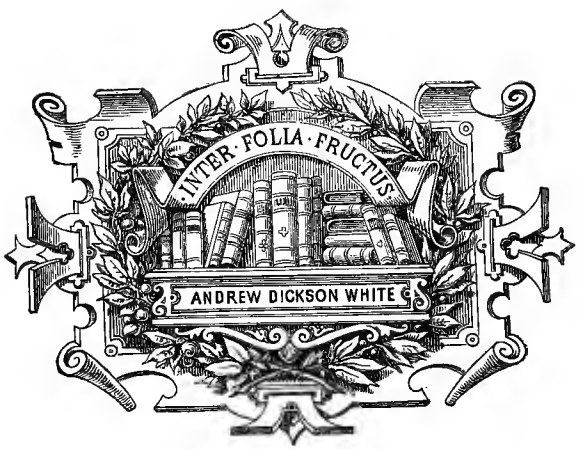
Switzerland

S. H. M. Byers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ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

SWITZERLAND

Lucerne 1886.

AND THE

SWISS

BY

Samuel Hawkins Marshall
S. H. M. BYERS
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NOTE.

The following pages have been written in the hopes of accomodating, as far as may be, the very great number of Americans and English who have wanted books giving general information of Switzerland and its people. Of mere Guide-Books, there are already many, but these necessarily stop with simply telling how to get about in the country. Of Histories, there are almost none, or as good as none, available in English.

In view of this, the following papers have been prepared, combining a condensed History of the country with general information relative to the people and their institutions and with descriptions of the finest scenes.

To make these papers as useful as possible to readers who may carry the book along to Switzerland, it is prefaced with a chapter of Hints and Suggestions as to the easiest and most economical way of seeing Switzerland. For the convenience of travelers who may not care to read the historical parts first, they are placed at the back of the book.

No one should travel in Switzerland without providing himself with the little Post, Railway, and Telegraph Guide of the country. It costs less than a sixpence, is corrected every six months, and is for sale by every Postmaster. Although in German and French, its tables, tariffs etc., are easily comprehended by the English reader.

Küssnacht, May-day 75.

THE AUTHOR.

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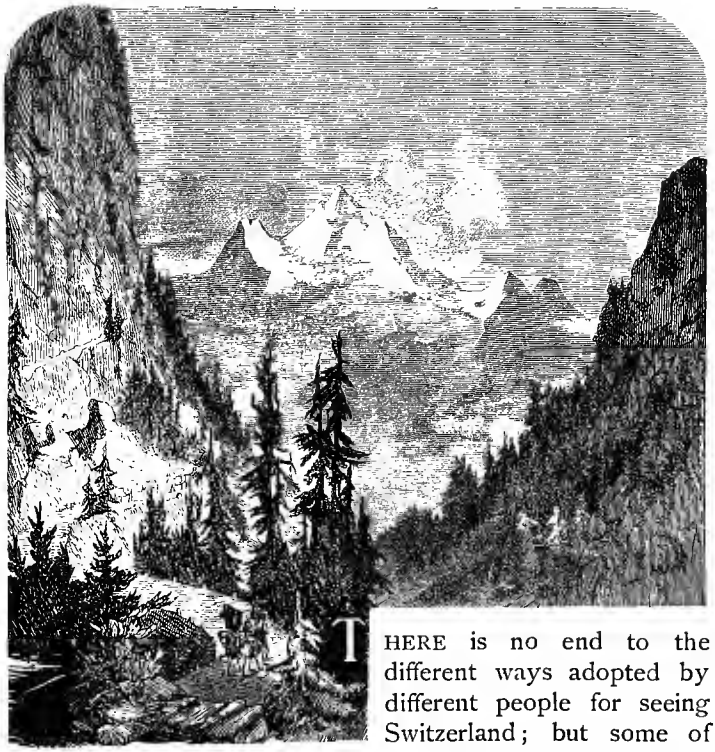
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

HOW TO SEE SWITZERLAND

How to see Switzerland

or Hints to the Traveler.



THERE is no end to the different ways adopted by different people for seeing Switzerland; but some of these ways are much better and more economical in time and money than others, and should, for this reason, be considered and studied before starting. Six months were a nice time to tarry among the Alps, and three months can leave memories that will refresh the heart in many a future day. Neither six months nor three months are needed by the traveler who only comes to see the brightest spots, the fairest lakes, — to tarry here a week, and there a day.

The Builder of the Alps did not intend that men of wealth and leisure only should enjoy His fairest handiwork. The mountains and villages and lakes are many and close together, and he who cannot see all in the heated term, can at least see much that will make him better for having seen — for these grand rocks, storm capped peaks, and rainbowed cataracts are a sort of educators to a higher life.

While one can see, and comfortably enjoy, the principal beauties of Switzerland in a much shorter time than from three to six months, and while it is not necessary, nor even always profitable, to see everything mentioned in the guide-books, there is little pleasure and no profit in hurrying through. Except in going long distances, the railroads should be avoided.

Rushing by villages and farms, diving through dark tunnels, and flying away from what ought to be taken along, is no way of seeing Switzerland. One can "do" the country, in this way, and do it very quickly, but the gains in the way of information, health, and pleasure, correspond only with the little time spent in d o i n g. There are no braced nerves and muscles carried home — no browned faces and rosy cheeks — few vivid, life-long remembrances to be called up of our summer-days in Switzerland. To the person of ordinary means, short vacations, and little leisure, an avoidance of some hurry is almost out of the question; yet he must cultivate a plan of making haste slowly, when he travels for pleasure, or his money is spent in vain. It is better to see one little edge, one bright valley, one fair lake, and one mountain, of this delightful country, and see it well and comfortably, than to rush through every nook and corner of the entire land. It is not necessary to come with reams of paper, pocket diaries, and pencils, for recording events of one's summer-days here. It is no place for business, or philosophy, or self-worshipping. One's cares, with one's revenges and one's sins, should be left behind with one's Saratoga trunks. This is a place of contemplation and of worship; for he who contemplates God's works aright must worship Him as well.

Switzerland is no longer a cheap country to travel in or to live in. On the contrary, it is a dear one, — very dear; and yet, possibly, not dearer than other continental states; for none of them suffer from any extraordinary facilities for cheap living. The days when Oliver Goldsmith wandered through the Alps and played upon his flute, as a recompense for a night's lodging, are gone; — long since gone. Nor could a Bayard Taylor now earn bread and milk at peasants' homes, by telling strange stories of a strange, new land, far over the seas. If the prices for living are high in Switzerland, the accommodations are as good. There are no better and, possibly, no bigger hotels, anywhere. Taking them, from the Salle-à-Manger to the floor below, to the first saloons above, and back again, even to the very bills in the steward's hands, they are large, very large, and impress one with feelings of astonishment, if not dismay.

Old tourists, say experienced travelers, will know the charges to be made, before a meal is eaten, a trunk unstrapped, or a door-key turned; else blunders in the reckoning will occur and, strangely enough, the addition always fails as against the traveler. Seldom does an inexperienced tourist leave a Swiss hotel without exclaiming "The bill is larger than I expected"; this to be followed by a dispute with the chief clerk, a soured temper, and a day's pleasure lost forever. Hence, even in pleasure-seeking, there is a business propriety that should lead one to know the price of a thing before he buys it; and the best way to know the price of a week's board, is to ask the landlord to make a memorandum of each and every charge to be made, and then remember that wines and fires and baths and candles and, sometimes, bows, are things that are charged for extra. Bills for hotels, carriages, guides, porters, and the like, are always smaller, if determined upon in advance, and those who think the outlay too insignificant to mention beforehand, should not complain afterwards, if imposed upon. In the larger towns, drivers of public carriages, cabs etc., are, by law, required to carry printed tariffs; but these tariffs are frequently stowed away from sight, that the driver may double his charge and become, instead of a common

carrier, a common robber. Nowhere is there a more disgraceful and unprincipled grabbing at the purse of the traveler than here, among the guides, porters, and drivers of many public conveyances; and the only way to avoid the imposition, is to demand the tariff in advance. Should imposition still follow, the grievance may as well be pocketed; as appeals to the police are heard one day, considered another, and decided only, if at all, long after the traveler has disappeared. Gratuities, though always expected, are nearly as often wasted, when bestowed upon many of these fleecers self-trained to a species of petty robbing.

These men won't or don't steal, however. The pettiest, or the most valuable article, if left in the conveyance, is readily restored. It is a principle among them, to stick to one line of obtaining what don't belong to them; and a lie is easier covered up than an umbrella or a leather trunk.

The best money to carry in Switzerland is French Napoleons or English bank-notes. Even English notes, however, are sometimes shaved, and a petty commission is universally docked from letters of credit, whether from England or America. In the shops, a shilling is usually counted a franc and a quarter, and a gold dollar is reckoned at five francs ten. Postage on letters to England is thirty centimes, and to America, a half franc. Inside the limits of Switzerland, telegraphing is almost as cheap as letter writing, as a half franc pays for a message of twenty words. Telegraphing to hotels for rooms does not engage them; and as it is usually positively necessary, in the season, to secure rooms in advance, an answer from the manager should be asked and paid for, and presented, on reaching the hotel; otherwise, the traveler may count without his host.

Only small parcels can be carried free on the railroads, which, by the way, run no night trains. Baggage must be paid for as freight, and receipts for the payment, as well as for the trunks, should always be demanded. Trunks can be sent in advance of traveling parties, either by slow freight or express; but the former is liable to a degree of slowness

that may cause a trunk, not made of iron, to perish, weeks before reaching the intended destination.

Money-orders can be obtained, to the amount of five hundred francs, for any point in the country; and this is, perhaps, the cheapest and easiest method of transferring small amounts, as twenty centimes buys an order for a hundred francs.

Distances are usually reckoned by Stunden, or hours, and the method is a convenient one in a mountainous country, for the reason, that a mile up a mountain side is a very different matter from a mile down a mountain or along a level, turnpiked road. The time required to walk five miles from Andermatt south, would be sufficient for ten miles from Andermatt north; hence, hours, and not miles, could indicate the time required to accomplish the two distances.

The first best way of seeing Switzerland is afoot, with knapsack and staff. Those who cannot make the longer distances so, should at least walk in all the shorter excursions; thus gaining better views of the magnificent scenery, as well as enjoying the most delightful and health-giving excercise. Ladies should not be an exception to this rule of walking through the country as much as possible. Even when traveling in carriages and diligences, tourists will pass hundreds of points, where romantic paths affording the delightfulest of views will prove much shorter than the road to be pursued by the vehicle. These cut-offs permit a straightening of the legs, give relief to the horses, and an additional pleasure to the seekers of enjoyment. The roads are many, in every part of the country; are magnificently made and well kept, — so solid, dry, and clean, are they, one might almost tramp the country over in slippers. The post diligences run on most of the public roads, and are a comfortable means of conveyance. The tariffs are reasonable, always observed, and the conductors accommodating men, able to give much information of the country, as, with the walkers, they tramp through the cut-offs. A cigar, a "constitunional", or a franc, is seldom tendered without its return in little attentions that every traveler can appreciate.

The second best way of traveling through Switzerland, though not always the cheapest, is by private carriages, which can be had to better advantage, if taken by the day or week, the driver paying his own expenses. A written memorandum should be made of such engagements, — a driver who is acquainted with the country should be selected, and none but good, strong horses accepted. A party of from four to five persons can travel up and down the country with a two horse carriage, at perfect leisure, and at no great advance, if any, on the price paid for the same number in the diligence; while the comfort and pleasure are immeasurably greater. Night coaching is avoided, delays for the enjoyment of special scenery made possible, and the traveler is his own master.

Switzerland should, of course, be visited in the summer time, and there is little choice of days between June and October. Mountain climbing, however, should be done in August, when the days are long and hot, and when snow-storms are not to be expected. None but strong, hardy persons should, as a rule, think of making difficult ascents. Continued tramping, and repeated clambering up and down hills and mountain-sides, strengthen the muscle and improve the appetite, of course; but the little good accomplished by climbing a mountain occasionally only, is ill compensated by bruised feet, strained limbs, and a generally exhausted frame. To those who can spend a summer in Switzerland becoming accustomed to the thing, climbing high mountains may prove an exhilarating excercise. To the tourist of a few weeks, it is a positive injury. To those who will not rest content, until their feet have trod a mountain's top, the Rigi, with its rail, offers the best of opportunity, and, although it is by no means a high mountain, the view from its summit is hardly surpassed in the Alpine world.

It has often occurred to the writer that health and pleasure-seeking pedestrians might tent out in Switzerland to advantage, as sportsmen do in some other countries. The expense, when compared with the pleasure, would be trifling. A single, one-horse vehicle would convey the tent and complete

baggage of half a dozen foot excursionists. Meals could be taken at wayside inns, and the pleasantest places could always be selected for pitching tents. Everything that a party could possibly want, in the way of traveling conveniences, could always be at hand in the carriage, and a lame foot or a tired limb could be rested without a general halt. The sum paid for the driver and carriage would not equal the expense saved by free lodgings, while the pleasures of a mountain tramp would be wonderfully enhanced by the conveniences at hand, and the opportunity of resting occasionally, during the day, without stopping the whole party. To travel in this way, circular tours should be adopted, to avoid the expense of an empty carriage in a return trip.

Before going to the country, tourists should be decided as to the amount of time to be spent there, and select the route offering the best advantages. Most American and English tourists enter Switzerland at one of three points, — Geneva, Basle, or Lindau. If traveling from the west, and it is intended to visit Italy or Germany as a continuation of the tour, Basle may be considered as the best starting point. Coming from the East, Lindau or Constance is the usual point where the frontier is crossed. Passes are not demanded, coming in or going out; yet no traveler should be without such a paper in any continental country. The Swiss levy no duties, export or import, on the articles usually carried out and in by travelers; but it must not be forgotten that the authorities in France, Italy, and Germany, charge duty on most wares crossing the lines from Switzerland. As an aid to those who do not invest in professional guide-books, the following general routes, starting from the usual points of crossing the Swiss frontier, are suggested. On another page, will be mentioned some of the most interesting side excursions that can be selected by the tourist, should his leisure allow. Time-tables, tariffs, distances etc., will not be referred to, as such references would be about as useful, and not more infallible, than last year's almanac; they, like most things concerning travelers on the continent, being subject to the most astonishing mutations within the

cycle of a single year. They can be had, however, with all their changes noted semi-anually, in the little sixpenny book of tables referred to in the prefatory note.

One of the best and completest routes before the tourist entering Switzerland at Basle, is by rail to the Falls of the Rhine and to Zurich. Rail to Lucerne, — or, still better, steamer to Horgen, carriage to Lucerne. Steamer to Alpnach, carriage over the Brünig to Brienz, steamer to Interlaken. Rail to Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva. Steamer up lake Geneva to Vevey and Chillon, rail up the Rhone valley to Martigny. Here, a side excursion, with mules, to Chamouny and back; rail to Briegg and thence by carriage over the Simplon pass to Italy. Or the journey can with great profit be continued by rail to Viesch, and thence over the Furka pass, by carriage, to Andermatt, Dissentis, and Chur. Chur to Thusis, where the Via Mala can be visited in a couple of hours, and thence, through the Schynn and Julier passes, to St. Moritz, in the Engadine. Return to Thusis and over the Via Mala to Italy; or proceed from St. Moritz through the lower Engadine, along the river Inn, through the grand Finstermünz pass in Tyrol, and on to Innsbruck, where the rail may be taken over the Brenner pass to Italy, or to any point in Germany. This route, pursued all the way to Innsbruck, would afford enjoyment of the most varied and magnificent scenery of the world. It passes along fertile valleys, by fine towns, many rivers, lakes, water-falls, snow-fields, glaciers, avalanches, high passes, and the loftiest mountains of the Alpine regions. By leaving Switzerland at the Simplon pass, the distance is reduced more than a half, and by leaving by the Via Mala and the Splügen, it is reduced a third. The absolute time required to make the whole tour to Innsbruck, would vary, of course, with the number of rests and side excursions along the way. Of the latter, there are many, especially at Lucerne, Interlaken, and Geneva, that should not be omitted. Counting fifteen days for resting and seeing what ought to be seen along the route, and fifteen more for travel, the month is gone; but in that month, one has

seen the most glorious sections of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Of course it will have been a month of work, in its way, for no time has been allowed for unusual lounging, or extravagant morning naps. With all the moving about, however, one should reach the end of his journey invigorated, and bettered towards man and God, for having lived a month among the grandeur that praises Him continually.

Those who enter Swiss lines at Geneva, after having made the separate excursion direct to Mt. Blanc and up the lake, cannot do better than to follow the route just given, backwards, all the way to the Rhine falls or to Basle, take steamer on lake Zurich to Rappersweil, then rail direct to Chur, carriage to Thusis and over the Via Mala to Italy; or continue the route to the Engadine and down the river Inn to Innsbruck, whence the rail will take them over to Italy, north to Austria or Germany, or back, via Munich, to Zurich and Paris-wards.

Tourists, arriving at Constance Lake from Germany, and wishing to include the Engadine in their Swiss tour, should take rail from Lindau direct to Chur, carriage to Thusis and the Via Mala, and then proceed to the upper Engadine by the passes mentioned in the first route; return to Chur and go to Ragatz and Zurich by rail, make a side excursion to the falls of the Rhine, and then adopt the route first mentioned, going from Zurich to Horgen or Lucerne, direct thence to Brienz, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva; and, after having made the side excursions to Chamouny and along Geneva lake, go north, by rail, to Neuchâtel or Basle, and again westward toward Paris and home. If it is desired to include the Tyrol in this route, the tourist should go to Innsbruck from Munich, follow up the Inn to the Engadine, cross over to Chur, and proceed then as before stated.

Coming over the Splügen pass from Italy to Switzerland, tourists cannot do better than to visit the Engadine from Thusis, return to Chur and follow the previous route to Zurich, Lucerne, Interlaken, Berne, Geneva, and north, to Neuchâtel and Basle. The most interesting places to be

visited in the plans suggested, as Zurich, Lucerne, Interlacken, Geneva, and the Engadine, are described at length in some of the following papers.

The routes given above are thought to be the most direct to the points mentioned and, where there are no railroads or steamers, the very best of post roads, with regular lines of diligences, are found. They pass all the most interesting places in the country, and afford a complete variety of scenery, climate, people, and language, as the routes reach the most opposite points in Switzerland. For persons having an abundance of leisure, it is advisable to take but part of one of the suggested routes at a time; but as stop-over tickets are not to be had on the railways, resting points should be selected and tickets bought for that distance only. There is no increased expense caused by breaking the journey thus, on the railways or by the post carriages, as tickets are sold for a certain price per mile, and no reduction is made on long distances.

There are three classes of railway carriages. The first is very luxurious and not often used. The third is the reverse of this, while the second compares favorably with the first class cars of America and England. It is the class most used by tourists. The fare is two and three fourths cents per English mile. Each car has a compartment where smoking is not allowed. Steamers on the lakes have but two classes of tickets. No smoking is allowed in the first cabins. Diligences have but two compartments proper; — the body of the coach, with six seats, smoking allowed, and the private coupé forward, with two seats. The latter must usually be engaged a day or more in advance. The conductor rides in the little covered Imperial, above and behind the body of the coach. He will, for a few francs, divide his perch or abandon it altogether and ride with the driver. The view from the Imperial is excellent, but the seat is often a bit small for two travelers.

The tourist in a mountainous country loses his direction, or compass points, most easily. The best method to prevent this is, not only to study a general map of the country

before entering it, but to make with pencil a small outline map of one's own; putting down only the larger towns, the principal rivers, and the lines of railway. This little map-making impresses on one's mind the general geography of the country, and is an aid in giving one a just idea of the directions and distances. The mountains should, if possible, be studied first by means of a relief map; such a one, for instance, as is on exhibition at the Wasser-Kirche in Zurich, where the whole mountain range, with each particular peak, and horn, and lake, and stream, can be seen as if looked upon from an elevation above the entire scene. The short side excursions that may be made, when following the routes suggested, are often more interesting than the principal tour itself. For this reason, a number of the most profitable places to be so visited, will be mentioned. These excursions should, whenever possible, and especially by persons spending the summer in Switzerland, be made on foot.

At Basle, the traveler who has leisure, can spend a few days to the greatest advantage in a foot excursion to the Münsterthal and the Jura mountains. The mountains and valleys, though not a part of the Alps proper, have a beauty and a grandeur peculiar to themselves, and an additional charm is added to an excursion among them by the very fact of their being seldom visited.

Zurich has a few delightful excursions that can be made in a single day. There are pretty places, though not of historic interest, on both sides of the lake. The lake itself is a gem. A rare day's pleasure is to take steamer to Rappersweil and rail to the Wallensee and Obstalden, where the most delightful Alpine scenery can be enjoyed. The Obstalden omnibus should be telegraphed to, to meet the train at Mühlehorn station.

The wonderful gorge of Ragatz can also be visited from Zurich, but as the distance is about sixty miles by rail, two or three days should be devoted to the tour. This gorge is one of the most astonishing of Nature's freaks among the Alps. It is a tremendous cleft in the earth, through which a

rapid stream of water dashes away to the Rhine. The gorge is more than a thousand feet in length and about 250 feet in height. At the bottom, where the river rushes along, it is almost wide enough for a steamer; while the top is arched over with a mountain of earth, except at a single spot, where a crevice is seen, only wide enough to admit the light of day. Inside of the gorge, on the face of the rock and above the stream, galleries have been built along, through which strangers may walk and examine this astounding chasm with perfect security. It is however more convenient and economical of time, to visit this gorge on the way to Zurich from Chur and the Engadine.

An enjoyable day can be had, too, by taking steamer to Horgen and walking up the hills to Bocken, the former home of the old Zurich Burgomasters. The view of the lake, the clustering villages, and the snow mountains, is exquisite. At the "Waid", an inn an hour's drive from town, the view of Zurich is unsurpassed. The Uetliberg, a mountain near the city, which can be ascended by rail, unfolds views in fair weather not greatly inferior to those enjoyed from the Rigi. The falls of the Rhine are but two hours and a half away from the city by rail, and few will care to leave Zurich without seeing them. This is the largest and, in many respects, the handsomest waterfall in Europe. Though not as overpowering and grand as Niagara, and possibly not possessed of a tenth of the volume of water, it is nevertheless almost as enjoyable. Besides being exquisite as a thing of beauty, it is a part — the gem, in fact — of the storied Rhine.

At Lucerne, the beautiful and historic spots to be visited, are mostly on, or near, the lake. No one, of course, will leave without ascending the Rigi by rail, and driving, or walking, through the celebrated Axenstrasse, cut in the rocks above the water. Altorf, Brunnen, Küsnacht, Tell's chapel, and the Rütli, are all classic spots in the history of the Swiss. The whole lake border, in fact, is classic ground, and should be leisurely visited, and its glorious scenery contemplated, for days.

Interlaken lies in the very midst of the grandest of Alpine scenery, and it is, perhaps, the most delightful resting place in the Alps. Lauterbrunnen and the beautiful Staubbach falls, Grindelwald with its glaciers, and the Wengern Alp facing the Jungfrau, are all within easy drives or walks. There is not a point in all Switzerland more easily reached, and where one can enjoy finer, or more varied, Alpine scenery. In a single afternoon, the tourist can step out of his luxurious hotel and be among the glaciers, the avalanches, and the cataracts. The excursions about Interlaken, as well as Thun, but a short distance away on the lake, are really unsurpassed, and the longer the time spent in this delightful region, the better.

