed series of events. In America and in Great Britain, the actual as compared with the comparatively recent state of Christian doctrine and effort, is so striking as to be incapable of being overlooked by the slightest observer, or the most carelessreader. Though less known and operating on a smaller scale, the same influences have been felt in every Protestant church in continental Europe. Even the Jews, the Christians who profess the faith and rites of the Greek church, many portions of the Roman church, and all the scat-

tered fragments which bear the Christian name, up and down, throughout the world; have felt the indwelling power of the same all-pervading cause, and have roused themselves up, with the power of an unusual impulse, to investigate the things which belong to the peace of their souls. Nor have systems more absolutely false, retained their votaries unmoved amidst this shaking of the nations. But all testimonies, from all lands, unite in exhibiting the entire mass of human intelligence, as waking up with unprecedented alacrity to the importance of religious ideas; and as inclining itself to the consideration of that truth for which God has, at the same moment, and so wonderfully and so variously opened ways by which it might run a free course. The story of this strange work in most lands, needs to be fully told. And then we shall hear, from Holland, Denmark, Germany, France, Switzerland, and I know not what other states of Europe, accounts that will be to us, not less replete with interest; than the mighty work of personal conversion in America, and the great efforts for external good in England, are for all mankind who love the Lord.

In Geneva their revival of religion was set in motion by the abours of a foreigner, and a layman. Robert Haldane of Scotland, now well known by his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and his severe (I do not say unjust) Strictures on the Semi-Pelagian spirit and tendency of a portion of the American and British churches; found himself at Geneva somewhere about the year 1816. He was a stranger in the country, and spoke its language so badly, as to be quite incapable of sustaining an argument in it. He drew around him a few young persons; he covered his table with Bibles in many languages; and his might in the Scriptures, was his only weapon. He comprehended objections, which he could not answer. His reply was, a pointed and clear text of Scripture, indicated both in the original tongue and the required version. The blessing of God was richly added to these apparently fruitless labours; and of the multitudes who attended on them, from time to time, many were converted to Christ; and others, perhaps already his timid followers, greatly strengthened and enlarged. From this

moment, the power of divine things assumed a new aspect at Geneva. And not a few of those, most owned of God as instruments of subsequent good, could trace their own stream of blessings directly or remotely to this devoted foreigner. Nor can it be passed without observation, that in this great religious movement at Geneva, a very large proportion of the earliest converts, as well as of the most precious subsequent fruits; have been found amongst the descendants of those persecuted Christians, to whom the city opened her gates, centuries ago. The children of the Hugonots and of the Italian refugees, are chosen of God, to restore in other lands what their fathers bled for in their own; and are thus in the noblest of all ways, teaching nations how wise and how politic true goodness and virtue always are!

There are at present in Geneva, three distinct and entirely separate organizations, in which the great doctrines of the Christian religion are professed, loved, and taught. I cannot speak with certainty as to the order of time in which they arose; nor is it very important. I have the impression, however, that the venerable Dr. Malan was the first who openly preached Christ, after the second Reformation in Geneva; and he has had his reward from men, in revilings, persecutions, and insults, which the lapse of time scarcely mitigates. I was assured that to the present moment, he rarely escapes some marked indignity, in word or act, when he passes the streets of his native city. And I have reason to know that his heart is broken, under trials so long continued and so harsh; and which he has borne with so much apparent tranquillity. He has this at least to cheer him, that while God has made him the instrument of great good in Switzerland—he has made his name dear to thousands in other lands—and has reserved his recompense for the great day. He has no connection with the National church of Geneva; but serves a dissenting congregation, which he has gathered himself: and occupies here, a situation entirely resembling that occupied by the seceding Presbyterians of Scotland; with whose principles and views I think he entirely accords. It is rather remarkable, and I think of questionable propriety, that

with his peculiar views, he should never have attempted to gather into a united body, the various persons in the surrounding region who participate in his views. There are certainly two very different courses to be pursued on such occasions, both of which are subject to serious modifications, and in favour of both of which much may be advanced. I take the conduct of George Whitefield, and John Wesley, to be very striking illustrations of these opposite courses. And I believe, a candid and full examination of the subject, will prove that the policy of Mr. Wesley was not only far more effectual for the spreading of a peculiar set of opinions, as the result has proved, but far better for the world at large—and far more influential for good by its reflex influence, even upon the church to which both these great men belonged, than the opposite and apparently more disinterested, but really less sagacious and decided policy of Whitefield. Mr. Wesley's followers had the advantage of an organization, which separated them to themselves, and united them firmly together; and by means of which their conquests were shaped as they were achieved. Mr. Whitefield overlooked this prime necessity; and posterity has had to mourn the comparative inconsequence of his great labours; labours, whose fruits, for lack of being gathered together and strengthened, may have been originally more diffused—but are certainly now far less effective.

There is, however, another organization at Geneva, the second of the three alluded to above, which has done what Dr. Malan did not attempt. The church of the *Bourg de Four*, is an evangelical one, built upon the general principles of the congregational dissenters of England. It is a small body, worshipping in a little upper chamber, and served by three pious ministers: Messrs. Empeytaz, Guers and Lhuistier. I attended one of these services, and heard a plain and faithful exposition of a portion of Scripture from the gentleman first named. There are scattered through Switzerland and France, a considerable number of small and weak churches of this kind; who are united to each other as closely as their peculiar views permit; and who are admitted on all hands to be doing good; especially in the humble walks of life. Yet their views are in some respects peculiar,

and their discipline not less so: and a tincture of fanaticism seems to be infused into much of their system and plans. They commune every Sabbath day—they permit all their members to take part in the public religious instruction of the church—and they unite in the same body, opinions which seem to afford constant occasion for contention, in a body thus organized; as for example, in this little society, one of the ministers and part of the body, are decided Anabaptists. Their grand idea is, to found anew the apostolical order of things; and their grand means of doing this, is to limit their views exclusively to the pages of the Bible. But it is somewhat questionable whether persons of limited information and small attainments, (as may be presumed to be the case with this connexion—its members and ministers being for the most part, from the lower classes of European society in the several countries where it exists)—can be confidently relied on to extract anew, and in contempt of all external helps, the apostolic system of doctrine and order out of the Bible. Nor have we any right, as was strikingly observed to me, by Mr. Merle d' Aubigne, one of the professors in the school of the Evangelical Society, to overlook entirely what God has taught us, by his providence and through his church for eighteen centuries. In settling the question of fact, as to what was the apostolic church—they must necessarily err, who shut their eyes to what the true church has been, during these eighteen centuries that the Spirit has rested in her bosom; and it is instructive to observe how uniformly they do err, and how various their errors are, who make such pretensions.

The most considerable and promising effort of the people of God at Geneva, is that making by the members of the Evangelical Society. This Society is composed principally, if not entirely, of pious members of the national church. They have not seceded from it, neither have they been cast out of it; and although that church itself is essentially unsound, its established faith is pure. They have preferred to labour for the restoration of the church, rather than to array themselves in opposition to it. The influences which this society, (for it is obvious that in its present condition it cannot be called a church,) is exerting,

extend so much beyond Geneva, that it is not of much moment to enquire what is best, with reference to Geneva alone. But it is perhaps to be regretted, that it was not given to these estimable men, to see more clearly the evils inherent in a church establishment, and as a consequence to put their great enterprize on a footing less provisory and questionable than that of an imperfectly organized association. For the rest, there is every thing to make glad the hearts of God's people.

This Evangelical Society thus constituted in 1831, has for its object, as it expresses itself, "to labour for the advancement of the Kingdom of God." Its work is divided into: 1st, teaching theology; 2nd, the popular exposition of the Scriptures; 3rd, the distribution of them. In each of these departments God has most signally blessed their efforts.

Professor Gaussen told me, that at the commencement of their labours, an individual presented himself to them, and said: "I was a Catholic, and knew not God; I have found peace in believing upon the Lord Jesus; it was his truth that set me free; and now I offer myself to you, to bear that truth to my benighted brethren." They deliberated, and decided not to send the man; as they had no funds, no Bibles, and but scanty means of obtaining either; while more obvious necessities seemed to press them. He amongst them, whose means were of all the most limited, said to the committee: "Do you suppose God would send you this man, and that he will not provide the means to work with him! Employ the man, and if at the end of the year you have not been provided with means for the enterprize, I will contribute them." Behold the employment of their first *Colporteur!* Their fifth annual report, made in June 1836, states that during the preceding year, twenty-two had been employed; that they had laboured in twelve of the eighty-six departments of France, as well as the Canton of Geneva; and that besides the distribution of tracts and religious books, thirty-one thousand copies of the Scriptures had been *sold* by the colporteurs within five years.

Under the second head of effort, it need only be said, that the society has already caused the gospel to be widely preached in

the surrounding region, especially in France; where five churches, composed almost entirely of converted Papists, have already been gathered, and where whole villages seem ready to embrace the true faith, if suitable pastors could be provided for them; that it has vigorously engaged in the work of foreign missions, already embracing Africa, India, and the Canadas, in the compass of its labours; and that a comfortable, and crowded church, in the heart of Geneva, (L' Oratoire,) resounds weekly with the glad tidings of salvation, preached by the founders of the society.

In the third department, their success has not been less decided. They have already succeeded in establishing a preparatory school, and a school of theology of the first class in all respects. The latter is furnished with five professors, of whom ave several times mentioned two; the Rev. Mr. Gaussen, who fills the chair of Dogmatic Theology, and the Rev. Mr. Merle d' Aubigne, Professor of Church History, and President of the school. The former gentleman has perhaps been the most prominent instrument, whom God has used in bringing about the present state of affairs; and the latter, is undoubtedly conferring on the school a high reputation, by his great Work on the Reformation, of which a part has been some time before the public—and has commanded the admiration of the Christian world.

That portion of the population of the world which speaks the French language exclusively, or better than any other language, cannot be estimated at less than fifty millions of souls. Of these only a very small part, possess the true knowledge of God: and multitudes are sunk into incredible ignorance, superstition and idolatry. I believe a slight consideration will satisfy any who are anxious to do something for this immense population, embracing in its bosom some of the most civilized and some of the most degraded portions of mankind; that scarce any thing better offers, through which to effect it, than the Evangelical Society of Geneva. Situated in the centre of Europe; enjoying the advantages of perfect and well established civil freedom; worthy in itself of all confidence; and already organ-

ized and acting efficiently, in the various fields of Missions, Bible and Tract distribution, the training of youth for the ministry, the preaching of the gospel, and the support of schools both preparatory and theological; it only needs the prayers and the aid of the people of God, to do a work grand in its extent, and blessed in all its parts! A work in which, as it relates to the nations speaking the French language, it has and can have few helpers, and no superior, and as it relates to the evangelization of the world besides, one, of which it has shown itself most ready to undertake its full share, and through God's blessing, most capable of performing it. I shall consider it a peculiar goodness of God, if this imperfect sketch is instrumental in turning the attention of American Christians to Geneva; that on the one hand they may be warned by the past errors of their brethren, of the house of their fathers; and on the other, may rejoice in, *and help* the work which the hand of the Lord is now bringing to pass.

It would give me great pain, to produce a false impression in regard to this interesting community. And I see myself liable to be misunderstood on two points; the first, that some may, suppose the national church to be worse than it is; the second that others may consider the people better than they are. I spent two Sabbath days in Geneva, on a part of one of which I worshipped in the ancient cathedral of the city—the place where the wise and holy men I have so often referred to, laboured with joy and success for so long a period. It was the afternoon, and the congregation seemed but a handful in the immense area. The pastor took for the exercise, the 1—12 verses of the V. chapter of Matthew's gospel; and to my great surprise and sincere delight, expounded and enforced the passage, with clearness, truth and fervour. I asked the person who sat next to me, to write on a card the pastor's name. He wrote, M. Barde. I was grieved to learn from every quarter that there were not many ministers, and perhaps hardly another pastor (for in this church the sound and scriptural distinction between the two is still preserved,) from whom I should have heard doctrine so decidedly evangelical. I had also the pleasure to make the

acquaintance of two members of the venerable company of pastors, whose kindness deserved my thanks, as much as their intelligence excited my interest. And in general, I think the lives of the members of that body are in private blameless to a degree not common either in most established clergy, or in decided errorists.

As to the religious condition of the people at large, the most glaring and melancholy proofs abound, that it is as deplorable as can well be imagined, in a community so singularly well ordered and blessed in temporal respects. I have spoken in another place of their Sabbath day markets for the hire of labourers. The theatres of the town were opened both Sabbath nights I was in it. The bridge which connects the the island in the Rhone with the two shores of the river, in the midst of the city, passes in the rear of the various water powers which belong to the city or private persons: and in the same region are extensive mills. I crossed this bridge on the Sabbath afternoon, and found all the machines but one in full operation. The same afternoon, I encountered hundreds of persons on the Plain Palais, just outside the gate, on the left bank of the Rhone, engaged in gambling, juggling, and every sort of amusement, which the Sabbath day brings with it in countries strictly Catholic. Of the population of this Canton about one-third are Catholics; and priests, many of whom probably belong to the neighbouring parishes of France and Savoy, are so numerous, that I never walked the streets without encountering them. The combined influence of popery and infidelity, has dreadfully perverted the day of holy rest into a day of riot and excess, for the lower classes; and of sinful and idle recreation for the rest.

During my stay in Geneva the Grand Council met, to elect delegates to the Extraordinary Diet called together by the Federal Directors, in consequence of the recent and outrageous conduct of the French government and its ambassador, the Duke of Monte Bello; which I have before detailed. I was fortunate enough to get a place in the crowded gallery of the large hall in which this body met. In it resides the sovereignty of the Republic, so far as it is delegated at all. It was a strange contrast, and

altogether a singular spectacle to one who had read the injurious and insolent accusations of the French authorities, against the dominant party in the confederacy; to behold this numerous, grave and sedate tribunal. "Factious—insensate—enemies of social order—and disturbers of the quiet of all neighbouring states;" these and similar epithets, in the opinion of the ministers of the king of the French, truly describe the tribunal before my eyes!—I have seen both houses of the Parliament of Great Britain repeatedly in session; I have often witnessed sessions of the most important kind, of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States—and of both branches of many of our state legislatures: I have been called to act on many and stirring occasions, in bodies small and great—popular, legislative and ecclesiastical; and I am ready to say, that the conduct of this Assembly, appeared to me most eminently dignified, serious and wise; out of all comparison more so, than the French Chamber of Deputies, in the best estate in which it was ever my fortune to witness its riotous and uproarous proceedings. A frontier Canton, surrounded by the territories of foreign and, at that moment, almost hostile states; there was an absolute assurance that in the event of war they must be the first and most continual sufferers; and in the event of continued non-intercourse, the most deeply injured of any of the Cantons. Besides this, nothing could be more clear than the fact that Switzerland instead of having reason to appease France, had been throughout the injured party; except that other fact, that Europe would force her or permit her to be forced into concessions merely because she was free and weak! Yet in these trying circumstances, the committee entrusted with the subject read a report, at once clear, temperate, and manly; the large assembly listened in profound silence; the few speakers briefly, firmly, and temperately exhibited their views; the body unanimously agreed in the course it became them to take; and the two delegates appointed to represent Geneva in the Diet, received with seriousness in the midst of the tribunal, the oaths and the instructions by which their country would assure at once the fact and the manner of their fidelity. The whole transaction did not con-

sume four hours. And its results might be, alas! how fearful! —Ah! my friends, it is well for us, and for the peace of the world, and perhaps for you also; that in this time of your trial, the wide sea is between your oppressors and our generous youth.

The principal burial ground of Geneva, the *Cimetiere de l' Egalite*, where rest the bones of so many illustrious dead, is near the Plain Palais of which I have already spoken, as the scene of the Sabbath day sports of those—the bones of whose holy ancestors are mouldering in sight. I asked to be shown the grave of Calvin. We know not where it is; was the reply. Beza's? Turrettin's? Pictet's?—The answer was still the same. Somewhere in the large compass of the cemetery—perhaps in a particular corner of it—but where precisely no one knows, rest the ashes—not only of these renowned men, and others like them, but also of many generations of Genevese, without a vestige by which it is possible to distinguish one grave from another. It is truly, as they call it, the *cemetery of equality;* and they might add of oblivion too, as to the great mass of its tenants. And is not the lesson true as it is solemn? How few are there whose memory survives a few brief months or years; whose place in all hearts is not fully occupied, before their dust returns to dust again; and whose position amongst men, deemed so important by themselves, is not filled as soon as the body fills its narrow resting place? Then why seek to perpetuate what has no real existence; and what therefore cannot abide? And oh! why lose what may be won on the other side of that silent abode, in vain struggles after something on this side of it, which cannot be obtained? On the other hand, the few who deserve a monument in fact need none. Or if they both deserve and win the most lasting of all, in the gratitude of the good for the blessings they have bestowed; it is at the highest, nothing to that simple sentence written over the entrance of this city of the dead: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."—If the dead are indeed blessed, it is lighter than the dust of the balance, to demand what they were in life; or who forgot them when life was gone! Beware, that the blessedness of death and the repose for which

we sigh, and the sweet and rich succession of the fruits of long and unrequited toil; all—all—beware of it my soul—are only "in the Lord!"

It seems to have been a universal religious principle among these people until very lately, to distinguish in no way the graves of their departed friends. To a great extent the effects of some such principle are still clearly visible. The most of the recent graves have no memorial, but the little bank of earth or sod. Every thing is done neatly and evidently cared for with great particularity. A very large proportion of the monuments are those of foreigners; and few of any kind are older than forty years. Many of those of the native population, are made of the most frail materials; as if designed to be transitory. I observed several which consisted of a few lines written on a piece of paper and hung over the grave in frames like pictures. Others though of a more permanent character, were strictly private; and necessarily confined the information conveyed in them, to a few persons. One ran thus: "*Beloved thou wilt live forever in the hearts of thy husband and children.*" There was neither name nor date. Another had only initials and figures: "H. C. R. B. 24. 7 February 1830." A third consisted of a rough block of black marble, across the front of which a narrow line was highly polished, and the name "*Marianne*" written in letters of gold. How plainly is the character of a people, written in their cemeteries!

CHAPTER XIII.

Kingdom of Sardinia—Savoy—Popular Superstition, Adoration of the Sacred Heart—Horrible Extent of Goitre and Idiocy—Singular Trait—National Character—European Dialects—Specimens of Savoyard Patois.

THE ancient County of Savoy belongs at present to the King of Sardinia, and on that account, appertains to the political system of Italy. But it belongs much more naturally to France, of which it formed a part under the Republic and the Empire: or indeed to the great German family, of which it once constituted a member. Its territories now limited to the southern shore of Lac Leman, once extended far north of it, embracing some of the best portions of Switzerland. Its earliest known inhabitants were of the great Celtic family, which seems to have covered all Europe. When the Romans first crossed the Alps, all the vast region at their western base was peopled by fierce tribes, to whom they gave names as well as laws; amongst their descendants, both the one and the other are effaced. What is now Savoy, was the country of the Alobroges; the implacable enemies of Rome, and the head of the earliest confederacy formed against her arms, on the upper side of the Alps. The conquest of these hardy republicans was deemed so important a service to the state—that Fabius Maximus had the cognomen of Alobrogius conferred on him, for having achieved it. In the territorial arrangement of the Empire by Augustus, this region formed the greater part of his third Narbonensian district. In a succeeding

age the Alobroges and their neighbours shared the fate of Europe; and fell successively under the yoke of the Ostrogoths, the Burgundians and the Francs, who with their kindred tribes subjugated the world; barbarians whose descendants have ruled Europe for twelve centuries, without mankind having yet settled the problem who they were, or whence they came. At the division of the Empire of Charlemagne this portion of it was assigned to Lothaire; who being crowned Emperor of Germany, Alobrogia, Sabaudia or Savoy, became attached to the Germanic body, and thus gave rise to the so much contested right of the dukes of Savoy to be represented in the Diet of the empire.--The House of Savoy is one of great antiquity; but it was not till the beginning of the fifteenth century that the Ducal rank was conferred on it. In the year 1416 the Emperor Segismond conferred this rank on Victor Amedius, whose subsequent career was so remarkable. He built the Carthusian Monastery at Ripaille, on the borders of Lac Leman, to which he retired in company with some of his nobles; and from which seclusion, after it had continued five years, he was drawn by his election to the Popedom in 1439, by the Council of Basle. I have mentioned his resignation of that title at Lausanne, in a preceding chapter.

The population of Savoy is at present only half a million; nearly the whole of whom are given up to the most deplorable superstitions of the papal religion. At the little village of St. Michaels, in the upper valley of St. Jean de Maurienne, I observed a large new cross, with a figure of the Saviour of unusual dimensions, and a metal plate attached to the cross bearing, in French, the following inscription: "Mar. Alexis Billiet, Bishop "of Maurienne, grants forty days indulgence, to all who repeat "one *Pater*, and one *Ave*, with an act of contrition before this "cross, erected on the occasion of a mission made in November "1834." A majority of the women, of all classes, whom I encountered in Savoy, had metal hearts hung around their necks; sometimes of silver, but more frequently of brass or gilt, or possibly gold. These attached by broad black ribbons or metal chains, and hung so often over the terrible swellings in the throat, excite attention; and their perpetual recurrence induced

me to enquire why they were so common, and why of so singular a fancy, and all alike. The explanation filled me with sorrow, and afforded another proof of the growing idolatry of the popish sect. It seems that a certain sister somebody at Paris, towards the end of the seventeenth century, pretended to have a miraculous sight of the Saviour vouchedsafe to her; and that he exhibited to her his human heart, crowned with thorns, supporting a cross, and resting on a throne of flames. Amongst much else, he informed her that it was his will that all mankind should worship under this symbol, the hearts of himself and the Virgin Mary; and that she had been selected as the special instrument to establish and propagate this new and favourite worship, to which the title of *adoration of the Sacred Heart,* was given. With some trouble the matter got footing amongst the faithful. Presently Popes approved, and Doctors favoured it. But it went on slowly, till the Jesuits during the period of their suppression, about a century after the origin of this superstition, laid hold of it, as an instrument to sustain themselves, and unite their party during their disgrace in the papal sect. At present, it is perhaps of all the subordinate superstitions of Romanism, the most widely diffused. It consists in a periodical series of worship, to the human hearts of Jesus and Mary; rendered at a fixed hour of every day by all who belong to the association; in addition to which, a fixed day of every week, one of every month, and one of every year, is a sort of special day of worship: and still farther the day of the birth of the worshipper, and that on which he or she joined the fraternity, are kept as peculiarly sacred. When a member gives his adhesion to the body, some trinket, or similar thing is presented to him, with his name, age, and the day and hour when he joined the body inscribed on it. This is required to be worn in some conspicuous manner, so that the fraternity may be universally known to each other. In Savoy, the metal hearts of which I have spoken are the badges of the female members; and the extent of the order may be conjectured from what I have already said of the perpetual recurrence of the signal.—The object of the association is simple and unique; it is, *the universal re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Reli-*

gion. It has been about one-third of a century since the Venetian Vespers; the massacre, namely, of the French Soldiers in Italy, at the instigation of the priests and nobles of Venice. So long a period has seldom elapsed, without being signalized by some work of blood, to promote this terrible superstition. At no period have they perfected an organization better fitted for such attempts from its very nature, or more widely diffused amongst the lower classes, than the *devotion of the Sacred Heart.* How far this apprehension should be allayed by the fact, that the Jesuits are the prime agents of this conspiracy against mankind—can be best decided by those states, from whose territories they have been so repeatedly expelled for their crimes.

The people of Savoy differ from one another, according to their local situation, more than those of any other state in Europe. Those who occupy the highest arable summits of the mountains, are a tall, comely, athletic race; and cannot be looked upon without striking the beholder favourably as to their physical qualities. Those who reside along the narrow and marshy banks of the streams that course along at the bases of these elevated mountains, are the most miserable population I have seen any where; small, pale and inert, they look like the victims of incurable disease, and wear upon their features those traces of anguish which long continued suffering stamps upon the human visage. Those who have no visible disease, have that appearance which long confinement produces. But from the moment you leave Chamberry, till you arrive at the foot of mount Cenis—a distance of about a hundred miles, along the Izere and the Arc—I think at least every third adult you meet has goitre. Throughout Savoy, the sick of this horrid and incurable malady are reckoned at one person in every thirty-three. But in the valley just mentioned, it exists in a proportion and with a malignity much more frightful. Many women have two immense swellings, one on either side of the neck; many have the whole neck so swollen, as to take away all appearance of having any neck; many have a single protuberance in the centre, or at the lower extremity of the throat, as large as the head of an infant. Men have them; children have them; many persons have a

look so questionable, that you are at a loss to decide whether they are children with goitres, or superannuated dwarfs. And what is most terrible of all, the mental diseases of the people seem proportionate to those of their bodies; and along a region from which the sun is hid for three months of the year,—the light of reason is lost forever, to a fearful multitude. In all the little villages, as we passed, idiots were loitering along the streets, leaning against the houses, or sitting in the dirt, in rags, with matted hair, and the saliva running from their half open mouths. In villages of the smallest size, there would be five or six, or more, of these unhappy and apparently neglected beings; and in those still larger, a relative increase. In the small patches of arable land along the way side, I have seen them working sometimes singly, sometimes two idiots and a sane person, often several idiots alone. It is horrible to behold, or even to recall such scenes. But I am sure that every traveller who passes up the valley of the Arc, or St. Jean de Maurienne, as it is commonly called, will see enough of these spectacles to make him turn his back on it forever.

I observed with surprise that persons in affluent circumstances, seemed to be in a great degree exempt from both these afflicting visitations; and that the victims of them seemed more absolute sufferers, in proportion to their apparent destitution. The connection of hereditary idiocy with hereditary goitre should not perhaps be asserted, except on far better information than I possess; but obviously they belong to the same class and condition, and to them almost alone. It may be also, that the mental disease, exists only where goitre has proceeded to the greatest extent. I do not mean in individual cases; for many individuals have one affection without the other; but in regard to locality. Thus although I observed many persons with goitre in Switzerland, especially in the cantons of Vaud and Geneva, I never saw an idiot there. It would be still more out of place for me to attempt to account for the existence of goitre itself; when both the people of the country, and the men of science who have investigated the subject, have assigned opposite, and in many cases apparently unequal or absurd causes for it. I observed

however several facts, which if properly examined and followed, might possibly lead to important results. They are for example, ten times as many victims to the disease on the west as on the east side of the Alps; and after you fairly leave them behind you, and get on their southern flank, as in the ancient county of Nice and along the Mediterranean coast of France—although both situations are upon and under the Alps—goitre scarcely exists. Following the same principle, there are no cases around lake Zug, but they prevail to a great extent around lake Leman, and fearfully under the cold shade of the Alps, in the gorges of Savoy, all on the west and north-west side of the range. It seems in other words, a disease of climate; and the rigour of a damp, cold and shaded situation, acting upon the exposure and privation incident to poverty, seemed not only to attend it, but to mark exactly its condition. I have spoken of it as becoming hereditary in its aggravated stages, because I heard every body so describe it. But I have no knowledge on that point.

Strange as it must seem, this unhappy population exhibits one moral quality of a high grade. Every thing conduces to make the country one abounding in mendicants; and yet I did not see a single mendicant in it. A fact which I could not repeat, as to any other considerable portion of Europe. But in Savoy, I have often met old men and women diseased, decrepid, ragged—driving before them a small and miserable donkey loaded with a few stumps for winter fuel; or trembling under the weight of some equally humble burden; and I have thought, now they will solicit an alms, and have felt they are entitled to my aid. But they would pass, without even turning their faces towards us, or lifting them from the earth. When I have had it in purpose to give unsolicited some token of the profound sympathy which filled my bosom, they have glided by on the other side of the road, or stood out of reach in silent inattention, till our vehicle had passed.

The classes of which I have spoken do not however embrace the whole, nor the majority even of the Savoyards. They are only the people of the deep valleys and the high mountain tops. The people who dwell in the middle region between these, and

those who occupy the plain country around Anency and Chamberry, are quite distinct from both the foregoing. A race of dark and sprightly visage—active and rather small figures—intelligent, industrious, and exceedingly enterprising; they form the class of labourers, waiters, chimney-sweeps, and to some extent, musicians, of the cities in the surrounding states. These last, however, are not often from Savoy. Although the singing boys and women; the lads with dancing monkeys and hand organs, and the peculiar half fiddle that sometimes occupies its place, are called Savoyards every where; they are in fact generally French, from Dauphené, from Auvergne, and other provinces. The population, and the country, are poor and barren, and the climate generally harsh; so that it is easy of belief, as stated by the more favoured Piedmontese—that the country does not afford a sufficient revenue for the support of its own internal administration. And yet by the force of position, and the power of well directed courage, this little state has been always respectable, very often formidable; and has not only pushed its conquests in various directions and to considerable extent,—but conquered and gave to the kingdom of Sardinia the very dynasty which now sits upon its throne.

Nothing surprises an American who visits various countries in Europe, more than the incessant variations in language, which he encounters every where. We expect, of course, when we get into France to hear French; but we were not prepared to hear a dozen different languages spoken under this one name. The dialects of the German are equally as numerous and diverse as those of the French; and those of the Italian, if not so abundant, are more radically different from each other. In Great Britain also, this state of things exists to so great an extent, that I found at least five dialects in England alone, which I could not comprehend at all; or only with great and painful attention, and after several repetitions of each phrase. It may create a smile, but I am ready to risk it by asserting, that there is a decided difference between the English and the American languages—as spoken by the best educated people in both countries: and that *ours* is the real language of the best English Literature. Even

our cant phrases are often to be found in their best writers; and excite ridicule only because they have been supplanted by a hermaphrodite race in their native land. There are some peculiarities of spoken English, which are universal and intolerable. Thus the final *d*, is always dropped when preceded by a consonant. No Englishman ever says *and*, or *hand*, or *bound*, or any such word; but in the most grave as well as the most familiar discourse, he says *an, han, boun*, &c. &c. In the same way he exterminates, *g*; when he means *being, exceedingly, coming, going*, &c., it is *bein, exceedinly, comin, goin*, &c., which you hear. It is indeed true that all who read, comprehend by the eye, the same French, German and Italian, as well as the same English. But nothing exists any where in Europe, like the wide, copious, common speech of universal America; and by consequence, no people on earth have the same facilities in concentrating a common and irresistible sentiment, and in diffusing over all society, every species of knowledge. It is therefore neither vain nor doubtful to assert—but on the other hand, it is the necessary result of our position and opportunities, that America as to its *native* population, is at this moment the most homogeneous, the best informed—and in proportion to its power, the most efficient nation on earth. Let them laugh at us who like; we can well afford it. It is reply enough to say we all understand their ridicule; we may defy a man of any other nation to utter that, good or bad, which half his own fellow subjects can comprehend without a translator.

There is no part of Europe probably where this diversity of the same language, or language called the same, exists more profusely, than in that part of the Alps, of which I now write. Possibly this should be expected from the fact that the same causes which have produced these diversities elsewhere, as conquest, emigration, and the lack of fixed standards, have also existed here; while the means of preserving a dialect when once fixed, are more perfect in the retired valleys and fixed habits of those who dwell in them, than exist in the more accessible and versatile people of the plains. I am slow, however, to make unnecessary deductions on such a subject, when I remember how

considerable, how numerous, and how fixed were the diversities exhibited under such different circumstances, in the language of the little tribes of Greece; even after their unrivalled speech had became the language of poetry, of literature, of philosophy and even of science, for the human race.

In Savoy the language of educated people is French; that of the people generally is a patois, which varies not only in the several Cantons or large divisions, but even from city to city, and commune to commune. When I call this a patois I speak only in accordance with common usage; for I am not ready to deny, but that some or all of the multitudinous dialects found in these valleys, may be as copious, as rich, and as precise as any of the languages of which it is reputed a barbarous compound. That which we do not comprehend is barbarous to us; but it becomes us to remember, on the same authority, that we are also barbarian to it. We find many words of Latin, many of French and Italian origin. We may say, it is a speech composed of these three; and they who think so, need not be surprised that a dialect should be rude and irregular, composed out of others whose structure and pronunciation are as different as possibly can be, in those having a common origin. Others may pass through all to the ancient Celtic, the common parent perhaps, and thus settle the facts of resemblance and diversity at the same moment. I will observe, however, that it is rather singular to find more traces of the Latin language in some of these dialects than even in the Italian itself; while on the other hand, it is an inexplicable wonder that the latter language should differ from what we call its mother, and in the very seat of her power and glory, in some of the most fundamental characteristics of the two, indeed of all languages. Thus the Italian is exceedingly rich in the article, and uses it more than any language living or dead; whereas the Latin had no article at all. On the other hand, the Latin derived a great deal of its copiousness from the neuter gender, and much of its precision from its signs of the accusative case; while the Italian has neither neuter gender, nor any sign of any sort to indicate the accusative case. I confess that these facts, and many like them, make me incredulous in receiving the accepted theories, on these interesting topics.