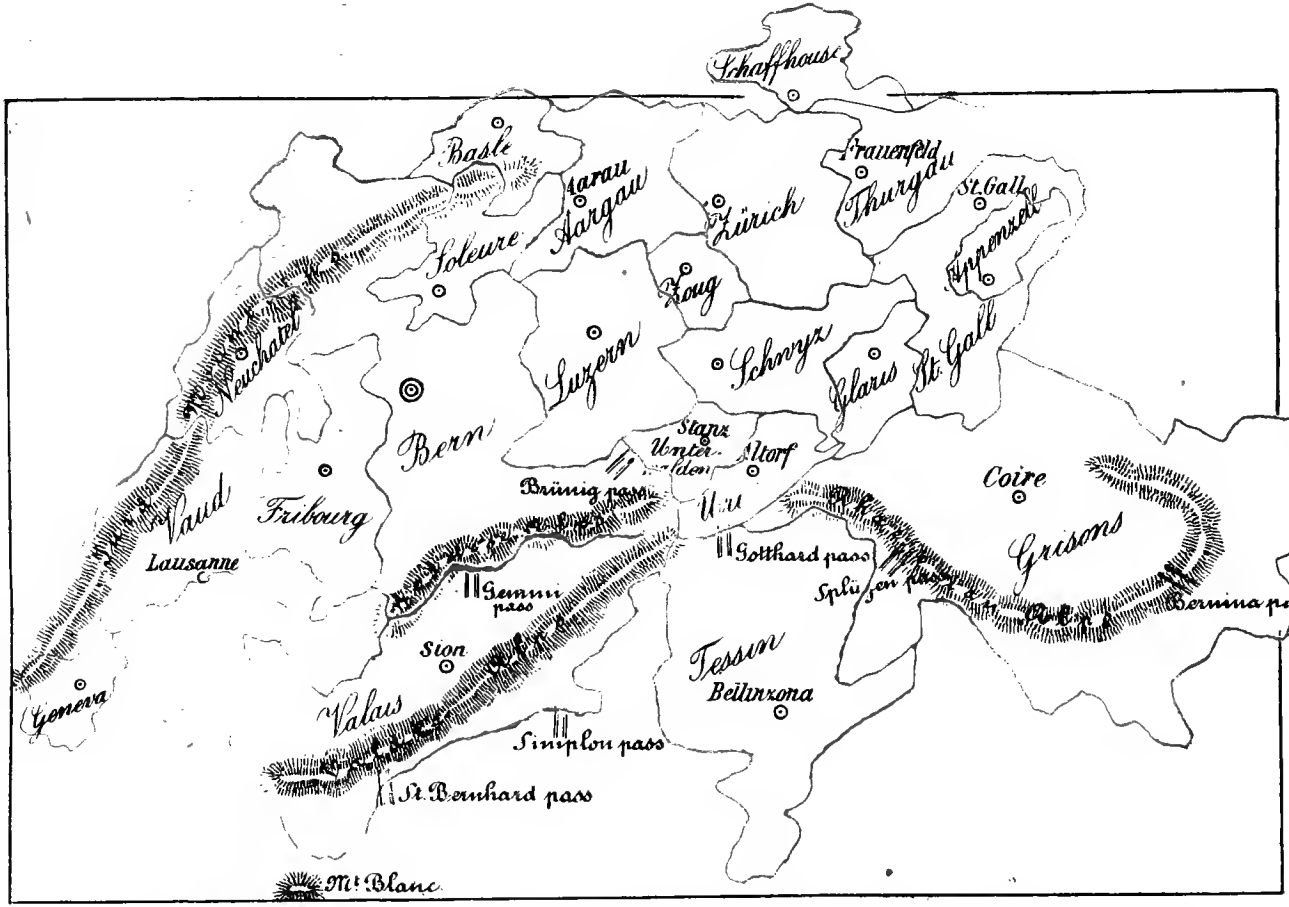
Berne has few excursions that will repay the tourist who has left the delightful haunts of Interlaken and of Thun.

Geneva, however, is rich in pleasant walks, and sails, and drives. Tourists not wishing to go all the way up the Rhone valley and over to the Engadine, cannot do better than go to Chamouny and Mount Blanc direct, by the post road following the river Arve, and then cross over the Tete-Noir to the Rhone valley, thence by rail to Lake Leman, Chillon castle, Vevey, Lausanne, and Geneva. Fernex, the village of Voltaire, is not far away, and the grand Salève, the Rigi of the Genevese, repays the trouble of the drive and climb.

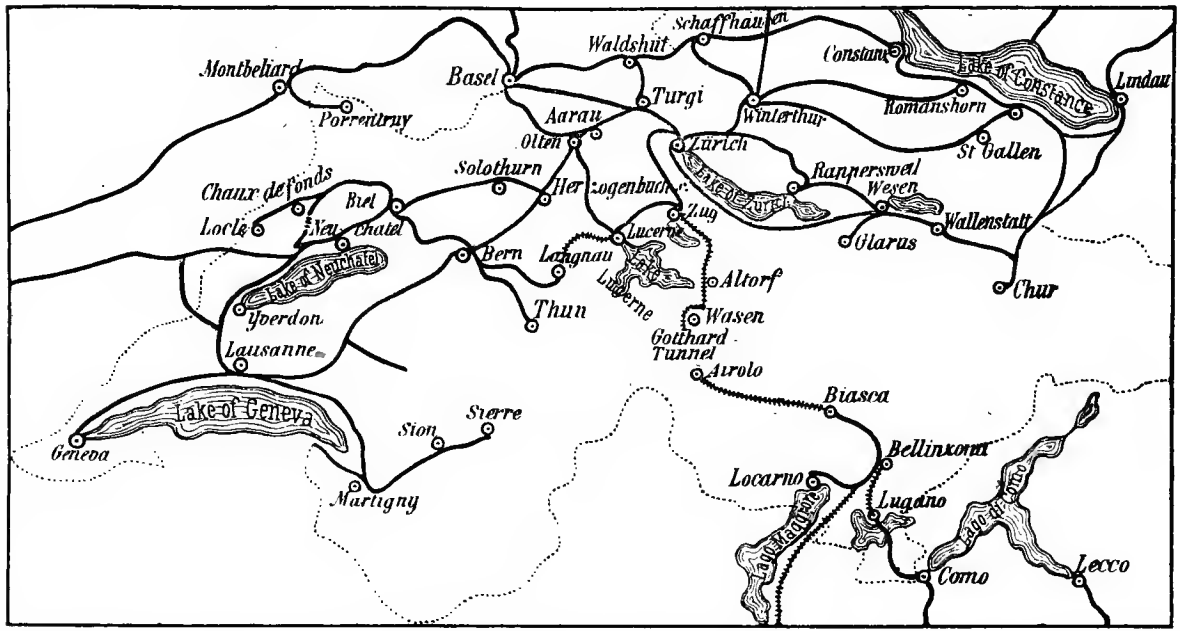
There are, of course, hundreds of other delightful spots and profitable excursions in all the Swiss valleys, and over many a mountain side; for, enter Switzerland where and when we will, it is always beautiful and always grand.

CANTONS.

Names	Population	Protestants	Catholics	Other Sects	Date of joining Confederacy	Square miles
Argovie	198,873	107,703	89,180	1990	1803	529
Appenzell	60,635	46,363	14,078	194	1573	163
Berne	506,465	436,304	66,015	4146	1353	2602
Basle	101,887	77,980	22,546	1361	1501	184
Fribourg	110,832	16,819	93,951	62	1481	627
Genève	93,239	43,639	47,868	1732	1814	108
Grison	91,782	51,887	39,843	52	1803	2666
Glaris	35,150	28,238	6,888	24	1352	275
Lucerne	132,238	3,823	128,338	177	1332	472
Neuchâtel	97,284	84,334	11,345	1605	1814	298
Soleure	74,713	12,448	62,072	193	1481	296
Schaffhouse ...	37,721	34,466	3,051	204	1501	113
St. Gall	191,015	74,573	116,060	382	1803	743
Schwyz	47,705	647	47,047	11	1307	386
Thurgovie	93,300	69,231	23,454	615	1803	380
Tessin	119,619	194	119,349	76	1803	1228
Uri	16,107	80	16,018	9	1307	417
Unterwalden ...	26,116	424	25,687	5	1307	280
Vaud	231,700	211,686	17,592	2422	1803	1284
Valais	96,887	900	95,963	24	1814	1699
Zoug	20,993	878	20,082	32	1352	89
Zürich	284,786	263,730	17,942	3114	1351	659



OUTLINE MAP OF SWISS CANTONS WITH MOUNTAIN GROUPS AND PRINCIPAL PASSES.



XXIV

Three classes of carriages are used on Swiss railways. The tariffs are, for 1st class 3 3/4 cents per English mile, 2d class 2 3/4, and 3d class half of first class. No trains are running after 11 o'clock at night. No reduction is made on tickets for long distances, but return tickets, good for 2 days, are sold 30 per cent cheaper. Excursion tickets can also be had at greatly reduced rates. All baggage above 20 lbs. must be checked and paid for.

SWISS LAKES AND RIVERS

with size and depth of the lakes.

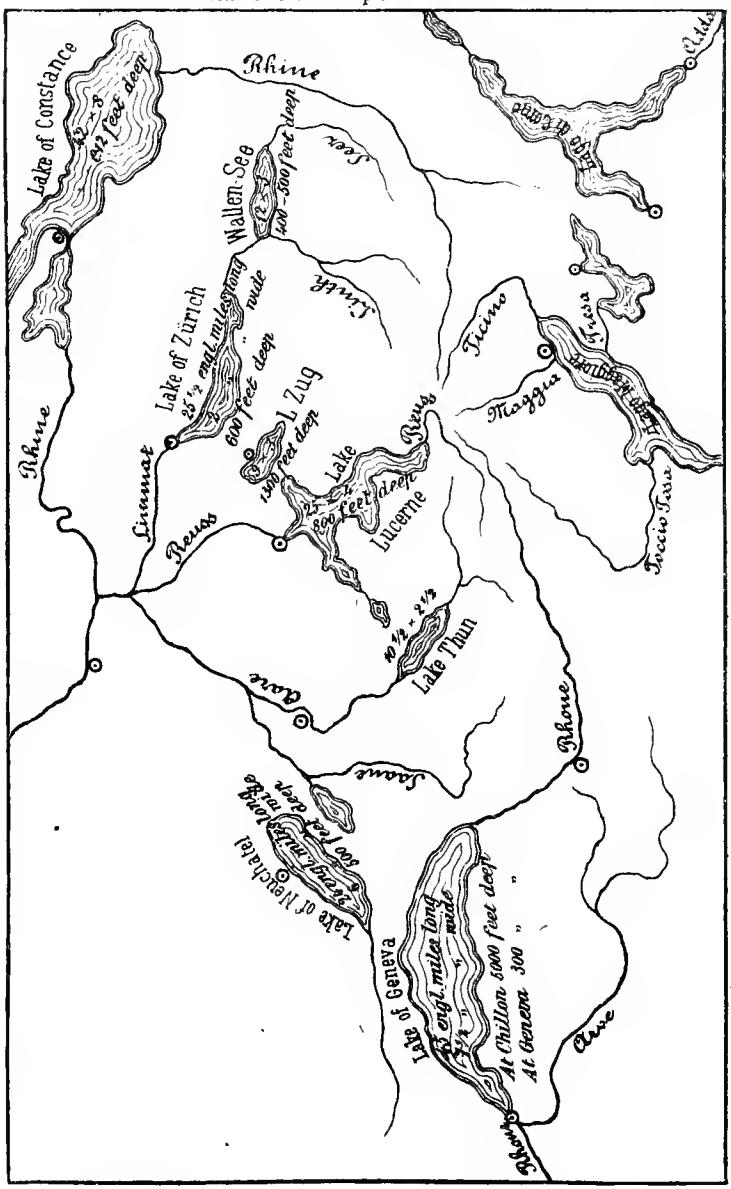


TABLE OF SWISS MOUNTAINS

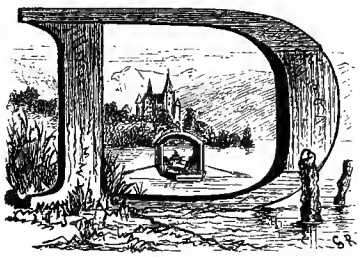
above 12,000 feet in hight.

Savoy	Mont Blanc	15,780	Engl.	feet	high.
Bernese Alps	Finsteraarhorn	14,026	"	"	"
	Jungfrau	13,665	"	"	"
	Silberhorn	12,156	"	"	"
	Aletschhorn	13,773	"	"	"
	Mönch	13,465	"	"	"
	Schreckhorn	13,386	"	"	"
	Lauteraarhorn	13,477	"	"	"
	Grosses Viescherhorn	13,281	"	"	"
	Walliser Grünhorn	13,308	"	"	"
	Eiger	13,046	"	"	"
	Ebne Fluh	13,005	"	"	"
	Bietschhorn	12,969	"	"	"
	Mittagshorn	12,753	"	"	"
	Nexthorn	12,533	"	"	"
	Breithorn	12,382	"	"	"
	Grosshorn	12,346	"	"	"
	Wetterhorn	12,149	"	"	"
	Rosenhorn	12,110	"	"	"
	Blümlisalphorn	12,041	"	"	"
Valais Alps	Furka, summit of pass	7,990	"	"	"
	Wannehorn	12,812	"	"	"
	Viescherhörner	12,195	"	"	"
	Mischabehörner	14,941	"	"	"
	Weisshorn	14,803	"	"	"
Rhatian Alps	Piz Bernina	13,294	"	"	"
	Piz Zupo	13,120	"	"	"
	Piz Roseg	12,937	"	"	"
	Piz Palu	12,835	"	"	"
	Cresta Guzza	12,704	"	"	"
	Piz Morteratsch	12,316	"	"	"
	Monte della Disgrazzia	12,074	"	"	"
	Piz Tschierva	12,041	"	"	"

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

CHAPTER I.

Lake Leman and the river Rhone.



EEPEST and largest of all Swiss lakes is Leman, unless indeed, some of the unfathomed bays of Lake Lucerne are deeper still. The water is blue and beautiful, while the climate about Geneva's shores is far milder than in any other district of the Alps. On the lake's northern banks, are bright villages, handsome country seats, and scores of terraced vineyards. The Jura hills upon the north and the Savoy mountains on the south compose a panorama of picturesqueness seldom surpassed. Mount Blanc, though forty miles away, adds his majestic splendor to the scene. The easy-going, wineloving population on the north, or Swiss side, exceeds in numbers even that on the busy shores of the lake of Zurich. Geneva, of course, is the chief attraction of Geneva lake. It stands on both sides of "the blue, the arrowry Rhone", that rushes away by the city's bridges, walls, and towers and off to the sea. The surroundings of the place are lovely and the excursions to river, lake, and mountain, within reach of the city, are equalled

in few places. The population is larger than that of any other Swiss town, and Geneva, from its central and neutral position and its friendly character, has long been a sort of hiding place for dethroned heroes, would-be rulers, and the like, whom other states have driven over the frontier. Not this only; the city is, besides, the head quarters, at times, of Paris Communists, German Internationals, Spanish Carlists, and all the other ists and als who, like Egyptian plagues, afflict the unfortunate countries that have given them birth. Yet with all this loose and dangerous element from abroad, Geneva's own social and political life is generally unruffled and undisturbed. The town has been called the home of strangers, the miniature Paris, the shelter of the fugitive, and a hundred other pretty names, deserved and undeserved.

John Calvin lived and worked and died in Geneva; and, had the town no other claim to distinction, this single fact were claim enough. Geneva was the protestant Rome and Calvin was called her pope. It was a grand thing for the Reformation that John Calvin happened to be on the right side. His was a disposition, a life, and a temper, that were not to be overcome, not even by the devil himself, the good, old gladiator thought and proved. Calvin had been banished from Paris when but a boy, for his writings on the new religion. At twenty-seven years of age, he was living in Basle and, passing through Geneva once, after a visit to Ferrara, he was implored to stop and help Farel in reforming the town. Calvin stopped and joined in the terribly earnest work, not only of reforming the church, but of governing a light-hearted, frivolous people, through the church, and by the church. The citizens promised obedience and were subjected to the severest rules and conditions of social life. Those who neglected to attend the service of the church, were fined. The narrowest surveillance was kept on every man, on every house. The rod became too heavy, at the last. The people rebelled and banished Calvin and Farel with their good intentions from the city. Calvin wandered off to Zurich and to Strasbourg, bearing with him always the earnest spirit and the grand determination to conquer

in the Reformation. At Strasbourg, his gread mind and great energy were devoted to writing for his single cause and preaching to the French refugees. In three years, the Genevese repented of driving Calvin off and begged him to return and re-establish the theocratic government in church and state. After a number of protests against returning to a town that had driven him ignominiously away, he yielded to their warm petition and returned. The day of his arrival was hailed with joy. An eager throng of citizens and officials met him at the city gate and escorted him to the house prepared for his reception. Again the heavy hand was laid upon Geneva's social life. This time, the people bore the rod almost without complaint. Again the calendar of fines, of punishments, burnings even, increased; but crime and immorality decreased in a ratio to correspond. The giant's part in the Reformation again commenced. Calvin not only made laws for, and governed Geneva, but he preached, almost daily; he lectured, he wrote books, pamphlets, papers, and worked as no other man in the Reformation worked, to teach all men his notions of the truth. He was, besides, in continual correspondence with the principal protestants of all other countries. He advised with kings and ministers of state and was looked upon as indoctrinating the whole Reformation from his little home in the protestant popedom of Geneva. He bore, it has been said, the churches of seven kingdoms upon his shoulders. He was the doctor, the captain of them all. The most catholic countries feared his influence, as they feared the evil one. France even threatened war, if the preachers sent out from Geneva who were undermining the French state, were not recalled. Five million catholics of France had abandoned the old church and adopted the new ideas of the Reformation. Calvin stood at the acme of his greatness and his power. At last, Death, the common leveler, came, and Calvin yielded, battling however to the grave's edge against iniquity and wrong. Almost the last words of the great gladiator were that he had overcome all enemies without and within. He wished no marble slab or pile of bronze to stand above his

grave, as a reminder to mankind that a moral and intellectual giant had reached life's end. To day, the little spot by Geneva that holds his dust is almost unmarked; but millions who revere the new idea, recall John Calvin's name as that of the civil warrior of the Reformation. The town of Geneva still feels the influence of him who was her great high priest and amid all the political and social changes of three centuries, her protestant belief has remained unshaken. John Calvin's house still stands on the Rue des Chanoines; and daily many a traveller turns aside among the narrow lanes and high walls of that quarter of the town, to cast a half worshipful glance upon the honored spot. Two letters, J. C., is all that marks his supposed grave on the banks of the Arve.

Geneva is the Aurelia Allobrogium of the Romans and one of the very oldest towns of all Europe. After more than four centuries of adventure in the hands of the barbarian, it became a part of Burgundy, to whose dukes it belonged for about a hundred years, when the Frankish kings invaded Switzerland and Geneva became a sort of heathen capital again. Early in the fifteenth century, the dukes of Savoy laid claims upon the place and made them good at times for more than a hundred years, when the citizens shook off the foreign yoke and made their city a miniature republic. In 1798, Napoleon Bonaparte annexed the town to France and made it the capital of the department of the Leman. After sixteen years of French rule, Geneva regained her liberty. Waterloo was fought and Napoleon shipped of to St. Helena, and then the Genevese gratified the longing of their hearts by joining the Republic of the Swiss.

Since 1814, Geneva has been one of the foremost and most prosperous cities of the country. Although the canton is next to the smallest in size, Geneva is the largest as to population of any of the Swiss towns and does not rank lower than second as to wealth and industry. The language of the people in town and canton is French, though German and even English is often spoken by the better educated classes and in houses doing business with English speaking

countries. Geneva has streets and lanes as dark and narrow as any in the world, and she has boulevards that can vie with stately Paris. The old part of the town stands to day just as it stood centuries ago, with its extravagantly high houses that almost topple over or lean together across the narrow lanes they darken. But outside of the walls which were torn away in 1849, broad streets, with fine blocks and palatial residences, extend themselves. Whole quarters and sections have sprung up like magic. New streets, new squares, new parks, attest that Geneva has awakened from the Rip van Winkle sleep of the past and become a part of the nineteenth century. Modern houses, with modern people living in them; — this is Geneva. The population, though a little mixed at times from the continual coming and going of strangers, is active, vivacious and earnest. They like manufacturing on a pretty large scale, but prefer, as a rule, to leave the smaller handicrafts to their Celtic brothers farther north. The aristocratic families of the town differ from the aristocracy of most other places, in the devotion with which they pursue science and general learning, and the number of Geneva names that have adorned the history of the past is something surprising. That which has encouraged and cultivated genius at home, among the Genevese, has also attracted to them genius from abroad; and many of the illustrious of the past, from other lands, have found Geneva a congenial soil for poetry, philosophy and art. Numberless, almost, are the distinguished men and women who have lived and died in Geneva or upon the shores of its fair lake. Every street has a tale to tell of genius; every square and corner of the town records some history.

The Genevese of to-day has the industry of the real Swiss, the New Englander's love of money and the temperament and vivacity of the French. He is not a real Swiss, because he has the French vivacity. He is not French, because he has the Swiss industry; neither is he Italian, because he is not lazy. He is simply and peculiarly a Genevese. The families congregate many in a house;

that is, the families, as in other parts of Switzerland and in France, live on flats, or floors, — each floor of the immensely tall houses being perfect in its arrangements for the accomodation of one family and sometimes even for two. Aside from the villas out of town or on the handsome boulevards, there are few houses built to be occupied in whole by a single family. The people love money and, like the Yankee, have an inkling as to how money is made; but they know, better than the Yankee, how money is kept.

Geneva's reputation for the watch and jewelry industry is world-wide and, though the principal part of the work is done among the Jura mountains, the city has, properly enough, the credit for the capital invested and the enterprise requisite for bringing the various parts of a watch from mountain vallies and far-off places and putting all the varied mechanism together in one whole, capable of measuring time for all seasons, all places and all men. Switzerland sends out to the world over one and a half million watches a year and, of these, a tenth part comes from Geneva alone. More than three hundred firms in the city busy themselves in making, packing, and sending off watches, while forty other firms engage in making the finest jewelry, producing fourteen million francs worth of the latter every year.

Walter Senn relates how, a couple of hundred years ago, a horse-trader happened to bring to the village of Chaux-de-fonds, in the Jura mountains, a silver watch. It was the first the villagers had ever seen, and people flocked from near and far to witness the wonderful machine mark time. One day, to every body's astonishment, the watch being out of order, stopped. No one knew what to do. Not even that usually cheap and plentiful article, advice, was to be found. The loss was not simply that of an individual, but of the whole town and surrounding neighbourhood. Every body talked of the misfortune. At last, a smith's apprentice, Jean Richard, a boy but fourteen years of age, heard the story of the people's misfortune and at once hurried off to see the wonderful instrument. Though but a boy, he was

a clever, clear-headed one and a few glances among the wheels, posts and cogs of the watch soon made the apprentice master of the situation. The watch was put in order by him in a trice and he became the hero of the day among the rejoicing villagers. But the boy was not contented with simply mending a broken watch. If he could repair a watch, he could make a watch, young Richard thought, and at once set about making the manufacturing of a real watch the business of his life. Without knowledge, experience, tools, machinery, patterns, or even material, the earnest youth commenced, and in less than two years the hands of his first watch were measuring time. He had made machines and tools and patterns himself, had gained experience by days and nights of experiment and of toil, and was rewarded in a few years by seeing himself the successful manager of a large and profitable industry. He died in 1741 and left as a legacy to his country one of her greatest resources for wealth. The industry has progressed to such an extent that the time then spent by Richard in making one watch is sufficent now to enable the various concerns engaged in the business in his native mountains to turn out more than three millions.

The watches manufactured in Geneva and the Jura are worth all the way from ten francs to six and seven thousand francs each. Sixty master workmen are required to make a single watch; that is, the work is divided by pieces among so many different persons, each one of whom makes a specialty of one particular piece and spends his life in making duplicates of this. The art of specialties is systematized and understood most thoroughly and found to be laborsaving, time-saving, and extremely profitable. For a single workman to make all the different parts of a watch, as wheels, posts, plates, cogs, springs, stems, cases, and the like, a whole year would be required upon a single watch and the district that now produces anually a million and a half watches could, under such a plan, produce not more than seventy thousand. The work is performed in the people's homes and the workman is aided by his wife and children. Women, too, often learn the art of making some

particular part of the intricate machine and become such experts as to earn from five to ten and even more francs per day. The art itself requires the closest observation of mind and eye and its complications and exactness act as a mental stimulus to those engaged in the business. It is said with truth that the watchmakers of the Jura are the brightest, shrewdest, and most observing people of all Switzerland. They practice a different art from that of merely feeding some machine which can do the work from A to Z. Their own hands are the delicate machines and their own minds must be continually awake, to direct the hands aright. A Geneva watch-exporter may gather up the different parts of his watches from all the different vallies of the Jura, and yet each part will be found to fit its special place with mathematical niceness, so careful and competent are the hands that have prepared the varied works. The amount of the raw material used cannot be very large, and yet the products of the small amounts are something wonderful. Two hundred francs worth of English steel will make five hundred and twenty five thousand francs worth of common watch springs and the increase of value in rubies, brass etc., when worked up, is proportionately great.

There are seventy thousand people in Geneva and the Jura engaged in making watches, whose industry is worth more than a hundred million francs a year to Switzerland. There are, beside, fifty firms engaged in a kindred business; — that of manufacturing different kinds of music-boxes; and still other firms who make only the Punch and Judy automatons and like machines, intended for the world's amusement. Possibly one half of all the watches made in Switzerland are exported to the United States, notwithstanding the great extent to which the watch industry is carried on in that country. Supposing half a million only to be thus exported to our shores averaging but ten dollars, or fifty francs each, in value, we have, as a result, twenty five million francs worth of our watches alone, made for us abroad; not counting, either, the importations of watches,

which are by no means trifling in number, from other countries. But in America, the industry, the art itself, is in its infancy. What with her large manufactories, her improved machinery, and her twenty five per cent duty, she may yet accomplish in the watch-making way, none scarcely dare to guess; but as England has learned that, when America once uses her own resources, she has no use for English iron, so Switzerland may yet experience, to the regret of her industrial people, that the Union will some day have no farther use for foreign watches or even foreign silk.

But with all his work and industry, the Genevese has time to play. Like other cities of Switzerland, the place has many fêtes, marches, parades, and holidays in every year. The celebration in memory of the Escalade in 1602 is still kept up, whenever the anniversary of the city's deliverance returns. This Anniversary is a day, or rather night, of jubilee among all patriotic citizens. There are torchlight processions of men in the costumes of the middle ages — groups of knights — cavaliers — archers, huntsmen and gymnasts, accompanied by bands of music, masquers and students. It is a splendid fête, made the more novel by being celebrated in the glare of torches and calcium lights.

The New Years festival is also a strangely peculiar one in Geneva, and, like the fête of the Escalade, is celebrated partly in the night. Toward the close of the year, a people's fair is held in the streets, and continued without cessation, for three days and three nights. The night part of the exhibition presents the most novel of scenes, with its crowded streets, the torches, the colored lanterns, the bright bazaars, the peasant costumes, the carrousels, the revelry and wine. The principal street is filled with booths, where wares of the most diversified description are for sale; and wherever place is found, tents and temporary houses are erected, containing shows, menageries, panoramas, velocipede rings, and theaters. The fair is visited by thousands, and the people are allowed by the police the greatest freedom of action, day and night. With buying and selling, singing and dancing, the days and the nights go by, the usual quiet

of the city is restored, and the Newyear's festival is done. It is a freedom's fête and is in commemoration of the day which, forty years ago, witnessed Geneva's redemption from the French rule.

Another class still of holidays and parades in Geneva is that of the children of the public schools. To these the joyous children go, the parents go, the city magnates go, foreign officials go; every body who is in Geneva goes, to add pleasure and eclat to the children's triumph-day. It is a great parade, with music and flags and bright-faced children in holiday attire. Hundreds, thousands of children are there with beaming eyes and joyous hearts. They are the boys and girls of the primary schools. Vacation day has come and now the school's last day is ended by a march and feast. Prizes and public speeches, compliments and bouquets, are heaped upon the children all the day, till at last the evening comes and goes in a shower of torpedoes, fire balls and calcium lights.

Geneva canton is little more than Geneva town. It is the town; for though there are some forty-seven villages scattered around the lower end of the lake and inside the canton, the territory of the Genevese state does not exceed five and an eighth square miles and is but one third the size of Geneva lake and one twenty-fourth the size of canton Berne. In political strength and influence, however, it almost equals Berne or Zurich, and far surpasses some other cantons of the Bund that are ten times its size in territory.

Of the excursions to be made from the little capital, none are pleasanter than that along the lake to Lausanne, Clarens and the castle of Chillon. All the way, are bright scenes of mountain and hill and lake. Vineyards, fairer than any others of the north, slope to the water's edge from every terraced point. Pomegranates and figs and laurels thrive at places in the open winter air, while the mild climate and the soft, blue skies resemble Italy. Some of the villages and towns are pictures of beauty, nestling among the woods and vines, or reflecting their white walls in the blue waters of the lake.

Lausanne, next to Geneva in size, clings in the most wonderful way to the edges and sides and tops of a group of hills and knobs and knolls. The town has many ups and downs in life, but they are pretty and romantic ones. There are no straight streets, there are no level ones; in fact there are almost no streets at all in the town proper; but in their place, are steps and arches, side hills and angular lanes and little ways and bridges and pretty places, for going up, and coming down, and crossing over, if one is not too tired for the romance of the thing. Gibbon lived here upon a time and here wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Still other men of note lived here, and each has left some word, or act, or thing, to add distinction to the place. The Gothic church with the grand old porticoes, and with the handsome roof and choir resting on a thousand columns, single and in clusters, stands high above the beautiful town. It is known as the handsomest cathedral in all Switzerland and although commenced eight centuries ago, is still unfinished.

LAUSANNE — CATHEDRAL

"Clarens, sweet Clarens", is still an hour and more away, and Vevey, so fair and warm with its clustering grapes and tempting wines and harvest festivals, has only room for invalids or folks whose stomachs sour in the harsher climate

of other Swiss resorts. Sweet Clarens, too, is filled with invalids or those who would be invalids, almost, for the sake of the exquisite scenery, the sylvan walks, and the half Italian skies that every lounger at the pretty place has known. The woods and groves that Rousseau loved are mostly gone; but other woods and groves and quiet fruitful vineyards take their place and are equally beautiful. What the best of grapes, the fairest skies, and the most delightful scenery can do to make a pleasant healthful life, Clarens and Montreux can do, for all these pleasant aids to life and healthfulness are there in abundance. The green woods and pleasant country roads, the terraced vineyards, the lake, the lazy lateen sails, the Savoy hills, the white-topped Alps, make up a summer evening's scene that well might cause even invalids to rejoice. "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls" and Chillon castle, itself, is but a breakfast walk from Clarens or Montreux.

A thousand years ago, a single, massive tower stood upon the rock in the water, where Chillon now stands. This old tower was used as a light-house and as a prison. In 1238, Peter, duke of Savoy, built the present castle on the ruins of the former tower. It became a sort of palace or ducal residence and, after Peter's death, was occupied by the Castellans who were appointed to govern the neighboring territory. It has often been the scene of the most shameful and atrocious deeds, as was especially the case in 1348, when a pestilence was raging in the country and the Jews were suspected of poisoning the wells. The suspected, to the number of several hundred, were seized, thrown into the dungeons of Chillon and afterwards burned alive. In 1530, Bonnivard, prior of St. Victors, near Geneva, incurred the hatred of the Savoy duke by his advanced and liberal ideas and by his attemps to ally his country with Switzerland. The duke seized him, while visiting his dying mother, and, notwithstanding his safe conduct or passport, chained him in the depths of Chillon for six long years. The pillar to which it is supposed he was chained and a ring of the chain itself, are still to be seen in the damp vault of the

prison. Not these, only. There are tracks and a path worn in the very stone around the column to which Bonnivard or some other prisoner was chained, whose weary feet in weary years left their sad history on the rocks. On the 29th of March, 1536, the castle was attacked by the small navy of Geneva and was at the same time bombarded from the hills of Montreux by the troops of Berne. In twenty four hours, Chillon surrendered and Bonnivard was freed. He returned to Geneva and, notwithstanding his former sufferings, lived to the age of seventy-five. Byron, in his Prisoner of Chillon, did not refer to Bonnivard, when he wrote his poem at Ouchy, neither had he heard of him, as he himself avers, in one of his notes. The castle became the property of canton Vaud in 1803, soon after its joining the confederacy of the Swiss. In 1830, it was turned into an arsenal and prison and is used for that pnrpose by the Vaudois government to-day. Chillon is a queer old pile, lifting itself out of the waters of the lake. Its towers and turrets have little that is grand or even graceful, and though some of the halls have served as homes for princes, there is little about them now to fit them for anything better than an abode of rats, or a storehouse for lumber. The interest attaching to the grey old walls comes not of architectural style nor wealth of beauty or design, but of the good sympathy of human hearts that are pained to know of injustice, cruelty, and wrong.

Above Chillon and near Villeneuve, the gray waters of the Rhone enter the blue waters of the lake. The Rhone valley, as far as St. Maurice at least, is broad, fertile, and prosperous. Corn and wine grow in rich abundance and a contented people live on the fat of a grateful land. But higher up the stream, the scene is changed. From Martigny on, though the sky is fair almost as Italy, the people live in Italian poverty and dirt and wretchedness. Nature, itself, is still beautiful; more beautiful even than along the lower Rhone. At different points on the Rhone, from Aigle all the way to Visp, romantic vallies or arms put out and run back into the higher Alps. A few of these,

as the Ormont-dessus, with the village Sepey rimmed inside, are the most glorious retreats in summer-time. Sepey is not only one of the loveliest of spots, with noble views of Alpine scenery, it is one of the healthiest and most enjoyable, and is considered, besides, to be one of the cheapest of the mountain resorts. There are others of these pretty vallies, right and left, on both sides of the Rhone, where the tourist can find the greatest enjoyment, provided he is up to a little roughing.

The life of the peasant, in many of these armlets of the upper Rhone, especially, is simply wretchedness itself, and finds no equal elsewhere in Switzerland. Poverty and dirt, cretinism and idiocy, are seen on every hand, and it is from these exceptional and miserable specimens of peasantry that the Swiss people, as a whole, have sometimes been judged by foreigners.

Their life is really but little better than beggary. The dirty gipsy who wanders about with his bear and tamborine might well be considered princely in his surroundings, when compared with a Dranse peasant. This wretchedness decreases with the last decade, the Swiss philantropists believe, as sanitary measures, as to air and light and common cleanliness are being adopted even here. A ride from Martigny to the hospice of St. Bernard, were it not for the strange scenery on the way and the novelty of the thing, would simply be unendurable. The miserable, dark, and dirty towns, the dirtier people, and the desolating scenery about the pass, rob the views of the neighboring mountains of many charms.

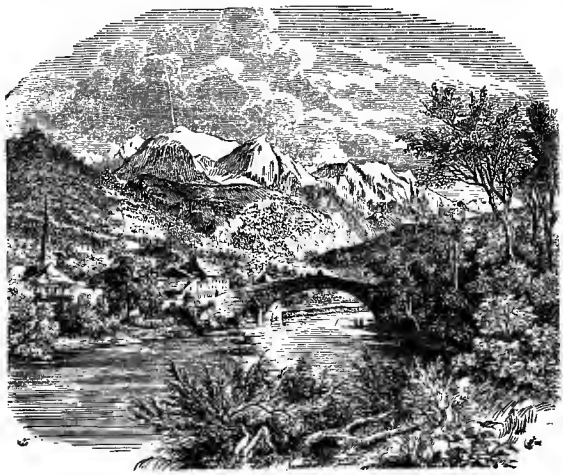
Up this road, or an old one ruining by its side, rather, Napoleon and his army marched in the early May of 1800. What the task of making the pass may have seemed to Bonaparte or the sensational writers of his time, is hard to tell; but that the difficulties of the undertaking were most stupendously exaggerated, there can be little doubt. Had Marengo been lost instead of won, as it barely was, history would have recorded but little of the achivement of marching an army into a place where retreat was impossible.

The boldness that others, more than Bonaparte himself, saw in the undertaking, was more than equaled by one of his marshals who crossed the Simplon, where himself and a part of his troops were swung across abysses by the means of ropes; and again, by the Russian marshal Suwarrow who crossed the St. Gotthard, a pass equally high and dangerous, the previous year, in the face of French cannon and musketry.

The pass is totally void of interest and increases in desolation as it nears the hospice at the top. No reward but consciousness of Christian duty, nobly done, could induce the monks to stop in this desolation of the clouds and storm, to minister to the lost and worn-out traveler. At the mountain top, where the hospice stands, it is always cold, even in summer time; cold and dreary and desolate. The monks go up in youth, but seldom withstand the severity of the climate beyond a few years, when they come down to the mild valley of the Rhone, to recuperate or die. The strange attractions at the hospice are the charnel house and the dogs of the St. Bernard. The charnel house, or Morgue, is filled with the dried-up remains, or the bleached bones, of poor mortals who have frozen to death in attempting to cross the pass. The bodies are piled into the Morgue just as they were found, and the frozen flesh and features tell the awful story of the struggle between life and death. Some are recognized by friends and are taken away for burial, but many of the unfortunates were wandering workmen who, in daring the dread storm and the desolate pass, seeking something to do, have perished, leaving no trace as to who they were, or whether any friends in all the wide world would miss them at all. Some of the frozen figures lean against the walls of the little stone Morgue like black statues and retain the clenched hands, the back bowed to the storm, and the face of agony they bore when yielding to pain, exhaustion, and death, — just when the lights of the Christian hospice shone too late across their hopeless way. A man, groping in the snow and dark, stands, frozen stiff, with bowed head and extended arms.

A mother clasps her child to her bosom in a frozen embrace of years, for both are dead and their stiffened bodies still pressed together will long haunt the memories of those who have ever entered this tomb of the frozen dead. The faithful dogs are still on duty at the St Bernard, but like the monks, they are changing too, and Newfoundland dogs are gradually taking their place. It would be a wonder if any of the Bernard dogs were left; for dog traders all over Europe sell genuine dogs of St. Bernard, and are inclined to frown, should any one suggest that a hundred thousand pups or so is a large breed from a dozen dogs.

But another and pleasanter of Geneva's excursions is over the Tête Noire, from Martigny, or up the Arve direct, to



MOUNT BLANC

the vale of Chamouny, where one stands before the overpowering majesty of Mt. Blanc. This king of the mountains of Europe is wrapped in a blanket of snow and ice, seventy five square miles in size. His top is twelve thousand five hundred and eighty feet above the valley at his feet and fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. The old king wears, as a girdle, a band of ice thirteen miles in length and hundreds of feet deep,

while a bright, green valley is the hem of his snowy garment. The green vale of Chamouny, where the Arve and the Arvignon "flow ceaselessly along", is a pleasant thing to see, in its bright contrast to the surrounding snow-fields and mountains. The village of Chamouny is nothing more than the plainest of little Savoy towns, with few respectable houses, aside from the large hotels; and its insignificance appears the more utter in the presence of so much that is grand and inspiring. Mount Blanc numbers its many victims among the scores who foolishly seek a day's notoriety, by risking their lives in making an ascent that has never yet in any way accomplished any good. Travelers who have seen the sun rise and the sun set on Mount Blanc and the keen, full moon shine on the Mer de Glace, until it is made glorious as the gates of heaven, should rest contented, as having witnessed one of earth's grandest panoramas, and go away with mute thanks and secret ecstacy.

The towns and villages of the Rhone valley, Sion excepted, are never interesting. They are built in close clusters, generally of stone; and with narrow, dark, stony, and dirty streets. There are no suburbs or outposts to the towns. The houses and barns, they are one, really, are huddled into the smallest space, with the least ventilation, light, and cleanliness possible. As a result, there are plentiful crops of cretins and goiters. The villagers are not mechanics and tradesmen, usually, but farmers who prefer living in these dirty towns to having separate homes out on their little farms. Their is, however, a certain economy in this sort of village farming, so common in Switzerland and parts of Germany. Among the poorer, a single house and barn answers for two, three, and sometimes half a dozen families. The post is at the door — the store is just across the street. A sort of market, too, is at the farmer's gate. What A may lack, is possibly supplied by B; and C has grains or fruits that A and B do not raise. Besides, a common purse builds and keeps up a common road and common bridges past the long line of little unfenced patches here called farms, while many other outlays, known to

farmers, are avoided by this neighborhood of farming villagers. The upper Rhone is not so broad, is not so rich in soil or mild in climate, as it is from Visp on down to the lake. It is, besides, subject to most fearful floods, at times, from the mountain streams that feed the river right and left. From Visp, north, the Rhone itself is a roaring mountain stream, the fall between there and its source, a distance of not more than forty miles, being three thousand two hundred and thirty four feet. The river springs from the grand glacier that bears its name, a field of ice and snow eighteen miles in length, surrounded by lofty mountains and bold stupendous rocks. It is a large and lonely valley, frozen full of ice, hundreds of feet deep, with mighty crevasses and great blue ice caverns. From one of these, the Rhone bursts forth, rushes like a cataract for many miles, and then, soothing itself, sweeps grandly down the full length of its broad, rich valley into Geneva lake, where, refreshed, strengthened, and purified, it again bounds off to the Mediteranean Sea.

MER DE GLACE

CHAPTER II.

Interlaken and the Gemmi-Pass.

SWISS tourists usually see Paris first, and, ten to one, see Interlaken next. There is something more than feigned relief in lifting one's tired feet from the hard pavements of Paris and putting them down on the soft, green swards that slope to pleasant lakes in Switzerland.

Handsome carriages, rattling on the stony streets, make no such pleasant sounds as babbling brooks and waterfalls. The rushing, jamming crowd, the city's glare, the hot sun pouring down by naked walls of brick and stone, are joyless contrasts to the quiet, mountain paths that lead through shady groves, by purling springs and soft, green meadow lands. The blare of trumpet or the roll of drum is not so cheering as the song of birds. The dress parade, the pomp, the pageantry of man, is nothingness, compared with God's own crystal mountains, mantled in snow or bathing in the clouds. Man wearies with what man has

made. To hearts well tuned, the mountains, the meadows, and the lakes are one continued fountain of delight.

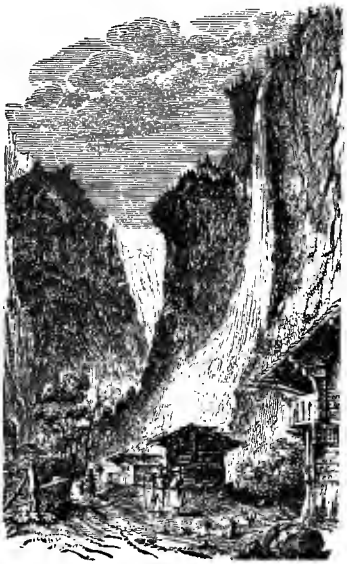
With all conveniences of modern travel, sight-seeing from town to town becomes the very hardest kind of work. The strained and weary eyes, the worn-out feet, the satiated heart, weep not for more to conquer, but for rest, such rest as summer days and shady glens, and Alpine climbs can give. In early summer time, the pleasure-seeking pilgrims come, to rest in peace and gladden Interlaken landlord's hearts with joy. The village is a vast hotel with many roofs, with many kinds of fare, and many, very, very many bills. Each man's a landlord or a guide, and some are both. But notwithstanding all the host of landlords, guides, and porters, the town is most enjoyable. It has its scores of pretty walks and ways, through pleasant woods, by river, hill, and lake, where even tired invalids find pleasure and repose. But most of all, it is near neighbour to the kingly mountains of the Bernese Oberland. Tired out with all things else, the weary heart finds newer life and joy in contemplating God's own handiwork among the Alps. One does not care, however, to remain even in pretty villages and grand hotels, and see the Jungfrau's majesty as from afar. — Two hours ride, and we can stand beneath the very shadow of the virgin Alp — can feel the cold breath of her giant guards, the Eiger and the Monch — can see bright waters leap a thousand feet in praise of Him who loves, though he may awe — can hear the avalanche, tremendous, overpowering, sweeping, crushing, roaring down, as if the mountains were dissolved, and all the vallies trembling. We stand before the very Throne; the faintest heart will feel like giving praise; — man's merest nothingness is felt before such majesty.

Lauterbrunnen, the Wengern Alp, and Grindelwald should each be visited in turn by those who wish to witness Nature's grandest magnificence.

Each has, however, its own particular hour of the day in which its glories are most wonderfully displayed. Lauterbrunnen chooses the early morning of the summer days,

when the sun's rays first take their rainbow bath in the Staubbach falls. The Wengern Alp appears the best at noon; and Grindelwald puts on its first full dress at early evening.

Beautiful Lauterbrunnen has, as its name implies, nothing but fountains and waterfalls. Hemmed in by the mightiest breastworks of the Alps, from whose broad shoulders leap cascades and silverthreaded streams, it is one of the most delicious little fairy vales in all the world. The queen of these fairy cascades and waterfalls is Staubbach, falling gracefully over a perpendicular cliff of rocks, nearly a thousand feet in hight. Its pure bright waters sweep down so mistily as to be almost noiseless. The soft wind swings it to and fro like some long bridal vail, while bright-hued rainbows rest like kisses on its silver threads. This pretty waterfall, though higher than any other in Europe, is never grand; but like the light of the full, fair, harvest-moon, it is enchanting. It is a vail, sweeping from the face of the virgin hills that wait upon the Jungfrau bride; or a knightly plume, dropping from the head of a giant guard.



STAUBBACH

From Lauterbrunnen to the Wengern Alp, is a pleasant climb of less than half a dozen hours. The way leads up through wild fields of hardy heath, by low, dark forests and mountain pasture-lands, while many brown old chalets, scattered on the green grass, add to the picturesqueness of the scene. At the hotel of the Jungfrau, or at the Chamois hill, a half an hour below the summit of the pass, the tourist stands before the grandest spectacle the Alps afford.

Behind and far below, the Lauterbrunnen valley, with its bright cascades, seems like a door to fairy-land. Still farther north, though not visible, are the fair, bright lakes of Brienz and of Thun. In front, a deep ravine, a long, dark winding gorge, lies far below and separates the Wengern Alp from the Jungfrau's icy throne, where the avalanches have their birth. Not seemingly farther than a rifle shot away, rises this grand, stupendous pile of earth's first rock, crowned with a diadem of ice and robed in fields of shining snow.

The traveler looks into the Jungfrau's very face and feels the August air cooled by her icy breath. A wall of rock and snow and ice, more than thirteen thousand feet in hight, weakens his power to calculate the immensity of what he sees. Silence and desolation add to the sublime creation round about. The jealous sun rides higher in his circle of the sky and pours his heated darts into the depths of snow and ice that hang upon the Jungfrau's head and arms and sides. Melted apart, the snow and ice at last succumb; the mighty mass begins to move — slips from the mountain's dizzy edge, and with a deep, dull, trembling roar, that well might wake the dead, tumbles and crashes hundreds and thousands of feet down, down to the dark Abyss below. Great drifts and clouds of snow leap up as if in wrath — the mountains echo back the sullen roar — the mists float slowly, grandly off, the avalanche is born.

At no point in the Alps can these tremendous cataracts of snow and ice be so safely seen, as here. At no other point is their mighty fall so great, so sudden, and so grand; and nowhere else are they so often seen in all their majesty. Their frequency depends upon the previous snows, adding to their enormous bulk and weight, and to the intensity of the sun's rays.

In August, they are seen by scores; sometimes by dozens, in a single afternoon; and the traveler, sleeping in these lofty regions in the summer nights, is often roused by the sudden crash and roar of their dread artillery.

A little farther on, the summit of the Wengern Alp is reached, and instead of the Lauterbrunnen vale, with bright

cascades and waterfalls, that of the Grindelwald is seen, with bleak and stony sides and rifts of snow and ice reaching between.

Instead of the Jungfrau's avalanche, the broad, bright glaciers of the Bernese Alps are seen. They reach from the Silverhorn to the Grimsel, and from Grindelwald almost to the sunny hills by the river Rhone.

They spread, in one great sheet of frozen ice, with broken spurs and cliffs and gaping crevasses, more than two hundred and thirty thousand acres in extent. They fill the vales and hollows of the highest and the finest group of mountains in Switzerland, whose peaks rise from these arctic fields, from five to fourteen thousand feet in hight, and make, perhaps, the most impressive panorama of the world.

At Grindelwald, two of these glacier fields reach down the valley and almost into the town, where even children climb upon their icy sides and "lay their hands on them as on the oceans mane."

The Gemmi, from Kandersteg to Leukerbad, is perhaps the wildest, the grandest, and yet most unfrequented moun-

THE WETTERHORN

tain pass in Switzerland. The route from Interlaken and the lake of Thun leads south through Reichenbach, into the fair, rich lands of Frutigen. For many miles, the way leads through a valley, glowing with fruit and grass and grain.

Of Frutigen, tradition has its many pleasant and romantic tales. In older times, the people were, as now, a hardy, independent folk; so full of love of liberty and independence, no hardship checked their ardor to be free. War and misfortune once left the valley with a tax, too great to pay by ordinary means. The people met, determined to be as free from debt as from a foreign rule, and every family in the valley pledged itself to eat no meat for seven years, but use the money thus saved to free them from their tax. The years went by; the tax was paid; the Frutigers were free.

Their frugal abstinence was pleasantly contrasted with the Saanen folks, their neighbors of a hundred years ago. These Saanenites were given up to coffee quite as much as spinsters of a certain age are given up to cats and tea.

When harvest days were past, the people made a coffee feast on top of the nearest mountain. The girls went up with coffee, milk and sugar, the boys and men with music and with wine. A great kettle was placed upon a fire, the milk and coffee poured inside and boiled, then pyramids of sugar were tumbled in; if sugar failed, salt took its place, and made a most unsavory mess. When all was boiled to perfect blackness, the party spread themselves upon the grass, and with wooden spoons dipped from the pot the live-long day, the next day, and, perhaps, the following week. When surfeited with barrels of coffee and of sour wine, the festive party went below to their labors and their homes. One of these saffron-colored valley folks once asked a friend to come and sup (coffee) with him. The friend dropped in, as he was on his way to church, and having drank eleven cups, the church bells told him he was coming late. He hastily sprang from his seat, swigged down another cup,

and hurried off, apologizing all the while for not remaining to drink some coffee with his friend

At Kandersteg, the ascent of the Gemmi pass begins. The little valley, with its brooks and farms and flowers, is promptly left behind. The way winds up beneath the Gellihorn, through dark forests of fir and pine and cedar. When half way up the pass, the view unfolds itself.

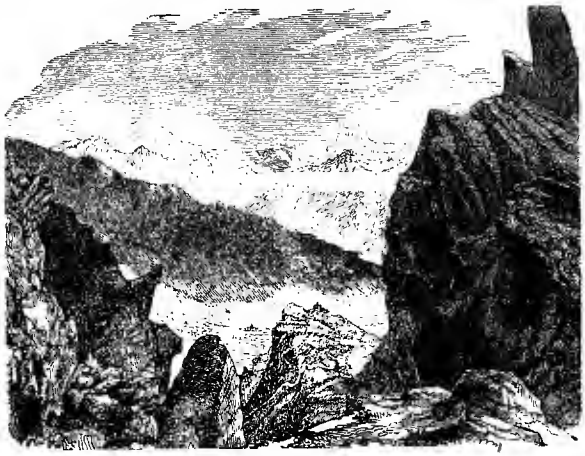
A multitude of mountain peaks are pointing their grey heads to the sky. To the left, the Rinderhorn, rocky, bleak, and black; in front, a sister Rinderhorn, wearing a cap of pure white snow; and farther east, the Balmhorn rises from a field of ice that wraps its base, twelve thousand feet. The way leads on through stony wastes and desolate places. A single hut contains the all there is of human life in this lone wilderness of rock and scraggy pine. Here, one can rest and breathe and lunch and learn the story of the murdered girl who lived upon a time within this very hut, and, with her parents, brought the traveler bread and milk and wine; till that bad lust that follows man sometimes, came even here among the desolation of the rocks and storm and clouds, and she was killed.