I venture to illustrate a little the state of the Savoy patois by annexing in French, and in three dialects of the patois, the 11th and 12th verses of the Gospel of Luke—the commencement of the parable of the prodigal son—which M. Verneilh has published for the use of the people who speak them. The French is from the version of David Martin.

PATOIS OF THE ARRONDISSEMENT OF CHAMBERRY, THE CAPITAL OF SAVOY—*On homo avai dues ēnfans dont le pe joiano desuit a son pare : pare baillez me le bin que de daivo pe ma part ; et i lon partadia son bin.*

PATOIS OF THE HIGH VALLEY OF TARENTAISE, IN THE ARRONDISSEMENT OF MONTIERS, UNDER THE PETIT ST. BERNARD—*Oun hommo avey du garcoun, doun le pi zouveno diy a soun pare : pare, bailley me so que me de y reveray de vaussoun bin ; et li pare leu fachy lo pactacho de soun bin.*

PATOIS OF THE VILLAGE OF AIGUEBELLE, IN THE VALLEY AND ARRONDISSEMENT OF ST. JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE, UNDER MONT CENIS—*On hommez ayeve dous enfans, dont le plus zueno a det a son pare ; mon pare, baillez ce que dai me revenir de voution bien ; et le pare leur fit, le partazo de son bien.*

FRENCH OF THE VERSION OF MARTIN—*Un homme avait deux fils ; et le plus jeune dit a son pēre ; mon pere, donne moi le part du bien, qui m'appartient ; et il leur partagea ses biens.*

The reader will perceive at once, the resemblance and the difference, both equally striking—amongst all these specimens—of what goes by the name of French. If the same principles of pronunciation held in each, the parties could hardly understand each other. But if those who speak the patois should borrow from the Latin or Italian, the single and simple rule of pronouncing every letter; it is manifest that his spoken language would become at once chaos to every Frenchman.

CHAPTER XIV.

Physical Aspect of Savoy, and of the Alpine Ranges—Notices of their General Structure—Route Constructed by Napoleon—Mont Cenis—Change in our Mode of Travelling—Italian Voiturier—European Servants—Their Condition compared with that of Household Slaves in America.

Savoy lies principally between the 45th and 46th degrees of north latitude. Its figure is irregular, but its greatest length and breadth are each not far from a hundred miles. Its most remarkable physical peculiarity, is undoubtedly its numerous and gigantic mountains; which cover nine-tenths of its territory, and exhibit an aspect every where vast, often severe and terrible. Its frontier on the side of Piedmont is on the very top of the Alps, cutting the grand and petit St. Bernard and the Mont Cenis. The chain of the Alps has every where this peculiarity—that of its numerous ranges, the most south-easterly ridge is always the main one. On that side, you descend one single long slope, and find yourself in fertile and level plains. On the upper or north-western side, the descent is rapid and deep. After a narrow ravine a long slope brings you to the top of a second ridge parallel in its general course with the first, and less lofty; from which by an abrupt descent, you reach a valley wider than the first. And thus range succeeds range, until descending from the last, you rest upon the high table lands of Germany, Switzerland, or France. This is my own opinion, I believe I may say perfect assurance on the subject; after having traversed these mountains on one side and the other, from the lake of Constance to the Mediterranean sea, and turned their entire southern base from

Nice to Marseille. I ought to state, however, that the prevailing opinion is opposite to this. De Sassure first stated, and fifty have repeated after him, that the valleys on the Italian side are shorter than those on the other; from which it is concluded the descent on that side must necessarily be more abrupt than on the other. But the valleys on the northern side are longer because they penetrate various separate ranges, or run between two parallel ranges; and not at all because any one particular range is more abrupt on the south-east than on the north-west side. The reverse is uniformly the case, wherever I have had an opportunity to examine their structure; which corresponds in this respect with that of the great chain of the Alleghanies, in the United States.

These mountain ranges so far as Savoy is concerned, droop successively from the grand eastern chain, to the banks of the Rhone, which is the common receptacle of their waters: a declension from 15,000 feet which is the elevation of Mont Blanc, to a few hundred only on the shores of the Rhone. This mass of mountains changes its elements as it changes its elevation. The loftiest of them are composed of granite; the lowest of a sort of primitive calcareous rock. The intermediate mountains are composed of gneiss, or of rock composed of quartz and mica. Amongst these, are to be found detached mountains of black marble, with veins of white; of porphery; of calcareous rock, primitive or secondary, mixed with gneiss. Many of them are absolutely barren, presenting nothing but naked rock covered at intervals with gravel, or the mouldering fragments of rock detached and pulverized by the action of the elements. Others are adorned with scattered trees, and covered with a dwarf undergrowth; and many are covered with the evidences of human industry and skill—narrow terraces rising above each other, up to the highest point to which the culture of grain, vines or esculent roots can be pushed. How should the sluggards upon the fertile plains of the earth blush to see these patient and laborious mountaineers—first create their fields, after vast efforts, and then cheerfully till them, for their uncertain and scanty production. He that openeth his hand and satisfieth every living thing,

knows best the necessities of his creatures, and blessed be his name, provides for them all.

It has been asserted by M. De la Lande, that he made the discovery that the masses of rock of which these mountains are composed, have such a relation to each other that the salient and retreating angles correspond at the bottom of the valleys. If we suppose their lines of inclination to bisect each other, the opposite angles of necessity must be equal. But this would be hardly a discovery in our days, if it were true: but the fact has no foundation, though it has been a hundred times repeated. The strata of all the Alpine chains are utterly irregular. Some are horizontal, some vertical, others inclined at every angle and in every direction. Some of the layers are curvilinear, with the exterior of the curve up; others with it down. Sometimes the layers are exhibited on the face of a mountain precisely like the undulations of a serpent; at others upon the point of a hill, in ridges strongly resembling the half of a series of pointed gothic arches. Frequently a whole mountain seems as if it were composed of a single mass; and again, aggregations of small flint, or walls of basalt, look rather like the work of the mason, than of nature. This infinite variety, at first confounds, and then delights the eye and the imagination, at every step in these vast ranges of mountains. I observed on this subject but a single principle which approached to regularity. I do not remember ever to have seen a mountain of somewhat regular structure, in which the inclination of the outer edges of the strata was downwards. If you look at a mountain, its general aspect gives the idea of its having been projected upwards; and its shape uniformly tapering upwards confirms this idea. But if you examine the strata, they give you just the opposite notion; they look as if the centre of the mountain had fallen in, and thus forced upwards the outer edges of its strata. Some of the learned tell us, all these phenomena are to be explained by the action of an intense heat; others attribute every thing to the opposite element of water. I leave the learned to settle it. But on the one hand, the fact that all these mountains have been covered with the waters of the sea, is just as incontestible

as that some one must have been where we find not only his tracks but his shoes; for the traces of marine shells are found every where upon their summits, and in their deepest recesses. And on the other hand, there are ten thousand objects which you seem to refer as inevitably to the action of heat, as you would the fact that your dinner was over-done. One point is of great importance; let us remember that the science of Geology is yet in swaddling clothes; and that it will be full soon, when its principles and truths are somewhat settled, to make a wax nose for its benefit, out of the Hebrew language and the Mosaic cosmogony. It is hardly worth while for so called scholars and divines to unsettle what God has established; till they are quite sure of the end for which it is to be done, and the principles on which the change is required.

The great high-way leading through the region of which I now speak, is one of the best in Europe. Five or six days' easy travel is sufficient to accomplish the journey from Geneva to Turin,—passing by Aix, Chamberry, up the valley of St. Jean de Maurienne, and over Mont Cenis. The distance is probably two hundred English miles, or somewhat more; and in the whole of it, great and constant as the natural obstacles to be overcome in forming the road were—there is not a spot where the voyager need dismount from his carriage, and very few where it is necessary to lock the wheels of it. Like the route over the Semplon, this also, is the work of Napoleon: conceived, projected, and as to its difficulties, finished by him. The kings of Sardinia have not disdained to identify their names with portions of the work the least important; while they have suppressed that of the superlative genius to whom it is all due. At Aiguebelle there is an enormous triumphal arch spanning the route, odorned on both faces with pompous inscriptions, to their "great and gracious monarch"—for having made a wall and road, at one end of their hamlet. I thought as I read it, of the boy who was so ravished with the praises he heard bestowed on Dr. Johnson, a volume of whose works he held in his hand, that he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I made the paste that bound that book!" And this is just about the relation of King Charles

Felix, or King Emanuel Charles, or King Charles Albert, or all put together, for I forget which was named on the arch, to him, under whose great works they would insinuate their little shoulders.

The pass over Mont Cenis, is the most southerly of all the great routes that penetrate the Alps. For this reason, amongst others, as the season was advanced—I was well content to enter Italy by it. But in addition, it is the only good road over the Alps, by which Italy can be entered from the north, without passing through a part of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom; which I was anxious to avoid, as the cholera still prevailed at Milan, and the quarantine regulations as you penetrated farther towards the states of the church, became more rigid, if you had been in any part of that kingdom.

A material change took place in our mode of travelling at the same time. A female acquaintance who had made one of our party from the time we left the United States, concluded to remain at Geneva. I determined at the same time to dismiss our courier. He who travels through a country of whose language he is ignorant, especially if he has dependent on him several other persons more helpless than himself, will find it almost indispensable to have an interpreter. If he desires to be somewhat at leisure, so that his time may be employed with reference to his own increase in knowledge; it is nearly as indispensable to have a servant to perform the ten thousand nameless offices, which the mere fact of four or five people being of one party creates. And yet the class of persons who engage as couriers, in Europe, is worthy of all distrust. Finding our party reduced to two, and an infant, whose nurse making the third person, spoke German and French; we possessed as many languages as people who could speak in company—even without computing our own pretensions as extending much beyond our vernacular English. We therefore, threw ourselves upon our resources;—and having hired an Italian voiturier to take us to Turin in five days and a half, in his own carriage, and with his own horses; we took up the line of march, not without some misgivings, as to our ability to make good our course.

There is no class of persons more completely under the ban of public opinion than these voituriers. I am happy and at the same time bound, to testify in their behalf. I have had at different times near a dozen in my service; and I have never had one who did not fully and fairly perform all he undertook, and generally in a manner obliging, respectful, and to my entire satisfaction. They speak, nearly without exception, two languages; if they be Swiss, they speak generally French and German; if Italians or French, both those languages. For a roomy carriage, and two or three good horses, you pay from twenty to thirty francs, or an average of about five dollars a day. They bear their own expenses, pay for extra horses and guides when necessary in the mountains, and carry you about thirty-five or forty English miles a day. The voiturier expects, at the end of the journey, an additional douceur to himself; the amount of which is left entirely to yourself, but by contract and by universal custom—something must be given. Generally from three to five francs a day, never more than the latter—very rarely so little as the former sum is expected and given. Where the driver does not own the carriage and horses, this is his only compensation. He gets his meals at the hotels gratis, for bringing his passengers to them. And both in French and German he calls the douceur given to him, by a name too indicative of his habits. *Pour boire: for drink:* is the universal French name, for such and similar gratuities: as in German *trink Geld; drink money.* The Italian calls it *buona mano: good will:* or, *good hand;* as indicative, I fear, of "the itching palm" of Italy as the former names are of the French and German propensities respectively to wine and strong drink.

As soon as it was known in the hotel of the *Crown* at which we lodged in Geneva, that I had discharged my courier, a fact which he had kept secret until the carriage was at the door to carry us away; it seemed as if the house was full of persons seeking the same or any situation. I had in quick succession five or six applications made for the vacant place; and could apparently have enlisted a company of domestics in one forenoon. Servants of all kinds in all parts of Europe are generally excel-

lent:—faithful, laborious, and humble to a degree that greatly surprised me. It startled me at first to hear persons better dressed than myself, call me master. But the servility of domestics in all parts of Europe is much greater than that of the slaves of the United States, who occupy situations about the persons of their masters: and the indignities to which they submit, if not so severe, are often as humiliating. At the Hotel des Emperours at Marseille, I heard on one occasion a terrible uproar under my windows; and on demanding the cause of the hostess's passion, some hours after, from the man who served our dinner, he said his mistress was angry at him because he had neglected to lock a chamber door the preceding night, in consequence of which one of his fellow-servants had slept in a bed and been discovered; for which "mistress had scolded him, and boxed the ears of both!" The domestics in the public houses generally, receive no compensation whatever from their employers, except their food; and very often pay considerable sums for their situations. In most hotels on the continent, there are no females at all: men performing for the precarious gifts of travellers, offices which in America men could not be hired, and would not be permitted to perform. Or if females are obliged to be employed in a few services, they submit to impositions which in turn they force travellers to bear. Thus, washer-women, who are amongst the severest afflictions of such travellers in Europe as consider clean linen a necessary of life; generally perform gratuitously the washing of the largest hotels, for the privilege of washing for the lodgers in it. The masters of these hotels are the most difficult to be classed. I have in some, seen the master of a very large establishment do the principal service in its eating department, as head cook. And I have known others reside in their town or country houses, and hire an agent to manage their hotels. One of the most extensive hotels on the continent of Europe, the Hotel Meurice, in Paris, is owned and personally managed by a female; another, the Hotel Des Bergues at Geneva, belongs to a company, and is managed by the head waiter. In general I think it may with truth be said, that the European servants have a far harder life in most respects than the house-

hold slaves of the United States; and that fewer instances are found where they have affection for their masters, or their masters for them, than amongst our slaves and their owners. On the other hand, I am convinced, that the owners of slaves are worse served, and at a treble cost. I draw two inferences which a thousand facts have proven to me in Europe. The first is, that the friends of slave emancipation in the United States, are mistaken—greatly mistaken, as to the relative physical condition of the slaves as compared with the corresponding labouring classes of the best countries of Europe; and therefore they misdirect a great portion of their arguments and efforts on this interesting subject. The second is, that the great majority of the slave owners of our country are equally mistaken, in supposing that either their interests or comforts would be in the least diminished; or rather that both would not be greatly promoted by a change which would deliver them from the cares, responsibilities, and changes of their present condition; and convert the reluctant, costly, and wasteful service of their slaves into the cheap, anxious, and efficient labour of responsible servants. I am aware that the present excessive value of slave labour in a few branches of industry, and the extraordinary condition of society in the free states, which by reason of its long continued prosperity, fills every working man's pocket with money, and makes those who would in ordinary circumstances be at service, now require servants; these different and transient conditions may make all incredulous of what I have asserted and argued. Let them visit Europe, and be cured.

CHAPTER XV.

First Attempt at Travelling without our Interpreter—Fair at Frangy—Aix, its Baths and Valley—Chamberry—The Vale of the Isere; and of St. Jean-de-Maurienne —The Gorges of the Alps—Fortress of Bramont.

Very soon after commencing the journey from Switzerland into Italy, full opportunity was afforded us to test our competence in making good our way, amid strange tongues. Leaving Geneva at mid-day, we had passed the frontier of the confederation within an hour; and arrived after night-fall at the little village of Frangy, which we found filled to repletion. The custom of the country, fortified by ancient baronial grants, gives to most of the towns and villages periodical fairs; which occur once, twice, and sometimes oftener every year. On these occasions religious services usher in the day—and then follow trading, buying and selling of every article that the region furnishes or requires—and the day closes with all kinds of merriment. We fell upon Frangy the night before its annual fair: and to our discomfiture, found the only Inn in the place occupied from the cellar to the garret; all the rooms in the village that could be hired, full; and the very streets garnished with wagons, tents, tables and crowds of people, who seemed to wish no better accommodation than a night of watching. The next Inn was two or three hours' drive distant; half of our party were invalids; and the voiturier expressed the wish to refresh his horses before attempting to proceed. I carried the case a point further, by

refusing to think of going any farther, and dismounting with al hands from the carriage.

We were marshalled into the front room, on the first floor of the Inn, which proved to be the kitchen: and a kitchen better filled with either people or viands, I have seldom seen. The evening was a clear frosty October one; and the two great fires blazing up chimnies which occupied one entire side of the room, were delightful. This, however, gives no idea of the structure of the chimnies, common except in the best houses, on the continent. At the floor there is merely a hearth; but about eight feet from the floor, resting on what might be the floor of the room above, commences a square funnel with the mouth down, and of immense dimensions; which, tapering upwards to a narrow hole lets the smoke escape above the roof of the house. Before these two fires were birds of all sizes, from the turkey and goose to little ones that would mock a hungry man, if he were to put them entire into his mouth. Spiked on long irons in rows, they were turned by a machine that reminded me of a yankee clock, nailed to the wall between the two furnaces. The solemn and measured pace of the machine and birds, presented so strong a contrast to the proceedings of the people about me—who seemed in activity an impersonation of what the solar microscope reveals to us of the manners of the dwellers in a drop of ditch water; that I could with difficulty suppress a hearty laugh. All spoke at once—and all with an energy that seemed to say, the universe must perish if what they had to say were not instantly heard.—All were in motion, and all as it seemed in opposite directions and for opposing purposes; and all without result of any kind except the ceaseless renewal of the uproar. A promiscuous crowd of French men and women, no matter who they are or why assembled, so that imperious decorum does not force them to be still and quiet; is one of the most astonishing objects that John Bull or Jonathan can behold. The former gentleman it fills with sullen contempt: the latter with irresistible mirth.—True to the national impulse, I was hardly enabled by a fast of eleven hours, and the present prospect of a night in the streets with my little family, to preserve a decent composure.

The people of the Inn, were as kind as they could be; and how many of the multitude who proffered their services belonged to the household is not for me to guess. Here, as on many other occasions, I have found politeness and kindness of heart, qualities common to the French of every condition and country. After a most noisy and protracted consultation, in which from first to last at least a hundred counsellors put in a word, it was definitively settled that we should, in the first place, have seats at the fire; secondly, that we should be speedily furnished with some of the birds for supper; and finally, that a special appeal should be made to the *Chateau*, whose proprietor was distantly related to the master of the hotel, for a night's lodgings for us under his roof. This mission fully succeeded, and we were marshalled to the Chateau with great form. I shall preserve a grateful recollection as long as I live, of the family of M. Felicè for the use of two beds one night, for which I paid five francs next morning in the bill of his kinsman at the inn; and shall be most happy to return the favour, (for it really was one,) free of charge to him or his. But I trust it is not against his own inclinations to wish that he may speedily inherit another Chateau; and if this wish be fulfilled, that his new one may, amidst its various improvements, have an entrance to it, which does not pass through the stable: and that the family apartments and those appropriated to his bestial, may be distinct in fact as well as in name.

As we left the village early the following morning, the place was all life, and a high day dawning upon Frangy. Why should we smile at the humble and obscure? Why is not the greatest man of Frangy, as great as the greatest man of Paris; and the incidents that mark its years as important as those which convulse the great capitals of the earth? The crowds who lined all the avenues to the village were laden, it is true, with humble things. One led a goat by a willow twig around its neck—another drove before him a large black hog of the peculiar race of the country. Here were a few sheep; there a cow, or calf; and beyond a handful of coarse thread, or a web of coarser cloth. For miles we met a stream of people, and from every elevation could see other lines in the neighboring roads hasten-

ing to the long desired mart. How many wishes to be gratified; how many more, alas! to be disappointed. The subject of long hope and anxious preparation, it is come at last. And hardly realized, it is gone to return no more, but to be supplanted by other objects as greedily desired, as transient, as unsatisfying, as soon forgotten. While we smile at these simple villagers, and humble peasants, let us remember they furnish us with a picture of ourselves, but too true; except perhaps, that their objects of interest and pursuit are more reasonable, more innocent, more attainable than our own.

The most usual route from Geneva to Chamberry, is that by Annecy; to the left of the one we pursued. They unite before reaching the village of Aix, a mean little place distinguished for its delicious warm baths, and hardly less by the disputes of the idle learned, over some questionable and insignificant monuments found in and near it. Its local situation is delightful, and the surrounding region extremely beautiful. The small valley at the eastern end of which it is seated, at the foot of the chain of Beauges mountains, is as romantic and almost as secluded as the abode of Rasselas. Besides the Beauges on the east, Mont-du-Chat and Mont l' Epine on the opposite border, and the mountains of Chambotte and Saint Innocent on the north, shut up the beautiful basin on three sides; and on the fourth, the small, deep lake of Bourget reposes in a profound stillness, which seems to communicate itself to every surrounding object. The coolness, the retirement, the beauty, and the hot mineral baths, attract, during the warm months, numerous visiters to Aix. I found the place deserted, except by a few invalids, who seemed to linger in mere disgust at the effort necessary to depart; or in the faint hope of some lingering chance, that the deep roots of disease might be extracted, or the failing springs of life replenished. I wonder rather that the healed should so soon forget the spot consecrated by blessings received, and sorrows mitigated; and that the last to linger about such abodes, are not rather the grateful, than the importunate. How strong is the contrast between the spirit in which we seek, and that in which we use the blessings of heaven!

The waters are used both for bathing and drinking; the principal ingredient being sulphur, and the highest temperature about 34° to 37° of Reumur. The volume of water is very ample, and all the arrangements for its use convenient and extensive. Victor Amedius III., considered himself entitled by reason of some plain and simple improvements constructed in 1772, to set upon the facade, a nonsensical inscription calling himself "*Rex, Pius, Felix, Augustus*"—and I know not what besides. I entered the edifice under the impression of this stuff; and nearly the first words that met my eyes, were "*the bath of Princes*"—written in French, over one of the doors! Ah! indeed! "How Sir," demanded I, turning to the conductor, "how Sir can you tell a prince, when he is naked?" "Monsieur?" was his reply—not, perhaps, comprehending me. "You have a bath here appropriated to princes?" "Yes." "Do you not know that all men are equally princes, as soon as they are stripped?" "No Monsieur." "Then examine and you will find it so. The only difference between your princes and the servants that wait for them at this door, is annihilated the moment they undress. Change their clothes; and you change the men, nine times in ten." He seemed uncertain, whether I jested, or was deranged. And I was not less at a loss to account for the folly of those who in their vanity, had placed their insignificance so strongly before vulgar eyes.

We entered Chamberry in the afternoon, and left it early the following morning. It is a considerable town, and its situation in the midst of a narrow plain, bordered by lofty mountains and watered by two streams, is very handsome. The city itself is dark and melancholy; full of soldiers and priests.

The morning we left it, we took our last look at Mont Blanc —from the elevated plains that separate the waters of the Isere from those of the rivulets that water the valley of Chamberry. From Geneva to Chamberry—the views of the Alps are often superb, from the tops and sides of the eminences along which the way is conducted. But very soon after leaving the last named city you get amongst the gorges of the mountains—and from thence until you have cleared the Alps, and are fairly in

the plains of Piedmont on the other side, the horizon is limited to the steep rocks on either hand, and the flanks of mountains you have just turned, or are about to scale. From Chamberry, you pass directly to the river Isere, which drains the great arc of the Alps between the Little St. Bernard and Mont Cenis, and passing Grenoble empties itself into the Rhone at Valence in France. This arc shuts you in more and more as you approach its southern limb. Crossing the Isere at Mont Melian, two valleys lie before you as you ascend; each drained by a fork of the river. That to your left is the Tarentaise, which would conduct you to the pass over the Little St. Bernard. The one to the right ascends the course of the Arche, and terminates under Mont Cenis: it is called the valley of Saint Jean-de-Maurienne, and is the one which we traversed.

This valley, counting from Mont Melian on the Isere, to Lans-le-Bourg, at the foot of Cenis, exceeds a hundred miles in length. It is every where very narrow, and has on both sides immense mountains, which towards the upper end are full of glaciers and covered with snow nine or ten months of the year: the loftiest summits being at no time free from it. In the midst of the valley, rushes the rapid and turbulent current of the Arche—occupying by its wide stony bed, and the cold marshes on its borders, from one-half to four-fifths of the space between the bases of the mountains. Throughout almost the entire course of this long gorge, the road is supported on a wall, built in the edge of the river, on one side or the other: and crosses the stream a wearisome number of times. At most of these crossings the bridges are wide and rather elegant, of cut stone, and made in the modern fashion. At some, the narrow bridge of the middle ages, hardly broad enough for a modern carriage to pass, and with the stone supporters of the port-cullis still standing about their centre, stand beside those which have supplanted them. And in the most secluded recesses of the Alps, you meet repeatedly with bridges constructed precisely on the model described by Cæsar in his Commentaries on the Gallic war; and which, given by the great Roman to the ancestors of these simple

mountaineers—have been preserved unaltered for two thousand years,—and though rejected by the whole world beside, are still perseveringly retained by them. At short intervals the ruins of ancient castles crown the projecting summits of the lowest hills: and scattered at more considerable distances, are small stone villages, having all the appearances of want, filth, and desolation, which the traveller will find but too faithfully accurate, as he examines their condition more narrowly. From Geneva to Turin, we were not so fortunate as to find a single tolerable Inn.

This extraordinary ravine, as will be at once seen on a mere inspection of the map, penetrates the Alps obliquely. The course of the road from Chamberry to Lans-le-Bourg, presents a series of traverses—each parallel with a range of mountains either behind or before it—and generally both. The last long traverse from St. Jean-de-Maurienne, to Lans-le-Bourg, is similar in direction and curve to the chain of Mont Cenis, upon whose base it terminates, at its lowest point of elevation. Without such an accommodation to the structure of the country it would be utterly impossible to penetrate it even on foot; and even after all that perfect skill and patient examination could reveal, nothing short of a nation's resources could overcome obstacles that could not be evaded. The passage of the Saint Michael, and the Vorney, the ascent of Termignon, and especially the defile of Bramont, may be cited as remarkable illustrations of what has just been said. The defile of Bramont is one of the most savage spots upon which the foot of man has dared to intrude. The river rushes through a fissure in the mountain so narrow that it was hopeless to attempt to make a road along it: and at the same time so deep, that from the point where the road conducted along the face of the mountain overhangs it, it can be neither seen nor heard. To add to the wildness of the spot, about the middle of the pass, another stream comes thundering down the almost perpendicular rocks, and plunges into the abyss. Just at this point are seated a series of extensive and apparently impregnable military works, extending to five different fortresses, the most remote

within gun shot, the nearest on the brink of the precipice; and which could open upon every point of the ascent and descent—hundreds of mouths of fire. I was told by a guide, that a path which he pointed out to me, avoided this fortress, and conducted by a nearer way, deeper in the mountains, from Modanne, westward of Bramont, to the top of Mont Cenis.

CHAPTER XVI.

Passage of the Alps—Ascent of Mont Cenis—Summit of the Mountain—Glaciers—Popular mistake as to the route of Hannibal—Southern Descent of Cenis—Personal Adventure—Striking variation in Climate—Vastness of the Alpine Range—Coup d'œil of it—Its Physical, Moral, National Influences—The Valleys of the Doire Repuare; and of the Aosta—Various Passes into Italy—Immense Plains of Piedmont and Lombardy—Conquests of Napoleon.

We slept at Lans-le-Bourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis, on the night of the 20th October, 1836. On the following morning at eight o'clock we commenced the ascent of the mountain, with five mules harnessed to our carriage—two at the pole and three tandem; and five guides attending their steps, each armed with a large whip. The number of guides is settled by law, and is always equal to the number of mules; that being left to the option of the person hiring them. In winter, or any time in case of accidents, the services of several men may be indispensable. When the road is in perfect order, and the weather fine, all above one are superfluous. Our escort shewed that in our case they were enjoying a perquisite rather than fulfilling a duty. Out of the five, one was a very old man, two were lads, and one a fine bare-headed boy of ten years old; the fifth was a son of Anak in the midst of his prime. They were all illy clad, and showed plainly enough that the luxury of combs and soap had rarely intruded on their abodes. They were all intelligent and obliging, and after enjoying the benefit of their discourse during our long walk to the top of the mountain, I parted from them with a sentiment bordering on respect.

We could not have asked a more delightful day, nor a more admirable condition of the road—the guides pronounced every thing to be just as was best for us; and their authority in all these mountains is absolute over travellers. Such dreadful accidents have sometimes occurred, by neglecting their prognostics, or refusing to be guided by what seemed their caprices, that fearful experience has made men wise. Pursuing their vocation from infancy, indeed through successive generations, they acquire a sharpness of sense in detecting appearances which others cannot discern, and a skill in inferring from them results apparently out of reach of human foresight, which well entitle them to a confidence that no one has ever charged them with abusing.

"Will the day be fair?" was the first question. "Perfectly," was the ready answer. "Is there any snow on the mountain?" "None in the road." "How long will it take us to reach the summit?" "The authorised time is two hours and three-quarters; we will do it in less." The season was advanced, and we had to mount up to an elevation of nine thousand feet. But the last feeling of anxiety was removed, and the mules were put into a steady walk which they kept to the top. Unless the load is very heavy, or the road very bad, they never stop to rest. Nor indeed is it necessary, for the ascent is gradual, low and equal; and the skill and perseverance of man has converted what was an almost impassable mule path into one of the finest roads in Europe. On this occasion, and as often afterwards as I had opportunity to observe, I found the iron shoes of the mules made so much longer than the hoof, as to extend fully an inch in all directions beyond the edge of it. They say it is to enable them to hold the better at a hard pull—especially when the sides of the mountain are covered with ice. My belief is, that the method is evil; for the toe soon turns up, so as to make the use of the shoe as a claw impossible; and I saw several mules whose hoofs had been obviously split across, and the bottom half broken off by their own efforts to pull; in consequence of the increased length of the lever, and therefore increased strain on the instep. Mules are in very general use in this part of Europe, and are much larger than those of America. Their value is about four

or five hundred francs, equal to seventy-five to a hundred dollars: which is also the value of a horse or ass in the same region.

Mont Cenis is ascended on the western side, by seven traverses in the road. In 35 minutes we made the first turn, having accomplished one traverse. In 1 hour and 10 minutes we were opposite the chapel of St. Denis—which stands off to the left of the road. At the end of 1 hour and 30 minutes we reached *Recovero* No. 23; that is, the first of a series of houses built at intervals over the mountain, for the residence of persons who work on the road, and as places of refuge for travellers and guides when in distress. The numbering begins on the Italian side of the mountain, which makes the highest number the first one encountered as you ascend on the French side. At the *Recovero* already mentioned, there is a spring of clear water gushing out of the mountain as cold as ice: and hard-by the fourth traverse completes itself. At 2 hours and 25 minutes we were at *Recovero* 21. At *Recovero* 20, a little farther on where the sixth traverse ends, the old and new roads unite. There the eldest guide told me he had repeatedly commenced the descent by the old way on a sledge, and in six minutes landed at the village which we left two hours and a half before. From appearances the course must have been as perilous as it was rapid; for the road seemed to make a hundred zigzags on the edge of a ridge, at each of which the guide must turn the furious course of his vehicle by a pointed staff driven against the ice; and any want of skill would precipitate sledge, guide and traveller, down the precipice at the rate of about a mile in two minutes. All along both roads, poles are erected at short intervals, to indicate the place where the road passes, when the ground is covered with snow. These posts were marked at four, eight and twelve feet, or thereabouts, from the ground. The lowest mark is above the common depth of the snow; but it is occasionally formed by the wind into embankments above even the highest. In 2 hours and 40 minutes we stood on the summit of the mountain, and stopped at the Savoy barrier to discharge our mules and guides.

During the ascent the view is hemmed in on all sides by mountains higher than any elevation you reach. On the top you find

yourself in the midst of a narrow plain, some miles long and indented by a small lake, which seems to be fed by the surrounding glaciers in summer, and congealed into a glacier itself during winter. These glaciers are nothing more than valleys or benches on the mountains, or recesses in their sides, filled with eternal ice. Their number is of course not known, though immense. In the Swiss Alps alone, Ebal estimates the number of considerable ones to be about 400, covering at least 130 square leagues, and varying in depth from 100 to 600 feet. Small ones seems almost innumerable. These are covered with snow during winter, and in summer when the snow melts and penetrates the mass, it seems to give only increased compactness to it as the water passes off. The principal glaciers have not materially changed their appearance or dimensions, during all the ages in which they have been subjected to this process, under the eye of watchful man. But it results from these facts that the streams draining these glaciers, in other words all those which issue from the Alps, have a periodical and regular increase in their volume of water as summer advances; and then a similar declension as winter sets in; reversing the facts that apply to inland streams generally. In some Alpine streams of the first class this annual variation is of great extent. The Rhone at Geneva is subject to a gradual summer rise to the height of ten feet, although immediately issuing from the largest lake formed by the water drained from the Alps.