A little, dark, and dangerous-looking lake soon edges on the path and makes the desolation more complete. The rocks are bleak and bare; eternal silence seems to reign. A field of ice and snow, dirty and dark and dreary here, feeds the dull waters of the lake that flows without a single sound into some unknown cavern of the rocks. Its mystery, no man hath found, or scarcely sought to penetrate. The silence, the desolation, and the clouds, lead one to conjure up the strangest fancies of the mind. Stories of spirits and of ghosts — of murdered men, walking about the bleared old rocks and gloomy lake in grave clothes, come again. If it were night and moonlight, what a scene were this!

This gray old glacier who has sat a thousand years, bathing his feet in the dull dark lake he feeds; these gloomy ways; these bare, bold rocks, struggling to cast a shadow in the lake of night; the distant, glistening peaks, robed in a snow-white mantle, buttoned on with stars; the flitting,

changing clouds, the moaning winds, the ghostly caverns in the rocks, the haunted solitude, the full forgetfulness of man, would make the time, the place, a something not of earth, yet very far from heaven.

Such were a moonlight scene around the Dauben see. Ten minutes farther walk, and the very top of the Gemmi pass is reached. In this short walk, how much the scene is changed! The kulm that crowns the pass is sharply



GEMMI-PASS

broken on the southern side. The traveler stands upon the edge of an awful precipice. Bold, craggy rocks and walls, two thousand feet in depth, are at his feet, as he looks down into the gulf that breaks off to the Rhone. The sky is clear and blue; the valley of the Rhone, rich in its corn and wine, slopes off to Leman and the sea. Beyond the valley, other mountains lift their heads up to the clouds. The tooth-shaped Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, and Weisshorn, form the far-off back ground of the scene. To left and right, huge ice fields, ten thousand feet in air, reflect the hot rays of the summer sun that melts them just enough to feed the little streams, that rush off to the Rhone.

The pass leads down the face of the mighty wall beneath the travelers feet — a narrow way, skillfully blasted in the

granite rock, and sometimes hanging even beyond the perpendicular. At eighteen-hundred feet in hight, the narrow path winds back and forth along the dizzy way and sometimes pushes through the points of far projecting rocks. Below this spiral stair-case from the clouds, lies Leuker-Bath, perhaps the strangest bathing place in all the world. Though this is called the southern foot of Gemmi pass, the Baths are still almost three thousand feet above the sea and twenty-five hundred feet above the river Rhone, not half a dozen miles away.

The springs are hot, are very hot for bathing, and flow abundantly. Soldiers and priests, Swedes and Swiss, Dutch, French, and English, female and male, meet in one common bath and boil or soak themselves for many hours a day. The patients are all dressed alike, in long, close, flannel shirts, a sort of sub-marine uniform. An hour at a time is all the soakers take at first; then two, then three; then half the day, and even more. They sit in water to the very neck and talk and eat and laugh and play. Tables of wood float up and down the bath. The mermaids read and pout and chat and play; the sea-lions ogle, swim, and smoke, or while the hours away with cards.

Still others, careless of the mermaids floating near, drop off to sleep and, nodding, dream that earth and air have disappeared, but hearing some fair bathers laugh, wake up in time to keep from being drowned. The cure is made in twenty-seven days. Nine days of soak and boil produce a rash; another nine, the rash has seen enough of life and disappears; another nine, the soaker's cured or killed. He leaves the bath in either case.

The last few miles that bring the Gemmi pass down the wild romantic Dala to the Rhone, can truthfully be said to be the most delightful ride in Switzerland. The pleasures that one feels in such a place are indescribable.

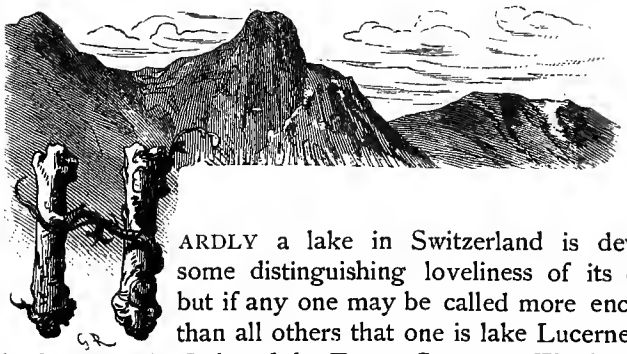
The road, smooth as a marble floor, winds through grateful shades, and under overhanging cliffs and banks of bright, green trees.

A deep, dark gorge, with foaming waters plunging through; old, granite rocks, piled up like palaces; cascades and falls;

arched bridges, spanning gulfs hundreds of feet in depth; green forests, hanging like royal mantles on lofty mountains, right and left; snow fields that cool the air of Italy; the Gemmi, with its grandeur and desolation, walled to the clouds behind; the ripened, vine-clad valley of the Rhone below; — such is the faint picture of a scene, where all the varied beauty and grandeur of the Alps and Switzerland are witnessed in an hour's ride.

CHAPTER III.

Lake of the Forest Cantons.



HARDLY a lake in Switzerland is devoid of some distinguishing loveliness of its own — but if any one may be called more enchanting than all others that one is lake Lucerne, called in German, the Lake of the Forest Cantons. The land where it lies is the classic land of Switzerland. Scarcely a village, a mountain, a rock, on its shores, but is connected in some way with the heroic days of the confederacy. Among the rocks that hang above its waters, Swiss liberty was born. Gessler and Tell and Winkleried may all be myths, but that republicanism lived and glowed in some heroic hearts, and was planted through their sufferings and courage in the bosom of the Swiss mountains and vallies, is a fact upon which their thrilling history rests. It was about the beginning of the twelfth century that the free men of Schwyz first made themselves known by resisting the encroachments of the Einsiedeln Abbots who were claiming, as a present from the emperor of Germany, the high pasture-lands and meadows reaching over towards Brunnen and the lake. The hardy mountaineers resisted successfully every effort made

by the monks and by the German empire itself to rob them of their inherited lands and homes. Outlawry, the ban of the empire, the curse of the pope, was fruitless, used against a people used to liberty. In 1257, the people voluntarily chose count Rudolph of Habsburg, a distinguished soldier, and leader of the Zurich troops, the son of an Alsatian landgrave who was killed in the crusades, as their governor. Sixteen years later, Rudolph was chosen emperor of Germany and under his mild rule the forest people suffered at least no crying wrong; for Rudolph was a fellow-countryman, almost, and did not forget, in his prosperity, the people among whom he had lived, when his only power was his own good sword. But when Rudolph died and his over ambitious and unscrupulous son Albert secured the throne, a different era dawned on the Helvetian shepherds. Albrecht was not only emperor, but duke of Austria and head of the new ruling family, as well; and a desire to add to the importance and influence of this Austrian house, led him to seek new acquisitions among the mountains and lakes of Helvetia. How he sent vogts or governors to Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, and how those governors tyrannized over the people, until a choice of rebellion or annihilation was forced upon them, everyone remembers. The secret oath at the Rütli followed, and on Newyear, 1308, the different Austrian castles were taken by stratagem, the garrisons paroled and sent home. Gessler, the worst of the Austrian vogts, had been waylaid and killed by Tell, and this was the only blood shed in the quiet revolution that led to the founding of a republic. On the first Sunday of the new year, deputies of the three cantons met down at Brunnen, on the lake, and renewed the Rütli oath and prepared themselves for peace or war. As the Austrians were too busy looking after the imperial crown to avenge themselves just then, quiet and peace were restored to the Helvetian folk for seven years, when the Einsiedeln monks, protected and urged on by Austria, again set up their claim to the forest territory. The duke of Austria at once seized this quarrel as a pretext for an attack upon the Schwyzers.

He came to Zug with a magnificent army and at Morgarten was overthrown and destroyed. Again the deputies of the cantons met, and again at Brunnen, and this time established the Swiss confederacy. The town of Schwyz gave the new republic its name, Schweiz — Switzerland. Seventeen years later, Lucerne, the fourth forest canton, joined the confederacy which, under different constitutions and different forms, has lasted until to-day, and which, with the patriotism of its people, the jealousies of its neighbors, and the impenetrableness of its mountain fastnesses, bids fair to live out centuries yet.

Lucerne, itself, is no longer a town of importance. It is however a picturesque, old place, with handsome walls and towers still standing. Its best buildings are its great hotels, numbering among them one, the National, said to be the largest in the country.

Politically and socially, the town is comparatively of no importance whatever. What the opening of the St. Gotthard Railway may do for the place in the future, is another question. Like Interlaken, the town is a sort of head quarters for travelers. In fact, it has its only life from travelers whose presence and surplus cash, in the hotels and the many fancy shops, permit the people's putting on some airs in summer time. In winter, Lucerne is hushed and silent as a tomb. It has but little life and less commerce, at any time, and art is here confined to Thorwaldsen's great lion, wounded and dying, cut on the face of a sandstone rock, in the open air. It was modeled as a monument to commemorate the massacre of the Swiss guards at the Tuilleries in 1792. It is a striking illustration of what the hand of genius can do in art, even where nature forgets to lavish her usual helps.

The stone is poor and seamed, and continual drippings from a spring above are fast defacing portions of the work. As a work of art, it is something of which Lucerne may well be proud; but it would appear to better advantage, if the dirty duck-pond which the Lucerners allow to flourish at its base were quickly and forever abolished, the ducks baked, and the old man who hangs about the scene in

dashing regimentals, sent about his business. The old habit of having every year many feasts, festivals, shooting-matches, wrestling-matches, jubilees, and the like, to bring the people together, continues, and the town of Lucerne adds one peculiar fete to the list, in the shape of a festivial and march in carnival time. Three hundred years ago, a jovial-hearted townsman, named Fritschi, died and left the whole of his fortune to be expended in paying from year to year the expenses of an hilarious march to the hills, where he, in life, had held high revelry. The procession is headed by music and a troop of gaily dressed boys. The sober citizens, wearing the war harness of the olden time, are next in train and are followed by the deputy of Fritschi here on earth who bears a great silver goblet in his hand, filled with wine which is offered to whoever still drinks Fritschi's health. Behind the goblet and the flowing wine come other mounted troops, with bright banners and the gear of pageantry. Behind it all, comes Fritschi himself with his own good wife, both dressed in the white and blue colors of the canton. The marching and parading done, the people spend the evening and the night with song and dance and wine and, once a year, at least, is jolly Fritschi's health well drunk in the fair, old town, Lucerne.

These forest cantons are all catholic in religion, patriotic in sentiment, and backward in the things that give states worldly influence. Of the 230 newspapers published in Switzerland, not one appears in the catholic canton Uri. Of the commerce and industry that characterize so much of the country, but the merest fractions can be put down to those cantons where catholicism exclusively prevails.

Not only commerce and general industry lag far behind, in the Swiss dominions of the pope, but art and literature and public libraries stand in the second rank. Though the oldest states in the Swiss confederacy, the forest cantons are, in almost every particular direction, the least advanced. The people who were shepherds and goat herds, five hundred years ago, in the mountains by lake Lucerne, are shepherds and goatherds still, in 1874, while the peasants of the

protestant cantons not only feed their goats and till their meager lands, but engage in many outside industries that make their lot a happier and a more fortunate one. That a sad and extraordinary difference, as to everything called advancement and modern thought, prevails between the catholic and protestant portions of Switzerland, no man can fail to recognize; and honest catholics themselves, though they fail to see the cause of the difference, will readily admit the fact. It is the same old story repeated here, to a certain extent, as in Italy, in France, and Spain, where priests have ruled.

But the forest cantons are not the dead, old, papal states, nor Italy, nor France, nor Spain. More books, more schools, and more intelligence are here. The Jesuit priests are also here, but not in all their papal panoply. The general government can chase them out — will chase them out, should there be any too much reverence for the bulls from Rome. The laws must be obeyed; if not, the Mermillods are handed to the town police and the town police can march them off to France or Italy.

So say the Federal functionaries up at Berne; and while this driving out of priests, without a judge or trial, smacks much of tyranny, in a democratic state like this, the anti-Jesuits approve complacently.

In catholic Switzerland, intelligence is not confined to priests alone, else Switzerland might be what France and Italy and Spain have been. Here everybody reads, and everybody votes and the evil influence of designing ones is checked and neutralized by the people's own best monitors, — themselves.

It is not however the Jesuits, nor the merry-makers of Lucerne, nor the goat herds of the mountains, that tourists go to see in the forest cantons; but Nature, bountiful and beautiful. Perhaps no other lake in Europe presents so many and so varied charms as lake Lucerne. It is but twenty-seven miles in length; but in these twenty-seven miles, what change of scene, of pretty glades and glens, of hills and meadow lands, of mighty walls of rock, of

mountain peaks and snowy Alps and, finer than all, the fair, blue lake itself. The lake is a cross; its head at the town Lucerne, its foot below Fluelen, and its arms reaching over from Alpnach to Küsnacht. The waters, however, run up the cross instead of down. Off Altstadt, there is a point, where, from the steamer, one sees the lake through each of its arms, and nowhere does it seem finer. Yet there are a score of points on the water, above the rocks, seeming to rival all other points in the wondrous landscape they unfold. The lake has a number of secure harbors, behind each of which nestles some pretty village, waiting to be stormed by travelers.

In each of these bays, or harbours, the water has a tint exclusively its own. The general tone of the water, however, is greenish-blue, and it is the highest above the sea of all the large Swiss lakes. It is framed in, in part, by walls of rock, from five hundred to two thousand feet in hight, and back of these are mountains, two and three times as high again, that stand as stepping stones or breastworks to the still higher Alps, mantled in eternal snow. It is a picture such as no artist ever made, no pen ever yet described, and yet, with all its thousand charms, with all its grandeur, there is a solitude that tires, eventually, even Nature's worshippers. It lacks the twenty thousand pleasant homes of Zurich lake, the fruitful vines of Neuchâtel, and Leman's swelling sails and half Italian skies. In a storm, Lucerne is something more than grand. The winds, howling down from the St. Gotthard, — the mighty rocks, half mantled in dark clouds, — pouring, roaring mountain torrents, vivid lighting, and terrific thunder-bolts, conspire to make an awe-inspiring scene, once witnessed, never to be forgot. As a picture, it is fairest when seen on a clear, warm summer day, from mount Pilatus, or the Rigi Kulm. This last named mountain is a miscellaneous pile of rock, thirty-six miles in circumference, at the foot, and five thousand five hundred and forty-one feet in hight. Three bright lakes wash its base, while dark forests and green pastures hang upon its sides, except where its northern wall stands nearly perpendicular. The Rigi is an outpost

of the Alps and stands almost alone. It has a number of tops, or horns, the highest of which is called the Kulm; and this point, reached by rail, commands a view entirely unsurpassed for variety of scene, even in the Alps. To the north, the hills and plains of German Switzerland, the far-off hills of Suabia, the Black Forest, and the outlines of the Jura alps. From east to south and west, extend the mountains of Appenzell, the group of the St. Gotthard, and the monarchs of the Bernese Oberland. Glimpses of thirteen lakes are had, green rivers, nestling villages, and miles of harvest fields.

How the Rigi impressed the Swiss some sixty years ago, when it first became known, can be imagined by reading the words of Hegner. In 1810, Gerold Meyer of Knonau who later, in his Topography of canton Schwyz, has accurately described the Rigi, went up with a little company and related afterwards how, at that time, a girl of the locality said in an explanatory way: "Da schaut me zu üch und i Dänemark und in alli di Länder use". "From here one can see Zurich, Denmark, and all other countries". A few years later, the talented Ulrich Hegner came up on the hight which he had already ascended forty years earlier. It had already often been pictured, what the people up there had experienced, either by themselves, or according to the writings of a certain *Red Book;* but probably the best of the Rigi literature is what Hegner wrote down briefly as his impression upon his entrance into this higher world. "At last, we came to the hitherto closed-up region above, at the border of the Staffel, where, at once, a whole world opens up towards the north and where we forgot, in a moment, heat and fatigue, — yes, the whole life that lay behind us. Above and around us, the sun shone out from a cloudless heaven and, below us, we perceived, not the whole view of the country, but an illimitable, white ocean of fog that lay still upon the landscape and reached half as high as the mountain. From this sea, the rocks of the near Pilatus raised themselves up like a sea-coast, and all was as still as though a second heaven were under us. Views from the hights into the depths of the country, we had already often seen,

but never yet such a sea of cloud under us. So must Noah have looked down from the mountain, where his ark rested, when the water still lay upon the depths. 'And there, under this still canopy', we said to each other, and had difficulty to comprehend it, 'surges ever-moving human life, in sorrow and in joy. Under there, are our brothers, striving like the ants, burrowing like the moles, seeking with unsteady eyes the sun of peace which surrounds us here above. We, also, will again go down into the turmoil and often throw fearful glances into the heavens. Let us then not forget what we here, seeing, have felt; that in spiritual, as well as in physical life, the dusky vail which, obscures our vision is woven from lightest mist, over which in even the lesser hights, the golden light of a glorious day prevails". It is a glorious panorama and one that was more enjoyable to the lovers of nature before the Rigi railway crowded its top with ten thousand noisy travelers, whole hordes of whom go up, more for the novelty of the miniature railroad, than to witness nature's magnificence. Quiet and peace and meditation are no longer to be had on the Rigi. Jostling and excited crowds, rushing for seats, fighting for beds, and all the hundred nuisances that come of overfilled hotels, is the order of the day there now. The shady path that leads from Arth is still preferred by those who have tried the railroad once or twice to any other way that leads to the Rigi-Kulm. And there are good reasons, too, why Alpine see-ers should prefer to ride a horse, or go on foot through shady paths, instead of creeping up a mountain on a crowded railway car. A railroad on a mountain — and the romance, the adventure, and half the pleasure of the thing are gone; and yet these avaricious stock concerns are threatening the Arth side of the Rigi with an iron road. When that is consummated, mountaineers may seek for pleasure somewhere else than here and leave the Rigi to the railroads, the porters, and the big hotels. As a piece of engineering, the Rigi-Bahn, as it is called, is worthy of the great success it meets. It was opened for passengers on the 23^{d} of May, 1871, since when it has carried its hundreds

of thousands up the mountain and down, without a single accident of note. The grade averages twenty-two per cent and, in the steeper places, twenty-five per cent and more is reached. From the Rigi Staffel to the Kulm, the grade is steeper still. The road is modeled after the White mountain road, in the United States. There are three, instead of two, rails; the middle one having deep steel cogs to fit the teeth of the large, steel wheel of the locomotive. The engines are of peculiar construction and built especially for mountain use. They are of a hundred and twenty horse power, with upright boilers, and so arranged as to be stopped instantly, if desired. They are not coupled to the cars, but push them up from behind, one car to each locomotive. In making the descent, the locomotive is at the front and holds the car from moving too rapidly. Speed is left out of the question entirely, as the train scarcely makes three miles an hour, up or down. The carriages are light, open at the sides, to permit a view, and seat nearly sixty persons. The road crosses a deep ravine at one point, on an iron bridge, two hundred and seventy feet long, standing at an angle of twenty-five degrees. The road has proved a source of profit to the owners. Sixty thousand and more tickets were sold in the first running season of a hundred and forty-six days and the passenger traffic seems to be on the increase continually. It has made the ascent of the Rigi easy and comfortable. What it has made the Rigi itself, has already been observed. But the Rigi, queen of the mountains, though she be, is not the only height attracting travelers to lake Lucerne. Pilatus, her neighbor, sitting grandly on the other side of the lake, is her superior in everything but the lighter charms. He is her king and, if he frowns, with a fog about his brow, all wooers of the Rigi stay below. Pilatus looks down more than a thousand feet upon the Rigi's highest crown. Though not among the very highest of the Alps, it is still, when measured from its base on lake Lucerne, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland.

It was well known, even to the Romans, many a century ago; and no mountain has been associated with so many

myths, tales, and traditions, in the past, as this. Its top is rough and wild and dreary and the Tomlishorn, its highest point, or Kulm, is a colossal rock, flung above the mountain and piercing the sky. Around this rocky horn, like a spiral stairway, little, narrow, unsafe steps are cut, by which the adventurer may mount to the very apex of the cone and view, from this dizzy height, the meadows, lakes, hills and villages that lie five thousand feet below. In ascending the Esel, a second horn in the crown of Pilatus, the zigzag path would suddenly terminate against an overhanging cliff, were it not that nature has bored a sort of hole or chimmey, twenty-five feet in height, through the solid rock. Up this chimmey a pair of wooden steps have been built and, when the scrambler has made his tour through the dark hole in the rock and suddenly emerges at the top and looks into the bright, blue sky above, and the bluer lake far, far below, the sensation is one of relief, delight, and fear; relief that the climb is done, delight with the glorious scene, and fear of the deep and threatening abyss. Behind him, the chalky horns of the Pilatus sentinels lift up their dismal heads. In front, and right and left, are all the Alps, mantled in snow and ice. The scene richly repays the climb of half a dozen hours, the aching limbs, and the burning brow. There is a good path now which, though steep, is ascended by ladies, even, to the top and which leads at times through Alpine meadows with grazing herds and singing mountaineers.

The little huts seen on the grass and rocks at times, and so commonly caled chalets, are the cow-men's homes. In these little huts of two or three compartments, one for the goats in storm, one for the cheese, and one for himself, the mountaineer conducts the business of a dairyman. All day he leads his cows and goats to the freshest grass upon the mountain sidė. At night, he shuts them in their pens, repeats his prayers, and sleeps beneath the quiet of the stars. When winter comes, the cowboy, with his goats and cows and cheese, goes down the mountain to the villages below and, on his coming, there is song and dance and

wine, with thanks to Him who made the grass to grow and blessed the summer with the dews and rain.

The pretty steamers on lake Lucerne are comfortable — the new ones, even elegant. The fares are low and the officers are gentlemen. The last remark may be made of most of the railway and steamboat officials in Switzerland, common carriers being here the people's servants, not their masters, as is the case in that greater republic where so wonderfully much is said of independence, freedom, antimonopoly, and the like. Such officials here are usually in uniform and wear some badge or number to designate the particular post which they may fill. Want of politeness to travelers who are polite themselves is not allowed, and the rule is that an officer who has been three times complained of for improper conduct is not to be considered worthy of employment and is, at the third complaint, discharged from service. The boats touch at nearly all the points of special interest on the lake. On the right side of the lake and above Brunnen, sitting on the rocks over the water's edge, is Tell's chapel, built in 1388, a monument to mark the spot where Tell escaped from Gessler in the storm. This chapel is under the Axenstrasse, one of the finest pieces of engineering in the country. It is a post-road, cut along and through the face of the wall of rock, hundreds of feet above the lake. It is twenty-one feet wide and three miles long, blasted out at an expense of a million francs. A little further down the lake and on the left side, a stupendous rock rises up from the water. It has been dedicated to the poet Schiller whose drama of William Tell immortalized the lake and its surroundings. Is is worthy of remark that Schiller himself never saw lake Lucerne, and the play which proved his masterpiece was first suggested by his friend Gœthe. Close to the Schiller rock and on the main land, is the little meadow where the three patriots met, on a dark December night of 1307, and swore to unbind the fetters of the forest people. Within a year, the appointed deputies of the three forest cantons met in an old house, still standing at Brunnen on the other side, and there formed the first alliance or nucleus of the confederacy. At

the extremity of the lake's arm reaching eastwards, is still another chapel, or monument, erected to Tell in 1482, on the spot where he killed Gessler. At Altorf, on the Reuss and just above the lake, a plaster statue, given by the riflemen of Zurich, marks the spot where, tradition says, Tell shot the apple from the head of his brave boy. In a little valley, not a mile away, another monument points the spot where William Tell was born.

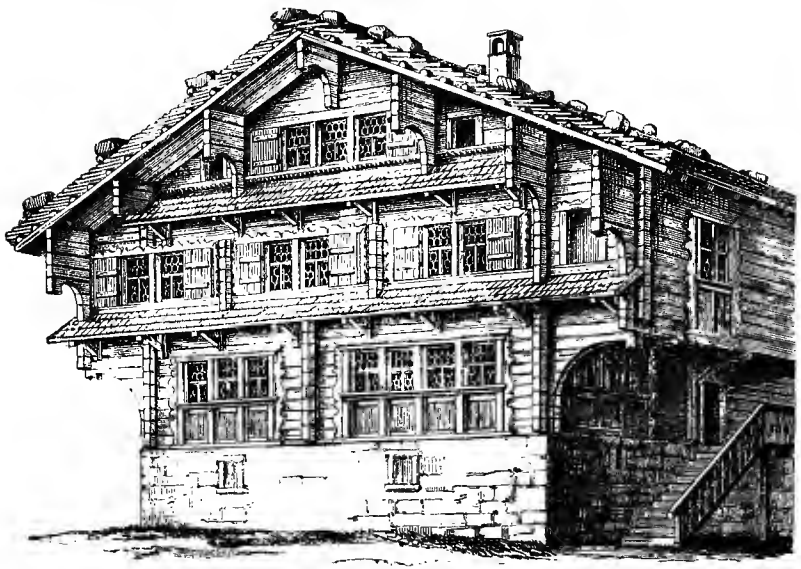
The scenery about this classic spot is superlatively grand. The rapid Reuss, bearing the debris of the avalanches to the lake, — stupendous walls of rock, — lofty mountains — dark, deep vallies, and rushing torrents, deepen the impressions history and tradition have made upon the mind.

TELLS CHAPEL AT KUSSNACHT

The people who live in the vallies leading to the lake, have changed but little since the times of Tell. Honest and independent, stiff-necked and frugal, they lead a quiet, pastoral life, free of all innovations or very new ideas. Their Altorf monument to Tell stands on ground to them almost sacred. The figure would have more of the heroic to the stranger's heart and eye, were it not remembered that within a rifle shot of this very place, an editor was publicly and officially cowhided a few years since for printing his opinions of the church. It is legal, here in Uri, and may be democratic in idea, but it is not progessive, very, to be thrashing people in the streets for their opinions of the priests; but this is one of the many strange inconsistencies of Swiss liberty, as exemplified in one of the places where Swiss liberty was born. In a few years, the St. Gotthard railroad tunnel will be built, commerce and trade will force new light into this corner of

the land of Tell; the people will then beat their sheep-hooks and milk-pails into spinning-wheels and looms, and the land will cease to find its mental nourishment in one idea.

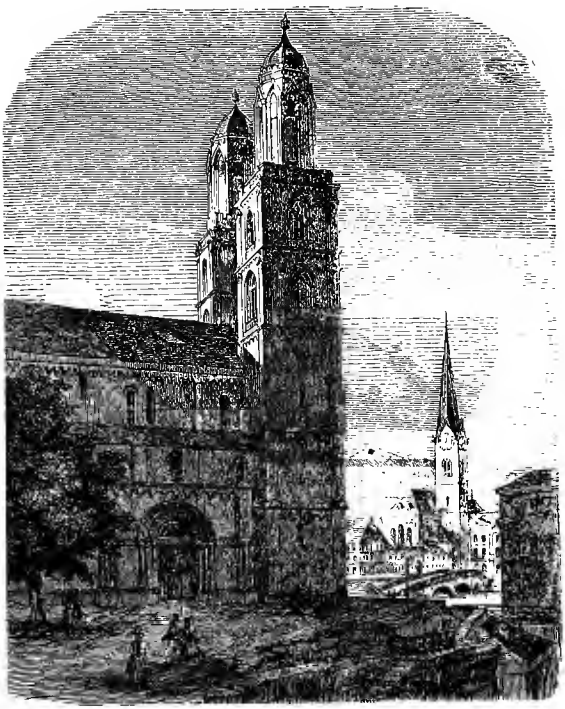
Tired of wagoning over the top of the Alps, Italy, France and Germany determined to pierce the St. Gotthard with a tunnel similar to the one under the Appenines. Three years since, the three states most concerned subscribed eighty-five million francs for the undertaking; but as this sum was found insufficient, a company was formed with one hundred and two millions more, making the total estimate of the cost of the tunnel and road one hundred and eighty-seven million francs. The contract was let, to be finished in eight years, and the work is being pushed. Already Swiss, German, and Italian workmen are drilling the granite and crystal rocks far under the Alps. The rocky peaks surrounded in snow, the storm, the avalanche, are far above their heads. They hear and know them not, for down, deep in the darkness of the earth, man seeks to compass even the anger of the elements.



A FOREST CANTON PEASANT HOUSE

CHAPTER IV.

Zurich City.



"NEXT to Damascus," said an English traveler once, "Zurich is the fairest, friendliest, old city of the hemisphere". Whoever stands upon the upper Limmat bridge, on some calm, summer's evening, when the atmosphere is clear, and looks to the south and east, will see a sight as fair indeed as any of the world. Beneath his feet, the broad, green river rushes by. On right and left are old cathedrals, casting

their shadows to the low-arched bridge; in front, the enchanting lake, the green clad Albis hills, the smiling villages, the snow-topped Glaernish Alps. The sun sinks low behind the western hills. His lingering rays, striking the Glaernish rocks and snow and ice, produce the Alpine glow, making the semicircle of the Alps shine like a thousand crystal palaces. The sun sinks lower still. The Alpine glow, the crystal palaces, are gone, and in their stead, are bleak and dreary walls and peaks of rock — wierd, flitting clouds — shadows that move about like ghosts — cold fields of snow and ice.

Zurich was an old town, a thousand years ago. A half a century before the birth of Christ, tradition says the Helvetians burned this among their other towns and villages and started off to Gaul and Italy in search of a warmer climate and a more grateful soil. When Caesar defeated them and compelled them to return to the Alps and rebuild their towns, Zurich was made a Roman military station and called Turicum. Centuries went by, and with them went from Zurich the Roman legions and the Roman civilization. Old, ruined walls and fragments of fortresses about the town, recall the time when Latins lived on the Helvetian lakes and Vindonissa, tradition says, was half as large as Rome. Four centuries later than the birth of Christ, the Allemanic hordes came in and burned and built, and built and burned, in all the district eastward from the river Aare. They left, at least, their language to the invaded land, and canton Zurich speaks a dialect in 1875 that was the Allemanic tongue of fourteen centuries ago. In the year 499, the city was again rebuilt by Clovis, the Frankish king, and was, for centuries, ruled by Suabian dukes and counts of Thurgovie. After the death of Rudolph of Habsburg who had been her steady friend, Zurich, an imperial city then, allied herself with Schwyz and Uri, to protect and to help in time of need. Twenty years later, Austria marched an army against the Uri and the Schwyzer folk and Zurich marched along. Morgarten was fought in 1315. Austria was whipped, and nearly all the Zurich troops engaged were

killed. In six and thirty years from then, Zurich, herself, was pressed by the Austrian duke and turned her face to the forest cantons, not to fight, but for help and for admission as a member of the first Swiss league. Her proposal was accepted and for five and a quarter centuries Zurich canton has been an independent self ruling republic — a faithful member of the Bund of democratic states, composing Switzerland.

The city sits like a beautiful crescent around the foot of the lake and is seen to the best advantage, if viewed from the Waid or from the hills near Bändlikon.

The old and the new are strangely intermingled in the houses, in the streets, and in the parks.

Fair, granite piles, built yesterday, stand side by side with queer old towers, walls, and churches of two, three and even five and six, centuries ago. The finest modern street the city has, covers throughout its length a broad, deep ditch that was, in the olden time, a moat outside the military gates and walls. A lovely park stands where the walls of a Roman fortress have fallen to decay. A pretty schoolhouse of a modern style crowds close upon a münster built when Charlemagne was emperor. New fountains, built of brass and bronze but yesterday, are playing close by fountains and statues of another age. The railway train that rushes to the finest railroad station in the world is met by the lumbering mountain diligence, and the shrill scream of the lake steamer is answered by the driver's horn.

There are streets that are broad and fair, and there are streets so steep and narrow that Falstaff, with his jolly, laughing sides, never could have worried through, and where the Zurich lovers of the olden time reached hands across and kissed their pretty sweethearts from the upper windows of their homes. The houses vary as the streets and as the times in which they have been built.

But every house, high or low, good or bad, old or new, is built of stone and built as if to last till the final trump of doom. No single style prevails to the exclusion of all other styles. Specimens of Dutch, of French, of Florentine, and Roman-

esque architecture are seen, while many houses on many streets possess no style or architecture of any kind that men would think to imitate to-day. High, old, rusty-colored houses, with pointed gables and corner windows, still are seen. The entrances to these are cold, forbidding looking halls, paved with brick or stone, and are as often at the back part of the house as at the front. The oaken doors with their heavy iron knockers, swing to like gateways to a jail.

The rooms are dark and dull, the ceilings low, but the floors are white and clear as shining sand, and the great white porcelain stove, built in a former age, still fills an ample portion of the room and is the most prominent article of ornament and use in all these antiquated homes.

But after all, these queer, old, crooked streets, these houses with their hanging eaves, their rusty tiles and corner balconies, are what the traveler and the artist love to see but soon can see no more; for they are passing away and in their stead grow up new granite piles and palaces. But not the traveler alone will miss these monuments of other days. The Switzers, too, have bits of sentiment about such things as these, and the eyes of more than one old Zuricher were wet, a few years since, on learning that the council had resolved to tear away the city's mossy walls and towers, and, in their stead, build modern streets.

How Zurich people lived, loved, and died, when these old homes were new, the musty records, full of love and law, and gossip, carefully relate. The queerest customs, ways, and things were fixed by law or regulated by the town police.

At wedding parties in the old, old times, not more than twenty guests could be invited, and a forward step in Zurich's social life was made, when a city ordinance allowed that more than six right handsome folks could attend a wedding together, if they chose. Two singers, two fiddlers, and a pair of hautboys made all the music that the law allowed. The prices paid for wedding dinners, though discriminating in favor of unmarried girls, were fixed. The gallant bridegroom paid the bill which never could exceed three cents for every invited

male, two cents for married females, and a cent and a half for each unmarried girl. Fourteen years for girls and sixteen years for boys was thought to be the ripened age to which the marriage act could safely be postponed. But even with these accumulated years, papa's consent was not to be despised. When such consent was asked, the parents of the asked-for bride assembled with all the household around the family board. The blushing pair were asked to drink from the same cup, sit on the same stool, eat with the same spoon, in fact — and then the stern, old parent yielded with a long drawn Ja.

Funerals were not less strange in character than marriages. In all the churches, black mourning-cloth was kept for the poor to use, free of charge.

When men of worth, or some near friend dropped off, a sort of Irish wake was held and all the friends assembled, to eat to gluttony, and to drink the dead one's health. Expensive show of dress or funeral gear was not allowed, and as late as the days of Zwingli even, the country people brought their dead upon a board and coffinless.

A sixpence paid the sexton for his work of covering up the corpse with clay, not less than fifteen inches deep. Still others wrapped their dead from head to foot with many folds of cloth, sewed them up like mummies, and turned them over to the vestryman for burial.

Gravestones were not allowed and, dead or alive, but little more than twenty hours elapsed before the body was slipped into the grave. Even to-day, unpainted boxes instead of coffins are used for the dead in Zurich, and iron crosses oftenest mark the last, long resting place. Bodies of culprits who were put to death for crime were burned or given to the lake, while suicides received no burial at all, but were, as a rule, tumbled into the nearest ditch.

Church-going was thought a saving ordinance and was enforced by fines and corporal punishment. Staying away from church, on Sunday mornings, especially, was followed, two hundred years ago, by loss of citizenship; and standing at the church's door, to see the comers-out and

the goers-in, was numbered with the things forbidden by law.

Sermons, long spun and wandering from the point in hand, were cut short by the town officers who recommended brevity as the soul of wisdom as well as wit, and that even preachers should stop talking when they had nothing more to say.

Dress had its limits, too. Gold and silver ornaments, worn on ladies dresses, were unlawful, except at weddings. At church, the women always dressed in black; the men wore mantles, knee breeches, and fancy stockings, but were sometimes fined for not having both stockings of the same color. Zwingli's successor went into the Grossmünster pulpit with coat of black fur, white breeches, red jacket, and a dagger in his belt. Trains were not within the pale of law. Dresses, the city governors said, must not be too long at the bottom, nor too short at the top; the low-necked style in vogue must not be overdone. Three fingers was made the legal limit to which the girls might cut their dresses down in front.

The easy women of the town were made to wear red hoods, to indicate the easy lives they led. In church, — they had to go to church, these easy Magdalenes, the bright, red hood was laid upon the shoulder, indicating still its wearer's frailties.

But the queer, old-fashioned ways and things of Zurich are disappearing with the city's mossy walls and moats and towers. A newer city with newer people is crowding in where the old town stood, and while many of the social customs of former centuries still prevail, new Zurich breathes a freer life, changed to a certain extent, to suit the modern tide of trade, of commerce, and of art. Still old and cramped and angular in social life, the city struggles to cast off the fetters of dead ages and to reap the benefits that come of change and of keeping up with the world's new pace.

Her tradesmen, bankers, teachers, manufacturers, and business men generally, are awake to the new idea of

progress. Her cobweb class, no very small one either, a class who live among the dead things of the past, smell musty as the tomb and hang like millstones on the city's neck.

One jog ahead on the city's part, and these old rusty coaches tumble out of joint and everything and every man in Zurich stops, to oil them up and get them on their feet again.

The canton, though the seventh in size, is the first in commercial importance in the country. She is the second in wealth, the second in population, the first in schools, the first in political consequence, and is the literary centre of the whole. Zurich's industry is changing the picturesque, old town to a splendid modern mart, whence commerce and trade extend their arms to almost every quarter of the globe. Her business representatives go out to China, Russia, North und South America, — and half the islands of the sea pay tribute, more or less, to modern Swiss industry. The cotton of the sunny south is picked, baled and sent across the sea, to be spun among the Alps. The Chinese silk-worms reel their fairy threads to be sent to the looms of Zurich. Egyptian cotton leaves the Pharaohs' land and the sons and daughters of Alpine shepherds weave it into fair embroideries.

The busiest industry conducted here is that of silk. Zurich is the second silk stuff manufacturing city of the world, and almost rivals Lyons in the quantity, if not in the quality, of the stuffs produced. The colored silks and the cheaper qualities of blacks are as well woven at Zurich as at Lyons and at smaller cost.

Who buys good black silks, buys Lyons silks. Who buys the cheapest, buys Zurich silks; but the tremendous amount of Zurich silk that, in America, is sold as Lyons silk, is something quite astonishing.

Not one woman in twenty can tell by her own judgment whether the heavy silk, dextrously spread before her eyes on the New York counter, is heavy by reason of its great number of fine strong threads, or by reason of the pounds and pounds of rotten dye stuff of which it is composed.

The heavy silks are not all Lyons silks, nor are heavy silks all good silks, as the manufacturer knows. But Zurich's summer silks, and a few of her heavier ones equal in quality and price the silks of France. The process by which the humble worm is made to clothe the luxury-loving lilies of the day is novel and interesting.

In Italy, in France, or far-off China, the silk worm, well-fattened on his mulberry leaves, spins about himself his round, ball-like cocoon, and when his grubship's home is built, and he is ready to pierce his castle walls and soar away, no longer grub, but butterfly, the silk man comes and dashes castle and grub into a basin of boiling water. The grub is boiled and killed, to prevent his cutting through and ruining the fairy threads of which his castle, or cocoon, is made. The dead old grub and his water-soaked cocoon are oftenest sent to Lombardy, where nimble-fingered girls wind off the miles and miles of gossamer threads that made the dead grub's home. The prices of these raw silks fluctuate as much as the price of gold or bonds on Wall street, but the usual rates will average perhaps fifty francs to the pound for the best and sixteen francs for the poorest quality produced. The very best of them, however, are worth their weight in silver. Time was when they were valued, pound for pound, with gold.

In strength these gossamer threads are equal to iron wires of the same thickness; and a cord of twisted silk, as thick as the cable sustaining the Niagara bridge, would sustain the same strain as easily. These threads are twisted by twos and fours and, again twisted, are wagoned across the Alps to Switzerland and are there again twisted and reeled and made ready for the dyer's hands. The coloring establishments are near the lake and the low-covered boats anchored on the water at many points between Zurich and Rappersweil are usually filled with men, engaged in washing the skein silk just from the dye. Day in, day out, summer and winter, with their arms to their elbows in the cold water of the lake, and always stooping over the side of the boats, these washers work for from sixty to eighty cents a day.

Colored, washed, dried, and weighed, the silk is packed in the manufacturer's magazine, and is ready for the loom. These looms for weaving silk are found in almost every peasant's house around the lake. They are usually plain, cheap, wooden structures, resembling in every respect the old carpet looms so often found among the farmers of our own country. Almost all the peasant women weave between the scanty hours given to the duties of the house.

In half the homes along the lake, the noise of the loom and the click of the busy shuttle are ever heard, from early morning till late at night.

The manufacturer weighs out to the peasant woman the raw silk for the week or month. For every pound of raw silk given out, a given quantity of woven stuffs will be required at the magazine, within a given time. The pay for weaving silk is by the yard, and differs with the character of stuff upon the looms, as Gros grains, Rayes, or Poult de soies, each one requiring a different degree of labor and of watchfulness. Two francs to three francs a day is about as much as the peasant weavers usually can make, but this amount is made without material neglect of the woman's ordinary household cares.

As late as twenty-five years ago only, Zurich reelers and weavers earned but five to ten cents per day. The men who build the palaces are not the men who usually live in them when they are done, and so it is with those who weave the silken fabrics princes wear. The weaving people nearly all are poor and the only luxury in the house is the handsome silk their tired hands weave for other people's use. The quantities of silk woven by Switzerland in her peasant homes is wonderful. Two hundred and fifteen million francs worth are sent away in a single year. Of this immense amount, some forty millions worth were sent, last year, to the United States, and there paid a duty of sixty per cent, plus the freight, plus the insurance and commission of the agents through whose hands it may have passed. Thus it generally happens that dress silks, costing

but little more than a dollar a yard in Zurich, cost two, and even three and four dollars, in the United States, and dearer silks, of course, are sold proportionately higher. That silks cannot be woven in the United States, to compete with those of Zurich, Lyons, or Crefeld, is wholly the result of a want of technical knowledge of the business. They are woven as well by machinery as by hand, and power looms could be worked, it would seem, in the United States, as cheaply as the hand looms can be worked in Europe. Even here in Zurich, where hand-labor is so cheap, the few power-looms there are in factories compete most favorably as to quality and cost of silk produced. There is no material gain by using power-looms here, it is true, but in America with her protective advantage the important gain would soon be apparent. The present plan of producing and disposing of much of the silk stuff used, is this. The cocoons raised in China or Japan are sent through the United States to Lombardy to be reeled. From Lombardy, the raw silk goes to Zurich or Lyons, to be woven, and then goes back to the United States, paying a gold duty of sixty per cent to get in and be consumed.

Zurich alone has more than thirty-three thousand persons engaged in throwing, dyeing, and weaving silk and the millions of capital used in the business is, as a rule, not only well, but very profitably employed. Zurich has an immense cotton and iron industry besides. By the latter, an enormous amount of work of excellent character is turned out every year. The city builds not only the iron steamers for the lakes of Switzerland, but for the lakes of Italy also; and the Danube river and the Black sea float iron boats built by Swiss hands at Zurich. These boats are first put together here, and, found complete, are then taken apart and shipped to the waters of other countries and, are there again put together for use.

That these steamers are well built and well managed may be guessed, when we remember that they carried above a million passengers on lake Zurich in 1873 and lost but one.

The Zurich canton peasants are as thrifty farmers as any in the world. An air of neatness, cleanliness, and care is found in every country house.

Of course the farms are small, — so very small as scarcely to be worth the name; but every inch of ground is tilled to the utmost it can bear. No other tilling would bring the peasants bread to eat. The agricultural implements used, however, are of the most primitive character, such as the early Romans themselves might have used in ploughing round the walls of ancient Turicum. Wooden mould-board ploughs are used, requiring half a dozen men and as many cows or oxen to get them over the ground. Reapers, mowing-machines, hay rakes, threshing machines, hay lifters, and the like are less known to the Zurich farmer than to the American Indian. The few tools used in farming are not only simple and primitive in character, but are most awkwardly made.

Some allowance can be made for the absence of modern farm implements, however, when it is considered that a full sized American reaper would scarcely have room to turn around upon the diminutive farms of the Swiss cantons.

Fences are seldom used, and where handsome hedges, beautifully trimmed, are not growing, imaginary lines divide the little farms, lying a hundred on a single hill. The cattle, of course, are not allowed to run at large, but are carefully stalled, day and night, summer and winter, in close, dark, stone barns. The darker the barn, the less the food consumed, seems to be the Swiss milkman's philosophy.

A peasants cows and goats are his treasures, second only to his children. The breed is good; usually the Toggenburger kind, with short, smooth horns, small in size, mouse-colored always, and always sleek and fat and famous for its great supplies of sweetest milk. An acre or so of land and a half a dozen of the kind, mouse-colored cows, is often all the store the Zurich peasant has. His cows produce him butter, milk, and cheese for his own use and to spare.

His little patch of land yields vegetables for his table and even more. What's over is quickly sold for cash and at good prices in the nearest town. He grows but little wheat or corn and buys his flour, imported, nearly all, from Hungary. Himself, his wife, and children too, if not in school, must work, and work continually, out doors and in, to make the little farm and cows supply their wants, and have both ends meet at Christmas time, when doctors' bills and grocers bills and dry-goods' bills must all be paid.

On rainy days and hours, between the out-door work and in door cares, the busy loom is plied and the pretty woven silks add trifles of ready cash to the poor man's treasury. A sort of happiness is his, not born of contentment, but of a knowledge of the impossibility to him of better things. He has enough to eat and drink and wear, but nothing more, — not even this, if summer rains and late spring frosts or heavy storms should come.

A class of peasants, better off than these, with but a patch of garden truck and a few cows, are those who own the vineyards along the lake and on every sunny hill. The culture of the grape has long been practiced in Zurich canton, even in the days of Charlemagne, who gave the münster church a present of a patch of grapes nearly eleven centuries ago and there are vineyards by Zollikon, just in the suburbs of the town, that have borne the vine five hundred years. There are, perhaps, fifteen thousand acres of grapes in the canton and the wines produced are nearly all consumed within a dozen miles of the spot where they are grown. Their quality is usually poor and, with a few exceptions, not of a character to be exported at all. The Meilen wine on the right bank of the lake, however, has a taste quite similar to the common wines of the Rhine districts, and the wine of Winterthur is thought almost as good as that of Burgundy. The system of cultivation does not differ materially from that employed in other continental vineyards.

The vines are planted close together, averaging not more than two to three feet apart. The pruning is done in late

winter and the vines are well cut down and every inch of superfluous stock removed.

They are trained on small, short stakes about four feet in hight. The method of tying down in bows is often used, but the broken wood and the scarcity of fruit below the bending of the vine, speaks little in favor of the plan. The vines are rarely protected in winter, but the wooden stakes are usually pulled up and kept indoors till spring. For the tying, straw alone is used, and, is found, not only cheaper; but far less injurious to the vine than wire or even bark. Such things as weeds or grass are never seen in a Swiss vineyard, where the ground is kept as clean as a cabbage bed. When the grapes are ripe, the merriest time of all the year begins. From early morn till evening, the hills resound with laugh and song, as boys and girls, old men and young, mothers and wives with babes, collect in the vineyards and bear away the luscious white purple fruit. Time and again, the long, long day, the baskets are filled and carted to the press. The neighbors come in groups, a sort of backwoods festival of work is made and all goes merry as a marriage bell. When the grapes are gathered and put under the great oak beams to press, the gatherers, young and old, join in a banquet in honor of the vintage-time.

Music and song and dance are heard, and the tables groan for once in the year, at least, with the good things of the farmer's home.

For a summer day, no pleasanter old town can be found than Zurich. Its lake, its baths, its drives, its concerts, and its good hotels, make the city a delightful resting place, and its central location makes it a desirable head-quarters for tourists on the tramp through German Switzerland.

The Uetliberg overlooking the city commands one of the finest mountain prospects imaginable. The semi-circle of snow mountains, reaching from the Glaernish on the left, to the Eiger and the Jungfrau on the right, is scarcely excelled for Alpine grandeur, anywhere. The Rigi itself, and mount Pilatus, the Mythen, and other mountains of the forest-canton regions, that lose so much of their splendor by

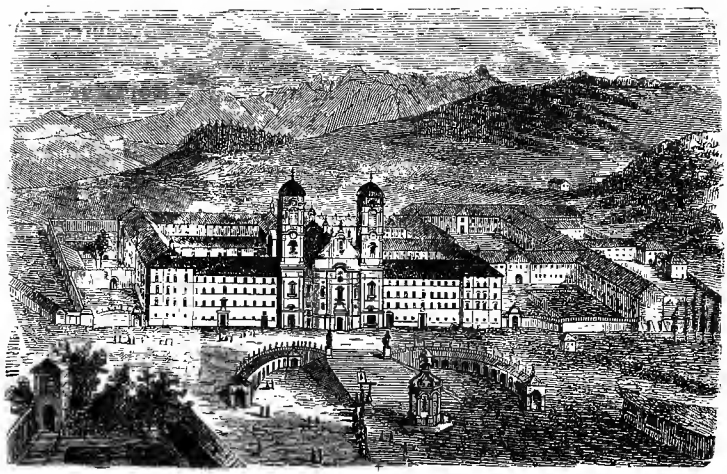
being too near, when viewed from Lucerne, are here seen in all their glory.