On the northern side and on the top of Cenis, there is a thick coating of herbage during three months of the year—namely, July, August and September; and during these months, cows, sheep and goats are driven to the highest regions where vegetation is found, and their milk converted into cheese. For the various operations and necessities of this manufacture, these higher regions which are not peopled except by a few soldiers, innkeepers or monks, during the other nine months; are furnished with numerous small stone huts, lodged in the sides of the mountains; which being usually shut up and forsaken, greatly increase the appearance of desolation, which is the prevailing one, amidst

these solitudes. Upon the top of the mountain the horizon is completely shut in by surrounding eminences; that is, upon the bench of the mountain which the road traverses; for these adjoining elevations of the same mountain are five thousand feet higher than the road. Presently you pass the barrier of Italy, and hope very soon to see those vast and noble plains of which guide books, compiled by people who never saw the objects described, tell; and which Hannibal, if he entered Italy by this route, as many of the learned assure us he did, pointed out with ecstacy to his drooping soldiers as the rich reward of a march from Carthage to Gibralter, and thence here. If Hannibal saw any plains from the top of Cenis, one of two things is inevitable —either his army passed by some unknown and now inaccessible route, some thousands of feet higher than any road ever was at this place, or indeed ever could be; or else, which is nearly as probable, the enormous rib of the mountain which fills up every crevice towards Italy, has *grown* since the Carthagenians were here! There is another minute fact to be overcome; there are no plains to be seen, if there was full scope to look, for more than forty English miles on the Italian side from the top of Cenis. But on the other hand, from thence to Rivoli, a narrow and crooked valley lined by lofty mountains and washed by a mountain torrent, is all that could be seen if the way were open and straight. Nor do I believe that all that ever grew in this little valley from the foundation of the world, would have been considered by any one cohort in that fierce army, a compensation for exchanging delicious Carthage for one campaign amidst the Alps. As to prospect from Mont Cenis—there is none, absolutely none.

On the eastern face of the mountain there is first a rapid and steep descent, for a short distance, by the most magnificent road I have ever seen. It is a grand echelon of twelve or fifteen traverses, curved upon the brow of the rocks, and cut out of them; guarded by strong pillars and rails, and converting into beautiful ornaments three steep cascades, upon one of which it terminates, while the others are made subservient to its descent. It is a superb work. At its foot is a short plain, and then a regular and

constant descent to Susa, the first town of Piedmont into which you enter. It is situated twenty miles from the top of the mountain, at the head of the narrow valley which I have already mentioned, and on the banks of the Doire Ripuare.

A personal occurrence of a very curious kind befel us in passing Mont Cenis. The morning was so fine that we were tempted to leave our infant with its nurse in the carriage, while its mother and myself followed after it on foot, conversing with the guides. At the end of the second traverse on the road, perceiving that it would lead us far round to follow it, we turned up the mountain side expecting to meet the carriage at the next traverse. But imperceptibly verging from the new route, we found when Mrs. B., then much an invalid, had become fatigued by the long, but as yet gentle ascent; that we should not encounter our carriage or the new track again before we reached almost to the summit, still five thousand feet above us. This was for a moment a startling discovery. Fortunately three of the five guides had turned aside with us, viz: two boys and the stoutest of the two men. We united our ingenuity and strength, and accomplished the entire ascent as follows:—The long lashes of the whips were tied round the waists of the lady, and the boys going before pulled up by their handles. The man being much taller than myself supported her under the arm that lay next the lower side of our path, as we shifted from time to time the oblique line of ascent; I myself supporting her on the other side. In this way we made the ascent up the face of the mountain, along goat paths, and oftener without any path at all; and reached the first Recovero before the other party. A morning's walk to the top of Cenis is a rare adventure for an invalid; and was in this case the beginning of decided restoration.

The changes of climate wrought in a few hours in passing the Alps, is like the work of enchantment. The weather at the western foot of the mountain was such as we should expect on a delightful autumnal morning, in the middle states of North America. As we ascended, the sun mounted high enough to shed his warm and rich beams over the middle region of the mountain, and every thing wore the delightful aspect such a

morning promised. Presently, the rays of the sun seemed to have lost their power; the strong white frost lay in the shade of the rock; the blades of grass were frozen; and before we reached the top the ground was stiff and hard with frost, the air sharp and thin, and the rays of the sun pale and languid. On the top we found a fair, cold, winter's day. As we commenced the descent on the other side, the laurel and pine disappeared pretty soon after the last vestiges of ice we left behind. Mid-way down, the chesnut covered the mountain side in rich leaf, and the fruit still hanging as if no frost had touched it. Before we reached Susa the mulberry, the walnut and the vine covered every spot of ground on the hill sides rich enough to sustain them; the atmosphere was soft and full of light, and we were carried back to the last days of glowing summer. The people sat in the streets at work; a pedlar hauled about a go-cart, with articles of summer apparel for sale; and the females that herded a few goats, or cows, grazing on the road side, stood without any covering on the head, neck or arms, spinning thread with the fingers, on the peculiar distaff and broach of the country. The male labourers were doing the work which I had seen finished in France more than a month before—preparing the ground for their grain, with four oxen yoked to a plough, whose long single handle projected behind from ten to fifteen feet; and rendered their twenty foot reed, with a goad in the end, as indispensable as the whip of other plowmen. Half the cycle of the seasons was passed over in a day. The delicious climate of Italy seemed to extend with all its power to the very limits of the land; but to limit its balmy influences within the same circumference.

In whatever light they may be considered, there are few natural objects of more interest than the great chain of mountains which have received the common name of Alps: a name purely Celtic, and expressive simply of their elevation. But although that is in many places immense; attaining very frequently to twelve, thirteen, fourteen and even fifteen thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean; and being throughout the greater part of their course covered with perpetual snow, wherever they exceed eight thousand feet; yet their other proportions are

quite as striking as their height. With an average base of more than two hundred miles in breadth, they extend from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Black sea; a distance little short of two thousand miles across the continent of Europe. Throughout this great range they receive various appellations; and towards their eastern extremity, where it is probable the Celtic race and language never penetrated, they lose entirely all traces of a western nomenclature. Commencing on the Mediterranean, upon the gulf of Genoa, they separate ancient Liguria from Provence, covering both with their vast ribs; and shooting off through the former, the lofty chain of Appenines, which penetrate the whole peninsula of Italy; and if counted as of the same chain with the Alps, which they absolutely are, add another thousand miles to their extent. That portion just located is called the Maritime Alps; then follow the Cottien Alps, which reach to Mont Cenis, separating Dauphine from Piedmont. Where they divide Piedmont from Savoy, they are called the Grecque Alps—that word signifying in French, a *fret work*—and fully expressing the real character of the thing. From these to Mount Rose they are called the High Alps, and often the Pennic Alps. Thence to the Grisons they receive the name of Helvetic Alps. Through the Grisons and the Tyrol to the Frontiers of Carinthia they are called Rhetian Alps. Throughout Carinthia, Styria, the region of Salzbourg, and the district of Austria they receive the general name of Nozique Alps, to the plains of Oldenburg and Hungary. They are called Carnique on the south of the Drave from Mount Pelegrino to the sources of the Save. The Julian Alps separate Frioul and Istria from Carniola, Croatia and Sclavonia. Then follow, along the right bank of the Danube, the Dinarique Ranges. After these are the Balkan Mountains, the ancient Hœmus; which, passing between Roumelia and Bulgaria terminate upon the Black Sea only to arise in greater elevation on its north eastern borders, and under the name of Caucasus project itself even to the Caspian Sea—and probably through the bosom of Tartary, on the other side.

The barrier of countless tribes; the palladium of the weak; the mighty rampart against ambition and power; how manifold

and potential are the offices which the silent and passive resistance of this dead giant has performed in the political history of the world! Its influence upon climate and thus upon the physical constitution, the habitudes and the pursuits of the nations that have dwelt upon its sides and at its feet; its influence upon the social life of man—and thus upon his language, his literature, his taste, his knowledge—and all of good or ill that springs from the free action of mind on mind; its direct moral influences—if indeed such influences exist in inanimate objects—but at least its indirect influence upon religion, by affecting the opportunities of receiving, and influencing the means of retaining its impressions; in how many ways is the world different from what it would have been, by reason of the efforts which have recoiled from these awful ramparts; or been swallowed up in their cold recesses? We boast of what we are; of what we have done; of what we will be; of what we will make all things around us. And yet what are we at the best, but goodly vessels driven upon waves which deride our control; by winds which mock us every hour of our existence; and where the only thing constant seems to be the rocks, which watch in sleepless silence for our ruin. And yet we feel an indwelling sense of superiority, and an instinctive assurance of triumph, over objects to which we seem as nothing, and against which our might is less than nothing. Even the reminiscences, as if of a past and glorious state, seem to sustain our hearts amid the acknowledged insignificance of our present condition, and nourish the assurance of a greatness, future but certain. Future; yes, in that it is not yet realized. But certain —alas! who shall assure that? And yet, more than our wildest hopes may be realized; but not here. "Glory, honour and immortality" are within our reach; and the ruins of our once glorious nature, still instinct with enough of its former greatness, to refuse to be satisfied with the fellowship of earth, languish for something beyond; still future; still more exalted; but what, we know not, and still refuse to learn. How good is the Lord, that he will permit us to be satisfied only in him! How infinitely certain would be the universal perdition of men, if the sin we

seek so eagerly could fully engage and satisfy the vast desires—the immortal longings of the soul!

The valley of the Doire Ripuare, which conducts the road from the base of Cenis towards Turin, is not only extremely narrow for a number of miles, but the river and the torrents which fall into it from the mountains on either hand, have covered a considerable part of it with gravel and stones, and rendered it unfit for cultivation. Along all these vallies the husbandman is subjected to inundations of this kind, which not only destroy his growing crops but ruin, totally his inheritance. The smallest streams gurgle along, and almost lost in the wide rocky channels through which their waters sometimes rush with irresistible fury. And at intervals channels perfectly dry, gape for the streams that occasionally rush down the mountains, and hurl the rubbish gravel and bolders which they had accumulated from a hundred sources, through them, over the narrow and fertile region around. The inhabitants repay themselves by an ingenious and patient process, in which they force the same elements that destroy to create for them other fields. By selecting an eddy, and surrounding it with a wall of loose stones, the waters deposit from year to year a rich loam, which by-and-by they secure against further ingress of the water, and turn to profitable cultivation. To the left of this valley lies that of Aosta, into which the routes over the Little and Great St. Bernard both debouche. The first of these passes is the nearer of the two to Cenis, and is considered one of the easiest and lowest over the Alps. The latter is more difficult, though only a few hundred feet higher than Mont Cenis. Between the Great St. Bernard and the Semplon, there is a long interval of almost inacessible mountains. The road over it is famous throughout the world, as one of the greatest of Napoleon's conceptions. It is not quite so high as Mont Cenis, but the road has not only been neglected, but the Austrian and Sardinian governments did every thing they could to destroy it, except to give open orders to that effect. Recently a change of views has been manifest; and at present the road is undergoing repairs. Beyond the Semplon the Splugen affords the lowest of all the great passes of the Alps, which are there only a few thous-

and feet high. Still farther east is the route by the Saint Gothard, one of the wildest and most difficult of all, seated in the midst of the mountains of Switzerland. Beyond are the dominions of Austria, and the great curve in the Alpine chain corresponding with the head of the Adriatic.

The valley of the Doire is crowded with little and peculiarly mean villages which increase in size as the country opens; until at Rivoli, about ten miles from Turin, you find yourself in the midst of the delicious plains which stretch from thence towards the east, without interruption, to Venice and Bologna—diagonally across the large end of Italy. These are the renowned plains of Lombardy and Piedmont, drained and irrigated in turn by the Po, which the Romans designated the "Father of Rivers."—Plains which rewarded the Roman soldier for those victories which subdued the world; which compensated the Carthagenians for the horrors of their unparalleled march; and which so ravished the barbarians who subverted the Western Empire that banishment from their own country, wherever that unknown country lay, was considered the lot of the fortunate, that they might abide here; death itself being preferable to existence any where else; and even war, their former joy, a burden, if it called them from these abodes. It was upon these plains that Napoleon twice decided the fate of Europe, and filled it with the terror of his name. Issuing first, an unknown boy, with a handful of beaten troops from the defiles behind Nice and Genoa, he destroyed in five months five Austrian armies, each larger than his own; conquered all Italy, and dictated at Campo Formio in October, 1797, a treaty of peace whose principles became the basis of all his succeeding treaties. A few years elapsed, and all this mighty work was overthrown; the French driven behind the Var, or shut up in Genoa, and Italy lost. Again the same terrible genius appeared in the midst of these plains; but from an opposite quarter, and with a name that filled the world. From the top of the Great St Bernard the First Consul rushed down upon this garden of the world. Received the second time by the people as their deliverer, all human resistance seemed like chaff before him; and the fiat of destiny slower and not more

certain than his stroke. On the 18th of May, 1800, he was upon the summit of the Alps; on the 3rd of July he re-entered Paris in triumph; the object of an enthusiasm absolutely delirious, on the part of all France. He had reconquered and reorganized Italy—in forty days!

How absolute and total is the change in the tide of empire! The conquerors of the world crept northward over the Alps, dragging victory slowly after their steps. The swoop of the eagle on its timid prey, shadows forth the return of the tide upon Italy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Italy— Territorial Divisions—Kingdom of Sardinia—Piedmont—Coup d'œil—Social State—Mendicants—Priests—Soldiers—Immense Difficulties of Reform—Grounds of Popular Security—The Grandeur of the Future.

ITALY, embracing the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, has a superficial extent of 92,000 square miles; larger by one-third than single states of the first class which compose our confederacy. Of this surface two-thirds at least are mountains or marshes. It is divided at present into eleven sovereignties; or if Malta be added, into twelve; which unitedly contain a population of nineteen and a half millions. The north of Italy is divided between the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sardinia; next follow the four small Duchies of Parma, Modena, Lucca, and Massa, and below them the larger one of Tuscany, on the western side of the Peninsula; and the states of the Pope extending obliquely across it, from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean sea. The little republic of San Marino, is in the Appenines, near the Adriatic, surrounded by the territories of the Pope. Corsica lies opposite Tuscany; the kingdom of the Two Sicilies occupies the whole of Southern Italy, except the island of Malta, which is below that of Sicily, and which appertains to England. Nine parts out of ten of the peninsula, belong to foreigners and strangers; and the names of many of the governments are derived from sources not strictly Italian. The islands of Sicily and Sardinia give their names to half of Italy.

The kingdom of Lombard-Venice, ruled with a rod of iron by Austria—contains three outrages on the national feeling in the three words of its name. It is no kingdom, but the most abject dependency on the Austrian Empire; and its impotence is not more in contrast with the giant strength of the Lombard Kingdom, than its meanness and servility are the opposite of all that made the republic of Venice, the glory of Europe, and the nurse of its civilization. To make the degradation complete, the College of Cardinals has supplanted the Senate of Rome; and the throne of the Cæsars, has been gradually and steadily degraded into irredeemable contempt, by a series of popes who for thirteen centuries have exhibited the most criminal succession that ever existed amongst men.

The states of the King of Sardinia, unitedly form the second in point of territorial extent, and the third in population, of the governments of Italy. Piedmont, Savoy, the ancient city of Nice, the republic of Genoa, and the island of Sardinia, form a Kingdom, named after the last of the five states; and ruled over by the ancient house of Savoy. The whole kingdom contains a population of four millions.

Piedmont is the largest, and much the most important of the states of the King of Sardinia. This beautiful region is separated on the east from the Austrian possessions in Italy by the Lago Maggiore, the Ticino, and the Po. On the other three sides, it is surrounded by the Alps and the Appenines. Looking towards the former, we behold at their tops nothing but glaciers, hiding their summits in the clouds. A little lower we discover dark forests of pines; and nearer still to the planes, a wide belt of chesnuts and oaks prove the rapid amelioration of the climate. At the foot of the mountains, a still wider zone prolongs itself over the lessening hills and into the edges of the plains, where a thin soil requires all the aid of position and indefatigable toil, to fulfil the hopes of the husbandman. Then come the wide plains covered with the grain of every climate; the rice of the south, springing beside the wheat of a more northern region, —and the luxuriant maize of the middle and most delightful portions of the earth; all apparently, in singular perfection. As you

advance towards the south, the mulberry and the vine which flourish every where around you, become mingled with the fig, in the open air. But it is not till you pass over the borders of ancient Liguria, that the olive, the orange, the lemon, and the almond tree fill the atmosphere with their delicious fragrance, and furnish what to less favoured countries are only delicacies,—but here, the prime necessaries of life. Without the olive especially, Italy would be a hundred times worse off than America would be without the cow and the hog; for strange as the comparison may seem, it will appear to be natural, when it is known that the olive oil is meat, butter and milk—and not seldom, bread also, to thousands of people. In whole districts, neither butter nor lard are heard of, even at the best hotels; and even the small portion of sheep's milk and goat's milk kept for the luxurious, who require it with coffee, is very poor and dear. The cake of the olive, after it has been mashed and the oil pressed out, is the principal fuel, in many houses—even as far north as Nice and Genoa. They put it in a bason or open furnace, and set it in the midst of the apartment: believing, or affecting to believe, that it emits neither smoke nor odour; both of which, but especially the latter, I have personal knowledge, are mistakes.

Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, and the chief city of Piedmont, is also one of the largest of Italy. It contains 120,000 inhabitants, of whom I suppose one in every three of the adult males, is a soldier, a priest, or a beggar. After the overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the reigning family, in 1814, it was determined to restore every thing precisely to the condition in which it stood before the French invaded Italy the first time. They who desire to see the ancient order of things, have an opportunity here, of witnessing the precise condition of European states before the French Revolution. The great ideas which the last fifty years have made familiar to the world, and which have shaken the world itself—exist here only incognito. If they penetrate through all barriers and find a lodgment in some congenial soil, the dungeons of Austria are open to receive and cure the unhappy infected. Who has not heard the name of Silvio Pellico? The gigantic

strides which men have taken, within that wonderful half century, in which the human race has made a greater progress in wealth, in general knowledge, in social improvement, and in religious ideas,—in short, in all that is practically efficient and great, than in the preceding ten centuries; have left all Italy, and with the rest, Sardinia, just where she was. She has stood still. Supported by the whole military power of Austria—the throne of Sardinia is seated upon the top of a pyramid of Romish altars—exalted out of the reach of knowledge or reform. Every thing is settled upon principles which exclude the idea of merit, and make personal effort a useless absurdity. If a man be of such a rank, he is entitled to command a regiment, or have a bishopric; if of another, his place is to be that of priest or captain. The only possible exception is, that the king should degrade or elevate at his caprice, above or below the standard, but within the charmed circle; or that the pope should give or refuse favour, a point or two aside from the usual course. The great bulk of the people have no rights, but to rejoice in the paternal government of the king, and grow wise under the spiritual guidance of the ecclesiastics, and pay with contentment the grinding demands of both. It is a most instructive hint, on the nature of kingly power, that the only thing which was left untouched in 1814, was the public imposts: which being immensely augmented were generally allowed to stand as they were!

The mendicants of Turin, for number, urgency, and squalid want, exceed belief. And multitudes who are too much disabled by afflictions to follow and harrass the passers-by; assume certain positions, and there make known their wants and sorrows, in loud and periodical lamentations. The proportion of blind, deformed, and disabled persons, throughout Sardinia, is frightful. Many of these cases are presented by very young persons, and seem to manifest either a degree of poverty which renders the care of children impossible to their wretched mothers; or, which is still more frightful to suppose, a degree of brutal degradation, which so weakens even the parental affections, as to render mothers careless of the helpless infancy of their offspring.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize to all three of these immense classes, for uniting them; for so little is their affinity in some respects, that I never saw a soldier beg; nor a priest give one farthing to a mendicant. Both these peculiarities struck me with force. For the very few native beggars I had seen in my own happy country, passed generally for "*old soldiers.*" And the Roman priesthood every where, makes the act of alms-giving so great a virtue, and professes so constantly the duty of performing it; that I had expected nothing less than some general provision for the poor, where Catholicism reigned, and hoped surely to see ready manifestations of benevolence by the priests themselves. In both respects I was entirely disappointed. The poor, the mendicant, the wretched, unpitied, unprotected sufferer, multiplies generally in proportion to the absolute reign of papism; and the total absence of all general and public provision for their support accords with this horrible increase of the need of it.—On the other hand, the Catholic ecclesiastics seem to consider the duty of alms-giving to have relation to them only as recipients, never as distributors of the bounty of the world. I have said I never saw a priest bestow an alms. I should add, I never saw one solicited for an alms. The mendicant who sits in rags at the street corner, unable to walk, and imploring a copper in the name of God, stops his complaints, and bows his head in reverent silence, while the priest passes in total neglect of him. The most urgent beggar will encounter a hundred priests in a day, and never think of demanding charity from one. I have sought the solution of this mystery. I have demanded of the poor—"Why do you beg me? I am a stranger and a heretic.—I saw you but now, pass that well dressed priest in silence. Why did you not beg him?" To such enquiries I have never received a verbal or a direct answer. Some have stared in my face, in absolute amazement: some have shrugged their shoulders: some looked at me acutely, and smiled: some turned on their heel and walked off. I have asked for the solution, at persons better informed and of various classes; and the response has always been, in substance, that the contributions flowed all the other way: that the beggars gave the priests daily, weekly, monthly,

and yearly contributions, for ten thousand objects, directly and indirectly spiritual; but that the priests gave the beggars nothing of their own, at any time—and rarely the full amount of that which the benevolence of former ages placed in their hands, in trust, for suffering humanity.

There is, however, an important sense in which soldiers, mendicants, and priests must be coupled in the minds of all who think deeply. In the existing state of human society there must needs be wars and bloodshed; and the only alternative seems to be, to pay soldiers or to pay masters. The necessity for public teachers is even more apparent than that for public defenders and is likely to be more extended in duration. For even if we rank liberty above all human attainments, it were better to lose earth than heaven. But it must be manifest that the wants of a community are exceedingly limited in both these respects, as to the relative proportions of the body, which shall be called on to defend and teach the remainder. Indeed it is evident that the public capacity to support these two corps, is limited, almost as narrowly as the public necessity for them can be. When the necessary proportion is overpassed, the community is burdened, and the required duties worse performed. When the supportable proportion is exceeded, the state is impoverished and oppressed; its defenders become its greatest curse, and serve only to repress its efforts at reform; while its public teachers of all kinds, but especially its religious teachers increase the general poverty, by the amount drawn from it for their own subsistence, augment the aggregate licentiousness, by the contagion of their own idle and vicious lives—and add the sanction of religion and philosophy to the ignorance and degradation of a condition which cannot be remedied without at once undermining their power and destroying their importance. These remarks apply of course, only to that condition of society in which religion finds itself established by force of law. Their truth is fully illustrated in the dreadful condition of the people of which I write. Here the main end of government is to gratify the sovereign caprices of a man they call "King" and to pamper the lust of a small privileged class around him. The great aim of

all the immense preparations for public defence is to keep the people themselves in subjection. And the real object of the Papal church, no other than to extend indefinitely a system necessary for tyrants, because it sanctifies their crimes; necessary for the oppressed and debased, because it makes their sufferings virtues, and their brutal sensualism harmless; and for the hierarchy itself, necessary as a competent support for the present day—and the only hope which the future presents for regaining the empire of the world

It would be unjust to apply these remarks with absolute universality. I do not doubt that amongst the Catholic clergy of all countries there may be persons of virtue and honour, who fulfil their known duties with propriety; and who would seize with joy every occasion to ameliorate evils which they see to be dreadful, but which they cannot see are either inherent in their religious system; or results of its usual action. On the other hand, it is proven by facts of no distant occurrence, as well as by manifest tokens visible in all the armies of Europe—that it is not always safe to trust that the soldier has entirely forgotten all the duties of the citizen, and all the noble sympathies of man. In the year 1820, the attempt to free northern Italy from the yoke of foreigners, and unite it in one powerful state, under some native prince—was conceived, matured and but for a premature explosion would probably have been executed by a portion of the Sardinian army. That it failed, proves the general truth of my observations; while the fact of its conception teaches, as I admit, that their truth is not universal. Nor should we on the whole consider the present King of Sardinia, or any other particular Sovereign responsible, in the largest extent for existing systems. If Charles Albert were ever so desirous of giving free institutions to Sardinia it is most probable that he would fail, perhaps perish, in the undertaking; or if he succeeded, it would be with care, labour, and danger, far beyond what he would encounter in the quiet enjoyment of his absolute power. It is far from certain that the mass of his subjects are in a condition either to appreciate or enjoy such glorious gifts. It is clear, past question, that the power and influence of

his nobles and priests would be thrown against him. And few can doubt what would be the course of all other absolute sovereigns, especially his neighbours of Austria and Naples, if an attempt were made to organize liberty in Italy.

The truth is, there exists a vast conspiracy against man, formed between kings, soldiers, and the hierophants of all false religions. The sword and the king are constant elements; the third varies as false religion varies—but is ever its minister, whether Priest, Mufti, Bramin, or Conjurer. Against this terrific combination we have a triple defence: the Bible, the Press, and the Schoolmaster. With the free action of either one of these agents, we can subvert the whole power of our enemies combined. But though we can subdue our adversaries with either, we can recover the world only by the united power of all these agents. In France the power of the press alone, has destroyed all adverse combinations; but the Bible and the horn book were wanting, and therefore nothing stable exists. In England, they have the Bible and the press only; in Ireland the press only; in Scotland only, and in some of the Swiss Cantons, all three. Behold in each the appropriate results.

In the midst of this conflict, there is one thought too consoling to be forgotten. The ranks of our adversaries are no longer thoroughly united. In several countries absolute power has wavered, and fragments of constitutions have been given to a few states where till lately despotism has prevailed. So again in one single instance, unique and illustrious in the whole lapse of centuries, a state thoroughly Papal, (I mean Belgium) driven by the intense power of the age, has permitted, for the time, religious toleration, nominally complete. But above all, the vast engines of oppression, the millions of armed men of Europe, are already penetrated more or less, with a restless instinct of their irresistible power. I know not what the sentiment which impels these terrible masses is. Nor is it at all important what it is, in the first stages of its impulsion. The grand necessity of the age is satisfied, as soon as it is manifest that this Leviathan lives by an independent existence. It may be impelled by patriotism, by a love of liberty, by a lust of power, by a savage thirst for blood.

Let it only be impelled by some indwelling emotion, some spring of action which the hands of legitimate tyranny cannot touch, nor the voice of hereditary superstition lull,—and then that monster dies and the world lives. If the armies of the earth were disbanded, half the earth would be disenthraled by the act. For there is no alternative but to permit mankind to do as they list; or to prevent it by the bayonet. The former is our theory; the latter that of Europe. But if in Europe her only means of enforcing her own theory become more dangerous than to adopt ours, the final result could be no longer doubtful. As to the fact, on this new and deeply interesting topic, I need only remind the reader, at the present moment, that all the recent revolutions of Europe have been emphatically military revolutions.

How grand is the aspect of the future; and how immense is the responsibility laid upon those who are in a posture to control it! The natural action of the moral elements is subverting already, or preparing for speedy dissolution, all that is not fit to be employed in the re-construction of society. This is but the first and smallest portion of the work. It presents a crisis which must come—which will not abide—and which if lost, must be waited for till the lapse of another era, more dark perhaps than that from which we have emerged. It is the very instant in which to prepare for the birth of nations. The husbandman who stood on the borders of the Nile, saw no cloud, and heard no sound of the coming waters. But he beheld on his right hand and on his left, the perpetual memorials that the fertilizing streams would return with the Virgin and Lion of his Zodiac. He looked upon the Sphinx, and he looked towards the heavens; and he prepared himself for the coming labour; certain that the bread he cast upon the waters would return again after many days; but certain too, that if he lost that season, he lost what could never be replaced, and to which the like could return only in its appointed order. Behold the image of our state, our duty, our danger, and our hopes!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Turin—Police—Sabbath Day Employments—Palaces—Churches—Superstition, Royal and Popular—Association of the Children of Mary—Sismondi—Silvio Pellico—Le Mie Prigione.

The ancient Taurini who inhabited the region between the Po and the Tanaro, are said to have derived their appellation from the figure of a bull, which they used as their ensign in war. Turin, or in Italian Toreno, lays claim to more classical authority for its name; and preserves still, an inscription which asserts that it was on the spot where it stands, that Jupiter first rested, after carrying off Europa on his shoulders, under the form of milk white bull. They surely claim but little in naming their ancestors and their city for the god, in comparison of those who name the whole continent after his mistress.

The city itself is one of the few brick ones on the continent. It belongs to the still smaller class of cities regularly laid out, in wide, rectangular streets. The colour of the clay of which the bricks are made, gives a muddy appearance to the walls of the houses; and the thin wide bricks resembling tiles, contrast badly with the immense proportions of the palaces, churches, and rows of hotels, stores and shops, which are constructed of them. On the whole, it is a fine looking city—ornamented with several spacious open squares; skirted by delightful promenades; and its principal streets provided with those fine collonades which are very common in Sardinia, and which form so delightful an appurtenance to the Rue Castiglione and Rue Rivoli, in Paris.

The city is almost square, and is entered only by four gates, corresponding with the four cardinal points. At whichever gate the traveller seeks admission, he is questioned by the armed police—his proposed residence noted—and his passport taken from him. For this last he receives a receipt, which he presents at the proper bureau and receives his passport when he is ready to depart. I can testify, however, that he does not always get back the appurtenances which accompany his passport. I had provided for mine a morocco case, and had the passport attached to a fine sheet of muslin, and fastened firmly in the case. Without some such precaution, the constant handling of this indispensable companion of every traveller in Europe, soon reduces it to a state of ruin. Mine had passed harmless through many hands; but the fine finish of the case, and its just proportions probably displeased the police of Turin. Far be it from me to call in question their honesty. So it was; I recovered the passport, but never the case. And when I pointed out to the head of the department, the proof of the loss, in obvious violence which had been necessary to separate the parts; he honoured me with a shrug of the shoulders, and a contortion of the mustaches which seemed intended to say that the affair was at once very small, and very common. I so took it; and simply observed that as the thing suited me, I would pay double its value, for the *finding* of it. The answer was another shrug and contortion, which seemed to say that perquisites of this kind could not safely tolerate either composition or scrutiny. I said to myself, remember you are in Italy.

One of the days we spent in Turin was the Sabbath day. The population generally seemed to regard the day, as a day of rest at least, better than in most parts of France—better perhaps than in some parts of Switzerland, Geneva included. The shops were generally closed; public labour suspended; and a large part of the people, especially females, inclined to devote a portion of the time to such religious exercises as they have been taught are acceptable to God. Two hours in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, are canonical in Geneva. In Sardinia the forenoon only is regarded as sacred. After mid-day, the churches

are generally closed—the people devote themselves to amusement, promenade the streets, fill the public walks and gardens, resort to the cafès, theatres, and gaming houses; and commit greater excesses, than in the remaining six days of the week. There is, as far as I could learn, no Protestant preaching in Turin, except that at the Prussian Embassy; and I did not hear of that, until it was too late to attend. The King of Prussia pursues on this subject a line of conduct, uniform, and somewhat peculiar; in all cases attaching a Protestant, and sometimes a pious minister as chaplain to his embassies. At the present moment, the chaplain to his embassy at Rome, is said to be a man of evangelical views, a faithful witness to the truth, in the midst of apostacy.

I was not at all favourably struck with the architecture or decorations of the churches of Turin, any more than of its palaces. The latter are plain almost to meanness; the former disfigured by redundant and tasteless decorations, and constructed in a manner replete with puerile conceits, and destitute alike of simplicity and grandeur. Every thing is crooked, gaudy and intricate, when an attempt at elegance is made; and when convenience merely is consulted, they degenerate into meanness and even dirt. I observed here for the first time, large webs of tapestry hung out upon the fronts of a number of the churches during the Sabbath day; apparently for the more convenient use of those without, who can thus adore the figures marked on them without being obliged to pass into the crowded churches. The appearance is not unlike that of a carpet warehouse, with gaudy Brussels and Turkey fabrics depending from the windows and hanging in festoons about the walls.

There are no less than a hundred and ten churches and chapels in Turin—all of which, I believe without exception, have some special ground on which to claim the peculiar veneration of the faithful. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint John the Baptist, who by a strange anachronism has been put into the Calendar of St. Peter's Disciples, possesses a relic of St. Suaire, superbly set in gold and jewels, and sumptuously venerated in a chapel decorated with the richest black marble, superbly polished

and gilded. The Consolata of the Feuillans, has an image of the Virgin, deemed singularly holy and efficacious, and therefore adored by multitudes with peculiar fervour. The Saint Therisa of the barefooted Carmelites, has a sacred alabaster figure of Saint Joseph, worshipped under a cupola supported by six marble pillars; all of different colours. I am not informed in what degree the efficacy of this image is derived from its curious and variegated habitation. In the church of St. Philip-di-Neri, there is a chapel adorned with a picture, the subject of which I cannot recall; but which is literally imbedded in silver hearts, like the waxen ones I saw in the cathedral at Strasbourg. I made a slight estimate by counting the number of hearts in one or two rows and festoons, and then counting the number of festoons and rows. The hearts were of very different dimensions, and the strings of them of every variety of length and shape.—After making all due allowance, I could not estimate these votive offerings at less than three thousand, in this one small chapel. Amongst them were figures of other portions of the human body; but these bore no proportion to the number of hearts. Is this to be considered accidental; or is it an evidence of the extent to which the "Adoration of the Sacred Heart"—has spread in Piedmont as well as in Savoy? These ex voto offerings were exceedingly common amongst the ancient Romans; but it remained for those who borrowed all their religious customs, to turn it, like the rest, to a profitable account.