Even in winter the Zurich Rigi has its charms and especially when the old city lies down deep in one of its London fogs. It is there that the tourist can stand on the mountain's top, with a sky above him as fair and blue as that of Italy, while far below a great gray sea of fog obscures the city and the lake, and all things mortal.

At night too, when the moon comes up from the fog, the scene is wonderful. We stand amid the silence of the stars — below the great gray sea, the city's murmurings are heard, and soon a few bright bars of light shoot up to announce the coming majesty and then the moon, the great red moon magnified by the peculiar atmosphere to five times its usual size rides grandly, majestically above the sea of fog and is welcomed by the waiting stars.

CHAPTER V.

Einsiedeln.



An Abbey more than a thousand years old, — a church consecrated by the Angels — a miracle-performing image of the Virgin and her Child; such are the attractions that have brought, within less than fifty years, five million pilgrims to our Lady's shrine at Einsiedeln.

A thousand years and more ago, tradition tells, a young count Meinrad of the Hohenzollern blood lived at the cloister Reichenau on the river Rhine. Most deeply learned in all the Benedictine fathers taught, Meinrad was sent to educate the Anchorities who had a little convent on the lake of Zurich. Meinrad, however, chose a hermit's life and built himself a chapel and a hut far up among the wilds of canton Schwyz. The pious people followed him, to seek a blessing of the holy monk, so given up to God. Again the hermit fled; again a chapel and a hut was built and Meinrad's life was given wholly to contemplation and to prayer. Some

twenty years and more, his lonely cell stood upon the very spot where stands the world-known monastery to-day.

Two ravens, very black and very tame, were sole companions of his hermit days. But Meinrad's fame for christian deeds and charity spread through all the vallies of the Alps and pious souls still sought him in the wilderness, to crave advice and listen to his words of christian cheer. One day, two roving robbers, thinking Meinrad might have gold as well as truth within his cell, came to the hermits little home and asked for bread. The holy man gave bread and milk and wine and, in return, the robbers murdered him and fled. The friendly ravens, burning to see their master's death avenged, followed the murderers far down the hills, across the lake, and into Zurich. The men sought refuge in a little inn, but the ravens flapped their wings against the window panes and screamed aloud for hours. The murderers who were superstitious men, thought this a warning from above, and hastened to confess the deed and tell the details of their crime. They suffered death upon the wheel. The little inn where they were found remained till modern times and was long known as the Ravens' Inn. It had two ravens, carved in black stone, built inside the walls. In later years the inn was changed, if not entirely rebuilt, and is the Hotel Bilharz of to-day.

The curious who may visit Zurich, still can see these black stone ravens, perched upon a balcony of the house and looking towards the lake. For half a century, at least, Meinrad's hut and chapel stood unused. Then, a Strassburg count who wished to live where holy Meinrad once had lived, repaired the hut and built a convent large enough for many Benedictine monks who followed him.

Still later, other patrons, other Benedictines came and set about to build a princely church upon the very spot where Meinrad's cell had stood. In September of 948, the temple was at last complete. Two bishops and a host of knights and nobles came from Germany, to consecrate it to the Lord; and then occurred, — if Papal bulls, and Bishops, oaths can be believed, the miracle that placed the monastery among the famous churches of the world.

Leo, the Eighth, was Pope, and learning of the angels' consecration of the church, confirmed the story of the miracle in an official bull, adressed to all the faithful of the Roman church.

"We, Leo, pope, servant of the servants of God, do "announce to all the present and future believers in the "church of God:

"That our reverend brother and associate Bishop at "Constance, Conrad by name, in the presence of our dear "son Otto, the Emperor, and his wife, the Empress Adel- "heid, together with many other princes, has made known "before our apostolic chair, that on the 14th of September, "948, he was called to a certain place within his diocese, "named Meinrad's cell, in order to consecrate a chapel to "the honor of the holy, glorified mother of God, the virgin "Mary. But when he rose, as accustomed, to pray at mid- "night, so he told us, he heard with other godly ones, a "surpassingly lovely song, and by more minute investigation "ascertained indeed, that the angels with like song and order "as were employed by bishops in the same ceremony, were "consecrating the same chapel. When, therefore, on the "morrow all was in readiness, the bishop yet hesitated until "towards noon, but the people came to the chapel and "pressed within to witness the consecration. As the bishop "still continually refused to proceed, relating the miraculous "visitation, they blamed him harshly till he really began "the dedication. Then, immediately and clearly, resounded "a voice three times.

"Brother desist; for see, it is already consecrated by God."

"At this, the people, frightened, esteemed the revelation of "the bishop as true and holy and believed from then on, that "the chapel had been divinely dedicated." Leo further declared his own conviction of the truth of all the bishop said and forbade that any man should think to consecrate the church anew. Declared, as well, a full remission of the sins of all who penitentially should visit at this mountain shrine. From that time on, the pious catholics from Switzerland, from France, from Alsace and Lorraine and Germany made pilgrimages to the

spot declared as holy ground. Princes and peasants came by thousands and hundreds of thousands every year.

With some, Jerusalem itself was scarcely more desirable to see than was this monastery. The savings of months and years were often hoarded up, to pay expenses on the way. Long, weary journeys were made on foot, through summer's heat or winter's cold and storm, to visit Einsiedeln. Princes endowed the monastery with lands and gold. Nobles took on the order of the brotherhood and left the royal court's magnificence, to wear the cap and cowl at holy Meinrad's cell.

The mountain waste was turned into a pleasant valley. The Abbey grew from Meinrad's little wooden hut into a mountain palace, with marble aisles and rows of monkish cells and altars, rich with silver and with gold, filled with the holy relics of the past.

Tradition added all that history had grudgingly refused. Jesus, the faithful worshippers were told, had once been there in human form and tasted of the waters flowing from the fountain near the shrine.

Since then, the waters had been blessed of God and wrought great miracles. The blind, from drinking there, were made to see; the lame, to walk; the deaf, to hear; the lepers had been healed. The Abbots were, in course of time, made princes of the Roman Empire and exercised, within the church, a power not limited, exept by the Pope at Rome. The Abbey's great renown went out to many lands. Einsiedeln became the new Loretto of the Swiss. Hundreds of years have passed since then, and still the mighty tide of pilgrims pours into the Alps. Time and again the ancient monastery has fed the flames that glared upon the rocks, the mountains, and the ice. Again the earnest, still-believing church restored its towers and beautified its walls.

War came and brought its contribution to the Abbey's woes. In 1798, the French troops pressed to almost every valley of the Alps, robbing and burning as they went. Einsiedeln suffered from their depredations, too. The buildings were in part destroyed, altars were robbed and paintings

carried off. The little image of the Virgin and her child escaped. This was the greatest treasure that the monastery contained. It was the image Meinrad used in the forest, nine hundred years before — a present from the Abbess Hildegard.

The monks, on hearing that the French had come, rushed to the woods and hid the image in a crevice of the rocks. They left a copy, though, a very cunning one, remaining in the abbey for the French to steal and send to Paris as a treasure worthy of the gods. When the French left, the Abbey was again restored; again, the wonder-working image, hidden in the rocks, was brought forth, to do its miracles.

Six times the Abbey had been burned and every time the image had escaped, to receive the homage of the pilgrim multitude who look upon the thing as something more than mere wood, or stone, or even gold; — a blessed thing, possessed of power to heal the body and the soul. The church and abbey, as it stands since 1798, is commodious and rather grand, built in the Italian style, and not unlike, in character and form, St. Peters church in Rome, The walls inside and ceilings are burdened with a mass of gilding, many paintings and hundreds of emblematic figures, mostly in plaster, hanging out from every cornice, niche, and column. The marble altars, and there are many right and left, have an Italian look, and some of them are excellent. The holy chapel, standing in the nave and near the doors, is of blackest marble, intermixed with grey. It has some pictures and a bas relief; but most of all, to him who is a pilgrim or a devotee, it has the image of the Virgin and her child — a little, homely, wooden figure, black as soot, and crowned with precious jewels.

This is the central figure of the monastery. Toward it, thousands of pilgrims' eyes are turned, as turned the shepherds' eyes toward Bethlehem. To make a pilgrimage, to see the Virgin and her child, — this is the longing of many a thousand catholic's heart. As it was done nine centuries ago, so it is done to-day. From shop and forge and farm, from many lands, through many miles of weary tramp — the

faithful come to Einsiedeln. A central point, from which to reach this Mecca of the Alps, is Zurich.

From north and south and east and west, they come to Zurich, hundreds — thousands, at a time. Einsiedeln lies south and east of Zurich, twenty miles or more. As far as Richtersweil, the pilgrims take the pretty steamers on the lake; from thence, with bundle and with staff, they wend their way on foot. On days of celebrated feasts, the crowd of pilgrims, rushing to the Zurich boats, is worthy of remark. Whole droves of men and women, old and young, crowd to the forward decks. Hundreds have never left their village gates before and stare with wonder at the boats, the people, the water, and the shore. Indeed, the ordinary pilgrim of this modern day is not the fairest sample of the church's best intelligence. The very poor, the ignorant and the superstitious compose the greater part of these long human trains that seek our Lady's shrine at Einsiedeln.

Their costumes vary as the towns, the cantons and the countries whence they come. Two features, though, distinguish each and all — a cotton umbrella and a string of beads. The former is their shade on sunny days, their tent on rainy ones; their walking staff and shield. The latter is their rosary, where busy fingers count the prayers the busier lips have said. The women wear red handkerchiefs in turban shape about the head; the men are trigged out in their Sunday's best. The scene is not unpicturesque, especially should the day be fair and nature beautiful. The farther Alps are white with snow; the low hills by the lake are green with forest and with vine; the bright sun shines; the deep blue lake is calm; the pilgrims chant a prayer — it is the praise of God.

At Richtersweil, the pious train winds up among the Alps. At every turn of road, at every bridge and stream, a way-side cross appears and here the pilgrim kneels, crosses himself and prays. The way is long and steep and even pilgrim feet grow tired and worn and bleed. At last, the Abbey's spires appear, and then the walls and windows of the monastery. A prayer of joy, of thankfulness, bursts

forth from every lip. Tired feet are tired no more; the pilgrims hurry on and drink from waters tasted by the Lord.

The precious fountain has its fourteen spouts and not a legend tells at which of these the Savior drank; but pilgrims drink at all by turns, then mount the granite steps, kneel at the porch, and pray. The Abbey's doors swing wide apart; the devotee is standing in the vaulted nave. Again he kneels before the mystery of a thousand years. He hears the organ' solemn strains — the dark monks chanting mass. To him, the world is left behind. At last, his eyes rest on the Virgin and her child. His hand has touched the marble where the image rests; his lips have breathed repentance for his sins; the priest has given a blessing and a prayer and he is free to start life's journey all anew. His pilgrimage is done. He rises, looks on the splendor that is heaped around and feels within his heart this temple is of God, a house not made with hands.

Einsiedeln is a village made of inns for men not satisfied to eat the bread of life, alone, as furnished by the abbey-priests. Each house, almost each hut, is ornamented with a gastronomic sign, inviting men to come, eat, drink and be merry while they may. The prices range to suit the peasant or the prince, and the lower the price, the higher the room. Some pilgrims get no room at all; but sleep, contentedly enough, out in the open air, till early bells invite them to the morning mass.

The Benedictine order no longer has the influence, wealth, strength, and fame it had in olden times. When John, the Twenty-first, was pope, 1334, the order had produced some twenty emperors, ten empresses, a hundred kings and queens, seventy princes, and a score of popes. Its wealth had been in fair proportion to its rank. Its abbeys were the largest, and by far the richest, in the land. — To-day, Einsiedeln, with a hundred monks and anchorities, is all that's left in Switzerland.

The war that raged between the ancient church and modern state, that rages still in Switzerland, as in other European

lands, has left the Benedictines little save the memories of the past.

These memories have been treasured up in manuscript, in book, tradition, and in song. Einsiedeln has hosts of records and of books that learned men pronounce invaluable; — curious old books in manuscript — illuminated books — parchment and vellum books — with bindings made of wood and brass; a choral book, the work of twenty years; books more than worth their weight in silver and in gold; old histories and records; tales of centuries and centuries ago; hundreds of bibles in many tongues, from many lands, written long years before the days of Wickliff, Cramner, or king James. To study these old parchments, records, histories — to guard them from the vulgar eye and hand — to shrive the pilgrim penitents — to train some pious youths — this seems to be the only work that's left the Benedictine brothers of to-day. The abbey, though the state has taken from it power, riches, lands, has still enough — enough and yet to spare, to build another home, a newer one across the seas, far out among the prairies of the west. To this new Canaan, the Benedictine brother turns his eye, in case annihilation should be threatened here again, as was the case in 1848, when catholic rebellion suffered such disastrous overthrow in Switzerland.

More then three centuries have passed, since Zwingli, the village priest at Einsiedeln, became disgusted with the practices then prevailing in the church and drew his sword to give them battle.

Since then, there scarcely has been religious peace in Switzerland. Poor Zwingli thought that God was not tied down to Einsiedeln alone, but that He might be found wherever men with honest, humble hearts might look for Him. Within the sound of the old abbey's bells, and not a dozen miles away, Cappel was fought and Zwingli, the reformer, fell. His body, only, fell; his soul went marching on — is marching on to-day. Three hundred years of peace or war have not worked all the change the world or even catholics would have within the Roman church. Changes

there have been, changes there must be; more than many catholics will grant without a long, protracted and a bitter struggle. Already the pickets are advanced in Switzerland. The catholics, though split in two contending camps themselves, will fight. Modern ideas, modern thought and modern state will fight. No loss of temporal power discourages the Pope. Italy may come, or Italy may go, the empire of the Pope is not bound in by Alps, nor lakes, nor seas. The faithful of the flock are drilled in their belief as men are drilled in war. Defeat seems but to nerve their hearts anew. Prussia may send the church's bishops off at point of sword, Italian guards may hold the Vatican and Switzerland may shout until her mountains ring — the catholics are not afraid. In Switzerland, this is the vital question of the day. The press expands, the hustings all resound about this quarrel of the church and state. The Pope, hurls Bulls, Anathemas, across the Alps and adds turpentine and powder to the general smell of sulphurous things. The state officials hurl, or try to hurl, the ignited bombs back in the church's face, before they burst. Elastic laws, elastic constitutions, are rendered more elastic still. A free republic, true — and men may have their rights; but not to scheme against the State by reading papal bulls and papal general foolishness, exclaims the Government. Should any Switzer priest be found to honor pope or church before the State, the State must guard its rights, they say, and constables will bear him off to France, even though elastic laws should be a little stretched, and catholics and constitution-worshippers protest.

In 1872, a sort of skirmish was commenced between the church and State; at least these were the figures at the front — the men in epaulettes.

The constitution, amended to suit the newer times, was voted down; the Jesuits and their friends came out victorious. For this, the catholics in Paris and in Rome gave thanks to God — chanted a mass and sang a song of joy.

On May day, 1874, the question, slightly modified, was again brought forward and the people at the polls voted the new constitution — the catholics were beaten, and this

time, the song of joy, the bonfires, and the thanks, were on the other side. The fight with ballots is by — if all is by, 'tis well, but still, rebuke, recriminations follow, heel on heel. If any screw is loose, if any joint is out of place, if there is lack of rain, or too much scorching sun, the Jesuits must bear the blame: so think the radicals. Should any priest be poorly paid, or lose his cure, or, violating law, be sent adrift to France or Italy, a cry comes from the Jesuitic camp of insult to the holy Church and Pio Nino answers with a Bull.

The earnest zeal of the faithful continues unabated. Fines and banishments and prisons frighten them not. With all that has been opposed to them in Germany and elswhere, and there has been much, justifiable and unjustifiable, they march on undaunted. Bismarck never had such full hands and racked brains, not with the French armies at Paris, even, as he is having with this church-host fighting for faith and existence. There is the shadow of a cloud ahead, and none but a prophetic eye may discern what woes this crossing of the swords of Church and State may in a few years bring upon Europe.

CHAPTER VI.

The Engadine.

HIGH up in the Engadine, with six months winter and three months rather cold, one finds the Colorado of the Eastern continent. A more than Colorado is this Engadine, this lofty valley of the river Inn. It has our Colorado's dry and bracing atmosphere, with brighter, bluer skies. It has a history and a people of its own. It has its ruined castles, towers, and towns, that tell of Etruscan origin. The valley lies almost six-thousand feet above the level of the sea, and varies in its climate, life, and form, with each succeeding league in length.

It is a part of what was Rhatia once — the Canton Grisons of to-day. The first inhabitants were Etruscan refugees who fled from Italy to escape the sword of the invading Gauls. Their history, like that of Switzerland, was one of struggle against foreign despots and internal foes. At last, when struggling the most bravely for their rights and homes, when Switzerland was falling to decay and raised no hand to help, the Rhatian leagues succumbed to fate. The Grison's land was overrun at different times by Austrian, French,

and Spanish soldiery, each wishing to be master of this loftiest mountain gate to Venice, Lombardy, and the Tyrol. When Bonaparte thought it best to mediate in Swiss affairs in 1803, he made the Grison country part of Switzerland. Since then, the Engadiners, Rhatians all, compose the 15th canton of the Bund. The Engadine is fifty-seven miles in length, a mile in width, and sits, a perfect picture, in a frame of snow-topped mountains, not excelled for beauty elsewhere in Switzerland.

The river Inn is fed by crystal glaciers that hang on the Bernina group of mountains to the south and east. What old Norse kings these Grison mountains are, lifting their ice-crowned tops that gleam like great white palaces! Whole chains and groups and single mountain peaks — deserts of ice and snow and frozen rocks, surround the birth-place of the Rhine, the Adda, and the Inn. Eternal silence reigns supreme. No song of bird — no word of human voice — no breath, no sound, except the tumbling avalanche — awakes the dreadful quiet of the place. Few human feet have trod — will ever tread, the frozen, glaring fields that stretch like polar seas around these Rhatian Alps. Some hardy travelers have climbed some single groups and peaks, have pressed through valleys of eternal snow; but left, almost untrod, the Grison glaciers to the wind, to wildness, and the storm.

The valley of the Inn, before it reaches Sils and St. Moritz, is cold, intensely cold, and dry; — its atmosphere so pure, and free from moisture, meats and fish are cured by simply hanging in the open air. At St. Moritz, the air, though raw at times, is warmer than at Sils — yet overcoats and muffs are often luxuries there, even in the summer time.

The opening of the St. Julier and the Albula passes turned the tourist's and the sick man's eyes to see the Engadine. The narrow valley lying higher than the clouds, the mineral baths, the wholesome air, the lofty mountains, and the fields of snow, the people and their homes — each worthily attracts the attention of the traveler.

VIA MALA

A simple, hardy, and peculiar folk, these Engadiners are. In former times, each hamlet formed a pure republic in itself, and men made laws, as they would build a house. Each male, if fourteen years of age, could join his neighbors in a plan to govern and to judge. They governed little, or they governed much, just as the peasant judge's fancy chose, and every town was governed in a different way. There were no kings — there were no presidents — there was no central power of any kind. It was the people's Government — Communism in its purity, not in its Paris rage for blood and burning towns, and claiming other people's goods and stores. The people prospered under such a rule, 'tis said — prospered, at least, till French and Spanish soldiers came and scattered French and Spanish gold among the Rhatian folk; scattered discontent and love of strife, as well; and then the little nation pushed itself against the wall, or else got pushed against the wall, and lost, in part, the good, old, democratic faith which taught that governing, like roasts, is spoiled, if overdone.

The communes of the Engadine are rich; that is, have many meadows, woods, and lands. The people are industrious and well to do.

Beggars are scarce, and so are tramps and thieves. One modern acquirement, at least, has reached the valley of the Inn; the art of keeping very large hotels and making bills to correspond in size.

No tourist, with any previous knowledge of the place, will settle down at St. Moritz, without a pocket full of cash, and patience tempered by remembrances of Job. A pious people is this, given to good old Luther's notions of the priests and pentecost. A pure democracy of politics, religion, and of law, prevails, and nothing but a sworn allegiance to the new Swiss Bund could make an Engadiner think of any law or order made outside of his republican commune.

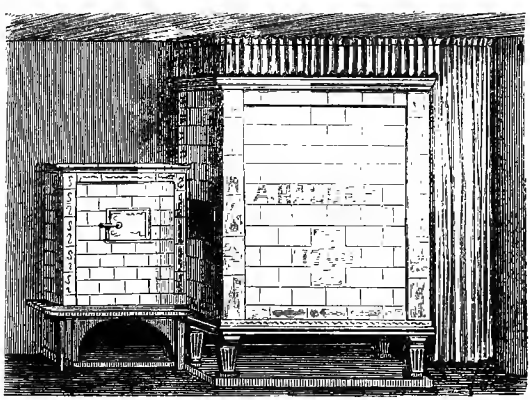
In early youth, the Engadiners, seeing little hope of gain at home, wander away to France, England, or Italy. They are the best confectioners known, and, having gained a competency abroad, invariably return, and spend their days in happiness among their kith and kin. The richer classes own their meadow-lands and fields, but rent them out to men from Lombardy who bring great droves of fine-wooled sheep and goats to pasture, till the cold days drive them back to Italy. On every hill-side, in every meadow, these Ticino shepherds may be seen, in some strange, shepherd garb, peculiar to themselves. They live in huts, or in the open air, and have for food, a scanty mess of mush and cheese. Hay-harvest is, with them, the liveliest season of the year. Hundreds of Italians, Swiss, and Engadiners join in the labor and the festivals. The hard day's work is followed by the evening's song and dance. It is a feast of labor, love, and pleasure — and not unlike the feasts that come with vintage-time in other parts of Switzerland.

The Engadiner's home is neat and trim, and more real comforts are to be met with there than in the peasant houses in the lower valleys. A strange sort of a home, this Engadiner's house; built, not for ornament alone — not even for man alone — a dwelling, shop, and barn in one. The walls are built of solid stone — the roofs are made of tiles or straw. The end, and not the side, or front, stands to the street.

An entrance, disproportionately large, leads to a sort of open court or hall, from which doors enter to the various rooms. Behind this hall, but joining by a door, are floors

for hay and corn, and, near to this, the oxen, cows, and calves, browse most contentedly.

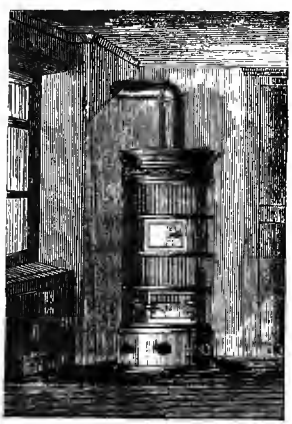
This close connexion of the house and barn is half necessity, in valleys such as this. When winter howls for half the year, and deep snows pile against his roof and window pane, the Engadiner, with his wife, his baby, and his books, sits snug at home and need not brave the winter's wrath. He loves his sheep and heifers as he loves his babes, and gives them, often, almost better care. The fat, sleek cattle, chained to the crib, stand in file and row; each stall is fresh and clean; the floors are sprucely washed and spread with finest sand. All wastes are corded, covered up outside, like so many piles of treasure, to renew the hard and scanty soil, when summer-time comes round. The "cattle's room" is furnished with a bench, and, sometimes, cards and books. The cattle fed, the stalls re-swept, and the white milk put away, the Engadiner rests and reads. The dwelling-rooms, though often low and not a little dark, are neat and warm. On account of the severe cold and storm, the latticed and ornamented windows are extremely small — mere loop-holes, prettily arranged. What first attracts attention in the larger rooms, the sitting rooms, at least, seems like a monstrous,



SWISS STOVE — OLD STYLE

white, porcelain cupboard, six feet in length and width — as many feet in hight, with pictures of battles, ships, and cities, painted in handsome colors on the sides. The structure rests on porcelain feet, cast to resemble dogs, cats, gorgons, and the like. Between its top and the ceiling of the room, are cedar carvings; or, in their stead, some pretty curtains reaching down. This novel, pocelain pile is called a stove. The furnace, where the fire is made, is outside, in the hall. These porcelain stoves, when heated well, retain their warmth for many hours; are economical, besides. A basket-full of turf or wood, burned when the family first arise, or earlier, will furnish heat sufficient for the longest day of winter. The pictures on its sides may tell the history of the land. A pair of little steps lead to the flat roof of the stove, concealed by some device of curtain or of wood. Behind this curtain, hangs the latest wash, or drying fruit. Sometimes, upon the colder days, the children scramble up and find pure comfort, sitting or lying on this strange old heater's top. This little extra space above has other uses, too. A sort of dressing chamber, it becomes, at times. The farmer's wife and girls who descend shivering from the upper rooms with morning's light, mount to the old stove's top sometimes and there, in christian comfort, make their toilet for the day.

In other parts of Switzerland, these porcelain stoves are also used; but different in beauty, form, and size. The common pattern is a perfectly white cylinder, six feet in circumference, reaching from floor almost to ceiling. White as the snow, polished like marble, with bright, brass rings, to give it strength; such is the ordinary Switzer stove. No dust is seen — no scorching clothes; nor is there any warming of one's freezing feet by such a stove. It seems a marble column — cold



SWISS STOVE — NEW STYLE

and white and beautiful. The outside of the Engadiner's house is painted in the most fantastic ways, has quaint carvings, gilded lattice-work, and pretty cornices; but never is so picturesque and beautiful as houses seen in Argovie or Appenzell.