In the neighbourhood of Turin are two churches held in peculiar veneration, erected by two of the kings of Sardinia, under very peculiar and somewhat similar circumstances—a century apart—and both dedicated to the Virgin Mary. At the extremity of a noble bridge over the Po, on the other side from the city, is a rotunda of moderate dimensions, constructed after the model of the Pantheon at Rome. It bears an inscription in large letters, "*To the Great Mother of God.*" During his exile, the late king, Victor Emanuel, made a vow to the Virgin Mary, that if she would give him back his crown he would build her a church. In 1814 he found himself seated again on his absolute throne; and redeemed his vow, by erecting this church. At the distance of

two miles from Turin, seated on a lofty mountain, is the rich and costly church of Superga. For many miles in most directions it presents a grand object to the traveller, as he approaches or departs from Turin. Towards the west as far as Rivoli, ten miles off on the side of Mont Cenis, its white walls are seen with perfect distinctness; and towards the south, I thought I could discern it distinctly at the distance of a day's journey over the plains of Piedmont. A tablet at this church expresses that when the French besieged Turin, in 1706, the then reigning King, Victor Amedius, vowed to the Virgin Mary a superb church, if she would cause the French to raise the siege. She did so, says the record; and the faithful king not only built the church, but erected a statue to her, which the faithful might venerate as the most acceptable homage to the protectress of the city. The French Marshal Villars, on being shown this image, drily observed, "I had no idea the Virgin Mary so nearly resembled the Duchess of Burgoine:" whose share in raising the siege of Turin, is reputed to have been fully equal to the Virgin's.

In such a country and with such a patronage of idolatry and superstition, there can surely be no wonder that the knowledge of the true God is almost extinct amongst the people; nor that a most extraordinary system, of which the Virgin Mary is the head, has supplanted all true religion. In 1814 we see the idolatry of 1706 reiterated in the same place, by the successor to the throne of the same kingdom; the only difference being that the latter period, attributed to a dead female all the power and providence of a vast and complicated series of events, instead of one single and rather subordinate action, referred to her by the earlier of the two. In the year 1799, the Aretines in Tuscany rose against the French, raised an army of twenty-five thousand men, appointed the Virgin Mary generalissima, and entered Florence in triumph, headed by Signora Mari. Such was their dependence on the divine guidance of the Virgin, that four hundred Aretines marched to Prato Antico, and gave battle to seven thousand of Napoleon's veterans. This is only thirty-seven years ago, being nearly synchronous with the period

in which the Lazaroni of Naples broiled and ate those whom they called Jacobins, in the name of the Pope and the blessed Virgin. In the instant in which I write, a powerful nation is deluged with civil blood, shed by armies, of which one has formally recognized "our Lady los Dolores," as commander-in chief—thereto appointed by a royal decree. Spain is desolated by troops whose king openly avows that his only hope of regaining his throne is based on the favour of the Virgin Mary; and whose royal standard is nothing else than a lady's under garment!

This worship of the Virgin which has been so long insensibly usurping the place of all others in the Romish church, or insinuating itself into a participation with all that can stand its ground against it, is at length fully organized. It will probably pervade the entire apostacy in form, as well as in fact. An immense organization calling themselves the "*Children of Mary*"—is already formed over the whole world. Its inception is not very recent; but it was only in 1816, if my memory is accurate, that the Pope formally recognized it by a bull, and favoured it at once with privileges and strong recommendations to the faithful. The month of May is devoted by them in a peculiar manner, to the service of the Virgin. They have modes of recognition; keep special images of Mary for private worship; bind themselves to strive for the extension of their order; and the total conversion of the world to it; and being of Ultra-Montaine or Italian origin, the order like that of the worship of the human heart of Jesus and Mary, is thoroughly devoted to the principles, if not to the party of the Jesuits. I saw in Italy and France hymn books in honour of Mary, in the hands of the young; and more grave expositions for persons more advanced. I repeat what I have before had occasion to say; the Virgin Mary is the real object of the religious worship of European Papists. On ancient works the initials J. O. M. and J. R. are often met with; signifying, *Jupiter, Optimus, Maximus,* and *Juno, Regina; Jupiter, the Benificent, the Almighty; Juno, the Queen.* In the three first initials the papists make no change, but simply supply the word Jupiter, with the word Jesus; and so use the initials at the present day. But more frequently they change the first letter,

by inserting D. or P. in the place of J: in the former case the D. standing for *Deus*, (God,) and in the latter for PONTIFEX, (High Priest, Pope). We may therefore substitute one word in the famous line "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," and make it read, "Pope, Jove, Jehovah, Lord;"—and the "Universal Prayer" will in this assert a particular historical truth, if not a universal theological one. In the second series of initials, they only change the first, so as to make it *Mary* instead of *Juno;* and so use it M. R. In effect, the slightest observation will show any one, how incessantly the epithet "*Queen*" is applied to Mary, in all her liturgies, and by all her eulogists. And even where this form cannot possibly be used, it is supplied by the initials A. M.—*Ave Maria—Hail Mary;* which indicate the dedication of more churches and altars to her, than to all "the Lords many and Gods many"—of their Calendar. Now let me in the fear of God, ask this plain question: can any man with an honest conscience call that system Christian, in which these elements enter? If not, what ought Christians to do, to save those who are under the bonds of this delusion, and to hinder its further spread?

I have mentioned incidentally the name of Silvio Pellico. I was deprived of the happiness of seeing him at Turin, as I had before been at Geneva of meeting with Sismondi. They were both absent; or rather the latter was residing near Pavia; the former is not, as I had been informed, a resident of Turin, but of a village some leagues off. Sismondi is one of the most voluminous writers of this age: Silvio Pellico has published little that I know of, beyond a single small volume. And yet, with all the just fame of the Genevese historian and philosopher, a fame which is well deserved, and will increase with time; I am ready to place the modest and oppressed Italian by his side, as one of the most remarkable men who has illustrated the present generation. I believe no single book which this century has produced, has exerted a greater influence and is destined to have a larger share in fashioning the ideas of Europe, than *Le Mie Prigionē* (My Prisons) of Silvio Pellico. The victim of Austrian hatred of liberty, he suffered for ten years all the vex-

ations, oppressions and insults of a rigorous confinement in various prisons, for no alleged crime, nor by reason of any formal conviction; but on suspicion, and by way of detention! His little volume reveals the history of his own heart, and tells the story of the miserable partakers of his various captivities. And what a story it is! Modest, grave, candid: full of pathos, full of dignity; without a word of reproach or bitterness against the oppressor and the unjust; eloquent for the sorrows of all other sufferers, and pitiful for those whose very crimes break our hearts; but as to his own severe trials, recording them only as causes or illustrations of his mental experience. To write a book which is in all respects so remarkable, a man should be at once a poet, a philosopher, and a Christian. And such I am persuaded is Silvio Pellico.

Le Mie Prigionè has already passed through five French editions—and been translated both into English and German. I am not aware of its having been re-published in America. I had never seen it till my Italian master in Paris put it into my hands: and as we read it together, I cannot venture to estimate the number of times that the depth of our emotions arrested for a moment the progress of our studies. It is no mean tribute to a book, that in a use like this, its power over the heart should be so strongly manifest. Yet such is its extraordinary forbearance and gentleness, that not only Sardinia, but Austria and all Italy, except the states of the Pope, permit its free circulation. The Congregation of the Index Prohibitorius, under the eye of the Sovereign Pontiff, prohibits the circulation of it, in the pontifical states. The same authority which imprisoned Gallileo, and forced him in view of the stake to retract his sublime discoveries in science, and swear on the holy Sacrament that the earth was flat and stationary, and that the sun revolved around it; the same terrible spirit which disinterred and dishonoured the sacred dust of John Wiklif, because he taught that a man should believe his own senses, and burnt John Huss for asserting the right of private judgment; the same tribunal which taught, as it says of God, has so long chosen for the faithful both their books and their victuals; that authority, spirit, and tribunal, have passed

upon Silvio Pellico, and consigned his beautiful production to everlasting fame—by placing it in a like condemnation with the most exquisite performances of all past times. I am not sure that if I were asked for a selection of the best books that had been written in all ages—I could do better than copy the list which the Papal church has prohibited.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gallery of the King at Turin—Egyptian Museum—Champollion—Reflections on the Hieroglyphical System—Hieroglyphical Spirit Inherent in all Language—Mummies—Egyptian Civilization—Illustration of Prophecy—Quarantine Regulations—Another Change of Route—Espionage—Social State—Emeute—Feverish Condition of Society.

The King of Sardinia has a Gallery of Paintings, which is said to possess an extensive and superb collection of the Flemish School. It is justly considered one of the most interesting objects in Turin. I did not find opportunity to see it in the only way in which such an object can be said to have been seen. One had almost as well not see the great works of art, as be obliged to run over them, as a child turns over a port folio, knowing only by their titles, that he has passed the objects by. He who has spent days and weeks in the galleries of Europe, for example in that of the Louvre, growing into the very spirit of the great dead, by the intense and enthusiastic study of their works; acquires imperceptibly a feeling towards pictures a-kin to that which the most precious living objects engender; and so passes them by when they come within his reach, only under strong necessity, and then with a sense of privation, of which the uncultivated spirit has no conception. For my part, I hardly doubt the story of that Roman maiden, who is said to have died of love at the feet of the Apollo Belvidere.

There is here also an Egyptian Museum, the most complete and various in Europe; collected and arranged by the predecessor of the present king, at a cost of three hundred thousand francs.

Amongst these monuments of long forgotten generations,—*Champollion*, the renowned expositor of the hieroglyphical system of Egypt, spent days and months of intense and enthusiastic labour. It was here that he found or forced some of the most striking proofs of his previous conjectures; and the beetles, and bulls, and birds, before whose intricate forms the savans of Europe had so long turned pale, stood revealed to the fervid imagination of the triumphant Frenchman, in their double capacity as at once the gods, and the keys of thought, to that remarkable people. It seems to me that nothing is easier than for a man to make just what he pleases, out of any system of hieroglyphics; or on the other hand, to make a system of hieroglyphics out of any thing he chooses to light on. The only requisite is, that there should be previous system in the thing explained; and a pre-conceived system to be supported. Thus, Baron Swedenburg, having resolved that he would find a certain spiritual and interior sense in Scripture, which should be perfectly coherent in itself, and reveal the future in a more full manner than other modes of exposition; had need only to say that every leading word of the Scripture, meant a leading word of his own system, and the two were as certain to coincide, as a man's coat cut precisely to his measure is certain to fit him. Now he who takes the hieroglyphics, and makes a system, has only to reverse this order, and make the man to the coat; as it is not impossible *Champollion* has done; in practising a delusion more innocent, but possibly not less real, than that of Swedenburg. What renders this somewhat probable, is, that several opposite systems for explaining hieroglyphics, seem equally to effect the mere object of explanation, but to result in expositions widely different; a result not only necessary, on the principle I have stated above, but explanatory of it.

It is not, however, insinuated, that all attempts to explain the Egyptian hieroglyphics have been either delusive or deceptive; nor in particular have I any intention of asserting that the system of Champollion, is either the one or the other. I am rather inclined to the opinion that it is neither. And not the less so, that the results of his explanations are comparatively so poor

and barren. For it is hardly conceivable that a man like Champollion would devote his life to a phantom, which he very soon perceived would end in nothing, except the unravelling of a mystery, important only because it was hidden; unless he was not only satisfied, but satisfied on good grounds, that he was guided by truth. The results are too barren for fiction; and they correspond so nearly in their insignificance, with precisely similar inscriptions, in every intervening age down to our own; that he who will read any series of monumental records, whether in books or in church-yards, will see great reason to think that these which have survived so many attacks of time, are at length truly expounded. For it is more difficult to find a reason which should place the worshippers of birds, and beasts, and creeping things,—in this respect, above those devoted to a more reasonable idolatry, or a pure worship; than to receive even the improbable, or useless speculations of the ingenious and learned.

Our opinions on such subjects, as on many others, are extremely liable to be influenced generally by the course of our own previous studies. This subject is in its very nature philological; and a man who has had occasion to make himself acquainted only with some of the languages which have prevailed in western Europe, from the Greeks downwards; would probably be in a very different temper of mind, in deciding in regard to it, from another who had studied some of the utterly different Shemitish tongues. He who will compare the French with the Hebrew, is ready to admit almost any thing which may be demanded of his credulity in regard to the structure of human speech. And if what they tell us of the Chinese of our own day be true, I see in it and dialects kindred to it, every thing so remote from both the families of languages before spoken of, that I am ready to believe any thing Champollion could assert of the mystical language of Egypt. And really why not? Every system of telegraphic signs is a hieroglyphical system; and these systems both by flags and characters are now extremely common and complete. Most systems of short-hand writing are the same: mathematical signs compose a singularly perfect system: the arithmetical figures in constant use are another: and the

Roman characters afford an instance of the double use contended for in the Egyptian figures, for we use them both as letters and numerals. By the way, let me say, we have as completely lost the method of written calculations by the Roman, Greek, and Hebrew numerals, as we have that of construing the Egyptian signs. Let any man attempt to go through the simplest arithmetical process in writing, by the aid of any of these numerals, and he will see at once that we have lost the art; if indeed it ever existed, except as a mental process.

The truth is, that what we call the figurative use of words approaches very nearly to a hieroglyphical system. And there is here another somewhat similar peculiarity of language, which reveals one of its greatest difficulties, and shows at the same moment the strong tendency of all language to what may be called the independent or hieroglyphical, in its component parts. See the use of the smallest particles; we say "a man *of* courage"—then we say "one *of* them." In one of these sentences, *of*, is descriptive; in the other partitive; and so small is the affinity of the two senses, that he who first learns one sense of the particle, is confounded when he comes to the knowledge of the other. But these difficulties multiply themselves indefinitely. We say "he obtained it *of* me," giving it a strong transitive sense. Then we say, "I am deprived *of* hope"—making the privitive sense equally strong. He who has attempted to acquire any foreign language so as to express his ideas in it rapidly, not only sensible of the tendency in himself to give fixation to the sense of words, and a strong and constant reluctance to use them in any but what seems to him the prime sense: but he is also surprised to find in every word, an inherent power of combination, and a facility of independent, separate, may I not add hieroglyphic meaning and action, which give to language so large a part of its flexibility and variety. These suggestions may be of little use, in regard to their main intent. But they seem to me to afford a clear and strong argument against all quackery in learning languages; and especially against the very prevailing one of memorising arbitrary phrases, as a substitute for an exact knowledge of peculiar forms.

Before the expedition of Napoleon into Egypt, mummies were regarded as great rarities in every part of the world. I distinctly remember, even fifteen or twenty years after that era, the finding of a human body in a saltpetre cave in Kentucky; and the strong and universal emotion which the exhibition of the imperfect and hideous object produced. Even at present, mummies in a state of perfect preservation are not common in America. In every part of Europe it is quite the reverse. Two or three of them form a part of the smallest museums; and they stand by scores, about the halls of those more extensive. It is said that a regular trade has been carried on in the interior of Egypt, in this extraordinary species of merchandise, since the French savans began to ransack the catacombs and reveal the boundless extent of their treasures. The price is as regularly fixed as that of grain; and at Cairo or Rosetta, the peasants will bring in to order kings, or priests or nobles, who have ceased to live in the flesh some thousands of years, attached to their backs like sacks of wheat—and sold by poll, at fifteen francs each.

This whole subject is worthy of the more consideration, on account of the remarkable and perpetual test which the history and condition of Egypt afford, by which to try the word of God. I do not remember that God ever said of any country, except Egypt, that it should be perpetually degraded and enslaved. He said this of her, and said it against all possible calculations of human wisdom. For her local situation rendered her the strongest and the most secluded of all nations. He said it at the most improbable of all times; for it was when she who was first, was also most famous in arts, letters and power. To perpetuate the knowledge of what she really was, he permitted his own chosen people to be ground down in slavery, that their hands might upbuild on the spot itself, the most stupendous monuments of power and riches that the world contains. And then came nation after nation, and conqueror on the heels of conqueror. Then fell stroke after stroke; and Egypt, through countless centuries lay perishing under the fiat of Jehovah. Time weakened the power of this proof. In the midst of the apostacy of

the world, God selected the only nation avowedly Atheist—and allowed her to precipitate upon Egypt, resistless armies led by heroes, nursed in victory, and accompanied by the most profound and elegant philosophers of their time. Witness the result. The destiny of Egypt written in that word more enduring than earth and sky, is only stiffened into a more rigid and death-like fixedness. But at the same moment her unknown monuments are revealed—her vast ruins explored—her majestic fragments turned up to the light of heaven. And now, there is no spot in Europe which is not replete with monuments, to prove that the ancient grandeur of Egypt was as extraordinary as her present degradation. In the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, stands one of her Obelisks; in the Place of Concord at Paris, I saw them in the process of setting up a second, which had stood countless ages by the Nile; and England, it is said, is seeking a third as one of her chiefest ornaments. The richest apartments of the grand museums of the earth are full of Egyptian marbles; the most chaste and enduring monuments of architectural beauty, have derived their first conceptions from the temples of these dead priests, and the palaces of these withered and blackened kings, into whose ghastly faces children gaze unmoved, in lands remote from their sepulture—and about the monumental details of whose occupations and descent, scholars fill the world with the painful and laborious trifles of learning! Egypt as she was, and as she is, separated by the widest interval which divides human conditions, lives forever, side by side; and challenges the world through all ages, to behold how true is God—and how fearful a thing it is to fall into his hands.

One principal object of our going to Turin, instead of crossing the Alps from Geneva to Milan by the Semplon, was entirely defeated. We had been informed, as we supposed on sufficient authority, that the way to Rome through Sardinia was open; while that by the Lombard Venetian states continued shut, by long and repeated quarantines. This seemed the more to be relied on, as the cholera was still raging on the shores of the Adriatic, and had hardly ceased in the Milanese, but had not existed at all for many months in any part of Sardinia, ex-

cept the city of Genoa. When we reached Turin, we found that the whole kingdom of Sardinia was considered infected, by the Papal authorities; and that a quarantine of eighteen days, shut up in the chamber of a lazaretto, with a soldier at the door watching to see if you would not have cholera, must be submitted to by all who would pass directly from one to the other. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the sake of keeping his states in full communication with those of the Pope, arranges his quarantines precisely as the former does his: and as the territories of the two extend entirely across the peninsula, there remained no possibility of penetrating Italy directly, except on conditions as insupportable as they are absurd and barbarous. It is at least a consolation that the superstition and ignorance of the Papal authorities, by making their proceedings ridiculous; and their extraordinary timidity by rendering them contemptible; will tend to bring the whole quarantine system with its vexations and inhumanity into the universal odium, which ought to attach to it. Leaving out of the question the certainty that very few diseases are contagious, and that of these few, hardly one is really capable of being reached by any sort of quarantine regulations; what can be more admirably calculated to give a man every sort of disease, which is not contagious, than to shut him up amid the filth, bad air, and horrid accommodations of temporary hospitals—that he may be watched for weeks together, to see if he won't die? I had knowledge in my childhood of a singular proof of the power of the imagination over a man in perfect health, and under circumstances but little calculated to aid its delusions; which sufficiently proves what it might do, if helped by causes, as injurious as its own vagaries. A traveller who passed the night at the hotel of a village in which one of our colleges is located, was unfortunate enough to offend some of the younger students, who for purposes of their own, were spending at the same hotel, hours that might have been better employed elsewhere. They resolved on being revenged. And after the traveller had retired to rest, one of them crept into his room —carried off his vest—sewed up a large tuck down the back—replaced it—and then they unitedly gave the alarm of fire, with

all their might. As was foreseen, the stranger arose and hastily dressed himself; the house was all confusion; the alarm proved to be false. When matters had a little subsided, one of the lads observed to the stranger that he looked very much swollen. He took little notice of the remark; but as his attention was directed that way, tried to button his vest. He found it would not button! The boys regarded him with surprise, and apparent interest; sympathised with his deplorable state; bewailed his alarming increase of bulk, and urgently proffered their services to bring in the village physician. In short, it became a serious affair. The stranger became alarmed; he nauseated, he became giddy, his pulse throbbed, his skin tingled; and when the medical man arrived, prompt and decided measures were considered indispensable! How far matters would have gone, it may be hard to say; as the whole affair was solved by one of the lads revealing the tuck in the back of the vest!

Shut out from farther approach to Rome by land, it only remained to seek a continuance of our proposed journey by water. We turned our steps directly south, toward the Mediterranean; hoping to be able to reach Naples or Civitta Vecchia from Nice or Geneva, by one of the numerous steamboats, which bring so nigh together the ports of that great inland sea.

The night of the 25th of October, 1836, the last one we spent in Turin, was signalised by a multitude of simultaneous arrests, not only in that city, but throughout Sardinia. It was not mentioned at all, that I ever saw, in any of the Sardinian newspapers; and was communicated to those of adjoining kingdoms only in general terms, through private sources. For the press and the post office are equally, but in different ways under the surveillance of the government. Indeed the system of espionage exceeds all that can be credited, by a simple minded American. Persons in every condition of life, from the highest nobility and clergy down to street beggars and waiters in hotels, are spies in the pay of the state. No relations of society are so sacred as to resist such attempts; and as the Inquisition makes it a religious duty in the child to inform against the parent, and in the wife to denounce her husband; the governments of tyrants only turn

this moral precept into practice, and reward the performance of virtue, by bestowing the recompense it has won. Not a little of the treacherous, deceitful, suspicious, cruel, and cowardly character which other Europeans attribute to the Italians, may undoubtedly be traced to the terrible influences directed against them by their governments. How shall he confide in religion or honour, whose king, the source of honour as Montesquieu affirms, reigns by trampling on all its precepts; and whose priests, the ministers of his religion, practice and teach the violation of the most sacred laws of morality? How shall he trust to friendship or to the ties of nature, whose wife is the mistress of his friend—his children of doubtful parentage,—and friend, wife and child, mutually spies upon each other and upon him? Spies, whose devotion consists in revealing at the confessional, every thing that most nearly touches him, to the priest; and who derive at once indemnity, power, and wealth, from betraying him to the state? We may abhor the crimes of Italy, and turn with disgust from many aspects of the national character of its people. But we should never forget that these unhappy men are the victims of a most cruel destiny; nor cease to abhor with a double fervour that which has made them what they are. In good truth, no nation has suffered more, none perhaps has resisted the influences of social and national corruption, with a more abiding and devoted spirit.

These arrests were said to have been made in consequence of information communicated by the government of France, to that of Sardinia; and which revealed a conspiracy of vast extent, ramified through both of those kingdoms, and several others. Its first explosion was to have been in Sardinia; hence, as was alleged, the first arrests were made there. They who pay any attention to such rumors fabricated and put in circulation by the agents of the governments themselves—will soon find how little credit they deserve. But if they search deeper, they will find that every despotic government of Europe, and all others that would gladly become so; not only have spies in every conspiracy against themselves, but that they have absolutely excited most of the mad attempts which have signalised the last

fifteen years. All sorts of facilities are given to agitators, who are first paid for seducing, and then for betraying their victims. And there can be no doubt that hundreds have been implicated, who but for the temptations thrown before them by their own rulers, would never have imagined treason.

It is, however, a vain thing to resist by expedients, the inherent nature of things. No degree of external power can suppress the ceaseless action of that which springs eternal from within. No outward preparation, however complete and organized, can guard at every point, the sleepless watchings of an activity which inheres as a portion of the existence which is oppressed. The heart of man cannot be robbed of any sentiment which makes a portion of itself. Thus we find in every part of Europe, a constant series of real attempts at change, in addition to those false movements fostered by power, for its own cruel ends. And thus too, we find in the midst of circumstances which seem to forbid secrecy or escape, the weak eluding the all powerful, and the hunted patriot escaping the fangs of his pursuers like the partridge on the mountain. These Sardinian arrests, made over a whole kingdom in the same moment; and previously concerted under every possible advantage—were to a considerable extent foreseen, and eluded, by many of the intended victims. Even after weeks of the most rigorous search—no traces could be found, of persons marked, and dogged, up to the hour when their fate was considered fixed. Humanity is consoled by reflections and incidents, which prove the existence of resources against the absolute ruin of society, which in the utmost extremity, still open to it a door of hope.

CHAPTER XX.

Journey from Turin towards Nice—The Po—Plains of Piedmont—Culture of Silk—Of the Vine—The Climate and Sky of Italy—Italian Landscapes—Savigliano—Popular Sports.

As we drove out of the southern gate of Turin, into a thick October fog, which at this season covers the banks of the Po till mid-day, I perceived that the armed police were trebled both in numbers and in vigilance. I have given the reason of these changes in the foregoing chapter. I learnt it a week afterwards at Nice; to which point we now bent our steps, up the main stem of the Po—and then up its southern branches, to their head in the Alps; and onward over their enormous summits to the Mediterranean Sea. The distance from Turin to Nice, may be about a hundred and fifty English miles; of which the first half is a level plain, the last one of the most savage regions of Europe.

Most of the streams which issue from the southern and eastern sides of the Alps, in their mighty curve from the Mediterranean towards the head of the Adriatic—find their way first into the Po; which after draining and watering the larger part of the wide and rich plains of upper Italy, throws itself by many outlets into the last named sea, through an extensive alluvial delta, like that of the Nile or the Mississippi. This river compared with any known to the Romans in the earlier periods of their greatness, might justify much of the enthusiasm with which they regarded Eridanus, the father of rivers. Compared with the

great streams of Asia or America, it sinks into absolute insignificance. At Turin, it is little more than half as wide as James river at Richmond; and its most distant head not much over a hundred miles from thence. Above that city, its bed is wide and rocky, giving too clear evidences of frequent and terrible floods, to which it is subject throughout its whole course. On the portions of it near its mouths, there is a class of officers called *Guardia di Po*, whose business it is to watch the progress of its inundations; and to prevent, as it is said, persons on its opposite banks from mutual attempts to protect themselves by sluicing off the increasing waters upon each other. Every part of the plains of Piedmont, which I saw, and the fact is the same with the entire region watered by the Po—was completely irrigated, and might apparently be easily inundated by its waters. Small channels conducted the water in every direction through or around the fields. Delightful streams ran at the road side, always on one and generally on both sides, at the foot of the rows of mulberies, poplars, and elms, which every where skirt the high-ways. These innumerable and constant drains, reduce the volume of its waters very much at their ordinary stage, and afford a great relief against its floods; besides beautifying the landscape, and fertilizing the country. I presume they also affect injuriously the health of all this part of Italy—whose labouring population burnt by their intense sun to a deep brown —add to it an air of lassitude, and a hollowness of visage, which strongly betokened the absence of elastic and vigorous health. There is as little in the aspect of the people as of the country, to recall the region and the name of their ancestors; and one is ready to question at every step, the propriety of their ancient name of Cis-alpine Gauls. Before reaching Raconiggi, we crossed the river in a boat, which traversed the stream merely by the force of the current. Being attached to a large cord, the other end of which was made fast to a post planted about the middle of the stream, perhaps a hundred yards above, and kept from swagging in the water by resting on a succession of small skiffs: the helm had only to be turned to the right or left, according to the direction required for the boat to go; and thus

throwing its bow to the stream, at such an angle that the diagonals of the forces, as they shifted, made practically a curve,—we were soon landed on the opposite shore. I had seen several such contrivances in America. This was the only one I saw in Europe, and I was surprised to see any thing at once so simple and ingenious, in this place. And my surprise had certainly no reason to be diminished, when I saw a box fastened upon one side of the boat (ill written and ill spelt,) inscribed thus: *Elemosina per le anime purganti: Alms for the souls in purgatory.*

Grain, wine, and silk, are the great staples of these rich plains in all their extent. Of the first class of articles, rice was for a long period the principal, as an article of export; and a considerable trade is still carried on in it. But the excessive sacrifice of life and health which was constantly found to attend its culture, has caused it to be restricted to places remote from the high-ways and towns. The silk trade of Europe, especially of Italy, was nearly destroyed during the wars of the French revolution. And before the manufacture of the article had been reinstated, it encountered a new enemy. The invention of the cotton gin, and the power loom, and the perfection of the various subordinate processes by which cotton is prepared for the loom, and afterwards for the person, all sustained by the perfection of the steam engine, and its application to all these processes, have unitedly produced a revolution in commerce, whose influences the world is only beginning to perceive. Amongst the first of its effects will be, to supplant wool, hemp, flax, and silk, in part of their former uses; by an article at a tenth or fiftieth of the cost of the former, and answering all its material ends. Notwithstanding the enormous value of labour in the United States, and its cheapness in Italy and France, the silk trade of both countries, is languishing year by year, under the influence of our increased culture of cotton. It does not perhaps enter into the thoughts of our cotton planters, that their wealth is a direct cause of the poverty of thousands in the south of Europe. So strongly does the modern state of human society, lock the destinies of communities in each other.

The culture of the vine, is universal in every part of Europe, where the climate will at all allow of it; and its mode of treatment is more various than that of any other production of the earth. In the central parts of France, the vines are planted very close, without method; trimmed within a few inches of the ground, stuck with a single short stick, and but few sprouts allowed to stand. It is a poor, thin soil, which they devote to the vine; and the culture corresponds. In Alsace, Baden, and the Swiss Cantons on the Rhine, and the lakes Constance and Geneva, the vine grows to a larger size, is planted in regular rows one or both ways, stuck with high poles, and treated somewhat as we treat the hop. In Savoy, they often devote their best lands to the vine, and there you see it most commonly running up small elm trees, and married, as they express it, from tree to tree; or trained upon arbours of a peculiar form, and low construction. In the rich plains of Piedmont, the vines are planted in wide rows, from twenty to fifty feet apart, and these intervals tilled in various ways. In the rows, the vines are very close together, generally within a foot of each other: and here the main stems are allowed to grow to the height of four or five feet, at which they are stopped, supported by a double rack, on which the young shoots rest, and look somewhat like a row of our raspberry bushes. In the south of France, especially in Provence and Languedoc, the soil given to the vine is a poor, red gravel, over which the vines sprangle like a field of briars, without any sort of sticks or other support. They are planted close, rarely in rows; the shoots grow about three feet in a season—and are trimmed close at the end of it. As you mount the valley of the Rhone, in Dauphinè, they stick the vine with three or four small sticks, wide apart at the bottom, and united at the top: and around these, six or eight feeble looking twigs are trained. Around Lyons, they make escaliers of the vine, as we do of various fruit trees. In general, I may say I have not seen any two districts in which this universal plant was cultivated alike. What I had long suspected was thus fully proven to me: namely, that the ill success attending the culture of the vine in the United States, has proceeded entirely from absurd attempts

made under the guidance of ignorant foreigners, to treat the vine precisely as they treated it, in their respective districts in Europe. The vine is one of the hardiest of plants, and is indigenous in every part of the United States, often of a better quality, in a state of nature, than hundreds of European vineyards yield at the present day. A considerable and uniformly successful experience, now confirmed by all I have seen in several of the principal vine growing nations of the world, fully convinced me that a little more reliance on our own common sense, directed to the observance of the habits and necessities of the plant in various localities, are only wanting, to make it flourish in every part of America. We cannot expect in our more rigorous latitudes the delicious table grape of the south of Europe; but in their proper location we can have the best, and every where the good. However all reasonable men should set their faces against the use of brandy, as well as other distilled poison; and however the fanatical may push their conclusions against the pure juice of the grape, to the extent almost of condemning by implication the personal habits of the Saviour of the world as immoral; still, none have yet denied, nor if they should, will many believe them, that the grape is amongst the most delicious and healthful of fruits.

I had heard always of the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere of Italy—and the consequent richness of its moon and star light, and the deep blue of its sky. I am not sure that I am qualified to speak on these subjects, by reason of not having seen the skies and moons, either of Florence, Rome, or Naples. But I can easily imagine that a person from France or any part of Great Britain, would be a still more unqualified judge, even after seeing every part of Italy; for both those countries, and especially the former, bear no comparison in these respects, even with the best regions of the United States; far less with boasted Italy. Indeed Italy throughout its whole extent, corresponds in climate much more with America, than with northern Europe. The climate of that part of it under the Alps, resembles exceedingly that of our middle states; and that of the part skirting the long bases of the Appenines, assimilates

closely to the climate of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. I believe the climate of Florida to be little, if at all, inferior to that of Naples. As to the autumnal months in Sardinia, they resemble exceedingly the same season in Virginia, and especially in Kentucky and Tennessee. The same redness of the sky; the same strong outline imparted to every object; the same bright sun; the same delicious mellowness of the light of the moon and stars. It reminded me when it was finest of our Indian Summers, when not too much accompanied by the haziness which there, as well as here, frequently attends them. But in addition to that haziness, in all northern Italy, and probably in every part of it, the autumnal months bring with them dense and damp fogs, which from midnight till noon of the following day envelope the whole country, and hide the face of day.

From the top of the *Colle di Tende*, which is the first summit that is ascended on the route to Nice, I had a most sombre view of one of these fogs. When the atmosphere is clear, the prospect from this mountain is one of immense extent and variety; and we had looked forward to it with great expectation. When we reached the top, it was nearly noon. Towards the south, the sky was perfectly clear; and the wilderness of rocks and mountains, strewed in absolute confusion and stretching to the sea, stood out in perfect distinctness—and seemed to swell into unnatural vastness. To the north and east, Piedmont and Lombardy lay covered with one continued and impenetrable bed of dark cloud, too thick, and the rays of the sun too direct to make any reflection of light visible—and therefore uniform in its sad and monotonous stillness. At the distant skirts of this sea of fog, the dim outlines of the Alps could with difficulty be seen; and at long intervals the highest summits projected their forms. They strike the imagination like ramparts and watch towers around an empire smitten on a sudden with universal death, and from which they would warn the approach of any living thing!

But all days are not like this, nor all the prospects of this beautiful country so sombre as that now described. From the Royal Palace at Rivoli,—from the heights around Turin,—but especially from the Public Square of Savigliano, we enjoyed,

under favour of a delicious sky, views which stamp their images indelibly on the memory; and which afford, in the delight with which the lover of nature recalls them, some of the sweetest and most humanizing results of travel. The sight of the vast panorama of the Alps and Appenines, first under a clear sunset, and then by a brilliant moon, from Savigliano, in the plain of the Po, has nothing to surpass it in beauty. The south-eastern side of the Alps is far less rugged than the north-western, and their lofty outline is more distinct. When these grand proportions, changing constantly as the eye traces their long lines carved upon the heavens, rest upon a burning sky still illuminated long after the sun has disappeared—and bathed in the light of a moon nearly at its full; the glorious picture is such a one as the great Architect of the universe only could create!

All the towns through which we passed, and many of the villages, were ornamented on both sides of their principal streets with such colonnades, as I have already described, in speaking of Paris, Bern, and Turin. The repeated and violent rains, and the hot suns of Italy, make such covered ways almost indispensable; and in effect they are nearly universal. They are as ancient as the Roman republic; at least Nero is said to have projected them, in every part of the new and magnificent city which he planned, and which he had it so much at heart to finish, that for this reason, and not out of the capricious folly usually attributed to him, he burned the ancient and ill built part of Rome. At Savigliano, we found these colonnades along the widest streets in the place, lined with a large part of the population, eagerly watching the progress of a game of a kind which was new to me, and which seemed to fill all ranks, ages, and sexes, with enthusiasm. The game was played in the open street, by a number of men, divided into two parties. Soldiers stripped of their rich uniforms, which were held by boys, and which indicated, in some of their proprietors, officers of rank; and citizens of the principal classes, seemed to be the players. Clustered along, as anxious spectators, were women, priests, and men of every condition—while boys, beggars, and idlers, caught the universal spirit and did their part, in rushing about after stray balls. At one end of the street was a plank, long and wide

set endwise at a small angle to the ground, and of course somewhat elevated at one end. Upon this elevated end, stood a handsome, athletic man, clothed only in pantaloons and linen, the latter open at the breast—and the sleeves tightly rolled up on the shoulders. Over his right hand he wore a wooden socket, which completely covered the whole fist; and made a lump as large as the head of a young child, cut round with opposite rows of flutes, so as to make the outside full of knobs. In front of him, at the distance of twenty feet, stood a man of humble appearance, whose duty it was to toss a large ball made of hard and light wood, to be struck by the mailed hand of the player. At the signal, he tossed the ball; at the same instant the other rushed down the plank, and struck the ball with the momentum derived from the rapid motion, the weight of his body, and the total exertion of his strength, catching it on his gauntlet at the height of about two feet from the ground. It flew high and far through the air; and all his antagonists scattered along for a hundred yards, waited for it, armed like himself—and ready to catch it on their mailed hands, and hurl it back. After the two blows, some decision was had, on principles which I made no effort to comprehend; and the same, or another person took his stand on the board, and the whole was acted over. It was a fair and striking sight. And oh! how many years of my life did it bring back in a moment, before me. How plainly did the sports of my childhood, and the bright-eyed and warm-hearted companions that made those sports so joyful, live again at my side; and how did my heart swell to bursting with their crowded and beloved images! Life itself is a blessing; an infinite blessing, for which it seldom occurs to us to be grateful. The sense of being, the joy of effort, the power of muscle, the gush of blood, the nerve strung tightly up; all, even all that is most essentially mortal and perishing about us, has its incalculable value and blessedness. Yea Christ hath borne its likeness; its very infirmities find in him a sense responsive to them. And in the day of his great glory, this dust though it be feeble now, and in our pride and folly too often contemned, shall rise and shine with him forever!

CHAPTER. XXI.

Ligurian Mountains—Colli di Tende—Mountain Hamlets—Perils of the Way—Wildness of the Region—Adventure with Muleteers—Storm upon Mont Braus—Geological Peculiarities—Mountain Goats—The Fruits of Italy—The Olive—Project of Napoleon for the permanent occupancy of upper Italy.

The mountains which lie directly in the route from Turin to Nice, are the linkswhich unite the Alps and Appenines together. They might as well receive the latter as the former appellation, for ought that I can see; but I believe it is never given to them until they stretch farther towards the East and South. The little town of Limone is situated at the Northern, as Nice is at the Southern base of these wild ranges. The width of their base is above fifty miles at this point, which is the narrowest for many miles in both directions. There are three immense ranges parallel with each other, the smallest of which seemed to me to be both wider and higher than the Alps at Mont Cenis: and the three united produced on me, so strong a sense of the danger of their passage—that I would prefer, with reference to that single point, to cross the Atlantic, rather than ride in any sort of vehicle from Limone to Nice.

The first or most northern of these ridges is called the Colle di Tende—the second Bais, and the third Braus; and the whole mass generally, Colle di Tende—the plural form of the first name. We ascended each of them precisely as we had previously ascended Cenis; and yet it required half an hour more to ascend the first, about the same for the second, and nearly an hour

more to ascend the third, than was consumed in ascending Cenis; while in every instance the descent required also a longer time than the descent of Cenis. This, and the eye alone, are my authorities for expressing the opinion I have hazarded as to their relative height; for I have not been able to ascertain that these summits have been accurately measured. But my estimate is the more likely to be true, as distance here is always measured by time. If you ask how far it is to such a place, or how high such a mountain is, the answer is universally given in time. As an hour, or half an hour, or whatever else it may be; meaning, that it will take a person so long to walk it, at a moderate pace, say from three to four English miles to the hour.

I saw little in Savoy itself approaching the savage wildness of this region. And yet every where you find little villages clustered in the narrow and rocky valleys of the small streams; and often planted against the sides of barren mountains, where there seems hardly space for them to stand, or other inducement than necessity, to abide. On the ascent of Tende I counted from one peak seven hamlets in the surrounding ravines; and that they were not depopulated we soon had full proof. For, the one most elevated, being also nearest the road, sent out a swarm of fourteen ragged, but beautiful children; who beset our carriage until every one had dogged us out of a trifle. I tried to stop their terrible lamentations for a *sous*, by entering into conversation with some of the largest; but we seemed farther from understanding each other, than in any attempt I had made. The name of their village is *Polis*, which is good Greek for a city; but it seemed to be as much misapplied as it was out of place. Or can it be possible that the language of the Phocians, whose settlements along the neighbouring coast have been exterminated for so many centuries, does in reality still tincture the dialects of these inaccessible mountains, as well as those of Provence?

We followed the Virminaguo, a branch of the Po, to its head in the Tende; and passing the mountain, descended into the bed of the Roja, and along it through a chasm no where wide enough, by nature, for the easy passage of the furious stream itself; and every where so deep that at mid-day the shades of evening seem

to be closing around you. To get to this fearful pass, you descend eighty-four traverses upon the face of the Tende, at every one of which you hang over a precipice, without the slightest protection of any kind between you and it; with nothing but the instinct of the horse or mule to assure you that he wont walk over; and every thing to convince you, that if your carriage acquires a too rapid impulse, or is unskilfully guided at the sharp turns, it will probably force him over. When you have achieved this perilous descent you find yourself at the beginning of the chasm of the Roja, along which a road barely wide enough to permit two vehicles to pass, has been walled up or cut out of the rock for the space of about fifteen English miles. The very ferocity of nature is stamped upon every lineament around you; and the wild chaos of the strata, where any are visible, corresponds with the terrible physiognomy of the region.

To pass the second and third mountains was not less difficult, nor perhaps less dangerous than the first. The traverses were sharper; and if not so frequent, (which I do not say, as I counted but one series, which, if my memory is accurate, was as I have said, those of the Tende,) it was only because they were more precipitous. I had seen much reason to distrust the skill of our driver, and therefore determined to take the reins myself at the second descent. They have in all these mountains a mechanical contrivance attached to the rear of their carriages, by which both the hind wheels can be subjected to any required degree of friction, or locked at the same moment. When I took the reins I bade the driver walk behind and regulate the "*Mechanique.*" About half way down the mountain we encountered a brigade of carts ascending, with six or eight mules in each. The road being both crooked and narrow would render passing difficult, if it were level; but its being steep in addition, greatly increased that difficulty. In effect, the driver sauntered after us smoking with some vagabond he had found to consort with; and utterly neglected the *Mechanique.* The driver of the foremost cart attempted at the moment of passing, to change his team from the outside of us to the inside. It was too late; and our whole vehicle came thundering against the centre of his line of mules, just at

the turn. The carriage did not upset; nor was his team driven over the precipice; but I am sure no one could tell why both should not have happened.

The matter now was to rectify the evil; and that was not so easily done, where muleteers were one of the parties. I had a few hours before seen enough to convince me of the stupidity of that whole race, in an attempt made by several, aided by our driver, to help up a poor mule that had fallen under its overburdened cart, in descending the mountain on the other side; and which we encountered as we came up. After they had been utterly foiled in their own attempts, they were with difficulty persuaded to lift at the ends of the shafts rather than at the body of the cart; and with still more, to try the desperate experiment of letting the mule get up himself after the cart was taken off him, instead of attempting to lift up mule, cart and all at once by main force. I had little hope, in a case apparently more complicated, of gaining a hearing; and therefore resigned myself in patience, to await what I foresaw must pretty soon come—namely, the end of their wits. The first movement was a furious quarrel between our voiturier and the muleteer. The second was an attempt by each to pass at all hazards, and in utter disregard of what might befall the convoy of the other: an attempt as hopeless as one to drive through the mountain. Then followed despair; they tore their hair, they covered their eyes with both hands, they tossed their arms wildly towards heaven, twisted their bodies in numerous contortions, and uttered loud and incoherent curses. Supposing the time to interfere had come, I dismounted, unfastened the *mechanique*, and by the help of the horses and the muleteers, backed or rather lifted our carriage a few feet up the mountain, thus leaving a pass way; and then fastened the *mechanique* so that the vehicle could not move. Ten minutes' work put every thing to rights; and yet I think it is nearly certain, that if the same thing had occurred next day, the same preliminary scene would have been enacted over again.—A few Yankees are sadly needed in Italy.

When we came to descend the third mountain, we thought it better, even for a young and delicate infant and its invalid moth-

er to risk the cold of these lofty summits in the open air, and as to the latter, the fatigue of a descent on foot, than to commit them for the third time to the possibility of such frightful accidents. Indeed, after the adventure with the muleteers, this had been tried to a small extent; and we had determined, though in much anxiety to extend the experiment farther on this final occasion. But as we reached the top of Braus, a storm of wind and rain of such violence encountered us, that there remained no alternative but to resign ourselves to the necessity of another long and fearful descent; under circumstances more unfavourable than those under which either of the preceding had been made. I deemed that descent nearly the most perilous adventure of a life not barren of vicissitudes. The same almighty and benificent hand that has so long, so tenderly and so irresistibly spread itself over and around us, for good, and for good only; was still our guide, our shield and our defence. How sweet is that state of heart in which, when we know not what to do, not even what should be done, we are enabled to commit ourselves to our Saviour's absolute disposal, with a sacred confidence, like that with which a wounded child throws itself upon its parent's breasts; certain that every thing will be done for us that an affection, at once infinitely wise and tender can dictate! It is indeed the goodness of God that leadeth us to repentance; and we may confidently say, that the heart which is unaffected by it, is out of the reach of the most delightful influences to which our being is subject.

I have said so much in other places of the strata of the great chain of which these mountains constitute a part, that I ought not to trespass on the patience of a general reader, by adding any thing more. I will only say, that I was surprised at the frequent recurrence of lime, flint and basalt, which I met with here; and not less so, at the great extent and singular location of some of these formations. They were burning a lime-kiln on the very top of Mount Braus; and for miles around, just after leaving that point, layers of basalt as regular as if they had been cut, not only covered the mountains but seemed to form their entire mass. The strata lay in a curve from east to west—generally accom-

modated to the shape of the particular locality; and the separate fragments, were six or eight feet square, by about two thick—each section being about the third or fourth part of a cube. While the subject is before my mind I had as well say, that in the volcanic mountains of Cevenes and Ardache, on the west side of the Rhone, in France, and nearly on the same parallel with the region of which I now speak, are to be found the same wonderful formations of columnar basalt, and to a far greater extent than those at the Isle of Staffa in Scotland, and the Giant's Causeway in Ireland; the last of which is considered by all tourists so great a curiosity.

While we paused for a moment, in the midst of the gathering storm, to examine this basalt stratum on the top of Braus, our attention was attracted by a multitude of sounds, resembling a slight hammering on the rocks; and in another moment the largest flock of goats I ever saw, emerged from a ravine hard by. There were, I judged, several hundred, escorted by half a dozen young females who had watched them all day as they browsed through the recesses and along the edges of these desolate precipices; and were now hastening to their shelter, from the approaching darkness and the gathering tempest. The goat and the ass are the never failing companions of the poor, throughout the temperate latitudes of Europe. The latter performs all his labour—the former supplies the greater part of his luxuries; and both, the most abstemious of all creatures and the least choice of all in the small portion of food needful for them, seem intended by nature as the peculiar heritage of poverty.

Even in this severe region, the genial sun, and the patient hand of industry can force nature to be kind against her purpose. The delicious fig grows on the lower steps of the mountains, and at their foot springs up spontaneously from scattered seed, along the crevices of the rocks. It is a singular fruit. No one likes it at first; and yet no one eats a few dozen without finding it amongst the most delicious of all the productions of the earth. We found it on the table when we entered France, in the end of July; and we parted with it with reluctance at Avignon, in the end of November. The same facts occured with reference to

the delightful white grape of Europe, called about Paris, the grape of Fontainbleau; about Marseilles, Pense; but generally, the Chasselas. This grape occurs to me at present, from the similarity of treatment which it and the fig require in the early spring season, to prevent the cold dews from nipping the tender bud, and so destroying the crop; a treatment which shows the watchfulness and patience to which they who would secure these gifts of a good providence, are annually subjected, even in climates supposed to be so balmy. There is a peculiar species of reed indigenous all along the coast of the Mediterranean; and which is cultivated also to considerable extent for many household and agricultural purposes. Wattled fences and pailings are made of it; vines and plants are stuck with it; hurdles to dry fruit on, and to transport light articles with, are constructed of it; and so of other things. A joint of this reed is cut and placed as a case over every fig shoot, and every sprout of the most delicate vines, for several weeks each spring; and thus, though at great labour, they insure full annual crops of both.

The orange, the lemon, and the almond, about in the order I have named them, meet the eye as the traveller approaches more and more nearly to the Mediterranean. By and bye the cork tree presents itself, and is one of the greatest curiosities of this part of Europe. It is an evergreen oak, with a very thick bark, which if taken off every fall; leaving the tree with a thin black under bark which soon supplies the place of the coat removed. The best cork trees are in Spain; but they flourish along the whole coast from Nice to Toulon, growing spontaneously. Indeed, I never saw them cultivated but in nurseries; and had some trouble to procure a few to send to America. The almond is not unlike the peach, and seems hardier than the orange or lemon. It is cultivated much more extensively than either of them; it is not planted in orchards; in many portions of Italy and the south of France the road-sides are lined and ornamented with them. It is not an evergreen; and by the middle of November its fruit was already gathered and its leaves cast.

But the olive, the beautiful olive, constitutes at once the grace and the wealth of all southern Europe. Pallas gave it, said the

refined Athenians, to her children as the most priceless benefaction; and surely the moral atones for the fiction. For *peace* is the choicest gift which *wisdom* can bestow on man. How sublime was the rebuke of the dying Pericles to his weeping friends, who solaced their hearts by the recital of his great deeds: "You forget my greatest glory; no citizen of Athens has been obliged to put on mourning on my account!"

I think no one can look upon this beautiful evergreen without deep emotion. Its pale-green leaves, which cover it as thickly and as gracefully as the plumage of a bird, spread freshness and verdure over regions which, without it, would be desolate beyond expression; for such is the aspect of those localities where it delights to flourish. The severest features of nature are covered by its sweetest and most precious gifts: like as the charity, which while it hopeth, believeth and endureth all things, and so, is for itself above all price; hath for its office to cover the offences of those to whom are its outgoings, and thus for its use is above all praise. It was a leaf of it that the bird of peace bore back to the waiting ark; the faithful messenger which announced to the remnant of a drowned world, that the wrath of God was overpassed. And from that solemn moment, to the glorious hour when the natural branches shall be graffed back in the stock from which for our sakes they were broken off, and the whole earth smile as the garden of the Lord; how full is all Scripture of the image of this tree! The garden and the mount; the anguish which ushered in the scene of Calvary; and the catching up into heaven, which closed its awful wonders: they were the garden and the mount of Olives. And when He returns to earth again in peerless glory, Olivet shall rejoice the first in the footsteps of the descended God; and cleave in twain before the glory and majesty of His presence!

The region under the northern base of these mountains, was selected by Napoleon for the display of one of those gigantic projects with which his restless and sublime imagination teemed. The plains of Lombardy, as they are most frequently called; or to speak more definitely, that part of them which lies in a triangle between Genoa, Turin and Milan, was the spot on which he

twice decided the fate of Europe. This region assumed so much importance in his eyes, that he seems to have considered it the natural battle ground for all who would contend for Italy; and the real spot to decide the question, as to the mastery of the Alps. With this view, after the victory of Marengo, he selected Alexandria, which is somewhat central in the triangle indicated above; and silently but vigorously commenced fortifying it impregnably, for a garrison of sixty thousand troops. Upon this work millions of money were expended; and it was relinquished only when Europe had subdued—and treachery undone him. It is easy to see, what, however, no one seems to have seen before him; that such a position so occupied, not only secured the dominion of Italy, and overawed Switzerland; but fortified all the chances of war against Austria from the side of Italy, to a degree that almost erased the barrier of the Alps. There is something surprisingly grand and effective in all the conceptions of this extraordinary man.

CHAPTER XXII.

Nice—The Mediterranean—Christopher Columbus—Human Progress—Travellers—Romish Ecclesiastics—Sentiments of their People towards them—Their Condition; Social, Moral, and Political—Influence of Events since 1830.

The County of Nice is the smallest of the states of the King of Sardinia. It is one of the least productive and probably the wildest of all the little states into which Italy found herself rent, after her furious and long continued efforts for independence. Heaps of mountains—narrow and rocky valleys—a barren and iron-bound coast upon the Mediterranean; such is this little district. Its climate is reckoned one of the best in Europe; and one cannot fail to be struck with the favourable change not only in the productions of the soil, but in the aspect of the people, as he draws nearer to the famous sea whose shores have been the nursery of the human race—and have witnessed the rise and the decay of so many empires. The town of Nice is one of the most common resorts of travellers—especially of those who seek health. And it has preserved even from the days of Augustus, the fame of its beauty, its salubrity, and its delicious fruits. It is small and for the most part irregularly built; occupying both banks of a small stream, and stretching along the margin of the sea. Its public walks are extremely noble; the one especially which occupies the sea front, is amongst the finest in Europe.

From the little river at the west end of the town, to the harbour beyond its eastern extremity, must be more than a mile.

For this whole distance an elevated battlement winds itself along the shore, sometimes cut into the hills upon the side and at the base of which the city stands—sometimes walled up against the beating waves along the flat beach—and for a long distance passing upon the top of a range of low shops which skirt another and lower promenade within the city. The warm light of the setting sun illuminates the city, the wide, beautiful panorama around it, and the lofty mountains in the distance. On the other side is the noble bay of Nice. Across it the white towers of Antibes in France. Far to the opposite point the dim shadow of Corsica. And between the two the ample bosom of the sea. At your feet the waves come ceaselessly, chasing each other npon the beach. One rolls its waters far up on the wet pebbles, or bursts them against the black cliffs; and as it retires into its secret places to renew its strength—another comes behind it rushing upon the same ceaseless ruin. There is a subdued and solemn murmur, like the distant hum of a multitude, that makes itself heard on the margin of the sea; coming onward with each advancing wave, subdued in the crash with which it is dissolved against the beach, and renewed again in the silence which ensues. Thus recurring evermore, with the advancing wave—and lost for a moment as it disappears, it strikes the imagination like the mournful wail of some living creature. It is after such a fashion that generation follows generation—and ages chain themselves to the destinies of perishing ages that went before; their existence as it passed, empty as this sound upon the face of the deep; and when it is finished, leaving no trace behind more valuable than the weed upon the sand!

At the end of this walk is the harbor of Nice, pent in between mountains, sheltered from the sea by a wall of marble, and filled with the light, sharp rigged shallops of the Mediterranean, manned with sailors of every race and costume found upon its borders. It is almost impossible to realize that these are the instruments with which Vasco di Gama, Americus Vespucius, and Christopher Columbus, gave to *their* world, two others greater than itself. Nor is it less difficult to read the acts of that Providence, which came into this distant region and these

narrow seas; to select the unknown and apparently unsuitable instruments of designs, by whose accomplishment the whole world was to be thoroughly revolutionized, and its total destiny reversed. Once more; it is astonishing to reflect that the sublime conceptions which took possession of the great souls I have named, and which consumed them like an indwelling fire, till they developed by deeds what their words could not make their dull cotemporaries comprehend; that these vast ideas should have possessed the human mind precisely at the era, when of all others there was the least room to suspect their existence.

Yet why marvel? The excellency of the power of all good and all great deeds, is constantly of God: and therefore the weaker the instrumentality, the more obvious are the power and guidance from above. It was from the cell of an unknown monk, that the renewed whisperings of that lost truth which will regenerate the world, were first heard. It was from the distant verge of civilization that the sounds of that freedom came, before whose voice all thrones tremble, and at whose call the astonished world fixes its eyes with horror upon the long track of blood which the footsteps of tyrants have drawn across all past ages! Thus too, those great discoveries could not have been made sooner without becoming subservient in the existing condition of the world, to the exclusive propagation of ignorance, superstition, and oppression; nor could they have been delayed later, without arresting for a time the onward progress of the human race, and robbing liberty and virtue of a shelter for their exiles. The invention of printing, the construction of the mariner's compass, the final overthrow of the ancient order of society in the East, the consequent revival of learning in Europe, the opening up of the new world, the glorious Reformation, the American Revolution, the era of modern efforts to convert the world! What a chain of events, having their seeds germinating in the midnight of the world, and already so developed as to show that universal freedom and universal Christianity, will attest the accomplishment of their mission!

I felt of course a peculiar interest in the private history of Columbus, and endeavoured to make some researches about his

family, the place of his birth, &c. &c. I soon found, however, that nothing certain could be ascertained. Six or seven villages are asserted by as many different authors to have been the place of his birth. His name, if not extinct in its native region, is confined to persons totally unknown. At Turin there is a Senior Colombo, an extensive silk manufacturer, a remarkably noble looking man, who is the only person of the name, I saw. No history seems to me, more pointed in its instructive and solemn teaching, than that of this great discoverer. Perhaps of all the mere men that have lived, he will be found to have exercised the largest influence over the destinies of the world. And yet the world rarely inscribes his name upon any list, however extended, of its illustrious men; and the lands he brought to light, substitute for his, an inferior designation. The history of the human mind developes nothing more grand than the profound and far-sighted wisdom which guided his meditations to their sublime result; nor does any thing in human conduct surpass the noble constancy with which he sustained, conducted, and achieved his glorious purpose, against the pity and contempt, if not the scorn of his generation. The gratitude of his sovereigns repaid him, for services beyond all that subject ever rendered—with insult and chains; and posterity has awarded to his magnificent character, the meed of praise due to a bold seaman and a good guesser!

It is probable that the peculiar situation of Italy at the present moment, and the great difficulty of penetrating the cordons which each little state draws around itself, nominally to exclude cholera, but in part also, perhaps to check the influx of unwholesome opinions; may have been the means of accumulating an unusual number of travellers along the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Nice, Toulon, Marseille, Nismes, and indeed all the cities and even villages from Leghorn to Montpelier, a distance of four or five hundred English miles, were during this autumn thronged with strangers. The same result has presented itself, however, in every part of the continent in which I have been; and that to such a degree, as to afford here as well as in our own country, a striking illustration of that trait of the latter

times, which the prophet expresses when he says that the multitudes "shall run to and fro." We have reason to rejoice that the predicted consequence is already manifesting itself every where; and that the necessary result of a free, rapid, and enlarged intercourse amongst the nations, must be, that "knowledge shall increase." Men behold reflected in the conduct of others, the follies and weaknesses characteristic of their own countries; and they grow wiser and more charitable at the same moment. They see in the peculiar evils and vices of others, the strongest illustrations of the contrary virtues or blessings vouchedsafe to their beloved homes; and they are doubly fortified both in the purpose to uphold with renewed vigour what is good in their own lot, and in the ardent desire to bestow on all, the same mercies which appertain to themselves. It is thus our own conceptions are enlarged and rectified, and our purposes of good fortified and enlightened, by the passive influence of others over us. How great must be the active influence of such multitudes, upon the communities through which they incessantly flock, or amidst which they take up their temporary abode. Errors are corrected, new wants are created, higher efforts are promoted, better methods are diffused, and activity and energy before unknown, imparted to every portion of the living mass. On one side of all the cities of Europe, you find what is called the *new town, the west end*, or by some similar appellation distinguished in name, as its whole aspect distinguishes it in reality, from the *ancient town*. The one is dirty, dark, and damp; its streets crooked, irregular, and narrow; and its whole compass contracted into the narrowest possible space, crowded with high and desolate looking houses, and compassed about with immense defences. The new town is airy, neat, and striking; its streets wide, regular, and beautifully adorned; its compass ample and free, and its whole aspect one of comfort, elegance, and prosperity. Such are the present and the past, of human society. There, is what the wave of civilization must purify or obliterate; here, is that which must spring up in its fertilizing course. The Steamboat and the Railroad have not wrought a more thorough revolution in the means of human intercourse—than that inter-

course itself in the degree that it is enlarged, must work in the whole condition of the world.

The great mass of European travellers are English; after them perhaps Germans, then Italians and Russians,—and fewest of all, French. There is not much individual wealth in France, and the French live at home, more to their minds, and at a cheaper rate than any where else. The world has nothing to offer them like Paris, and to Paris they who travel go. Their climate is equal to any in Europe, if not the best of all; and their domestic excitements and means of knowledge of a particular kind, before all others. On the contrary, the English have more individual wealth, and fewer means of spending it pleasantly at home, than any people in the world; while even those whose circumstances are confined, may live in almost any part of Europe for less money, in better style, in a better climate, with incalculably better means of improvement and more respectably, than in most parts of Britain. In England, poverty is not only the greatest of misfortunes, but is counted by the upper classes, amongst the most serious offences; in so much that *beggarly*, is the most contemptuous epithet in their vocabulary. In France, I think it would make little or no odds in a man's standing with the world, whether he walked, or drove one, two, or six horses; whether he lived on five francs a day, or wasted a thousand. In England, "a respectable appearance," is in all cases not only indispensable, but in the majority of cases the nature of the *appearance*, is the principal ground on which society bases its estimate. It is not strange then that the French travel very little, and rarely abide permanently out of France; nor that the English travel a great deal, and abide in every part of Europe.

Upon the whole, this is good to all concerned. The English, of all people, need most this extensive intercourse with strangers; and of all people in Europe they have most with which to repay others in kind for the advantages they receive. Many of the useful arts are with them more advanced, than on the continent; their language is stored with a more robust literature than any other; many of them have more accurate and elevated ideas on

religious subjects than most other Europeans; and though neither they nor the rest understand as yet the true principles of human freedom—they have on some few points, better matured and more thoroughly practised the knowledge they possess, than most of their neighbours on the continent. These are immense gifts to bestow. And on the other hand, their inordinate pride of wealth, place, and rank, attended by a subserviency to them in others, that exceeds all belief—even if incurable, is subjected to profitable discipline when abroad. Their extraordinary national vanity and national prejudice against all other people, are liable to be rectified when they see that others possess many advantages over them in very important particulars; and that many of those representations of their writers, by which their evil and selfish passions are pampered from childhood—are as false when they sedulously depreciate other nations, as when they habitually overrate their own. Every American reader will need only remember what every Englishman has said of us, every time he has spoken of us in comparison with themselves, from the 4th day of July, 1776, down to the present moment; to be fully satisfied that very little credit is to be attached to what they say of other states, in the same relation. For my own part, if I should characterize the English by a single epithet, I should say they are *the abusive* nation. Their daily and periodical press, even what they call their religious press, lavishes upon the most distinguished men of their own country every epithet of scorn and infamy, in which the language so copiously abounds; and they all turn upon all others, who for any reason, or by any chance are brought into conflict, or even into comparison with themselves, the united abuse which had been before spent in their domestic broils. The national judgment and temper, thus pervert and embitter themselves to a degree, which has hardly a parallel in the history of the world.

I speak of whole nations—and therefore speak in general terms. There are multitudes of both of those, of which I have now said most, to whom these observations could have no true application. Some of the most arduous and adventurous of modern travellers have been French; and some of the most interesting

volumes of travels ever written are in that language. It is also true that multitudes of English are amongst the most candid and enlightened men of Europe; and their great works of charity sufficiently attest, that true religion makes all men who are baptized in its glorious spirit, essentially the same. But there are also multitudes of them, upon whom all that benefits and corrects others is lost—and who seem to seek in intercourse with the world, only new food for their prejudices. I heard an English traveller say, that the best oranges in the world could be obtained in England alone; another, that their grapes were better than those of the south of France; a third, that their figs were incomparably superior to all others. And yet these are tropical fruits, and the southernmost point of England is above the 50th degree of north latitude! I heard an English gentleman who had seen all Europe, say that after seeing London and its public monuments—there was nothing worth looking for any where else; and yet there is not a city in Europe, of the first class, so poor of sights as London. I have heard and read, times out of number, that England was not only the most enlightened and free of all nations, past or present, but even that it was the only one in which perfect liberty and complete civilization now reign; and yet they have no written constitution—the powers residing in their king and parliament are such as define the most absolute despotism—their obligarchy is the most powerful and privileged in Europe—their established hierarchy the richest and idlest that ever existed in any Protestant country—their national means of superior education limited to those who hold peculiar religious opinions, and denied to all others, and no system of popular education adequate to the wants of a fiftieth part of the people existing at all; while a quarter of the entire population beg bread or live in poor-houses,—and their statute book is crowded with fictitious crimes and cruel punishments to a degree unprecedented amongst nations!

At Nice, as in every part of Italy, the multitude of Romish ecclesiastics, continually surprises you—and gives an extremely fantastical appearance to society. If you dine at a table d'Hôte in any considerable hotel—a third of the guests at least, are sure

to be ecclesiastics. If you enter a cafè to take some slight refreshment, or read a gazette, you find ecclesiastics sauntering or lounging about the rooms, sipping chocolate, coffee, or *eau-de-vie*, or earnestly engaged in conversation, in those under tones required by the place and so appropriate to their habits. If you walk the streets, you are absolutely certain to encounter ecclesiastics, of all grades and ranks, from the filthy and bare-footed friar, up to the luxurious prelate in his costly equipage, and down to the delicious fop mincing along as gingerly as a thorough exquisite. They all wear their costume—or at least enough of it to distinguish themselves at all times. And it is curious to see how various that costume is—and how carefully, at the same time, it preserves its generic character. Some dress in black, some in brown, some in white, some in a mixture of the two last named colours. Some go bare-footed, some wear shoes without stockings, some a sort of sandal; but most generally short breeches and stockings. Some go bareheaded, some wear caps, and most use large hats, cocked up into all sorts of shapes. All these particulars, so far from being indifferent, are matters of deep import, and belong to the rule of the particular order, or the rank of the party; and so well settled are they, that any resident of the country will at once designate the wearer by his dress. I speak exclusively of the male sex; for the varieties in the costume of the female professed though very great and exceedingly ridiculous, are commonly within the bounds of propriety.

The most striking thing about these priests, of all orders and conditions, seems to be their universal idleness. They do no work, they never preach, they write no books. What do they do? Alas! the universal ignorance which has settled like a pall over Italy, shows too plainly what they never do: while the universal corruption of manners, which makes the land an abomination—gives too much reason to fear, that they who impress upon public morals their general tone—have not been merely passive in this deep pollution.