The Grisons have a liberal share of ruined castles, towers, and monuments, that tell a tale of centuries ago. A hundred of these grim, old castles stand among the mountain ways that lead from Chur up to the Engadine. Some have romantic histories, and some, deep tragedies, connected with the story of the country's earliest struggle for its life. Such is the story told of Gardova — a ruined castle sitting near the pretty village Madulein, just where the new Albula pass has made a gateway to the Inn. In older times, the Bishops of the town of Chur held sway in Engadine.

These Bishops had their Vogts, or Governors, who lived in Castle Gardova. As Austrian tyrants ruled in Switzerland, so ruled these Bishops' Gesslers in the Engadine. At Madulein, the Vogt, a man of cruel heart and cruel lust, was long the terror of the peasant's heart and home. His bad, capricious will was law. To cross his purpose was but little short of prison and of death, and many a maid and many a peasant's fair young wife were sacrificed upon the altar of his lust in Gardova. Less than a mile from Madulein, there lived the fairest maid in all the Engadine — a sweet, pure child, just reaching womanhood. The Engadiners loved the pretty, guileless girl who lived unconscious of her beauty and her destiny. Her father was the village Landamman, or Mayor — a good, old man, known for his good deeds and his charity. The Vogt had met the maiden in her rambles, once; and, smitten with her beauty, he ordered that she be sent to him at Gardova, where she should live as a princess, he said. The father begged the messenger to tell his lord to wait till morning, only, when he himself would take his daughter up to Gardova. The night was spent in Madulein, consulting with his friends, but early morning saw a pretty cortege winding slowly to the castle.

It was the Landamman, his daughter, and some villagers. The maid was dressed as for her bridal day. A dozen

village-men who followed, two and two, wore costumes such as all the valley used at festivals. The Vogt rejoiced to see the pretty train winding up the mountain side, to do him honor, bringing another maid for sacrifice at Gardova. Impatient to possess her, he did not wait until the castle's gate was reached, but hurried out, to meet the cortege on the lawn. He took the young girl by the hand and, when his lips were half way to her fair, young cheek, the father's dagger pierced him to his heart. Then other daggers, clubs, and spears, leaped from beneath the holiday attire of every villager. Yet other hardy men, since midnight hidden in the neighbouring wood, rushed forth.

The castle gate was broken down; the guards, the servants, one and all, were slaughtered.

The castle sprang in flames, and so the valley of the Engadine was free.

It is now four hundred years, about, since any Bishops, or their Vogts, have cared to live in Engadine.

The language spoken here is Ladin, the pure, old Roman tongue itself some people claim — with what of truth, no living man can tell.

Yet many Engadiners speak in many tongues. The traveled ones, at least — the bakers, candy-makers, and the like, possess a knowledge of Italian, French, and German — even spatter English, learned in John Bull's coffee-houses, now and then.

One town, alone, speaks in a tongue that differs from the common language of the valley. Tarasp, a pretty village, half way down the Inn — with mineral baths, a fine, old castle and a tower, speaks only German. Tarasp, besides, is Roman catholic; the only people of the Pope, in this strange valley of the clouds.

From Sils to Martinsbrück, the soil, the climate, and the people, change in character. As altitude goes down, the mercury goes up. At Sils, no fruit of any kind is grown.

Barley and rye, hardy as they are, fail more than half the time. The soil is stony, poor, and thin. The only forest trees are mountain larches, cedars, and Siberian pines. The

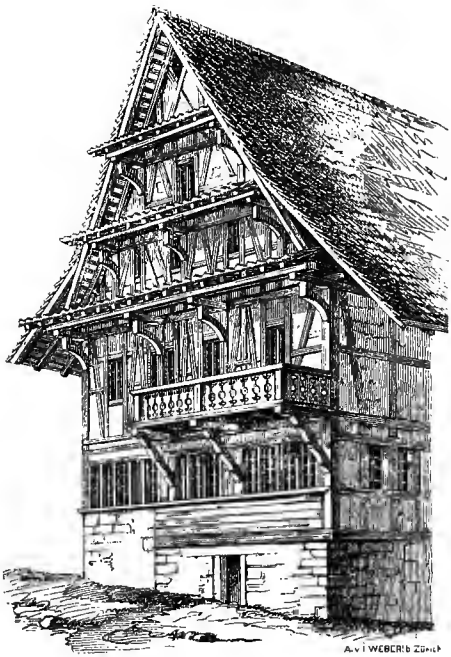
cedars, though, must be like those of Lebanon — so light, so white, so fragrant, and so durable.

The ice-fields here hang like ghostly robes on mountains thirteen thousand feet in hight, while cold, bleak winds howl round the Piz Languard, like demons in a chase of death. The valley is the highest occupied by towns and villages, in Europe. Even Chamouny is not as high, by nearly twenty-five hundred feet, and the Rigi Kulm is lower than the town of St. Moritz.

At Martinsbruck, not fifty miles from Sils, but still more than 3000 feet above the sea, the scene is changed. Here, barley, corn, potatoes, rye, and fruit, grow plentifully. The winter-days are not so terribly severe. The valley widens out. The mountains and the glaciers of the lower Inn, though still magnificent, are not so near the valley and the stream as those at Sils, or St. Moritz. Still greater changes meet the eye within a score of miles south-west of Sils. The ice and snow, the desolation and the wind, are left around the sources of the Inn, and, in their stead, castanian groves, mulberry trees, and grapes, grow ripe and full on every hill that looks towards Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

Alpine Villages.



In the many changes of the day, the old mountain villages of Switzerland, at least, remain, and nothing is more peculiar to, or characteristic of, the country than they. Wooden towns, centuries of age, standing on the green, grassy slopes of mountain sides, or nestling close up in little vales and glens, they give us back our heart's idea of Switzerland.

These Alpine towns, villages, and hamlets, represent a rural simplicity of life not found elsewhere in the world. The houses that make the towns are old, and the people who live in the houses are old; old in their ways, at least, and often very old in years. It is no uncommon thing to find in villages among the Alps, men, almost a century old, living in the house where they were born and where their fathers, their grand-fathers, and their great-grand-

fathers were born and where they lived and died. Who built the old houses and the old villages, the oldest inhabitant can hardly tell. He knows only that his ancestors lived in these same snuff-colored huts, since a time whence "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary". The tourist who hurries through the country by rail and steamer or who rests for awhile in the great hotels of the larger, well-known towns, sees little or nothing of the characteristic places of Switzerland. The towns he sees are almost modern towns. The houses have a modern finish and a modern look. The very people have a modern air and way that is no longer Swiss. The city's walls are down, the ditches filled, and the turnpike yields to the locomotive's rush and scream. It is like looking at a battle-field instead of seeing the fight itself — and the tourist who has not left the highways, built by modern commerce, has not seen Switzerland.

Let him who would enjoy the land, unload his mind of cares that come of band-boxes, poodles, and Saratoga trunks. With loose shoes, a knapsack, and an Alpine staff, let him leave the new town's din and wander along the narrow paths that lead by green meadows and by mountain streams. Let him clamber over the stony ways, across the green and close-grazed fields, by the nut-brown villages, breathing, as he rambles, heaven's purest mountain air — and thus see Switzerland. Specimens of these rural Alpine towns are found in easy tramping reach of almost every place where tourists congregate. The villages differ in character of architecture and style, as do the people who live in them, in custom, character, and life. Two classes of houses, however, wood and stone, may, in one sense, be said to represent them all. Travelers at Zurich, tired of the city, whose eyes look longingly beyond the friendly lake, can, after a couple of hours' ride, sling knapsacks and, above Rappersweil, be right at the very gate of the cool mountains. If still inclined to ride instead of tramp, the rail will put him off at Mühlehorn, where a country road leads up to Obstalden, a real Swiss village of the olden time, sitting

on a mountain-side commanding one of the loveliest views in Switzerland.

As is usual in Swiss towns, the two principal houses here are the country inn and the white, stone church. There is no street. The country road leads past, not through, the groups of a dozen or so brown houses, scattered around upon the green grass. The houses are two, or two and a half stories in hight, with low ceilings, lined with pine. They are built of small pine or hemlock logs, dressed smooth and square, laid close, and dove-tailed together at the corners, the projecting ends being often carved. The clapboard or shingle roof is kept in place by heavy stones and projects from four to eight feet beyond the walls of the house which are sometimes covered with little round-ended shingles, a couple of inches broad. Some of the houses have roofs shingled a dozen layers thick, for what purpose it were hard to guess. The ends of the rafters projecting beyond the walls are also dressed and sometimes carved. The windows, though very many in number, are very small in size. The window tops, or caps, are sloping, prism-shaped ledges, or boxes, covered with the narrow, round-ended shingles. Above the windows and framed to the walls, are large, broad panels of wood, made to slip down over the window and, when needed, answer the double purpose of bar and blind. A little, shingled shelf, fastened to the front or gable end, supports the family bee-hive, made of heavy braids of straw and conical in form. Two to three families usually live in a single house and here, as on the lake of Zurich, the silk loom finds a busy place in every peasant's home. There are few or no fences, and only little, narrow, stony goat-paths lead over the grass that grows to the doorways of the houses. No paint is now, or ever has been, used in all the village; but time and sun and smoke have given every house, inside and outside, the very color of a well-cured ham. The surroundings of the village are sloping meadows, high mountains, steep water-falls, a fair, blue lake, walled to the clouds, grazing goats, and half-contented poverty. The summer, always short, is spent in cultivating a few potatoes,

herding the goats, pressing the cheese, and cutting and carrying in the grass. The winter, always long, is spent in eating up the little that the summer gave, and in a struggle to keep from freezing. Here, as elsewhere in the country, both sexes work in the open air, and, notwithstanding their scanty rations and the sour wine, live long and heartily. What proper diet and proper work might do for mortals, in a place like this, would puzzle all the sons of Æsculapius to think. Men would not die at all, perhaps; but, when ripe and full of many years, would silently step away from the mountains and into the clouds that are said to veil the gates of heaven.

The scenery here is most enchanting. Behind the village, are lofty mountain peaks; on either side, green fields and dark green forests — while, far below, spreads out the Wallen-See — the handsomest little lake in Switzerland. It is Lucerne in miniature, with higher walls, bluer waters, and a still healthier atmosphere. From Obstalden there is a charming walk that leads to a peculiar place called the town of goats. This Ziegendorf is a cluster of pens where all the goats of the peasants and even the neighboring villages are housed at night. To save the trouble and expense of each one herding his own goats during the summer, a single shepherd is employed who leads the whole drove into the higher Alps every morning and down to the huts at night. When the flock comes down at evening, each goat seeks out its own familiar hut and enters, to be milked and stalled till morning. When winter comes, the goats, with their increase, are returned to their respective owners, and the huts remain empty until the grass appears on the upper mountains in the spring. In the valley below Obstalden and towards the Glaernisch moun-

tain, lies the little village of Näfels, famous for a great victory won over the Austrian army by an insignificant number of hardy Swiss, five-hundred years ago. The houses of this village, instead of being all wood, as at Obstalden, are wholly stone — and white in color, instead of brown. Instead of green grass up to the peasant's very door, there are rough stones and dirty narrow ways. Näfels is catholic; intensely so. It has a neighbor village Mollis, scarce a rifle shot away, and just across the river Linth, where every man, woman, and child is protestant, and, although the villagers must live so close as to almost tramp upon each other's toes, their is, even to-day, a rigid distinctness as to faith and dialect. So close are the lines of faith and language and life sometimes drawn in Swiss towns that the people on different sides are made to seem as if of different nationalities. At the dividing lines between the French and German-speaking cantons, the distance of a single mile marks a change in the people's tongue. At Fribourg, a half of the town speaks French and the other half speaks Swiss. About Disentis, in the Grisons, the Italians neither understand their French neighbors on the Rhone nor their German-speaking brothers on the Rhine. Even the Swiss dialects of the German differ so much as to make communication almost difficult at times between the different villages and towns, and a Constance beggar is known by his tongue, if he wanders to a Bernese farm.

About the pleasantest country villages are across the hills from Rappersweil in the land of the Appenzellers. The houses, like those of Obstalden, are grouped about on the green fields of grass, but they are larger in size, and much handsomer in appearance. When not left to be colored and toned by time, they are painted a dazzling white that contrasts strikingly with the green grass and the climbing vines about them. Their very size gives them an appearance of real farm comfort, and their many, many windows, when lighted by the morning sun, make them seem like giant green-houses or glass villas.

The Appenzeller's house, inside, is cleanliness itself. Paint and varnish are seldom used, but the plain benches,

tables, and chairs, made of the whitest wood, are so fairly scraped, scoured, washed, and polished, that to paint them would be to defile them. But all this cleanliness and all these numberless windows are necessities to an Appenzeller's home from the very character of the work conducted there. The women of the house are said to earn the family living and do it at the needle's point, for the peasants of Appenzell and St. Gall are long famous for the beautiful embroideries that supply so many markets of the world on both sides of the sea. A hundred years ago, about, a custom prevailed among the gentlemen of France and other European lands, of dressing much in powdered wigs, flowing sleeves, high collars, and fancy, embroidered cuffs. St-Gall was then already famous for its fancy muslin wares; but to supply this new demand, the manufacturers taught a number of country girls the art of delicate embroidering. Rival manufacturers did the same thing and soon the embroidering ring or hook was seen in half the peasant houses from the Black Forest to the lake of Constance and the upper Rhine. But the fashions changed. The fine French gentleman put off his cuffs and furbelows, and the business of the pale-faced embroidery girls lagged awhile, when the fashionable female world came to the peasant's rescue, by adopting the styles the men had thrown aside, and again the busy and artistic fingers of the girls earned bread to eat. Instead of a dozen girls, as at first, there are now thirty or forty thousand peasant women in this district engaged in hand embroidery, to supply a market as wide as the world. Some thirty years ago, the art of making embroidery by machinery was introduced successfully, and although similar machines had been cried down and almost mobbed out of existence, as bread thieves, many years before, the new art got upon its feet and now adds its millions of treasure to Swiss industry. Over six thousand of these machines are in operation to-day in the St. Gall and Appenzell villages and the invested capital reaches twelve or fifteen million francs, while the peasants in these small districts are earning their four million francs a year as wages. The embroideries shipped

yearly from St. Gall, as the head quarters, to all parts of the world, equal in value twenty-five million francs, and of this, eleven millions worth finds ready sale in the United States. But the hand embroidery goes on, notwithstanding the thousands of machines and notwithstanding the half blind eyes, the crooked backs, and the very trifling pay resulting from the work. There are plenty of peasants too poor to buy machines or to manage the business on anything like an extended scale, and there are plenty of patterns of embroidery that are more exquisitely made by hand than by any mere machine, however ingenious, and however cheaply done. The long days and the longer evenings through, the peasant girl and woman bow with weary eyes over their work. Sometimes under the shady trees, sometimes out on the green meadows, but oftenest in the same old room at home, the tired fingers ply the needle for the miserable pittance of a couple of francs a day. The work is unhealthy in the extreme, as the great number of crooked spines, pale, wan cheeks, and spectacled eyes, attest. Though living on fair country meadows and breathing the pure mountain air, the embroidery girl has lost the red rose from her cheek and the brightness from her eye. Her breast is weak and, though she sings her mountain songs, her voice is low and the strain seems dull and sad.

The husband, in many of these peasant homes, is not the one who earns the bread. His life is one of comparative ease. He drives the goats, he mows a little hay, and wanders about as guide to tourists in the summer time. In the winter, he bakes himself upon the porcelain stove, or, with his lazy chums, lounges about the house, tells sailors' yarns, and smokes and puffs the long days and the long evenings through; while the female members of the house stitch, stitch continually before the little lamp that casts its concentrated rays upon the pattern and the gliding thread.

The plan of work is simple. The chief houses in the larger towns, that manufacture and export embroideries, furnish the peasant woman with a given quantity of smooth,

unfigured muslin and the requisite amount of thread or yarn. The designs intended to be made are selected by the head of the house and are printed in erasable colors upon the muslin, or are stamped in pierced lines on paper. Through these pierced lines a fine coloring powder is rubbed, and fixed or set by chemical process. The muslin pieces, prepared and numbered, are carried to the peasant's house, where the patterns are worked with the greatest exactitude and delicacy, and are then returned to the chief manufacturer, to be invoiced to some foreign house.

The life of the embroiderer is not only hard and irksome, but her food is scanty and very poor. Goats' milk, coffee, and potatoes, morning, noon, and night, is the common ration, year in, year out. A little honey now and then is a luxury, and an occasional bit of meat on a Sunday is a greater luxury still. With such work and with such living, there can be little heart or strength left to enjoy fully the extreme beauty and grandeur that nature has bestowed so lavishly upon Appenzell. The green fields, the babbling streams, the lofty mountains, and the grey, old rocks, have praise from other, more than from Appenzeller's, lips. It is the wandering tourist who enjoys the picturesque villages, the bright costumes, the pleasant vallies, and the bracing atmosphere, of Appenzell the most. The early Alpine song that echoes from the quiet hills sounds strange and sweet to his ears. The fair meadows and the summer sky gladden his rested eye, while his purse will fetch the sweetest honey, milk, and cheese, the country inn affords. He, at least, is contented, happy, and at rest, while lingering in Appenzell.

There is another blessing to be added to the traveler's joys in Appenzell. He is away from the fixed and crowded caravansaries, called hotels, that tower above so many Alpine villages. He is not trailed and tormented continually, as in the Bernese Oberland and among the Forest Cantons, by a horde of porters, guides, and dirty rogues, eager to snap his very cane and carry it for a rod, that they may claim a fee. When will this everlasting nuisance to travel and

life itself in Switzerland be gone? When will the Swiss see that this nuisance is worse than honest begging, and akin to theft? There are to-day ten thousand able-bodied men hanging around the hotels, the stations, and the frequented spots of Switzerland, watching for a chance to turn a penny without work, every one of whom ought to be in the lock-up, the chain-gang, or the dirt brigade. This miserable practice of trying to live without work is becoming fearfully prevalent and fearfully injurious in its results among the common people in many parts of Switzerland, and the patriotic Swiss must view with pain a system that is dragging his countrymen into a species of degradation. The origin of this sort of worthless existence on the part of so many Swiss is directly and wholly attributable to the great number of travelers and strangers continually in the country, many of whom are so fond of being waited upon in the most trivial ways and things, as to submit themselves and others to shameless impudence, while they encourage laziness, worthlessness, and a species of general dishonesty. When strangers who visit mountain villages, Swiss lakes, and waterfalls, shall leave their beavers, poodles, silks, and Paris costumes all at home, and strap to their own broad shoulders the little baggage that is requisite and enjoyable in such mountain places, the inevitable hanger-on will be without a calling, and will leave the road.

The one who enjoys Swiss country places most, is he who takes his little knapsack and staff and wanders away to the mountains alone, avoiding, as far as possible, the great hotels and the eager, rushing crowds. He will, if back from railroads and steamers, see Swiss village-life, and this village-life is the real one by which to judge the people of this mountain country. He will see that the farmers seldom live on farms, but in clusters of houses, hamlets, and villages. He will find the people early risers, simple and economical in life, and usually industrious. He will find that, as in Germany and France, the women work in the fields beside the men. He will find the people honest, though the greatest sticklers for little things. He will see them sociable among

themselves, at fetes and country fairs, but will look in vain for the generous hospitality he would find in an American country home. Patriotic, he will find them all, and that to an extent not equalled elsewhere in the world. He will find a church in every hamlet, in every town; a pretty, comfortable church outside, a cold and dreary one within, with hard, wooden seats, a cold, stone floor, and often sermons of a kind to correspond. He will find bigoted catholics and bigoted protestants, both forgetting their religious teachings, as they stand with swords drawn, and praying for each other's destruction.

He will find many Swiss houses, built substantially of stone or wood, and comfortably large, but with low ceilings and narrow halls, with a general look of discomfort and desolation within. He will find little furniture in the rooms and but few pictures on the walls, unless they be some patron saint or rude wood-cuts of William Tell. He will find, too, that a village full of pleasant faces, home comforts, and industry here, may be neighbor to a village there, where thrift and industry and pleasantness were never known; so great is the change of circumstance noticed in the distance marked by a mountain, a river, or a vale. He will find that many who work hard for themselves and earn very little would expect very much were they to work for a stranger. He will find a Yankee's desire for money among the peasants, without a Yankee's shrewdness as to ways of making it. He will find in the fields and over all the farms, old, crippled ways of doing things that must have been old and crippled before the flood; and, should he hint at newer or better ways, his hint will provoke only a shoulder-shrug and a doubting laugh. He will find peasants living, not thriving, in places where goats alone can walk erect, and where men do not walk on level ground a dozen times a year. He will see some happy peasants; he will see more unhappy ones. He will see men and women bearing the summer crop of hay upon their heads, down mountain sides so steep that only grass and shrubs can grow and keep from falling off. He will see hundreds and hundreds of peasants, male

and female, with terribly swelled necks, or goiters, and, should he venture to ask the cause of the deformity, be answered by another shrug; or, possibly, be told it is the water, it is the air, it is the food; it is the want of air, the want of food; it is the bearing burdens on the head, it is the sour wines, it is inherited, and a sort of blessing in disguise. Should the bewildered pilgrim turn back to the learned doctors and the great professors in the city, and ask the reason there, another shrug and doubting look will tell him nobody really knows. That there are many of them, that they look unseemly, that they give no pain, and that they seldom kill, is about all that one at last can learn of these monstrous excresences. Like warts, they come uncalled, and are usually neglected, until they become what ought to be unwelcome fixtures to the neck. He will find each villager a perfect shot and a good singer. Rifle corps and singing clubs parade with banners and drinking horns continually. Like the Swiss people of the larger towns, the villagers have a tendency to clubism. Every man must have his club or clubs as soon as he is out of school, or free from the restraint of parent or guardian; and the greatest joy a Switzer has, is to meet his club companions on a holiday, at feast or fair.

The Switzer peasant's cares are few and, like his income, very light. He mows his hay, he herds his goats, he prunes his vines, and leaves the outcome of the work to time. His taxes, if he be poor, are fortunately never great; yet there are many, many mortgaged farms, and many of the farming men are never out of debt. He is a democrat, and that of the straitest sect; for, though his wordly gear is bounded by a mortgaged farm, he has his goats and cows and grass and hands, and, better still, he has his vote and voice in every law that regulates his life. The great machine called government, is made in part by him, and his in part are all the forests, waters, roads, and mines, that lie within the boundary of his commune. The government that he has helped to make is, fortunately for him, not dear. The bills paid out to run the government machine are almost equalled

by the bills paid in. In 1873, the cost of the general government was but sixty-one millions of francs, and the income of the state was only a couple of millions less. Local taxes are usually comparatively small, as the schools, the church, and the roads, are always receiving help from the general fund.

The tourist contented with simple life and simple things, can live in these Alpine towns for half the amount expended in the large hotels, where tiresome table d'hôtes, vexatious bills, and dress, and noisy crowds, dispel all thought of rest. Four francs a day will pay at the little Alpine inns for all the bread and cheese and fish and milk an ordinary man can use, and there will be relief and a pleasure in looking at God's mountains and meadows and rivers, free of charge. There is a freedom from restraint, a purity of air, an elasticity of heart and limb, that make a week spent in a high Alpine village worth a whole summer spent in the ordinary country towns.

THE JUNGFRAU

CHAPTER VIII.

Glimpses of the People.

SCARCELY a valley of Switzerland but has its own peculiar habits, customs, and ways of life. These differences in the ways of the people are so great that no single representation of a part can be taken as a picture of the whole. There are two different religions, three different languages, and, in fact, twenty-five different states, no one of which can be called an exact counterpart of the other. Even in German Switzerland, though the language of the different parts is the same, or about the same, the laws and customs differ decidedly. Democracy itself even, differs in the different cantons and presents all the shades of republicanism, from a most conservative Berne to a most radical Zurich. Catholic Zug has scarce a way or thought in common with protestant Neuchâtel. Each state, each valley almost, is a study in itself, yet there are some things in the country's ways and customs, that may be almost called common to all the different parts.

What is known as society in England, America, and some of the continental states, scarcely exists here at all. As a people, the men are devoted mostly to business, the women to household duties. Of mere pleasure-seekers, there are none. There are no loafers. Gatherings of the two sexes for mutual intellectual improvement seldom occur. Occasional dinners, afternoon coffees, the latter patronized by the ladies only, an occasional ball, and the frequent atten-

dance at the club on the part of the gentlemen, embraces about all there is of society in Switzerland.

The meetings of the clubs, though their number is legion, are not so much devoted to mental improvement as to discussing the bretzels, the beer, and the news of the town.

Every Swiss is fond of music, and of good music. The concerts, be they ever so expensive, are better patronized, possibly, than in any other country — and the Neapolitan, who will go without his dinner for a ride in the Chiasa, is not fonder of his horses than is the Swiss of his Sunday music. There are three classes of society — the working class, the mercantile, or business class — and the aristocratic class — the latter a very small one, scarcely distinct from the mercantile class, as even the richest Swiss, especially in the German cantons, prefers to be directly or indirectly connected with some business that will in some way furnish interest for expenses, without imparing a capital that may have been handed down from his fathers. Monies and estates are kept, as far as possible, in the same families, and marriages are frequently brought about between relatives with this single purpose in view.