It is rather surprising to find that the great body of the people, neither are nor pretend to be, at all deceived as to the real

character of the Papal priesthood. I have conversed with hundreds, freely and directly on the subject—I have sought information from all classes of the people—I have tried to penetrate into the real sentiments of the multitudes, as to the character of their own clergy. And I solemnly declare I never heard a single human being in any part of Catholic Europe, express the slightest confidence in the general piety, or even morality of their own priesthood. On the contrary, with one universal consent, more unanimous than any by which I have found any other disreputable fact established—they admit that in general their priests are dissolute, rapacious, and ignorant. It is indeed true, that I have found persons defend the admitted conduct of the priesthood, either on the ground of strong necessity, or resulting good, or the official sanctity of the sinner; but nobody questions the facts themselves. Nor am I at liberty to conceal, that the universal impression attributes to them, not vice merely, nor gross sin only, but deep, general, and habitual crimes. Crimes such as history has charged them with in all stages of their apostacy, and the public records of so many nations fastened upon them; crimes, which by the admission of their own annalists have so often and so thoroughly polluted the Holy See itself; which have so defiled multitudes of their orders, and houses, (as the Templars and Jesuits) as to require their suppression by Papal authority, and which more than at any former period, seem at the present day to pervade the hierarchy as a body. They who doubt what I assert, will no longer be incredulous, if they will appeal to the same testimony on which I rest for these grave assertions.

There is another fact not less important, but perhaps even less generally supposed to exist. The masses of the Catholic population of Europe, but especially of Italy and France, not only have no respect for the personal character of their clergy; but nourish a deep sense of injuries received at their hands, and a profound sentiment of bitterness towards them. I do not speak of the immense multitudes who have openly forsaken the Papacy, and who though nominally still Catholics treat all the pretensions of the church with unconcealed scorn: nor yet of the por-

tion not less considerable, who retain a sort of shy and qualified relation to the church, while they shun and despise its ministers. What I have said is doubtless true, in an eminent degree of both these classes; and how large they are, may be inferred from the statement by De Pradt, in his work entitled *Les Quatre Concordats*, that in Paris the Easter Communions during the whole period of the restoration, that is, from 1815 to 1830, never exceeded eighty thousand, and often fell short of forty thousand a year. That is to say, there was only about one in twenty of the population of Paris, who during the brightest days which the Papacy has witnessed for half a century, was willing to avoid mortal sin, by confessing and communing once a year.

But as I have said, it is only of the real and true adherents to Papism, that I speak. And it is not easy to imagine how they could think of the personal character of their priests as they do, and not feel towards them a sentiment of terror, if not of hatred. It is the last and highest evidence of corruption indicated in the Scriptures, that we should have pleasure in those who commit things which, we are conscious, God judges to be worthy of death. But even nature itself, in its worst estate, seems incapable of such degradation, provided the offences be committed upon, or against ourselves. We may be so circumstanced as to bear in silence what we are not able to redress—and what we dare not even avow. Marshal Marmont was loth perhaps to be called traitor and have his jaws boxed by the Duke D'Angouleme, when he communicated to him the inevitable ruin of the house of Bourbon. So the sincere Papist, who sees no alternative between the loss of his own soul and the souls of his children, and communion with a church whose ministers, in a thousand forms of injury, make him the victim of their lusts; may indeed submit to his cruel destiny.—But he will nourish in his soul, the sense of his injuries; and he will retain the impression of the personal worthlessness of those whose official character alone is any thing, but that every thing, to him.

It is in this way we find it easy to account for the extraordinary fact, that in all Catholic countries the priests are the very first victims of the fury of their own flocks, in all times of po-

pular commotion. The moment any impulse stronger than the habitual awe, with which they are taught to regard the pretended representatives of God, takes possession of the soul, and obliterates that servile terror; the fury of long restrained passions overleaps all bounds, and is quenched only in the blood of those under whose injuries they writhed, but which the power of superstition prevented them from redressing in proper time and due measure. These facts are unique, and find no place in relation to any other religion true or false except the Papacy. And how strongly do they illustrate that awful denunciation of John in the Apocalypse—by which we learn that although the nations shall give their power to Rome, until the word of God shall be fulfilled; yet when the day of recompense does come, those very nations shall not only hate her, and make her desolate and naked, but "shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire."—(Rev. xvii.)

The events of the last six years in Europe, have been calculated to increase in a very great degree, the mutual alienation of the priests and the people; and to furnish the latter with public and permanent grounds of distrust, hardly less cogent than the private and personal ones they before had for aversion. For it can no longer be doubtful that the whole Papal hierarchy of Europe is committed, sold, and transferred to a system, against which the masses of Europe have for fifty years, but especially since 1830, contended not only with energy, but with the vehemence of desperation. France, Belgium, Poland, Switzerland, Sardinia, Naples, the Pontifical States, the Sclavonic Provinces of the Austrian Empire, Spain, and Portugal, have within the last six years, been the scenes of convulsions more or less bloody, and more or less successful; but in every case originating from the same causes, and tending to the same result. The world is fatigued with the insolence of power, and exhausted in its sufferance of its stupid and cruel domination, The voice which issues from the ruins of the past, has no longer any charm for the human soul. But there is a new and ravishing voice whose sounds come to the nations from the bosom of the unknown future; at the gentlest whispers of which their spirits vibrate,—and amidst whose loud calls they rush furiously to battle. Call it what

you please—the spirit of the age—the spirit of movement—the spirit of life or that of death: its spell is upon the human race, and to resist it, is as idle as to bid the sun return in his glorious march. It is not an impulse which was engendered yesterday, or which sprung from accident. Look along the whole arc of time, and you behold in all great eras the operation of one of those grand impressions. Nay more; you may see amongst them all, taken as a series, a chord of deep and quick sympathy, and a grand progressive development throughout. The heroic ages illuminated the dawn of civilization. The sublime sentiment of patriotism—the single absorbing passion of devotion to country, presided over all the glory of Rome. A third development occurred, and the bright, lofty, and romantic spirit of chivalry conferred all their grandeur on the middle ages; and held its vigils by the cradle from which modern society emerged. All the spirit of our own great era is summed up in a single word, —intense, abstract, quenchless love of *liberty*. Liberty to think; behold the reformation of religion, and the birth of all modern science. Liberty to speak; behold the power of the press, the advancement of popular education, and the resistless energy of organized public sentiment. Liberty to obey the dictates of the great truths we have discovered and proclaimed; behold the necessity to re-construct all human society upon a model free, equal, and practical.—Behold the cause, and doubt if you can, the issue of those fierce contentions which every where agitate the world,

CHAPTER XXIII.

Present Posture of Rome—The Absolute Union of her Cause with that of Despotism—Encyclique of 1832—The Abbe de la Mennais—Cardinal Pacca—Briefs of 1833—Encyclique of 1834—Bull to the Polish Bishops—Inevitable Ruin of the Papacy.

THE pope of Rome is a temporal prince—as well as the pretended spiritual chief of the whole world. He is the vicar of Jesus Christ; and it is of faith in the Roman Catholic church to believe, that he is invested with all the powers, as the temporal and visible head of the church, which would reside in Christ if he were on earth. The outward unity of a body like the Papacy, necessarily involves the existence of an infallible tribunal, to dispose of such questions as might endanger its oneness. And although various attempts have been made to place that infallibility in other hands, either conjointly with the pope, or to the exclusion of him; yet the strength of logic is surely in favour of the claims of Christ's vicar to that prerogative, and the necessary course of events must settle the practical exercise of all its functions, in the same hands in which the power, the patronage, and the active control rest. Whatever, therefore, councils may have defined, or scholars proven, the pope is the active depository of the infallible and plenary authority of the church. But this same pope is the head of a temporal monarchy, whose important functionaries are all priests, and which from the days of Charlemagne has entered largely into the social system of Europe. To imagine that the successive pontiffs should have one system of conduct and one code of morals, in their capacity

as spiritual head of the church, and an opposite one as chief of the temporal monarchy of the church; is totally absurd and puerile. This mixture of temporal and spiritual functions has disturbed Europe for above a thousand years; and has finally led the Papacy into a line of policy which has identified Rome with the cause of despotism—and sealed her ruin in the coming triumph of free opinions.

The subject is too large to permit our entering upon it here, in the way of simple speculation. The mere proofs of what I assert are scattered through so many ages and are so redundant, that for that very reason, all mention of any but the latest is omitted. But the very latest acts of this solemn drama are clear and full—and to them I beg the serious attention of the reader.

"On the 18th day before the calends of September, (the 15th of August,) being the holy day of the assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of the incarnation 1832, and the second of our pontificate," as his own words are; Gregory XVI., at present occupying the See of Rome, issued his first Encyclique Letter. It is addressed to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Arch-Bishops, and Bishops of the earth—and gives professedly the authoritative and infallible solutions of the pope, of the difficulties which then and still beset the church. In this formal document it is decided amongst other things: 1. That every species of novelty, of what sort soever, or in reference to what thing soever, endangers the universal church; 2. That the fertile source of the most dreadful evil is the opinion diffused amongst men, that salvation is possible out of the doctrine and pale of the Roman Catholic Church; 3. That one of the most "absurd and erroneous," or "rather deleterious maxims" which flows from the horrid *indifferentism* of the preceding principle, "is that *liberty of conscience* should be assured and guaranteed to all men;" 4. That from the same source flows the liberty demanded with such ardour and tumult by many—"the fatal and detestable liberty of publishing whatever any one chooses;" 5. That these writings thus scattered amongst mankind, inculcate the horrible absurdities, that it is lawful to revolt against

princes, to withdraw our fidelity from them, and to subvert thrones; 6. That on the contrary, "invariable submission to princes" is necessarily and universally a clear precept of the Christian religion; the reverse of which was in former ages, never taught except by the "Vaudois, the Beguads, the Wiklifites, and other children of Belial, who were the scum and disgrace of the human race, and who have been so often and so justly struck with anathema by the Apostolic See;" 7. That the interests of kings are necessarily promoted by all their acts of support and succour rendered to the Papacy; that the union of church and state has been in all ages favourable to both—and is now disturbed only by the partizans of unbridled liberty; and that all Roman Catholic princes are, and should be exhorted to promote by their assistance and authority the principles and wishes expressed in this present letter.

This Encyclique Letter was the result of an examination which had then been just concluded, into the writings of the Abbe de la Mennais, and his associates; but especially into the doctrines and scope of the periodical called *L'Avenir*, which commanded so much attention and exerted so great influence at that period, in France. The Cardinal Barthelemi Pacca, in a letter dated August 16, 1832, addressed from Rome to the Abbe de la Mennais, enters into the private history of the whole cause; and gives some cotemporary and authoritative expositions of the Encyclique itself—which indeed it was the chief object of his letter to transmit to the Abbe, by the pope's command. In this letter the cardinal, by the express order of the pope, as he asserts, complains to the Abbe, amongst other things: "That he had entered into any sort of digressions, upon subjects whose decision appertained not to the tribunal of the public, but to that of the government of the church;" 2. That the "Holy Father disapproved, and even forbade his doctrines relative to *civil liberty* and politics, doctrines which by their nature could only tend to excite and propagate sedition and revolt on the part of subjects against their sovereigns;" 3. That "the doctrines of *L'Avenir* in regard to *freedom of religion, and freedom of the press,* were equally reprehensible, and in opposition to the doc-

trines, the maxims, and the practice of the church;" 4. That the Holy Father was extremely astonished and afflicted, that any Catholic should openly avow such doctrines; which, although in certain circumstances, prudence might require them to be tolerated, as the least of several evils, should never be represented as either desirable or good in themselves;" 5. That "the grief of the Holy Father was rendered complete, by the proposal to form a society amongst those who notwithstanding the butchery of Poland, the dismemberment of Belgium, and the conduct of governments which call themselves liberal, still hoped for the liberty of the world, and were willing to labour for it."

"On the 8th of May, 1833, and in the third year of his pontificate," the same Gregory XVI., addressed a Brief to his "venerable brother, Paul Therese David, Arch-Bishop of Toulouse" —in the course of which he says he "had published the sound doctrine, which alone any should be permitted to follow." "Our Encyclique," he adds, "has been received every where with joy, with eagerness, with sentiments of veneration; as we have been assured, with expressions of gratitude, both by bishops and other persons, of the greatest respectability in all orders of society."

A few months after the preceding, the pope despatched another Brief, dated the 5th of October, 1833, and addressed to his "venerable brother, C. L., Bishop of Rennes." This brief was intended for the Abbe de la Mennais's guidance and direction in the difficult circumstances in which he found himself, by reason of his thorough devotion to the interests of the Papacy and his equally ardent attachment to principles of liberty and humanity, which he found too late, were intolerable at Rome. He had sent an humble address to the pope, through the hands of the Bishop of Rennes, asking the commands of the Holy Father. "We have," the pope answers, "but one single thing to reply; it is that he shall engage to follow uniquely and absolutely the doctrine laid open in our Encyclique Letter, (in which, as we can say with Innocent I., our most holy predecessor, we have imposed no new precepts, but those which have been established by the tradition of the Apostles and Fathers,) and that he shall

neither write nor approve any thing which is not conformed to this doctrine."

About a month after this, we find Cardinal Barthelemi Pacca writing to the Abbe, by the pope's commands, on the everlasting subject of the Encyclique Letter of 1832. After passing in review the existing circumstances of the case, he says that nothing would satisfy the most Holy Father, but a declaration "*simple, absolute,* and *unlimited,*" that he believed as the Encyclique taught, and rejected what it prohibited.

Just a month after this, namely, on the 28th of December, 1833, the pope despatched a Brief to his "dear son F. la Mennais," acknowledging the receipt of "*the humble and simple declaration,*" which had been so long demanded. It was finally obtained from that extraordinary man. In this Brief the pope exhorts him so to employ the talents and knowledge which so eminently distinguished him, "that others might think and speak, unanimously, according to the doctrine laid down in our Encyclique."

Things stood in this posture for about six months, at the end of which time the Abbe published his *Words of a Believer:* a work which he declares to the Arch-Bishop of Paris, in a letter dated April 29, 1834—is exclusively political, and designed particularly for the people; and that its only object was to plead the cause of "political and civil liberty," and to enforce upon its friends the necessity "of order, law, and justice," in the prosecution of their great objects. As the proceedings of the Abbe and his friends, had furnished the occasion for the Encyclique of August 15th, 1832, which had been levelled more particularly at the *Avenir;* so the *Words of a Believer* produced the Encyclique of the 7th of the calends of July, 1834, in the fourth year of the pontificate of Gregory XVI.

The last Encyclique is, if possible, more pointed, virulent, and outrageous than the first; it more thoroughly identifies Rome with the cause of tyrants; and more completely renounces all sympathy with the wants, the sufferings, the aspirations, the rights of the great body of mankind. "Venerable brothers, all the patriarchs, primates, arch-bishops and bishops," begins this

horrible bulletin, "we have experienced a most lively joy, from the signal testimonies of faith, obedience, and religion, with which, we have been informed, our Encyclique Letter, of the 15th of August, 1832, has been every where eagerly welcomed; in which, to acquit ourselves of a duty imposed by our charge, we have announced to the universal Catholic flock, the sound doctrine, which alone any one is permitted to follow, on any of the points there treated."—"Venerable Brothers, we were seized with horror, at the first coup-d-œil we cast over this book," (*Words of a Believer*). "It has endeavoured to shake and to destroy the Catholic doctrine, such as we have defined it in our Encyclique already cited, both in regard to the submission due to power, and in regard to the duty to turn the people away from the pernicious scourge of *indifferentism*, and to put a curb upon the unbounded freedom of opinion and of speech; and in regard, finally, both to the absolute liberty of conscience, a liberty entirely to be condemned, and to that horrible conspiracy of societies for the ruin of the church and the state, composed of all false worships and sects." "Not satisfied with an audacity even thus great, it would establish by force, the absolute freedom of opinion, of speech, and of conscience." "In the transports of its fury, it provokes the people to unite and associate themselves in all parts of the world, and without ceasing it urges and presses towards the accomplishments of its pernicious designs, in a manner to make us perceive that on this point also, it tramples under foot both our advice and our prescriptions." "It is a book, in short, which is filled with propositions, respectively false, calumnious, audacious, anarchical, contrary to the Word of God, impious, scandalous, erroneous, already condemned by the church —and especially in the cases of the Vaudois, the Wiklifites, the Hussites, and other similar heretics;" and therefore the most Holy Father having, as he says, heard some of the cardinals of the holy Roman church, his venerable brothers, and on his own proper motion, of his certain knowledge, and in all the plenitude of his apostolic power "reproves, condemns, and desires that all shall perpetually hold as reproved and condemned," both the book and its propositions.

I will add but one more, to these conclusive extracts; but one additional Bull to those already proving with unanswerable certainty, the league of Rome with all that is at work to degrade and oppress the human race. In the month of July, 1832, Pope Gregory XVI., addressed a Brief to the bishops of Poland. Poland, heroic, unfortunate, illustrious Poland—whose name is identified with all that is noble in courage and constancy, all that is grand in devoted patriotism and love of liberty—all that identifies a people with the profound interests of the whole human family, and demands from the entire race the tenderest sympathy and the loftiest veneration! In the midst of her murderous struggle against the most ferocious tyranny which modern times have witnessed, and for rights which every nation in Europe had guaranteed by solemn compact, and which every man on earth if the case be made his own, will acknowledge to be precious as life; in such a crisis, what says the father of the faithful, to his bleeding children? What words of tenderness, consolation, and affection, shall his lips distil, for those whose righteous cause is perishing amidst the tears of all the friends of man, and whose great souls are overwhelmed under the burden of insupportable misfortunes? Hear him; ponder his words! "Venerable brothers, the Bishops of Poland; health, and the apostolic benediction. We have been informed of the frightful misery into which this flourishing kingdom has been plunged during the past year; we have understood at the same time that this misery has been caused exclusively by the plots of the malevolent, who in these unhappy times have used the interest of religion as a pretext for conspiring against the power of legitimate sovereigns, and have precipitated their country into an abyss of misery, by breaking all the bands of legal submission." "Your duty obliges you to watch with the greatest care, lest these evil-minded men, the propagators of false doctrines, spread amongst your flocks the germ of corrupt and deceitful theories. These men, making zeal for the public good their pretext, abuse the credulity of the simple, who in their blindness serve as instruments for troubling the peace of the kingdom, and overthrowing the established order. It is necessary for the benefit

and honour of the disciples of Jesus Christ that the perfidy and wickedness of such prophets of lies should be placed in their true light. It is necessary to refute their fallacious principles, by the immutable word of Scripture, and by authentic monuments of the tradition of the church. These pure sources, from which the Catholic clergy should draw the principles of their actions and of the instructions which they give the faithful, make clearly manifest that submission to power instituted by God, is *an immutable principle*, from which no one can ever withdraw himself, except when the power violates the laws of God, OR OF THE CHURCH!" "Your *magnanimous Emperor* will receive you with bounty, and will hear our representations and our prayers, concerning the interests of the Catholic religion, which he has always promised to protect in this kingdom. Certainly reasonable people will commend you, and your enemies will be forced to keep silence."

For this Bull, Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, put at the disposal of Gregory XVI., pope of Rome, a column of Russian soldiers—and guaranteed the integrity of his temporal power. At least so says the Abbe de la Mennais, in his late work entitled *Affaires de Rome*. The thing which imports us, is the fact rather than the motive of the Bull.

Then we assert that the Papacy has declared its cause to be indissolubly united with that of despotism. It has staked its infallibility—it has invoked the Scriptures, the fathers, and its own constant principles, maxims, and traditions—and has made its fate the fate of the oppressors of the earth!

Since the 15th day of August, 1832, till this hour not a whisper has been heard from any part of the earth, calling in question these horrible profanities, on the part of one single Papal bishop or high ecclesiastic! The universal Roman Catholic and apostolical church, is therefore delivered over, finally and forever, to an alliance with the workers of every dark deed against freedom, knowledge, and civilization!

Now will the nations renounce their hopes, their light, their convictions, their assured triumph—and of free will put on again the chains they have already broken, and bow meekly for the

treble fastening of those which have already eaten into the bone? Will they do this at the command of a voice impotent as it is unlovely; and which scarcely heard above the noise of the falling sepulchres around its habitation, could not so far arrest the attention of the world, that half mankind were conscious it had spoken?

Or rather is it not certain that Rome has fortified herself so impregnably, that she cannot sally forth from a position where she must finally die in solitary scorn—despised, abhorred by the world she had so long betrayed, and which she finally conspired to sacrifice?

At this moment the solitary cord which binds the most devoted Papal communities to the priesthood and the church, is a belief in their *official* sanctity and authority. Their religious doctrines are refuted by the senses, and are incapable of belief; their political code is contradicted by the consciousness of every human being, and draws in its train the surrender of every right, privilege, enjoyment, and ornament of human nature. Yet they who demand these unspeakable sacrifices, so far from having any personal claims to superior holiness, intelligence, or excellence; are rarely respected for their virtues, often abhorred for the injuries they have inflicted. The action of such a system while it endures, is replete with misery; and its nature is such that when it terminates, it must be by convulsion. If men can be persuaded that God has in reality selected from amongst them as his sole representatives, those who are distinguished chiefly by the turpitude of their principles, the unreasonableness of their dogmas, and the looseness of their conduct; it will be utterly in vain to persuade them at the same time, that God requires of themselves other and better things. But we should never cease to remember that nature is a revelation from God, as real as any; and that it was in knowledge as well as holiness, he created man after his own image. The dictates of nature and the teachings of enlightened reason, must be coincident with all subsequent revelations of the mind of God; or if they be not, nature must hush her giant energies to silence, and glo-

rious reason sleep upon her shining throne—before we are capable of hearing the pretended voice of heaven !

The Papal system, belongs to the midnight of the world. By a fatal but unerring instinct, it has united itself so indissolubly to most of the capital evils which have afflicted mankind, that while society cannot complete its perfect development until it is destroyed, it will carry with it in its final overthrow, most of the obstacles to that great and blessed necessity.

CHAPTER. XXIV.

Departure from Nice—Anti-Chamber of the Commandant of Sardinian Gendarmerie—The Waldenses of the Cottienn Alps.

WITHIN an hour after leaving Nice we had passed the *Pont de Var*, and were in France. Disappointed in our expectation of finding a communication by steam boat, established between that city and the more southern parts of Italy; we had no alternative but to retrace our steps, seeking to reach Rome by land, or to go forward as far as Marsailles, and embark there. The latter was, as we had every reason to hope, an open route, by which we might reach Naples within eight or ten days; and on these, as well as on other accounts, we preferred to advance.

At Nice we found an American consul, who added the name of our only remaining domestic to our own on the back of my passport; and we passed the barrier, having experienced for the twentieth time a civility on the part of custom house officers, for which the world gives them little credit. I am sorry to make an exception to a fact so general, in the case of some of the Sardinian functionaries. I have already spoken of those at Turin; at Nice they were not less offensive, though probably less directly criminal. In every part of Europe in which I had been, except this kingdom, the personal attendance of travellers is not required at the bureaus; the passport sent by the hands of another—generally a person who makes a profession and a living out of such little offices, being deemed sufficient. At

Turin and Nice, every thing must be done in person. At the latter place I called to get the last signature to my passport—being that of the Commandant of the Gendarmerie of the department, pretty early on the morning I left the city. The small anti-room was full—and amongst the assembly, if I might except myself, and a tremendous Turk, there was not another person who was not both ragged and filthy. Some were persons of the poorest sort, from the adjoining parts of France, some were Italian sailors and their wretched female companions; many were subjects of the king of Sardinia, seeking permission to go from one of his states to another, or possibly to leave his kingdom. The contrast between the wretchedness of these miserable beings, and the sleek and pampered insolence of the slaves hired to watch them, and in whose presence we all stood awaiting their good pleasure to go about our lawful business, and digesting as we might their habitual impertinence; was strong and painful in a high degree. The Turk got tired of the scene, rose up from a bench on which he was reclining, stuffed a handful of phials of perfumes into his bosom, and marching up to the wicker door which separated the office from the anti-chamber, crammed a thick bundle of ragged papers through it, and left the room. They seemed to be ship's papers. Perhaps he had just entered port. The men in authority looked at him in silence, and with perfect contempt; and the crowd gazed listlessly after him as he stalked slowly off. I concluded I would follow the Turk's movement, only inversely: so I walked up to the wicker and demanded my passport in broad English. As nobody understood me, they all looked up. I then repeated the demand in French. After much hesitation and a long trial to memorize my name, and then a hunt after the passport, it was produced.—Then came fifty questions. Where had I come from? I showed them the last visa of the Sardinian police, which was an official answer. Where was I going? To Rome. Then I must take my passport to the representative of his holiness and get his signature, before they could do any thing. I pointed to the proper signature and seal. The passport was in English, which was a dead letter to the querist; and hence another series

of interrogatories. What countryman was I? I told him.—Then it was necessary for me to get our consul's visa. I pointed to it on the back of the passport. He read it, being in French, and as it stated that the persons named were going to France, whereas I had said to Rome, another cross-questioning became necessary. You must have the visa of the French Consul. There it is; I go to Rome by way of Marseille. In short, every thing was as it should be, but still nothing could be done.

At length another person sallied out from an inner apartment, and taking the case in hand settled it at once. It appeared that the first interrogater had no other object but to prolong the discourse indefinitely, with me and all others, till the veritable Simon Pure saw fit to attend to his business; and as he had not been so moved for several hours, about a dozen such scenes as I have described had transpired. The Turk understood the matter sooner than I did, and bolted. The poor wretches around us seemed to take it in complete earnest to the last, and as many as had passed through the hands of the catechist appeared in despair as to their prospects. A woman with three little children stood near the door, ejaculating French imprecations upon herself and her evil lot. I put a trifle in the hand of the child nearest to me, a bright faced boy of six years old, and left the room. The day afterwards, as we drove along the shore of the sea, twenty miles from Nice, I saw a boy get up behind our carriage, and at once recognized the lad. Did you ever see me before? said I. *Oh! Oui Monsieur,* was his instant reply. Where? In the passport office at Nice. This is well thought I. Who knows what the same prompt, observant, and perspicuous spirit may do towards surmounting the ills of poverty, and the evils of a state of society so infinitely unnatural? He had come from the opposite side of France, with his mother and little sisters, on foot, on a visit to their relatives, after their fall labours were finished; and were now returning home. This is well too; for after all, it is the ties of blood that bind us most tenderly and indissolubly to each other; and that heart is open to all kind and good impressions, which beats strongly under the power of

this great sentiment. I shall never see that boy more; I shall never know him, even if we should be again jostled together in the short journey of life. But it pleases me to recall his look of ready and affectionate recognition; and I count it a mercy to have had the chance, by a kind word, and a small token, to quicken the power of human sympathy in his young heart, and that too at a moment when it was ready to burst.

Before taking our leave of Italy, there is one subject which should on no account be omitted. In the Alps of Piedmont, lying behind Susa as you enter Italy over Mont Cenis, and to the right hand of Pinerolo as you go from Turin to Nice, in the deepest recesses of the Cottienn Alps, lies concealed one of the most interesting communities that exists on earth. Shut up in the rugged bosom of the mountains is a little band of Waldenses —the direct descendents of those ancient and persecuted men, who at such terrible cost, and amidst such frightful darkness, kept the light of truth burning steadily and quenchlessly.—Sprung from an antiquity so remote and so clearly established even by their enemies and persecutors, that none can disprove the tradition which unites them to the Apostles of the Lord; luminously, gloriously recorded for seven hundred years, in the curses of the books of the enemies of God; through every century of which their blood has attested their intrepid sincerity, and the anathemas of Rome made manifest the pureness of their faith. Driven into these inaccessible fastnesses, by the keen sword of the crusader, and the gibbet of the fierce inquisitor, they "of whom the world was not worthy," have preferred the "dens and caves of the earth" to palaces stained with the blood of God's saints; and have chosen rather to be "destitute, forsaken, afflicted," than to make "a covenant with death," and "be at agreement with hell."

There are three principal valleys inhabited by these interesting people. The valley of Lucerna is the most southerly, and lies under the august form of Mont Viso. Farther to the north, and just behind the village of La Perosa are the valleys of San Martino and Sesane. The torrent from which the last named valley takes its name, rises under Mont Genievre, near Briancon.

In the region of the first named valley is Mont Vaudalin, on whose summit is the cavern which afforded shelter to the feeble remnants of the persecuted Vaudois, in their times of sorest need. In the same district is Prè-du-Tour, the ancient seminary of the Vaudois pastors, before the reformation. In the valley of San Martino is situated the defile of Bolsille, so famous in the wars of this heroic people.

The three vallies are divided into thirteen parishes, which embrace all the villages and numerous hamlets. There are at present settled pastors in all these parishes; and I have thought it is not uninteresting to give their names. They are, Messrs. Mondon, Best, (moderator of the Presbytery,) Goante, Gay, Mouston, (secretary) Peyrot, Monastier, Monnet, Vincon, Talla, Rostaing, the father, (adjunct moderator) Rostaing, the son Peyran. The population of the thirteen parishes is about 21,500 souls, of whom 1,783 are Papists. The increase must be very slow; as the total population was stated by *De Thou*, at 15,000, in 1560.

From the period of the reformation less has been known of these retired and humble disciples than could have been wished, and far less interest felt in them, than their past history deserved. They seem indeed to have been set as a sort of spectacle for the world; for not only were they objects of relentless persecution for ages before the reformation, but at every crisis since, whenever that sword has been unsheathed, it has fallen with the most unpitying edge upon them. Nay, even when prudence required that the rights of other protestants should be respected —or their power was sufficient to vindicate itself—these weak and unpitied victims were often made to bear the two-fold bitterness of a malignity rendered furious by repression. Nor is it alone from those whose religious principles inculcate persecution as a sacred duty, that these unhappy mountaineers have suffered wrong. Some of their own pastors seem to have been imbued to a considerable degree with the same woful spirit of declension, which during the last century, carried away all the world; and the true knowledge of spiritual things remaining amongst that body, was feeble and ready to perish. Edu-

cated at Geneva, they imbibed the spirit which had supplanted the spirit of Christ there; and the pastors of the Vaudois whose ancestors for countless generations had given up all for Christ, themselves had almost given him up; and they who had been always persecuted, became enemies of the followers of Jesus amongst their own flocks! In short they were to a lamentable extent Arians; and just not persecutors.

That wonderful man of God, Felix Neff, during his residence in the neighbouring districts of the high Alps of France, visited these secluded vallies. He spent a few weeks only in the scattered villages and hamlets. But God was with him, and those feeble labours were the beginning of a work of grace, which, with more or less power, has extended through all the churches of the Vaudois in Piedmont. Many of the pastors are believed to be converted to God; others are less decidedly opposed to evangelical religion; and the whole body is said to be gradually but decidedly tending towards the right way. Meanwhile many of the people are already in advance of some of their pastors in the knowledge of spiritual things, and filled with an eager desire for the return of the entire flock to the good old paths in which their fathers trod, and found peace even amidst the furnace of affliction. In Italy itself, the land of darkness and of blood, God hath not left himself without a witness. And it is striking to observe that at the moment and in the degree that the cause of his enemies waxes feeble, his children come forth clothed anew in vestments borrowed from the skies, and shining with the light of heaven.

Mankind should never cease to remember that the "fell and savage cruelty" as Oliver Cromwell truly described the conduct of the Duke of Savoy to his Vaudois subjects, interests us all nearly as much as it does those presently exposed to it. For says Oliver most truly, in one of those noble epistles which he addressed to all the principal powers of Europe, on the occasion of that persecution of the Waldenses of Piedmont which occurred during his protectorate; "although this fell and savage cruelty first began upon those poor and helpless people, it threatened all that profess the same religion." Nor is his inference less

clear and indisputable, that this fact "imposes upon all a greater necessity for providing for themselves in general, and consulting the common safety." The great interests of liberty and religion are the same every where and at every period; and so also are the designs as well as the cruelty and crimes of tyrants. But of all tyrants, those who profess to act by immediate revelation from God, and therefore to act infallibly, are the most dangerous to the human race—the most to be dreaded and abhorred.

How much of the honour of Cromwell's remarkable and noble interposition for his "exterminated and indigent brethren," as he tenderly called them, is to be credited to Milton, who was then his private secretary for foreign correspondence, need not be too curiously inquired into. Milton's feelings may be easily understood from his exquisite sonnet commemorating their persecution by the Piemontese in his day. But whatever may be said of Cromwell, it must be allowed that all noble, generous, manly, and Christian impulses could never have been strangers to him, who was the kinsman and pupil of John Hampden, the patron, guide, and father of Henry Ireton; whose favourite chaplain was John Howe, and his confidential secretary John Milton! Immortal names; whose very friendship is a seal and passport to the world's applause!

CHAPTER XXV.

Provence and Languedoc—Roman Colonies—Ancient Condition of the South of France—Its early Conversion to Christ—Total Ruin by the Crusades against the Albigenses—Physical Aspect of the Country—Traces of Greek and Roman Manners and Language.

The distance from Nice to Marsailles, following the route by Toulon is a hundred and twenty or thirty English miles. The same boundaries separate France from Sardinia that separated the ancient Ligurians from Dauphené and Provence. The last named district extends from the Var to the farthest mouth of the Rhone embracing the three departments of the Low Alps, the Var, and the mouths of the Rhine: to which should be added Vaucluse, containing the principalities of Orange and the county of Venaissin, both belonging to ancient Provence. Stretching beyond Provence from the west bank of the Rhone, and like it hugging the Mediterranean sea, ancient Languedoc, covers the departments of Ardeche, Gard, Herault, Aude, High Garonne, Lozere and Tarn. As there are only eighty-six departments in France—these two provinces, it will be seen, embrace more than one-eighth part of the entire surface of the kingdom—and cover the whole region that skirts the Mediterranean—except a small district at the southern termination of the Appenines. Peopled originally by the same heroic race of Celts which seem to have been the first inhabitants of all the west parts of Europe—we know almost nothing of their history, until we find them in arms against the whole power of Rome; and their story is told in that of the conquests of the republic—the

greatness and the decay of the empire. What was the nature of the contest between the half naked barbarians of transalpine Europe and the mailed legions of Rome—may be apprehended from the fact that it required above seventy years for the best generals of the state, to subdue Gaul alone—the first of their conquests in upper Europe. The fury and despair with which the aboriginal inhabitants defended their liberty and country, is strongly impressed on the reader by the statement of Julius Cæsar—that he himself, whose characteristic as a soldier was in his own judgment *clemency*—slew in battle 1,192,000 of them! The reader is perhaps familiar with the story of the slaughter of 300,000 Cimbri, by Caius Marius near Aix in Provence; a victory, says Vellens, which in some degree mitigated the grief of the republic, that he had ever been born. I referred in a former chapter to the terrific slaughters at Chalons and Poictiers upon opposite sides of France, and at the distance of three centuries from each other.

Of the four Provinces into which the Romans divided France after its conquest—Languedoc and Provence, with Dauphené, and a part of Savoy, composed the first, under the name of *Narbonensis:* a name bestowed upon it after the city of Narbonne in the present department of Aude, which was once a principal seat of the Phocians, and became the first colony, after Carthage, planted by the Romans out of Italy. By the way, it would be extremely curious and instructive, to trace accurately the system of colonization presented by the Romans—and to develope the effects of that system upon their own vast power—upon the colonists themselves, upon the various people amongst whom they were planted—and upon the interests of the world and of posterity, in promoting directly the knowledge of the Roman language, laws, arts and civilization—and in affording indirectly the most important assistance to the spread of Christianity. Such a work seems indeed of singular importance at the present time—when this chief means of promoting the advancement of the human race in all past ages—has found people in several parts of the world, so deluded as to denounce it as barbarous and unjust, as well as needless. To show that the subject would

not at least be barren—I may say that some little attention to it enables me to assert, that the Romans had about 150 colonies in Italy,—57 in Africa, 29 in Spain, 26 in France, 4 in England, 20 in Syria—besides others in smaller numbers in other countries. But to return to the provinces of which I now speak; on the decay of the Roman power they passed successively into the hands of the Goths, the Ostro-Goths, the Visi-Goths, the Bergundians, and the Franks. They were subsequently overrun by the Moors of Spain—and again re-conquered by the French —and after the usual vicissitudes of the feudal times, and the dreadful butcheries of the wars against the Albigenses—were both united permanently to the crown of France, Languedoc by Philip III., in 1270, Provence by Louis XI., in 1481.

Of all that part of Europe called by the Romans Trans-Alpine, this part of France was undoubtedly the earliest and the most completely civilized. Its intercourse with Rome itself was more easy, direct and constant than that of any other portion of the Roman territory out of Italy; and so great was its prosperity, wealth and power, that the best parts of Italy scarcely surpassed it. The family of the Emperor Antoninus Pius was of Nismes in Languedoc—and there are still in that city the mighty ruins of works projected by him, and those who occupied the Imperial throne both before and after him—which still attest the truth of those ancient statements which represent it as another Rome. And throughout both provinces—and as far north as Lyons, more than two hundred miles from the sea, are fragments of wealth, luxury, and greatness, which twenty centuries have not effaced. In the days of Pliny, their condition was such that he says "*Narbon Gaul*, by reason of the perfection of its agriculture, the refinement of society, and the immensity of its riches, cannot be placed after any other province: in short it seems more like Italy, than a province."—Arles in Provence, was called by Ausonius the Rome of France; and Constantius Flavius when elected Emperor by the British legions—in the declining times of the western Empire, selected it as the spot designed for the Imperial seat.—I mention these facts the more readily because it is by having a true idea of this region of Europe, at an

early period of its history, that we shall be able to solve a variety of problems regarding its subsequent condition—which are otherwise of extreme perplexity. I do so from a double sense of duty and shame: for such was the imperfect state of my own information regarding this most interesting and neglected region —that in all its wide extent, I was filled at every step with astonishment, to find myself surrounded by monuments of a former greatness and civilization, of which we find so faint traces in the common tracks of instruction.

It is not to be wondered at that such a region, enjoying during the ministry of the Apostles of the Lord so great distinction amongst the provinces of the Roman Empire, should have very early received the light of the Gospel. And we find in truth that some of the most ancient and renowned disciples—as well as many of the early martyrs—and not a few of the first as well as several amongst the most important subsequent councils, are to be referred to this region. Irenæus of Lyons, was removed from the Saviour himself, only by two glorious links, filled by Polycarp and the beloved John: and of all men perhaps Hilary of Poictiers had the greatest influence in preserving the western church from the Arian heresy, during the latter part of the fourth century, by which nearly the whole world seemed ready to be carried away after the council of Rimini. Nearly every city even to the second and third degree of importance in those times, within the whole district--has been the seat of councils, many of whose decrees are in force to this day—although the councils themselves be not recognized as general. And on the other hand, of the few which have been so considered by any portion of the Christian world—two met at Lyons, and a third at Vienne—both cities seated upon the Rhone some distance northward of the point where it becomes the boundary between Languedoc and Provence. Indeed so firmly did the true knowledge of God take possession of the people—that we find the latest evidences of its existence here, when the Roman superstition had filled nearly all the world; and when returning light glowed upon the nations, we find its earliest rays illuminating these balmy regions. In vain did successive councils denounce anathemas against their

faith. They had the witness within themselves that they were taught of God. In vain did successive hordes of armed ruffians with the cross upon their breasts, and the fires of hell within them, desolate with fire and sword, these peaceful abodes, by the command of popes—and under the guidance of kings. They looked their hard destiny calmly in the face—and died for Christ rather than live like Rome. In vain did the whole order of Dominicans—constructed expressly for this service—devote their whole energies for successive ages, whose whole track is red with the fires of the Inquisition, established at first for this single object—heartily to the work of bringing back these Christians from the way of life. Their murderers were fatigued with detailed slaughter—before they wearied in providing victims. One last and terrific swoop, annihilated as was intended and hoped—the accursed men and doctrines both together: their country was bestowed by the pope, on those who had made it a desert, and the papal court took up its abode at Avignon—in the midst of ruins still smoking with blood!—Look at Avignon now;—contemplate the present state of Rome;—then turn towards the glorious light of Zion, and the brightness of her rising—and learn a lesson of wisdom and gratitude.

The land of the Troubadours, or in other words of poetry, chivalry, and extended and refined civilization—this favoured region had a literature of its own, when the rest of Europe was covered with profound and universal darkness. Superior to all others in arts as well as in knowledge and religion—it seems to have smiled like the garden of the Lord, in fruitfulness and beauty—during those ages of the stupor of the human race, from the seventh to the thirteenth century, when the greater part of Christendom besides was sunk into the most pitiable ignorance and the most degrading superstition. And when the powers of darkness could no longer bear the rebuke of its presence in their midst—and the whole power of the church, and of all surrounding states came upon it with resistless fury, and emptied the land as one would shake out an unclean garment; the ferocity that made it a waste, scattered the seeds of truth and knowledge throughout Europe. John Wiklif, the great apostle of modern

Christianity, was their disciple. John Huss, and Jerome of Prague—lit their tapers first, at the same quenchless light. And Luther and his sacred associates, no sooner blew the trumpet with a bold and certain sound—than from the Alps to the Pyrenees, and from the deep recesses of the intervening mountains, the humble and true hearted disciples of Peter Waldo answered with joy the thrilling sound. Ever more the victims of unsparing persecution, no sooner was their existence known than the same ferocious bigotry which hunted them to the dens of the mountains three hundred years before—pursued them there with an appetite famishing for blood. The two little villages of *Merindoll* and *Chabriers* in the upper part of Provence, were razed, and their inhabitants to the number of several thousand indiscriminately sacrificed, in the year 1545, by Francis I., who prided himself upon being the most generous and accomplished prince of his day: just as their ancestors all over both provinces had been in 1250, by Louis IX., the most *religious* king of his day—and who for that and similar services, was canonized by the pope of Rome!

The physical aspect of this region is not less completely the same, in its grand features,—than its striking destiny has been one in all its great points. Indeed, it seemed to me obvious, as I passed back and forward in its length and breadth—that its great relations to Christianity,—which had surprised me before, because of my want of knowledge, were made plain and easily accountable, as soon as I saw its face, and comprehended its history. In short, that its structure fitted it, if possible more perfectly to retain and shelter religion, than its condition had at first eminently prepared it to receive and cherish it. On the east the mighty Alps separate it from Italy. On the west the rugged Pyrenees divide it from Spain. The Mediterranean washes its entire southern shore, and gave it on that side all the advantages of security and privacy—from the moment of the destruction of the Western Empire. While on the north at a distance of fifty to a hundred miles from this sea—the mountains of Ardache stretch from the Pyrenees to the Rhone—beyond which the white summits of Mont Blanc and Mont Ventouse, are visible over the

tops of the numerous spurs of the Alps, which penetrate through Dauphené, to the same impetuous stream. Along the whole coast of the Mediterranean, her iron bound shore is indented with immense ponds, and the mouths of rivers spreading out into vast lagunes. In addition, the general face of the whole of Languedoc and Provence thus secured on every side, is wild and abrupt—penetrated by numerous torrents—cut by ranges of mountains in all directions—and naturally difficult of free penetration. The rich valleys, the level plains—the beautiful hill sides, the numerous cities,—these were indeed swept with the besom of destruction. Nor perhaps was any place so remote or inaccessible, as to escape the vigilance of the Inquisition, or the tender mercies of Rome. But when the little glen was made a waste—one household perhaps were absent, and so escaped. When the small hamlet was burnt and the ploughshare of ruin passed over it,—one little innocent crept into the hollow of the rock, and the hand of God covered it till the fury was overpassed. When the marshes were beaten on the scent of blood—one lad was at sea in his little shallop,—and by the glare of his native village, as it sent up its long red flame—he read the fate of his race,—of which not another survived to hear his tale of anguish, and bind up his broken heart. These be the deeds which kings and priests have wrought—in pure love for the souls of men. So works not he, who will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. These scattered remnants were the seed of his own children—they were the progenitors of the future generations of his people through countless ages—they were the salt of the world! "Away with them from the earth,—it is not meet that they should live"—was the sentence of the infallible church. "Of whom the world was not worthy"—is the response which came forth from the bosom of eternity. The shepherd of Israel, took them into his arms—bore them gently in his bosom—hid them in the caves of the rocks—nourished them with food from heaven. Six hundred years have passed away. And now in the midst of the same cities, the same hated and persecuted race, re-build their temples and take up the song of praise. In the spot where their fathers' blood was mingled with their

sacrifices—the children repose in peace under the shadow of the Almighty! More—much more. Europe is alive with the fervency of the same faith, which Europe slew their fathers for cherishing. Continents of whose existence they were all alike ignorant—rejoice in that light which their fathers kept burning upon earth. Behold from the ends of the earth—men come to learn the story of their sufferings and their truth, and as we catch the lessons which their history unfolds—we rejoice the more in the faithfulness of Him that doeth wonders—and press closer to His side who is able to keep all we have committed to His hands! Oh! blessed are all they that put their trust in Him!

At a period long anterior to that at which the Romans first visited this part of Europe, it was occupied by colonies of Phocians, who seated themselves in various places along the coast—especially at Narbonne and Marseilles,—and gradually spread themselves to a considerable extent over the surrounding regions. Many traces of the Greek language, and some even of Greek manners, are still observable—especially in Provence. It is singular, however, how numerous are the small, and often unnoticed peculiarities, which cleave to the people of all countries—and confirm more eloquently than language itself, the events which have peculiarly influenced their condition. All along the coast of the Mediterranean, when two friends meet—especially if they be persons of humble condition—the one who approaches, or who is considered the returning person, salutes the other on both sides of the face—without regard to age, or sex. The custom is oriental: did they get it from the Moors—or is it a fragment of the Asiatic manners, of those barbarous ancestors, who subverted the Roman greatness—or did their Phocian progenitors bring it from Asia Minor?—In all this part of Europe, if you ask for eggs—no matter at what time, or in what form—they are universally served first and by themselves; whereas apples, are as universally served the last course,—no matter whether two or a dozen courses preceded them. Such was the Roman method: "from the eggs to the apples"—was descriptive of an entire feast. So too, the Roman habits of eating were

simple, but one immense meal, after the business of the day was closed—contenting themselves with a very slight repast in the forepart of the day, and it is still the common habit of all those countries into which they introduced their manners. This is peculiarly the case with the upper classes of society—amongst whom all examples that are against nature, and that favor vice and luxury soonest take root: as indeed such would be chiefly in the way of receiving impressions as to personal manners from that extraordinary people. In our day however—little can be said in favor of the preceding abstemiousness through the day, of those who eat and drink the Romans themselves to shame at night. The richest food in the greatest varieties, and at the most exorbitant cost; the highest flavoured wines, in incredible quantities,—and the feast prolonged for hours together, as a nightly affair; this is not the whole description of the matter, as regards all who are able to afford it, throughout the higher classes of European society. For to this is to be added, a preceding and daily course of eating and drinking—which an American observer, would consider appropriately closed, by the light repast which with us concludes the day: rather than by a course of gormandising, which nothing but preceding famishment, could adequately explain. It is incredible how often, and at what cost, the privileged classes of Europe, eat and drink inordinately!

From Nice to Marseilles, the route turns the southern extremity of the maritime Alps. Sometimes you are on the margin of the sea—then in the midst of low but barren and wild looking mountains—and again in the narrow dells which penetrate them—or threading the sheltered and beautiful valleys which are hid in their bosom. The prevailing aspect of the country is one of extreme antiquity—and of original want of fertility. Many of the hills are completely denuded not only of timber but of soil; and their black, lifeless, and melancholy forms, constitute one of the most peculiar objects in the landscape, throughout the South of France. Again there are to be found, another description of hills or low mountains, composed of strata of a different kind, and presenting figures far less abrupt, which are covered with the red pebbly soil peculiar to the region, and sustain a thin

growth of evergreens, of several species, the most valuable of which is the cork-tree, which I have spoken of in another place. I have seen the sentiment many times repeated, that the fact of the class of evergreens being found chiefly in high northern latitudes—where the severe cold strips all other vegetable productions of their foliage so great a portion of the year,—was a singular proof of the minute goodness of Providence. It is well to be observant of the smallest, as well as the greatest tokens of God's benificence; or rather to be attentive at all times to the tokens of that Almighty goodness,—in whose sight there is nothing small,—nothing great. But it is not good, to found our sensibility on fallacious observations; of which this is remarkably one. The evergreens, pervade all the regions and climates of the earth,—and seem to abound in them all, in total disregard of every principle which men have derived from a single class, or a single region, and applied without thought or enquiry to the rest. Indeed it is not at all uncommon to find the same genus, presenting in one latitude a species that is green all the year—and in another a species which annually casts its foliage. The live oak of Florida, the cork-tree of Spain and Provence, and the chene vert of Languedoc—all evergreen are but other species of the oak, which in a hundred species more casts its leaves in all the temperate latitudes of the earth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Journey along the Mediterranean—Cannes, All Saints Day—Frejus—Roman Antiquities and Ruins—Immense Reservoirs of the Aqueducts of Frejus and Nismes.

THE first day of our journey, after leaving Nice, we arrived in the middle of the afternoon, at the little village of Cannes, which is built along the sea-shore—at the foot of a steep and lofty crag—surmounted with an ancient ruin—which was first a Roman post, then a monastery, then a feudal castle—now appropriated in part to the purposes of a prison, and in part to the ceremonies of the papal church. It was a great day—designated in the calendar as the "feast of all saints."—All seemed to keep the day—but each after his own fashion. Along the beach, a row of fishing boats was drawn up on the sand—and they who owned and manned them, sat in squads about them,—pictures of listless abstraction. Along the public walks the half grown boys, in whom the power of life seemed so vigorous as to mock all temperate modes of expressing it, keep the fete in boisterous mirth, and aimless rudeness. On the green near our hotel—the young men of the village and surrounding region—amused themselves with various athletic games. Where are the women? Where the children of the village?—They were still at high mass—in the church on the cliff before me; had commenced at noon, and were still engaged in hearing and seeing high mass, in commemoration of the day, and the holy dead. Thither I went; and when I had reached the summit, was rewarded for the toil

of the ascent, by a wide and grand view of the Mediterranean, and the surrounding country.

Not the least interesting object in this landscape was the little Island of *Sainte Marguerite*, on which the celebrated "Man in the Iron mask"—of whom the world knew so little, and desired so eagerly to know every thing—was so long confined. In our country the agents of Rome wear masks. It is good to see, as it is virtuous and manly to show the naked visage.—I stepped into the church. To enter, I had to pass through scores of young children, from eight or ten years old, down to tottering infancy, who filled the little yard before the church—and crowded all its approaches within and without. Their only occupation seemed to be, to keep the little candles, of which each held one in his hand, constantly burning. Their want of skill, and the strong currents of air rendered this no easy affair; and the consequent confusion produced by the ceaseless relighting of extinguished tapers, from the candles of their fellows, or the consecrated ones borne in the hands of the grown up children within, may be easily imagined. Each of these tapers was paid for—and the price went into the pockets of the priests—who rendered full value in return by saying mass in honor of "all the saints." Very good; if the priests choose to drive a trade in candles, it is their affair: and if it amuses the babies of the parish to burn them, that is their affair. But the propriety of calling such proceedings, a means of grace, and encouraging them in a place set apart for the worship of God—might be questioned after hearing the terrible imprecations of the little creatures upon each other, when standing within reach of "the host"—for putting out each other's candles—or refusing each other permission to light at theirs, those already extinguished. As I entered the body of the house, I came full and suddenly upon the procession, that in circumambulating the church had come opposite the door. The house was crowded to excess—with a congregation composed almost exclusively of females. Tapers burnt in various parts of the room; and the entire employment of the congregation seemed to consist in listening to the chant of the procession, as it marched slowly about, and sung bad Latin in low, monotonous, and

melancholy tones. On the first view I had of the scene, the congregation had their backs to the scanty procession; and it struck me that nothing could more forcibly illustrate the utter insufficiency of the papal system as a means of religious instruction than the spectacle before me. Here are a thousand people brought together to worship God—to learn their condition and their duties—to fortify their souls against evil—to prepare for the dread eternity before them! And what do they find? A meagre dumb show—a shabby procession—an ill-sung song, in a jargon which they who spoke it when they lived could not comprehend if they were alive and heard it! I never felt a sentiment of more profound compassion for my fellow beings; nor invoked more earnestly the pity and mercy of a long suffering God upon his erring children, than in the midst of that mournful spectacle.

There are some practices in the Romish church that freeze my blood with horror. What is the mass—if their own faith be true? It is the renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary: it is the very same sacrifice,—unbloody—but the very same. The whole substance of the bread, is changed into the body of Christ, and the whole substance of the wine is changed into the blood of Christ—so that the soul, body, blood, and divinity of Christ is really present in every particle of each. Then, in the mass, the Saviour of the world is offered up, a propitiatory sacrifice, for the living and the dead. If these things were really and sincerely believed, it is conceivable that some should be willing to offer up this sacrifice for themselves: it is conceivable I admit—but it seems the last stretch of desperate and hardened egotism. It is going a long and horrible step beyond this, to sacrifice Christ anew,—in the doubtful chance of some good accruing to the dead—if perchance these dead be not already in heaven. But to lay hands deliberately, as we profess to believe, on the Lord Jesus—and crucify him unto ourselves afresh—in mere parade, is unspeakably horrible. All the dead saints are already in heaven: so teaches the church itself; it were fatal heresy to believe the contrary. Yet that church not only sacrifices the Lord of life, to the separate honor of each particular saint on his

or her peculiar fete; but lest the terrific act should have failed year by year, towards some forgotten demon—yearly Jesus, Jehovah, is sacrificed anew to the glory of them all!

Frejus, called by the Massilians who built it, *Ferials*, and by the Romans who conquered, adorned and fortified it with impregnable works, (the remains of which are still visible, after the waste of so many ages, the assaults of so many and such various instruments of destruction in the hands of such a multitude of nations—and the changes rendered necessary by the varying modes of defence peculiar to each,) *Forum Julium*,—still preserves some striking evidences of its former magnificence. It was once a city of a hundred thousand souls,—the post of one of those invincible legions which conquered the world—and the abode of many of that extraordinary aristocracy of the human race, which possessing every thing, and despising every thing—made the name of *Roman citizen*, the only title of supreme dignity throughout the earth. At present, it is a dark, narrow, and filthy village of three or four thousand souls—shut out from the sea on which it once stood, by one of those remarkable alluvions common on these shores,—sustained by a scanty trade in wine and oil—and despicable, but for its ruins and its recollections. The fashion of this world passeth away; and all its interests from the least, to the very greatest, lie under the same fatal destiny. Empires, cities, systems,—all perish in the using, and to man himself, the lord of all—the highest possible attainment here below, limits itself to a day of graceful toil in soothing the bitterness of life; and when the evening comes, to rock it gently to repose—and wait the morrow in eternity. Blessed lot—only because eternity will follow it: blessed alas! to how small a remnant!

In whatever countries the Romans established themselves—they left behind them traces of their greatness, which nothing has yet been able wholly to obliterate. The transforming power of their civilization recoiled before the stern barbarism of their invaders, and was almost extinguished by the degrading superstition of the two great apostacies of the East and the West. But the physical evidences of their taste, science, power and

riches still exist in every part of their immense possessions; and though most frequently in ruins,—and not seldom so disjointed as to leave their original use uncertain,—their very fragments are studies over which modern genius bends in eager contemplation, and before which modern greatness hides its diminished head. These precious relics belong generally to the last period of the Republic—and the first ages of the empire; and what shows clearly the superiority of those eras above all others in their history, is that as you recede from Rome the ruins mount to a higher antiquity; insomuch that out of Italy, it is uncommon to find constructions of later date than the age of Constantine the Great. That is, they are coincident with the era of the birth, the fiery trials, the glorious dissemination, and the general reception of Christianity throughout the world: and they recall human attention to that era, as the most illustrious "in the tide of time." The Roman Empire, and the Greek literature had fulfilled their great mission—in providing the double facility—the vehicle, and the route, by which Christianity might encompass the earth; and thenceforth they declined to the common level.

All these remains besides their general reference to a period, though so remote, yet comparatively short—may be comprised under a very limited classification; public amusements—public worship—public comfort, and public defence—will embrace all whose uses are known to us. Nothing private, nothing selfish, nothing personal in its strict sense. If you find a sepulchre it is the magnificent burial place, not of a single man, even though that man were Augustus; but of an army of friends, dependents and freedmen. Or if it commemorates a single name,—its modest proportions respond to personal insignificance, in an age when man was nothing, and Rome the idol of all hearts: and its brief words admonish you, that child, parent, friend, compatriot had reared it—not in the usual exercise of human tenderness,—but to commemorate this or that signal service to the state,—this or the other act of striking virtue. You find the ruins of theatres, amphitheatres, and circuses,—the remains of temples, aqueducts, baths, towers, encampments, and military

roads, and triumphal arches and columns; you find traces of them all in all the provinces,—and may read in their discoloured fragments the clearest proofs, that the very same institutions, policy, manners, and principles that were Roman on the banks of the Euphrates, were Roman at the pillars of Hercules; and that the giant whose shadow covered the earth, moulded every creature, with an unsparing energy after the image of himself. Is it wonderful that a single village, inspired with such a spirit, and directing it ceaselessly towards conquest for a thousand years—should at last conquer and subvert every thing human? Or is it not rather to be marvelled at, that the world should by any possibility emerge from such a domination, and shake off the influences of such a training? On the one hand and on the other—history does not afford us more striking indications of the profound and invariable cognizance which God takes, of all secondary causes—in effecting the great designs of his providence —than are furnished in the means, by which these two opposite and gigantic results were consummated.

There are at Frejus several of these immense ruins, especially those of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct,—not to mention those of minor importance—as a gate way, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar—a Pharos—and some traces of a temple. I shall have occasions on which I might be obliged to repeat descriptions of these and various other monuments, to avoid which, I prefer speaking of them with double reference to locality and classification—throwing what it may be necessary to say of each class, under the head of that place where I saw the most perfect of its kind—or the first, or the most worthy of notice. For the present, therefore, I will speak only of the ruins of the aqueduct at Frejus, in connection especially with the superb ruin of the same description over the river Gard in Languedoc.

As you approach Frejus from the other side, you pass through an extensive plain which descends gradually towards the village —and beyond it to the sea shore. The sea is on the left—a low ridge close on the right, beyond which successive spurs of the Maritime Alps rise interminably beyond each other; and before you the little river Argenes, on which Frejus stands, passes from

the right towards the left obliquely through the plain. In the midst of the plain, cutting your path diagonally, you see, first near the ridge, what appears to be a low thick wall. As you draw nearer, you find it assume the appearance of a gigantic colonnade, jutting into the hill, and stretching obliquely towards the high road. In approaching rapidly you soon discover that the pillars rise in height, as they get farther and farther from the ridge—so as to overcome the slope in the ground, and keep their tops in the same horizontal plain. The next moment, surprises your eager curiosity by revealing to you the new fact—that the colonnade is not one continued line, as you supposed, but that it changes its direction at short distances, making very obtuse angles—and presenting an appearance faintly resembling what is called in America "a worm fence"—supposing every pannel to be several hundred feet long. Presently we reached the line of this immense ruin,—and halting where we intersected it in a large field of olives—I discovered on the tops of the columns, a small chamber resembling a covered mill race. It is an aqueduct. These pillars are the remains of its enormous arches. And that mighty ruin at its end near the village, is the terrible arena, whose blood of man and beast, this ever flowing current was hardly sufficient to efface!

Such was the order of development to my own mind, of the first of these ruins which I saw. The facts I have stated indicate the character of them all: and how numerous they were may be inferred from the single fact—that one was an invariable appendage of every amphitheatre—not to say of every city of the least importance—and of all their extensive baths. The bath and the amphitheatre were indispensable necessaries of life to every Roman.

The remains of this aqueduct, extend over a larger space than those of any other I have seen. It originally extended many miles over hill and dale—sometimes elevated upon pillars 80 feet high; and at others penetrating the mountains, or borne along their faces in subterranean channels. The very first principle of their construction, would require them to preserve a surface, not much declined from a horizontal line, from their commencement

to their termination, and in subordination to this necessity countless obstacles were met, and surmounted. Partly to prevent the accumulated velocity of the current in the aqueduct, if only a slight descent were allowed for a long distance on a right line—the numerous angles in the structure itself, of which I have spoken, were probably introduced. It is most probable however that the principal object was, to give greater strength to the aqueduct itself. The masonry must have been very beautiful—being not only constructed of hewn stone—but of stone so cut as to present in each portion of the work, materials of the dimensions and figure best fitted to their respective uses. The lower part of the pillars which support the arches, are made of large blocks of stone; the upper parts faced only on all sides with small stones all cut of the same size—and covering an inner mass of solid stone and mortar. These pillars are all thicker at the bottom than above—being gradually sloped on all four of their sides: and they all had the support of a great rib of stone work on the two broad sides, which occupied about half of the respective surfaces, and were worked into the body of the pillars. The arches were of every variety of space, according to their height; and those at the angles of the aqueduct were always extremely narrow in proportion to those of equal height where the work was straight. This particular aqueduct discharged its surplus water into the river on which Frejus is situated, and might with great ease have been dispensed with entirely by the use of the river itself; a part of whose current could have been readily conducted to the spot, and made to supply the apparent uses to which the waters of the aqueduct were applied. Yet I was assured the fountains which supplied it were many leagues distant. Indeed the Romans in this as in a thousand other things, exhibit themselves to us, in a most extraordinary light. It is nearly impossible to look at one of their aqueducts, even in the ruined state in which we behold them, and admit that they who planned and executed such works—could have been ignorant of one of the simplest and most obvious principles of the great science of nature; and which the moment it was perceived, rendered all these vast constructions useless. On the other hand it

is inconceivable how such minds, with all their acuteness, promptitude, and vigor, should so incessantly occupy themselves with constructions which required them to study the laws of hydraulicks, and yet never perceive one of the first and most uniform of them all. Or are we rather to conclude, that this is to be classed with other of their unaccountable caprices—and to admit that what seems not to be otherwise more easily accounted for, was the dictate of a national caprice, of some lost policy, or of a peculiar taste? There are other things about these constructions not much more easy of solution. In this very case why did they go so many miles for water—when a pure river ran through the town? Why did they conduct the water of the fountains of Vaucluse to Arles, a distance about as far—and across several rivers—when Arles itself is seated on the river Rhone? Why finally, did they carry any aqueduct to Nismes, when within the city is one of the amplest and sweetest fountains in Europe;—and above all, why did they carry to it the very waters most distant, most difficult of transportation, and carried only after constructions whose ruins are to this day amongst the most stupendous and magnificent architectural monuments on earth?

I must attempt to describe one of these astonishing fragments. The river Gardon, or Gard, running from the mountains of Ardache, falls into the Rhone on its right side near to Beaucaire, so memorable in the wars of the Albigenses. The only perfect remains of an aqueduct, which was constructed to conduct the waters of the fountains of Airan and Ure to Nismes, a distance of about thirty-five English miles—is where it crossed this river. It is called the *Pont du Gard*, and is situated a short distance above the spot where the main road from Nismes to Avignon crosses the same river, on one of these beautiful wire bridges, so common in this part of France—a noble specimen of which I have particularly described when speaking of Fribourg in Switzerland. The massive and exaggerated grandeur of the *Pont du Gard* contrasts strikingly with the light grace and exquisite ingenuity of the wire bridge of Lafoux. It is France and Rome viewed side by side. Fifteen minutes' walk up the Gardon transports you from the dynasty of July—to the greatest of the Cæsars.

The spot itself is full of beauty. The basaltic hills which shut up the river for leagues above—finally expand on both sides, and the valley of the Gardon widens itself gradually into the open plains of the Rhone. The aqueduct is traced along the brow of the last range of these naked hills on the left bank of the river; and after passing it, plunges into the side of that on the opposite shore, and passes it by a subterraneous channel, now entirely obstructed. The *Pont du Gard,* occupies the entire space from cliff to cliff—and presents as you see it for the first time a spectacle absolutely gigantic. It consists of three rows of arches elevated above and upon each other, and which become gradually smaller and more numerous as they ascend. The bottom row contains six arches; the second, eleven; the highest one thirty-five only at present, but formerly several more existed at its northern extremity. The length of the structure at its summit, is three or four times as great as the width of the river at the surface of the water: a result produced by the inclination of the cliffs on both banks—and which imparts to the whole the appearance of the section of an inverted wedge. Another striking peculiarity of the work is, that its real centre is not the centre of its proportions; which at first sight, produces a vague and confused feeling of defect in the entire structure; but as soon as the eye discovers the real state of the case, and its cause, it immediately discerns the admirable symmetry which pervades the whole. The second (counting from the north bank) instead of the third or fourth of the six arches of the bottom row, was obliged to be much larger than either of the others, in consequence of the state of the ground and the course of the river. This becomes the architectural centre of the pile, and with reference to it—every part is in perfect harmony, and the impression of the whole inexpressibly imposing. The material of the work is a light-colored stone, every piece of which is exactly cut—and the whole laid without mortar or cement of any kind, of blocks of enormous size. It is built in the Tuscan order of architecture; and is generally supposed to have been erected by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus—who in the year 19 before Christ, was sent into Gaul—and there acquired perhaps with no little reference to the

aqueduct of which this is a part, the title of *Curator perpetuus aquarum.* The entire elevation of the Pont above the water is 174 French feet, of which about 60 feet are occupied by the first row of arches, and 58 by the second, and 24 by the third; the remaining 32 feet being taken up by the foundation for the second and third rows, and by the trough for the water on the top of all—to sustain which indeed all the rest was made. This trough is about two and a half feet wide, by four and a half deep, and passes upon the top of the uppermost row of arches. It is covered over with a row of large thin stones, six or eight feet long, laid loosely over its top;—and which afford to a man of steady nerves one of the most noble promenades on earth, in the midst of a scene grand beyond conception. I have mentioned its elevation; its length is 798 feet; that of the second row is 773, that of the lowest row 485 only; the river at the surface of the water, being pent into a deep sullen pool, is as I have said much narrower than the length of the first row of arches. The bottom and sides of the trough seemed to have been lined with a paste of red ochre; above which was an artificial cement of about three inches thickness at the bottom, and much thinner as it turned up the sides. Above both, a stalagmitic formation, much more considerable than both of them united, of carbonate of lime.

The whole structure is simple, destitute of all ornament, and stands in the midst of a perfect solitude, with an aspect at once august and severe. Question it, if you would learn the surpassing greatness of a people, who set up monuments of which this is only a small fragment saved by accident,—even along all the outskirts of an empire three thousand miles square! Question it again, if you would learn the utter futility of all human greatness—when even such a people reeled to and fro like a drunken man, under the burden of glory which crushed them, and in its issues debased all their posterity; when even such monuments as this have not utterly perished, only because the barbarous track of man did not lead directly across it—and devouring time found yet more precious relics to consume.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Marsailles—Sudden and Final Arrest of our Voyage to Rome—Marsailles and Trieste as Stations for Missionary Operations—The Importance of Such Operations in regard to Nominally Christian Churches.

During the period of the utmost glory of ancient Rome *Taurentum* reposed in all its pomp and magnificence,—near to the spot where an exiled colony of Phocians, had pitched their habitation, about the time of the expulsion of the last Tarquin from Rome. I have stood upon both their sites.—Some dim vestiges of Taurentum, may be imagined, rather than traced, in the fragments of broken marble, that lie buried under the sands of the Mediterranean; but, in the rich and beautiful town of Marsailles—the Phocian hamlet has expanded itself into the second city of France. I was very reluctantly obliged to stay several weeks in it—when I earnestly desired to be elsewhere; and therefore was little capable, perhaps, of doing it entire justice. The object of my visit to this part of Europe—the object I had been constantly pursuing for eight hundred miles, since I had left Constance, was to reach central, and southern Italy. I have mentioned at each era how our route was obstructed by vexatious and lengthened quarantines: and when every thing seemed ready to favor us, we found our object more distant than ever. Before we reached Marsailles the cholera which had been for ten months at Venice, and had then recently decimated Ancona—suddenly crossed the Appenines and fell with terrific violence upon Naples. This of course shut up the possibility of getting

to Rome by Naples. As to the direct route from Marsailles to Civetta Vecchia (the port of Rome) or to one of the ports of Tuscany, there seemed no difficulty—as steamboats went every week. But on applying to the representatives of the pope and the grand Duke, they refused to sign my passport until the required length of the quarantine, then eighteen days, should have elapsed—after the date of the last Sardinian signature to it. It was in vain to urge what the whole world knew, that no cholera had existed for a whole year in any part of Sardinia but Genoa, and that my passport afforded on its face indisputable proof that I had not been within a hundred miles of that city. It was replied with an unanswerable shrug; the kingdom of Sardinia—all of it, was under the ban for eighteen days—and it behooved, to await their accomplishment. My first hope was, by a fresh passport, obtained from the American consul at Marsailles, to evade their absurd regulations; but I found, it would be necessary to add a false oath to the passport to make it efficacious—namely, that I had not been in any place *considered by them infected*—within the prohibited time before attempting to land at Leghorn or Civetta Vecchia. If I had been content to swear *for substance* only—I might easily have done so, and with truth; for I had not been in any place really infected. The only alternative was to abide the efflux of the portion of eighteen days yet to run—since my passport had been signed at the Pont de Var.

Never did two weeks pass more slowly; never was their close expected more anxiously. For I was sure in the actual state of things at Naples, that the authorities at Rome would forbid all intercourse between the two cities; and yet, as the French authorities at Marsailles required vessels from Naples to perform a quarantine of five days only—steamboats could be at Leghorn or Civitta Vecchia from Naples, by way of Marsailles in eight or nine days. I watched the boats as they left Marsailles; I watched them as they returned; no *commissionaire,* as the refined French call a street porter, watched more eagerly the departing or returning travellers—than myself. The very day before my quarantine expired, the very boat by which I was sure

of embarking in two days more for Rome—came slowly round into the harbor, amongst the crowd of vessels of every nation that obstructed her way—and landed again the same passengers, she had taken off two days before for Italy. I was sure something was wrong—my heart misgave me; and I found in a moment, that all was over, as to any hope of getting to Rome. The Papal and Tuscan authorities—had not only absolutely refused to permit the passengers to land, but had prohibited all intercourse between Marsailles and either of those states, so long as matters stood with respect to Naples on their present footing. There remained no alternative but to return by land, with all the evils before us, which deterred us before—and this in addition, that if we should chance to get beyond the cholera, or it should break out behind us, our return would be as difficult as our advance; or to consider the providential circumstances so decidedly indicative of the course of duty, as to give up a purpose so long cherished, so ardently pursued, and so clearly founded in apparent good, as this had been. They have not been subjected to the usual vicissitudes of life, who have reached my time of it—without having been often called on to make such sacrifices, to duty, to conscience, to affection, or to stern necessity. They who have made them—have been negligent observers of the course of providence, if they have not traced in many of them the germs of the most precious enjoyments of subsequent life; and delighted to recall them, as evidences, not only of the ceaseless care, but of the faithful tenderness of our Heavenly Father. How easy would it be for him to whom pertaineth "all the fulness of God"—to open his hand, and out of his unwasting fulness, satisfy every desire of every living thing? How infinite is that condescension which prompted by a benificence infinite as itself,—watches over our daily errors, weakness, ignorance, and perversity—and would grant to us in the midst of ingratitude what it is good for us to have—and deny even to our tears, that which would do us harm! Perhaps the first mercy incident to our condition as sinners, is that the things which minister to the passions, are absolutely incapable of satisfying the soul,—which else were undone; and the next, that we should

learn this truth, before the spirit is wearied, and the strength of our being wrecked, in pursuits whose best possible result is, that they have yielded nothing!

Marsailles is a large, and striking looking city, built of cut sand stone of a yellowish tinge—and containing about 120,000 souls. It is situated on the margin of the sea—being cut insunder for half its depth by its long narrow harbor—and surrounded by lofty hills, in the midst of which it is seated, as it were on the edge of a wide basin. Here, as in all large European cities, the difference between the old and the new town is extremely marked; the former is narrow, crowded, filthy and dark; the latter airy, regular, finely decorated—and provided with those noble squares, promenades, and gardens, which form so delightful an appendage to all continental cities—and which are so sadly deficient in America. From any of the eminences about the city, especially from the gate of Aix, from the observatory and the adjacent fort and church of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, as also from the public walk and garden, at the end of the grand promenade of the *Cours Napoleon*—magnificent views are enjoyed, of the city, the sea, and the whole surrounding region. The promenade which is afforded by the wide street between the harbor and the houses, is one of the most singular and picturesque spots in Europe. It extends along the northern end, and western side of the harbor—and is, I presume, little short of a mile in length. The sun shines upon the whole of it from the moment of its rising, until it is ready to sink below the horizon; and whatever might be the effects of such an exposure in the warm months—they were all delightful, towards the end of autumn, when I was in the habit of taking a daily saunter along it. It is hazarding less than is ordinarily done by such expressions, to say that persons from most of the nations of the globe are to be seen at once—and perhaps, always, along this crowded mart. At your side lay the vessels of every nation, enjoying any commerce; and around you are those who navigate or who own them—who deal in their cargoes—or use them as the instruments of a ceaseless activity. Men of every shade of complexion, from the blackest up through all the amazing varieties

the vert oy whitest; the white German—the ruddy Englishman—the dark Frenchman—the sallow Italian—the olive colored Spaniard—the swarthy Turk—the yellow Arab—the copper Egyptian—the red Chinese—the blue Hindoo—and the jet black African. It is incredible how various, and how multiplied, and yet how exceedingly distinct are the shades of complexion amongst those races that are in some degree original and distinct,—and yet how exactly they all relate to the three great families of white, black, and copper—Japhet, Ham, and Shem. Whatever may be thought of the ordinary methods of accounting for these diversities—it is striking to observe that other diversities not less observable, always accompany, if they do not even exceed those of complexion. The figure, the dress, the physiognomy, the manners, the social habits—the language, the moral and religious systems—the very sky, and earth, and air—all seem to sympathise, and move in one grand and harmonious system around the earth. It might be too large an induction perhaps to infer a unity of cause—by reason of such a union in these manifestations: but we may at least infer, contrary to the opinion long entertained, that the causes, few or many, are fixed, and not in any sense accidental;—and that while they are, within the whole experience of the race, as constant and invariable as any other causes whose effects are known to us,—they are on the other hand more ancient than any existing notices of the early condition of mankind. Before Isaiah the skin of the Ethiopian was the subject of remark in Asia—and we are indebted to Moses, not only for the fact that language was confounded at Babel—but what is little less important, though much less remarked—for the proof that it was unique before. It is in the midst of such crowds of these—and under the influence of such proofs and such reflections—that the utter absurdity of the two extreme opinions on this subject is most manifestly felt. It is inconceivable how a sceptic can pass through such an assemblage—and not perceive that the human race is essentially *one* —and its unity incontrovertibly certain. And yet it is quite as inconceivable how a modern abolitionist can look attentively at a similar crowd—and for an instant retain the hope, that these

numberless varieties, can be made the *same*. The race is *one;* and the atheist a madman. But the varieties of that race, are not, cannot be made, *the same;* and the Garrisonist is equally mad.

It were well if we could call to mind how strikingly different the tone of the Bible is, when it speaks respectively of duties and of rights. Our duties are urgently, incessantly, inforced; our rights seldom spoken of. The right to liberty itself, is subordinate to the advantage of being prepared for heaven; how futile and wicked then is it to jeopardise great and inestimable results, by fierce contentions—upon doubtful methods of obtaining other results, which though of immense, are yet at last of secondary importance? What comparison is there between the interest these crowds on the docks of Marsailles, have in the questions which touch their souls and lay hold on eternity—and those which belong to their rights, not only of personal freedom from mutual oppression—nor only to that of a social and political equality which never existed upon earth between different races—but to that, worthless and repudiated in every preceding generation—of universal amalgamation? In all this crowd of nations, there is not one individual who would not despise and reject a claim set up on his behalf—or on behalf on others as against him—which in other quarters of the world men are found wild enough, to place at the basis, not only of all rational effort to do good—but of all Christian duty!

Such reflections may be without importance; but they are not misplaced; for no Christian can visit this city without being struck with its great importance, as a field of effort, for the spread of the Gospel,—and consequently without revolving often in his thoughts, the methods by which the reign of God may be promoted here—and every where. The Seamen's Friends' Societies may perhaps be most naturally looked to—for planting missionaries in the great commercial cities of countries nominally Christian; and there is now at Marsailles an excellent man, who is sent out and supported by the American Society. If these societies are to be looked to chiefly for this important object, they need to be greatly strengthened—and to have their efforts

take a new range; for I think it is not saying too much to assert, that at this moment they might employ at least a hundred persons, where they now have one—and each one just as beneficially, as those now at work. Of all the cities of Europe, Marsailles and Trieste—are, in my view, the most important, with reference to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, in the way of missionary labour. They are situated on the opposite sides of the peninsula of Italy—one at the head of the Adriatic—the other near the southern termination of the Alps. They are the nearest and most effectual points from which Italy itself can be operated on; Trieste being in half a day's sail of Venice—while Marsailles is within a day and a half of Rome. Trieste is most advantageously situated with reference to the Empire of Austria, of which it is the chief port—as well as to the adjacent provinces of the Turkish Empire; while Marsailles is in daily communication with Spain and the larger islands of the Mediterranean. With reference to the northern coast of Africa, the situation of both is in the highest degree important, so that an active man stationed at either point, might after he had obtained some acquaintance with two or three languages, occupy a position of incalculable importance. When I was in Marsailles there were several hundred Arabs there; prisoners to the French, taken in the regency of Algiers—and destined perhaps to remain there an indefinite length of time. Now what work more important than to take this band of unhappy men—as my portion, attach myself to them—learn their language—teach them the Gospel of God—return with them to their tents and their little ones—and follow them over the trackless course of a life of wandering—that "if by any means I might win some?"—What result more deplorable than for them to see and despise the superstitions of the Roman church—and return and scatter over Africa contempt and abhorrence for the very name of Christian? Alas! that we cannot do the good we would; that we do not, the good we might!

The people of God are not, it is to be feared sufficiently alive to the fearful truth, that an immense, undoubtedly the larger part of the nominal church of Christ, has yet to be brought to

the knowledge of the truth. It is time the Christian world felt, and began to act in view of the impressive fact—that the Greek, and Roman churches—and especially the latter, have as real need of the efforts of missionaries, as the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, or the heathen population of the earth. I am sensible, that all who have not examined this subject, and many who think they have, will look upon such a statement as at once fanatical and absurd. I beg them to consider the following simple statement, in reference to the Roman church.—1. That church offers religious worship to an almost innumerable variety of objects—and to some, (as the Virgin Mary, the true cross, and the host in the eucharist) the very same kind of adoration that is offered to God himself. But it is the very first principle of the religion of the Bible—that the object of religious worship is absolutely unique—that God is one—that nothing that is not God, shall be adored in any sort, or manner whatever—and that he who does so, is an idolator. That church then is in fatal heresy as to the very nature and objects of religious worship. 2. The mode of access to God, for the pardon of sin, is also absolutely unique,—namely, through Jesus Christ, the only mediator between God and man; and hereon hangs the plan of redemption, as on the preceding point hangs all acceptable worship. But in the Roman church are hundreds of thousands of mediators—insomuch that every papist seeks access to God through some common to all, (as the Virgin Mary, Michael the archangel, &c. &c.,) and in addition, every one has his special mediators, (as the saint he is devoted to, his guardian angel, &c. &c). From whence it results, that they reject the only Mediator and Intercessor, by whom sinners can be saved. 3. Salvation is from sin—and is deliverance from its corruption and its pains:—or in other words pardon, regeneration and sanctification—must precede admission to heaven. In the nature of the case repentance towards God—and in the nature of the Christian plan, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, are indispensable towards Salvation. But it is of faith in the Papal church—that the sacraments of themselves, necessarily confer grace—that salvation is impossible out of the faith, the idolatrous faith of Rome—and that salvation is certain within

its pale and ordinances; that the new birth is a mere phantom —that good works are meritorious grounds of pardon—and that justification by grace through faith in Christ crucified, is a lie invented by the devil. Now it follows, that in the Roman church there is no true knowledge of the nature of sin and holiness—any more than of the nature of true worship or of the only way of salvation. 4. The only instrument of salvation is divine truth, —that truth contained in the revealed word of God; without the knowledge of at least a portion of which, the salvation of sinners is simply impossible. But the church of Rome sedulously keeps back the word of life from her members—and as sedulously teaches in its place those "traditions of men"—which make it void. But these four categories cover the whole ground —which the divine teachings of the Spirit cover, in bringing the souls of men "from darkness into light;"—and upon each by itself, and upon all unitedly—it follows with the certainty of absolute demonstration—that the Papacy, is apostate—that God's people—if any still linger in her, should according to his express command at once come out of her—and that all his people should labour, as for other sinners, for the salvation of those attached to her communion—until its great and signal perdition, declared of God, puts it out of our power to do any thing for them.

This is no new opinion—though haply it may at present be no common one. For all the reformers without exception,—all the martyrs for the last thirteen centuries,—and every church, and fragment of God's people who kept the word of his testimony—during the midnight of the world—have with one voice, in the prison, at the stake, on the gibbet—in the caves of the earth—in king's palaces—in the pulpit, and through the press—proclaimed evermore the same truths now asserted.—It is to this point the church must come back before much effort, or much beneficial result can be expected in the conversion of Papists. And although the aspect of that superstition as a political organization commensurate with the earth's limits, and directed against the best earthly hopes of man—deserves and must command a ceaseless vigilance; yet to the true Christian, its most striking features are its vast capacity to ruin the souls of men—its cease-

less activity and prodigious energy in resisting the extension of Messiah's kingdom.

I have mentioned incidentally the church of our *Lady of the Garde*,—(Notre Dame de la Garde). It is filled with votive offerings, by sailors chiefly, commemorative of the signal preservations and mercies they have received *from an image of the Virgin Mary* deposited in the church. At Leghorn the magnificent church of Monte Nero was raised by the piety of the same unhappy class of men, to an old picture of the Virgin—which they are taught flew through the air from Judea, and perched on the hill on which the church is situated for their special protection. Its walls also, are covered with every sort of *ex veto* offerings—indicative of the hair-breadth escapes, to which the adventurous life of the poor sailor gives occasion,—and in all which he has attributed his deliverance to this miraculous daub. At Savona, where Pius VII., during his quarrel with Napoleon, had his court, or rather perhaps his exile, for some time,—a statue of the Virgin which overlooks the anchorage—has engraved on its pedestal two lines—which are at the same time Latin and Italian—and which run as follows:

In mare riato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra binigna stella.

That is: *in the angry sea, in the sudden tempest, I invoke thee, our benign star.*—No Italian ship sails past any such temple, or image, without the most reverend salutations; and hundreds of them bear the name and effigy of one of the innumerable goddesses, who have been made out of the Virgin. When things go well, they pay all honour to their titular protectress; but if things go ill, they heap curses and imprecations upon her—and not seldom inflict blows upon her image. It is at once painful and curious to find priests who call themselves Christian—teaching their deluded followers, the same worship, and training them in the same religion—which, if we can believe Virgil, and Ovid and Statius, they were eye-witnesses to, on the part of heathen sailors—who had never heard of Christ—in the very same spot!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Climate of the South of France—Arles—Mouths of the Rhone—Alluvions—The Moral and Physical Desolations of the Past—The Shores of the Mediterranean Sea every where full of these.

I was very much surprised to see the number of invalids, who seemed to be afflicted with chronic complaints—and especially with diseases of the lungs—throughout that region which under the general appellation of "South of Europe"—is reckoned in America, to be not only exempt from such afflictions—but blessed with a climate so pure, and an atmosphere so balmy, as to restore those in whom the principle of life is not attenuated to the last shred. My circumstances when in that country—imposed on me the closest watchfulness, of such things—by duties the most imperative, and feelings at once the most tender and powerful—that attach to relations purely earthly.—The senses sharpen, and the powers of observation and reflection become doubly active—when we watch for a life dearer than our own. In such a situation I formed my opinion—and I express it freely, for the benefit of all invalids. The whole northern coast of the Mediterranean—is not only unsuitable for a winter residence for persons threatened with pulmonary affections—but it is a country in which such complaints form a very decided class of indigenous diseases. The climate is liable to excessive vicissitudes from hot to cold—and from dry to moist; the atmosphere is agitated by repeated and violent winds, some of the worst of which blow for days if not weeks together—and one of which, called

mistral, and coming from the north, is the most piercing, chilling wind I have experienced in any part of Europe. During four days we were in Nice, in the end of October, this wind blew two days: during fifteen days we were in Marsailles, in November, it blew nine: during three days we were at Nismes, early in the same month, it blew two: and these are fair average specimens of October and November, as I found them along that coast. Add to this the extreme scarcity and dearness of fuel—the unskilful structure of the deep and low fire places—the tiled floors uncarpeted—and the general want of comfortable provision against a climate of which damp and cold are such large elements —and it may easily be seen how small a chance the poor invalid has of comfort, or restoration. How long this weather may last, I cannot tell, but as all the central and northern part of France was covered with snow for a day or two in the latter part of October—we cannot reckon the season of cold at a shorter period than five months; that is from the beginning of November to the end of March. During this period more than half the time, is doubtless much more mild than we have it, even at a parallel ten or eleven degrees farther south: and very much of it has a blandness and delicious softness, entirely unknown during our winter. It is doubtful how far such excessive alternations are beneficial to the invalid. The degree of cold, though not excessive, is greater than is generally supposed. In Paris during December and January—for several weeks the ponds in the garden of the Thuileries were covered with ice four or five inches thick. I can distinctly remember half a dozen winters, within the last twenty years, which were so mild in the western part of the United States—Kentucky for example, that ice could not be obtained for preservation for summer's use.

The summer climate of this region is liable also to very great objections. The immense alluvions which are formed at the mouths of all the rivers—and which are in many places covered with a rank growth of weeds and coarse grass forming a sort of marsh—make the air pestilential for considerable portions of every year. Arms of the sea project into these marshes, and other low places—and letting in the water by a narrow neck, expand them-

selves into lakes, or *Etangs,* as they are called—obstructing the free intercourse of the people—preventing population, and spreading malaria. Many regions are afflicted with periodical diseases—others are shunned as pestilential—and every where the heat for several months is as ardent as our own. In the south of France the early commencement of spring signalizes itself by the advent of crowds of insects—especially of a species of gnat hatched in a few hours upon the surface of the *Etangs,* under the fierce rays of the sun—and which in myriads beyond computation possess the land, until the mistral cuts them, and autumn off together.

The country between Marsailles and Arles—embracing also the region between the two principal mouths of the Rhone—and that east of the river, is marked by the peculiarities I have here mentioned—in an uncommon degree. Arles is seated upon the top and sides of a conical pile of calcarious rock—about twenty miles from the sea—at the spot where the Rhone begins seriously to arrest its furious current—and where also it first begins to divide its sullen waters into the numerous channels by which they creep, rather than run into the Mediterranean. The width upon the sea shore, occupied by the mouth of these various channels, is nearly double the distance from Arles to the sea. Or in other words, a space of twenty by forty miles—is covered by the alluvion formed by this river, the channels it still requires to disgorge its waters, and the *Etangs* and marshes over which they spread. There is every reason to believe the tradition, which represents the spot on which Arles now stands to have been at least on the very margin of the sea, if not indeed an island, in the remote antiquity at which the foundations of the city were laid. A great portion of the immense alluvion described above, is not fully reclaimed—and serves only for pasturage for the droves of black cattle—and white horses that feed over it by hundreds together. The waters instead of subsiding—seem to hold a doublful contest with the accumulating deposites—since the hand of industry has been for so long a period withdrawn almost entirely from the conflict; and while new formations push themselves out in one direction—the waters of the Etangs

spread themselves in others to compensate for the doubtful triumph. It is difficult to imagine a wilder scene than that presented to the traveller—as he is carried swiftly through the canal that borders the western branch of the Rhone from Arles, to the desolate and neglected cluster of huts, called the port of Brucque. On one side is a waste of water, and marshes; on the other a wide, level region covered with coarse grass, and grazed over by the herds I have described—apparently in a state of nature, while the distance is closed by the usual amphitheatre of barren and naked mountains, surmounted here and there by the ruins of cities now destitute of a single inhabitant—or perhaps the silent and wretched hamlets into which princely abodes have shrunken.

This species of formation—is far from unusual—and is of various descriptions around the Mediterranean. At Frejus the ruins of a Pharos, which once stood at the entrance of the harbour—are now about three miles from the sea; and what was the harbour two thousand years ago, is at present a richly cultivated region of vine-yards and gardens. Nor does it seem at all surprising that a river so small as the Argens should form an alluvion—a mile and a half wide by four long—when one turns in all directions and sees the last ranges of the maritime Alps around him—with their rugged sides as naked, as if the hand of man had scraped and scoured them. The formations at the mouths of the Po and the Nile—the two most important rivers which discharge their waters into this sea, are second in magnitude, perhaps only to that of our gigantic Mississippi: and both of them—have produced the most important effects, directly—upon the regions immediately surrounding, by their injurious effects upon health, agriculture and navigation,—and indirectly, upon the whole of Egypt and Italy—themselves originally, far the most important kingdoms of the continents to which they respectively belong. The influence exerted by such natural causes in the ruin of states, is greater than we are apt to suppose.

There seems however to be, in all human affairs, a sort of cycle, whose revolutions, appropriate to the magnitude or little-

ness of the interests to which they appertain, recur with an inevitable fixedness—hurrying forward all things to their maturity in despite of obstacles which would appear to be insurmountable —and when their climax is passed, dragging them on towards decay with an impitiable vigour. Dynasties are extinguished in a few brief ages,—and, what is more to be regretted, the great names which signalize their respective epochs, or embalm the peculiar virtues which they illustrated—perish from amongst men—leaving neither issue, nor successor to their glory. The Seleucidœ, the Ptolemies--and almost the august line of Cæsars —may be discharged with all their prolonged and expanded greatness—with a few sentences in the great memorial of the past:--while the very institutions which they created, and sought by every method to make eternal—have varied with the same wasting revolutions—and perished under the same consuming fate that has devoured all things beside. This is a stern and harsh necessity--which as it smites us all in turn, with all our works, small and great--leaves us no alternative but to meet it with becoming dignity. But, there is even a wider and a sader reign, to this strange and insatiable principle;--and when we behold the highest interests of man involved in the common destiny—we are ready to tremble at the very advance of letters, civilization, and religion itself—because we have seen without exception, their graves dug in the midst of rejoicings for their triumph.—Nay, not only is every interest of man,—both as it touches him individually—and as it pertains to his various associated conditions, subject to this law—but the human race itself bows under it, like a blade of grass nipped by the frost. The great perish, institutions are effaced—religion is extinguished—civilization departs; but even this is not all:—for the race itself is eaten up,—continents wax feeble with the weight of years—and the earth itself mourns in a sullen sterility, the decay of all that made it smile with beauty and abundance!

There are few regions in which these solemn truths are more frequently forced upon the heart, than all those which surround the Mediterranean. How many vast empires have grown here from small beginnings—flourished with grandeur of which the

slight details left us, fill our minds with amazement—and then utterly perished? Perished not only as to their arts, resources, laws, wealth, and power—but perished as to their material existence. The people are dead and none have succeeded them—the land is barren, where luxuriance once reigned—the air is full of pestilence where health sat on every brow—the earth is waxen cruel to man, where she once rejoiced to lay every treasure at his feet—and man himself is reduced to a tenth—perhaps a hundredth part of his numbers in the very infancy of the world—on the spot where his own infancy was nursed and his manhood wrought such illustrious deeds!—If we should commence at the straits of Gibraltar and pass our eyes around this renowned sea, how forcibly would these truths appear to us!—Carthage, so powerful, so populous, so rich, so long the dangerous enemy of Rome herself—is not only effaced—but the lands which Pliny tells us yielded five hundred heads of wheat to every grain sown, and which Budæus computes on the statements of Pliny, to have been worth above a hundred and twenty thousand Roman sesterces per acre—now yield a scanty subsistence to the flocks of the Bedouin Arabs; and the total conquest of the country is deemed of so little importance, and of such easy attainment that France has occupied its principal strong holds for eight or ten years, with a few thousand troops, without deeming the matter of sufficient importance, to be seriously considered.—If we come to Egypt we not only find universal ignorance and poverty—where exhaustless wealth had her abode and letters had their birth;—but the harvest which fed the millions of Rome, and the lack of which spread famine through the eternal city, is reduced to a supply hardly sufficient for the diminished and miserable slaves who gather it in tears—while the teeming population that overrun the east, and so stoutly defied Rome, is shrunk to a handful, the easy prey of foreign slaves (for such were the Mamelukes,) or domestic mercenaries and brigands. The physical desolation of Palestine, indeed of all Syria—is hardly less remarkable. The fruitfulness and the populousness of Judea, in the times of its original inhabitants, before Moses and Joshua subdued them; its almost incredible advance in both, under the

dominion of the Judges—and until the death of Solomon, nay its condition in the days of Titus, as compared with its present scanty population, unhealthy climate—and unproductive soil—give us some faint ideas of the greatness of those miraculous interpositions—which will, one day cause it to be replenished and to flourish again with so much glory—that in their new deliverance the people will cease to rejoice in the God that brought them up out of the Land of Egypt, that they may exult in the God who gathereth them "*out of the North Country.*"—It were useless to speak of Troy or of Tire, or to illustrate the melancholy truths before me, by recalling the former and present *material* condition of the states which composed the Greek, and afterwards the Mahomedan Empire:—or passing another step around the map—to weep over the fate of Venice—that wise and puissant commonwealth—whose very walls will soon be covered by the waves of the Adriatic, and the tread of man be silenced in her streets, by the double pest of Austria, and the marshes of the Adige and the Po.—Rome herself, terrible Rome—the grandest in her day of power—commands the least sympathy in her signal ruin. Those vast walls which once exceeded fifty miles in circuit—and embraced five hundred thousand free denizens, who bore arms,—and counting all—not less than three, or as others say eight millions of souls when at the greatest—contain neither soldier, freeman, nor citizen,—and only about a hundred and fifty thousand souls—of whom nearly all the adults are servants, strumpets and priests.—The Pontine marshes which once contained thirty-three cities—now cover a space of more than a hundred and thirty-eight square miles of land, with one vast pestilential bog: on the spot where patricians once contended for the office of *Curator viæ* ("path master," as they call it down east,) and prized among their greatest honours, that of inscribing their names, above works and repairs which ruined them,—is now inhabited by thieves and banditti. The Campagna which was once the garden of Italy, and whose high ways, for fifteen miles from the outer gates of the gigantic city, were streets of palaces, and gardens and villas; now surrounds Rome with a belt of desolation and infection, whose common atmosphere

has given its name (*mal' aria*)—to that subtle poison which is supposed to generate the most malignant fevers, in the worst localities of the earth. The very soil is parched with the heat of those internal fires, on whose bosom all southern Italy reposes —and nothing is more to be expected than that the miserable remnants of "that great city which reigned over the kings of the earth"—should be swallowed up together—if it is not too speedily depopulated by the malignant atmosphere which every year draws its circle, tighter and closer around it.

From such illustrious examples, it seems too great a descent to make minute statements regarding the interesting matters, which the history of the South of France so particularly explains. Yet surely no one can stand in the irregular and rather mean looking city of Arles, with nineteen or twenty thousand pale and common looking inhabitants—and realize that he is in the midst of a city which once contained above a hundred thousand souls — was called the Rome of France—gave name to a kingdom of which it was the capital—was the seat of important if not general councils before that of Nice—and still preserves monuments of its former magnificence, of which Rome itself might be proud. No one can stand upon the towers of its amphitheatre, and looking over the desolate regions which surround it on every side—feel that he beholds a country, once fertile and populous to an extreme degree—and which even so late as the wars of the league in France, was esteemed a strong hold of any party for whom it might declare. Still less is possible to conceive that the hamlets which at various distances surround it, were ever the princely abodes,—the impregnable fortresses—the imposing cities, of which history speaks so largely. In every part of this section of France, you feel the constant impression of a country worn out—and consumed,—of a population left as a sort of remnant to guard the land till its cycle of wo is run out. It is an impression, impossible to communicate, but yet defined and full of bitterness.—The human mind in ruins—madness—has always seemed to me the most solemn and imposing sorrow, we can be called to witness. Next to that, a city, a country in decay, in ruins. He who would have a vivid impression of the former,

need only pass from some hall of science, or some noble display of mental power,—into a hospital for the insane; he who would strongly realize the latter, must leave America with a clear conception of its vigour and the irresistible impulsion with which all things move, and pass through any of the more ancient habitations of man. After that, it will no more need to demonstrate the incalculable pre-eminence of his country—than to discourse to a philosopher on the blessings that distinguish him above the poor maniac. Oh! that we knew the day of our visitation;—that we may so use our power and our blessings, great and yet not half developed—that every being may rejoice in us, while our grandeur abides—and bless our memory if it should pass away!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Conclusion.

After lingering about Nismes, Arles, Avignon, Vienne and Lyons,—till the cold weather admonished us that invalids should go into winter quarters; we reached Paris about the close of the year—and having spent the winter in that great centre of European civilization, landed again in America, in the end of April 1837—after an absence of about thirteen months. The reader will perceive that whatever these volumes contain, relates to little more than the first half of that period; and he will not take it amiss if I add, that but for my connection at that time and for several years before and afterwards, with the periodical press, he never would have whiled away hours, which I fear he may consider not very wisely spent, in wandering with me, and listening to statements and reflections, whose chief merit perhaps is,—and that is indeed a very humble one—that they are just what he would have heard if he had been my companion in travel.—If he has any confidence in my judgment, or any regard for my advice, I think I can more than repay his kindness in bearing me company this far, by urging him to take up his hat, and go farther. If he is sick—it will probably cure him: if he is down hearted, it will chase the cloud from his spirit: if he is overflowing with a too sanguine confidence, it will moderate his heated temperament: if he is ignorant, he can hardly fail to

learn something, and if he supposes he already knows much, it will be very apt to correct his mistake: if he is in love with foreign manners and ideas, it may bring him to his right mind, and if he undervalues his own glorious country, it may teach him his folly: in short, if he is a being worth improving and capable of any thing, it will do him good, and if he is wholly worthless, it will reveal that fact plainly and soon. Go then, and look upon other skies, and other lands, and other races of men, and other forms of social existence, and other developments of the grand problems of human life. And when you return,—if I, or my advice, or my book, dwell in your memory,—repay me, and bless yourself, by using all your increased knowledge and aptitude for effort, in striving to make those around you good and happy.

THE END.