While there are a great number of inherited estates in the country, there are also many acquired fortunes, for perserving industry is the greatest characteristic of a Swiss citizen. They are a thrifty, hard working, and saving people, who grow rich, eventually, from the close and honest practising of ordinary business principles. Politically, they have but one desire, and that is to be let alone. For five centuries, they have proved their ability to take care of themselves. They possess a bravery of spirit that has remained undampened in the presence of a thankless soil, inhospitable mountains, a fickle climate, jealous neighbors, and internal foes. They are republicans of the conservative kind, and firm as brass. Their sons are every where. Their tents are pitched in every quarter of the globe, but Switzerland is still their home. Go where they will — stay as they may, their eyes are turned to fatherland.

Unlike their mountains, the Swiss are hot tempered and seldom overlook a wrong. The death of Winkelried, though oft avenged, has never been forgot. Their friendships, though warm enough among themselves, seldom extend to other lands. Their laws are few, but these few are not written in water. To violate them is to incur a people's wrath.

In the larger cities, the ordinary habits of the people do not differ materially, perhaps, from those of other continental lands; the most peculiar and remarkable habits and ways prevailing in the smaller towns and the back villages and valleys of the country. Country courtships and country weddings here are as novel in their way as any in the world. A few are weak imitations of what occurs in the marrying way in the cities; but many cantons and valleys do the thing in a manner most peculiar to themselves. In Glarus, the country swain goes for the bride and takes her home with him the night before the marriage, thus making sure of her at the morrow's feast. In Schaffhausen, the wedding guests are invited by the tailor who happens to have the honor of making the bridegroom's coat. On Lake Lucerne, a peasant's marriage calls out every friend and relative of both parties. A great procession is formed at the bride's house — the females, headed by the bride, taking the lead toward the village church. The groom, in black church mantle, with hat in hand, a chaplet of flowers about his head, and followed by all the masculine guests, brings up the rear. The marriage ceremony by, the marching line, joined by the village priest, wends its way to an inn, where the whole day is spent in eating, drinking, and dancing. During all the dances of the day, the bride must honor no one but the groom. When evening comes, a master or a mistress of the ceremonies takes the wedded pair and locks them together in a room till the following day. These and a hundred other queer, old, marriage customs of the Swiss, though still generally prevailing in many parts of the country, are quietly giving way to others, more modern, but less romantic and picturesque.

At funerals, a bit of the old style yet remains, even in cities and with the richest people. In the protestant cantons, the females, as in Scotland, never attend funerals. When a member of the family dies, cards announcing the event are sent to the nearest friends; and these specially invited ones are expected to attend the funeral in person or to send their cards of condolence to be put in an urn, standing at the door of the house for the purpose, during the hour of burial. The hour arrived, the invited male friends of the family, in black suits and silk hats, enter an empty room prepared for the purpose, and stand in a line around the wall. The gateway, the outside of the house, and the hall leading to this empty room, are hung all the way with broad black cloths. The coffin, covered with flowers, is placed in the lower, outside hall. Not a word is spoken in the room. Perfect silence prevails, when the male mourners for the deceased also enter and, passing around, silently shake the hand of each one present. In a few minutes, the door opens, and a woman in attendance announces that it is time for the train to start. The church bells toll and the mourners and the invited friends move from the house to the yard or street, where the procession is joined by others who, though not invited, are yet desirous of tendering this last testimony of regard to the dead. Every one is on foot. No carriages except the hearse are used. The coffin, of plain boards and unpainted, is mantled in black and covered with wreaths of flowers. Frequently there is no sermon at all. With the fewest words possible, the body is lowered into the earth and the mourners return to their respective homes. On the following week, a card signed by the stricken family appears in the town papers, thanking the friends for their sympathy, and their attendance at the grave.

The Swiss women are the very best of housekeepers and devote their time largely to domestic concerns. Neatness of the most extravagant sort prevails everywhere. Dirt is hated as an unholy thing — and the clean, waxed floors, the bright walls, and the polished household

BERNESE COSTUME

wares, attest that in the mind of a Swiss matron cleanliness and godliness are indeed akin.

The women are not less industrious than the busy men. If the Swiss woman is a good housekeeper and a good nurse, she is not the less an adept in the art of needle-work and fair embroidery. In fact, the crochet hook, the needle, and the pattern, are her constant companions, except when her time is employed in superintending the more direct and necessary duties of the house. She draws sometimes, she paints sometimes, and she sings a good deal; but it can never be said that the Swiss women sing better than the Swiss men, or even as well. A home body, too, is the real Swiss woman; not more from choice, perhaps, than from necessity. Her lord is always gone in the day-time — he is generally gone in the evening; and, oftenest, to places where it is not possible or proper for her to go with him. Beer-gardens do not exist in any such proportion as in Germany, nor are they frequented half so much. In Germany, the husband goes to his beer and takes his wife and children along, to hear the music and enjoy the garden. The Swiss, except on Sunday, leaves all except himself at home. Occasionally, women are seen in the public gardens and restaurants, with the men; but it is seldom, and is no index to the social pleasures of the female members of the house. The children from eight to fourteen, in the northern cantons, especially the little girls, are nearly all quite pretty; and the bright and tidy appearance of both boys and girls in the public schools, is a refreshing sight. Torn aprons, dirty faces, and ragged trowsers, are scarcely allowed upon the public streets.

The men, physically, are a tough, hardy, and enduring class; rather below the usual hight, but quick, wiry, and muscular. They excel as gymnasts, wrestlers, and riflemen, and can stand a mountain tramp and climb of almost any length, over rocks and snow and ice. They excel the people of all other lands in patriotism and, when well trained, can prove the best soldiers in the world.

The houses are large and most substantially built, and are arranged usually for two or three families. There are nearly six hundred thousand families in the country and less than four hundred thousand houses. Moving day comes twice a year to those who move at all. Many don't. At different days from these two, it is next to impossible to rent a house. A noticeable contrivance attached to many houses here, as in Germany, is the little mirror hanging on the outside of the window frame, at an angle to reflect the faces of persons passing by the house. By this arrangement, the good dame can sit near her window and examine the faces of the passers by without being seen. Among another class of people who sport none of these little detective mirrors, especially in the country towns, a different and a ruder habit prevails, when strangers ring the bell, of throwing up the window, poking the head out, and shouting, "Who's there, and what do you want?" To the timid of heart, these calls sound much like, "Catch thief" and, "Off, you vagabond."

Wash-day, or wash-week, rather, is an event of the year, for many of the Swiss people have a novel habit of washing but twice or so a twelve month, and then the long lines of shirts and the broad grass plots filled with linen, give the surroundings the air of an army hospital. When a Swiss countryman marries, he must have a host of shirts, if nothing else, and in some cantons it has been the custom, in certain classes, for the young bride to present her new lord with a comfortable outfit in the way of shirts, the day before the wedding. A Swiss lad found begging once, was arrested as a vagrant, though, on examining his bundle, he was found to be the proud proprietor of thirty-seven shirts, each and all waiting and ready for the wash. In the middle classes, the principal part of the bride's dowry is often invested in an immense stock of linen that may be considered fully sufficient to last her the remainder of her life, thus avoiding too large a "run" on the small change of her liege lord, for female finery.

While more than one family occupies a single house, there is usually no crowding, as the families are small, not avera-

ging five persons each; the people not practising the philosophy that children, and many of them, are the surest way of perpetuating one's name. The whole population numbers 2,670,345, there being fifty-nine thousand more females than males, and five hundred thousand more protestants than catholics. Every body, nearly, has a little land. The households number 557,820, and of this number, 465,000 are land-owners. In canton Zurich, which is a fair specimen of the rest, only a twelfth part of the people live in towns.

The Swiss love their countrymen, wander where they may; and they love Switzerland to a degree that could put the patriotism of other people, even Americans, to the blush. Whether Switzerland has done much or little in the world, whether its government be the poorest or the best, her sons are proud of her, and one of the virtues first taught in the boy's school is to revere Switzerland before the world.

Intelligence prevails every-where, and the country has more circulating books in libraries than any state of equal population in Europe. Zurich canton alone has 267 public libraries. Every inn, café, eating house, garden, steamboat, and station, has piles of newspapers whose contents are digested daily and nightly with the bretzels and the beer. Education first, and war second, if at all, is the rule. The schools cost more dollars than the army, and yet there is not another country in all Europe, Prussia not excepted, that could put an army of two hundred thousand men to the front, as quickly as the Swiss.

At the unexpected breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, nearly forty thousand Swiss troops, completely equipped for fight, were on the march in less than three days, and, had the French or Germans crossed the Swiss border, every arms-bearing citizen in the land could, by law, have been at the front in less than a week. The military system is a militia, based on the Prussian plan. Every man who is old enough to vote and is not a cripple, is bound to serve; nor money, nor favoritism, nor cowardice, can avail to evade this. Every Swiss man is a Swiss soldier and, in

his house, within arm's reach, must hang his gun, his uniform, and sword. The force is divided into two classes: the Elite and the Reserve. The moment a man's uniform is on, he is subject to the rules of war. The residents of each particular locality are brigaded together and, in case of war, they fight beside their townsmen and their friends. Drilling must go on as often as once a year, rain or shine. The war force, divided into two branches, the Elite and the Reserve, numbers 200,542. The Elite embraces the arms-bearing population between the ages of 20 und 32, and all between 32 and 45 are classed in the Reserve. These troops are divided among the different arms of the service as follows: Infantry 172,852; Cavalry 4,693; Artillery 18,955; Engineers-sappers etc. 3,147; General staff 895; making an army of above 200,000 men, not only liable, but fully equipped and prepared, to enter service on twenty-four hours notice. The soldiers here, as in most European countries, are but poorly paid. Commanders of regiments receive, but only when on duty, 15 fcs. per day; Company-commanders receive 10 fcs. per day; and privates in the cavalry but 1 franc, while infantry privates receive but 80 centimes or 16 cents per day.

Every Swiss can shoot, and shoot well. The shooting fests are the most popular and the best attended of all Swiss festivals. To be a poor shot, for a Swiss, would be a shame; and would, in public opinion, almost endanger the short-comer's right to marry or to vote. What Swiss soldiers can do in time of war, the history of the past has proved. What two hundred thousand brave sharp-shooters might do in their mountain fastnesses to-day, no European army cares to learn by close experience. What seventy-five Modoc Indians did in the lava beds of the West, might be a weak index to what an army of trained soldiers and riflemen could do behind the bulwarks of the Alps.

The people are called close; but closeness may mean, after all, but decent economy. It is seldom a rich Swiss

dies without leaving a large proportion of the means he has gained by his so-called closeness and stinginess, to charitable purposes. A life is often spent in hoarding up what is given away at the last with liberal heart and hand, and burning Chicago, with Swiss gold hurrying to help, spoke not of the stinginess of the Swiss people. Serious consequences follow failing in business here, and men seldom break up or become bankrupt as in some other countries, with pockets full of gold, while the creditors starve. In canton Zurich, at least, bankruptcy is often followed by a temporary loss of the right to vote or to be elected to office.

A large export and import business is conducted with all parts of the world. The Swiss must buy and import a large per cent of what he eats and wears. Beef, cattle, horses, wheat, and flour, are brought from Hungary; cotton, petroleum, and machinery, from America; raw silk, from Italy, China and Japan — and every pound of coal for fuel and motive power, is shipped from the Rhine districts of Germany; for, with all her mountains and rocks, Switzerland has little or no coal, but few useful ores, and none of the precious metals; even of wood she has a scarcity, three fourths of that used in the country, coming from south Germany. In return, however, her exports are larger than the amount brought in. She sends her magnificent silks, her watches, her ribbons, her wines, her embroideries and braided straws, her butter and her cheese, to every quarter of the globe. She is no longer a pastoral country only; she is a commercial and a manufacturing state, as well; and her industries are fast making her people rich. The poor man, however, here, as in most other parts of Europe, has no easy row to hoe in life. The laborer works early and he works late; but with all his many hours of toil, he saves no money.

Switzerland is no longer the cheap country to live in that it was ten, fifteen years ago, before American and English tourists came by droves, to scatter cash about and express continual astonishment at not being charged more for their

extravagance. Foreigners demanded to be charged more for all they got. Their hotel bills were insignificant. Their wine was good, but shamefully cheap. Premiums were offered for higher prices.

At last, the hotel-keepers, the house-renters, the shop-keepers, the wine sellers, the livery men, the porters even, — everybody who had anything to sell or hire in Switzerland, took the hint. Higher prices came, and Switzerland to-day is a dearer country to live in than California. This climbing up of rents, of wines, of bread, and meat, has no pleasant side from which the man who works for fifty cents a day, can view it. He lives in a crowded and poorly-ventilated house; warm enough, but bare of furniture and many other things that tend to make a home a place of joy and comfort. He has more bread and less meat, the ration was small enough before — more soup and poorer wine, very sour wine, in fact, and scarcely fit to drink at all. His pay, though a little better than before, is all spent for the higher rent and the dearer clothes that his wife and little ones must wear. He has no luxuries except a Sunday's walk or a ride in a third class car. He is badly off, for the reason that he works hard, lives poorly, and seldom saves a cent.

Switzerland is a small country — is not an agricultural country — and a great influx of strangers, added to the population already large, soon eats up all that is grown. Meat and flour and coal are imported, and the poor man pays as much per pound as the richest traveler. He is called industrious and happy. That is the world's idea of the Swiss working classes. Industrious he is, and must be, if he would live at all; happy, scarcely. No man can work hard, eleven hours a day, in sun and rain, with insufficient food, and be very happy. He is called happy in Switzerland, because he is better off than in some other countries — because he is peaceable — because he don't kick up a fuss, rebel, overthrow the government, and divide the spoils. But he is intelligent; he reads, and knows the moral of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Intelligence, and not bayonets, as in other continental countries, keeps the peace in Switzerland, and leads the lower classes to submit to fate and poverty, in preference to war and death. The Internationals — they come, they go — they leave no impress here — except to bring about a strike, sometimes, and better pay and an increased consciousness, on the part of the laborer, that he is a man, although he is poor.

The great industries, such as embroidery, silk-weaving, and watch-making — all of which can, to an extent, be conducted in the farmer's house on rainy days and between times, alleviate the small farmer's condition; but of these, the common laborer or the very poor can have no benefit. In twenty-five years, the cost of living in Switzerland has advanced seventy-two per cent and is still rapidly on the increase.

In canton Zurich, the absolute expenses of a workingman's family of five persons equal two thousand two hundred and twelve francs per year. He can earn, at four francs a day, and this is the highest average, but twelve hundred francs yearly. Add to this the five hundred francs that his wife may earn, at the most, between times, and Christmas, when bills are due, finds the laborer, after a hard year's work and poor living, three hundred francs in debt. To avoid this debt, his family must go without one luxury and without many of the commonest necessities of life; and yet he is spoken of as contented and happy. He sees the miserable facts, knows he can't help their being facts, and so grins fate in the face and submits to his unfortunate lot without audible murmur. The poor man is at the bottom of the ladder in this country, and there he usually stops. The rounds by which men climb upwards are made of class and gold and are far apart. What can the poor man do but submit or emigrate? Could he only get away from the mortgages that tie him down, the prejudices that hold him back, his love of home, though steeped in poverty; could his eyes see the boundless prairies of the West, the

growing farms, the inviting fields, the waiting homes — would he submit, or emigrate?

The middle and higher classes of the Swiss, though well to do, are seldom very rich. A glance at the tax-lists of the prosperous little town of Meilen, on lake Zurich, shows how small the average properties and incomes really are. Meilen has a population of 3074. She has 511 persons who hold taxable property.

Of these, nine only, are taxed for more than a hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand dollars; 310 are taxed on five thousand francs, 128, on between five thousand and twenty thousand francs, 38, on between twenty thousand and fifty thousand, and 26 only, on between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand francs. 216 of these pay an income tax on less than seven hundred francs, 154 are taxed on an income of from seven hundred to nine hundred francs, and 68 are classed as between a thousand francs and fifteen hundred francs. 438 of these 511 tax payers, therefore, have an income of less than fifteen hundred francs, or three hundred dollars, and but 38 of the whole number have incomes above this, and but 10 of the whole number have an income above two thousand francs, or four hundred dollars.

Meilen is a bright, prosperous country-town and, though she is not a manufacturing place, her list may be considered as representing a pretty fair average of the non-manufacturing country-towns.

What do these Swiss people do for a living? is a question asked by almost every traveler. The answer is, in the cities, manufacturing and trade is industriously, economically, and very profitably, carried on; in the country, the people farm, on a small scale to be sure, but they farm, nevertheless; raising a few of their grains and all their vegetables. Besides this, the country people have the yield of the pasture, and they weave silk, spin cotton, and make watches, between times; by this means, obtaining the ready cash for taxes, clothing, doctors bills etc. The women work as hard as the men, and frequently harder, doing, at times, the most menial and disagreeable labor of the farm. When

late frosts and early rains come and the scanty crops are lost, the Swiss farmer has a most disheartening time, as he seldom has ready cash enough or credit enough, to supply his commonest wants from his neighbor's store. Late frosts, early rains, and terrible floods, do come, and come often, in the regions of the Alps, and when they come, whole districts of country people are thrown upon the charities of the cities for bread to eat. Farming in Switzerland, is indeed about a thankless task and, were it not for the pasture-fields, the vines, the butter and the cheese, and the in-door industries, the farm would be but little better than the jail. The people, even the better classes, live plainly, very plainly, and the lower classes, very poorly. With many of the working classes, meat is a rarity — a sort of Sunday treat — and a few scarcely have it at all. It is noticeable that the butchers have little demand for the flesh of cows. Cow-meat is not considered good and ox-meat not considered bad in Switzerland. The cows, though giving milk, are worked constantly, while the ox leads an idle life in dark stalls and closes his career only at the shambles. No bad effect follows to the butter, the cheese, and the milk, from this working of the cows, the farmers claim; but they admit that immoderate work and over-heating might poison the whole dairy. Adulterated coffee, soup, potatoes, bread, sour wine, and milk, these make up the usual rations of a Swiss workman. What is lacking in quality, is possibly made up in quantity — by early breakfast, lunch at nine, dinner at twelve, lunch again at four, and supper at eight o'clock. These lunches are taken by the workman in the open air and consist, usually, of black bread and a jug of heathenish wine.

Switzerland is considered a healthy country, yet it is doubtful if the Swiss themselves can be considered an especially healthy people. Though the summers are exceptionally fine, and the air bracing, the winters are usually rainy and foggy; especially in the northern parts of the country, where the climate is considered peculiarly unfavorable to rheumatic complaints and weak lungs. The number of blind,

dumb, and insane, all over the country, is astonishingly large. These unfortunates number well on to seventeen thousand, out of a population of something more than two and a half million souls; and, were the cretins and idiots to be counted, the number would be fearfully increased. The number of deaf and dumb alone is nearly three to every one thousand of the population, or more than three times as many as in France or England. In three cantons, Aargau, Berne, and Zurich, the insane number one to every 175 of the population, a per cent $2^1/3$ times as great as in England, and $3^3/5$ times as great as in Prussia. The cause of this distressful number of the mentally crippled has never been more than guessed at; but that bad living, hard work, and sometimes continued intermarrying of blood relations, are among the principal causes, the commonest observer can readily believe. These misfortunes cannot be charged wholly to overhanging mountains, deep valleys, and dark ravines, among which the people live; for canton Baselland, a comparatively level country with a population about the same as Appenzell Ausser-Rhoden, has more than double as many of these unfortunates as the latter canton lying in the very heart of the mountains. Again, the city of Basle has about $1^2/3$ times as many mentally sick, and deaf and dumb, and blind, as has canton Schwyz with about the same population, and fairly girdled in with mountains; and it may be worthy of remark that both Baselland and Basel city use incomparably more sour wine than either Schwyz or Appenzell, where wine is scarcely grown. These figures are mostly from a report made at the World's Fair in 1873, and taken in connexion with the vast number of insane asylums built and building all over Switzerland, the numberless people afflicted with goiters and the like, naturally excite the query, Is Switzerland a healthy country, or is it exactly the reverse?

Sunday, in Switzerland, is not a day devoted to fasting and prayer alone, by any means. It is, on the contrary, the very merriest day of the week. To church in the morning and to the theater in the afternoon or evening —

this is often the rule. On Sunday, everybody, rich or poor, high or low, is in the streets or on the steamboats and cars, putting off on excursions. Cheaper tickets than usual are issued by the transportation companies for Sundays, and the crowding masses surge up and down and around from daylight till dark. If there is an unusual attraction at the opera, that attraction is reserved for Sunday night. Is there a hippodrome, a circus, a shooting match, an election, or a horse race, Sunday is the day set for the event. Anything and everything that is avoided in England or America on Sunday, seems here to be particularly chosen for that particular day; and all this in the land of John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli. The excursioning alone, throwing out the theaters, horse racing, and other side shows, is, undoubtedly, a real blessing to the laboring classes who are unable to procure enjoyment on other days; and it is only fair to say that their walks and their rides, as well as their beer and their wine and their coffee, in the pleasant country places, are as innocently indulged in and as free from excess as the most ardent lover of morality could desire.

The Swiss pay little attention to the titled people of other lands who travel or sojourn in their midst. There is no running after men in place. Princes and ministers of state and priests and kings may come and go, provided they have paid their bills, and no one asks whither or how or when; and the only trace of them will be their names, misspelled, in the hotel registers. The public press, like the people, is not given to fawning at the feet of men it hates. The newspapers are devoted to news and, when printed well enough to read, will be found to contain fewer balloon editorials than is common to the French, English, or American journals. They are, however, insignificant in appearance, small-sized, and, like the German newspapers, miserably printed. A continual reading of them would be enough in itself to account for the thousands of blind and spectacled people all over the country. They are nearly all printed in German, French, or Italian; an occasional one

only, appearing in the dialect of some of the cantons. These German dialects cannot be called written tongues at all, in fact. Though older, some of them, than the real German itself, and the only language of the uneducated classes, yet they are seldom seen in print. They differ materially with the different cantons, and to an extent that sometimes makes it difficult for a Swiss of one section of Switzerland to even understand a Swiss of another canton, when the language is supposed to be the same.

CHAPTER IX.

Swiss Schools.

THERE was something more than mere smoke and powper noticed in the Revolution of 1793. Events that stimulated men to war had also stimulated men to think. The fairest plants grew up from seeds dropped in the most unpromising of soils. If hearts beat faster from a patriotic fire, the mind kept pace by delving out new means for compensating every loss. The love of country was never greater than a love of truth. The mysteries of science, art, and literature, unlock their secrets at the sight of human suffering and of blood. The French not only fought — they thought: thought more in their darkest hours than they had ever thought before. Their love of revolution and of change had stimulated other lands to thought of revolution too. Their love of knowledge, literature, and art, that grew with each increasing woe, led Swiss and Germans into newer, deeper, faster streams of thought.

War and the arts went dancing hand in hand, and knowledge waited on them both. When French troops crossed the Swiss frontier, bearing a constitution on their sabre points, the smaller cantons hurled, or tried to hurl, them back. In Unterwalden, fire and sword and death pressed into every home. Not only men, but women, fought at Stanz, and fell. Orphans alone remained — orphans and ashes — that was war. The homeless orphans begged, and that was natural; and some men's hearts were stirred with pity, but none so deeply as that of Heinrich Pestalozzi.

Born for a preacher, so his parents thought, at least — so taught the boy to think. But preach he could not; only

tried it once, 'tis said, and failed. A want of charity in holy men had dashed the youthful student's hopes; but he had charity himself — a charity for all, even for the homeless, ragged boys at Stanz — had more than charity, the nineteenth century has learned — had something new to think, to say, to do, and knew how to go and do it. His purse was small, his heart was very large. He bundled up the little that he had, went down to Stanz, and taught the children of the poor. He found them shelter, bread to eat, and clothes to wear. His money failed at last; his heart could never fail. His only help was in the little ragged boys, and they proved help enough, at last. He taught them how to work, to sew, to spin, to chop, to wash, to cook, to aid in everything that helped to support the school. His method met with wonderful success. The rich, at last, began to imitate the poor — to learn to work, to seek for knowledge in ways the easiest to be found, by making labor handmaid of the mind.

Then object-lessons followed in the teacher's mind. Boys comprehend what they can see and feel better than mere words set down as task for memory, Pestalozzi thought. Pictures and objects were used to represent the thing the boy was asked to learn. The eye, the ear, the hand — all joined to make impressions on the youthful mind. The hour of study soon became an hour of pleasure. Lessons were no longer looked upon as dreary tasks. The children learned, and Pestalozzi's name and thought and plan echoed across a continent. Teachers themselves, by hundreds, flocked to Pestalozzi's side to learn what seemed the only simple, natural way of teaching how to think.

All Switzerland was roused. An impetus was given to every movement tending towards reform of schools — an impetus that poverty, rebellion, war, could not restrain. The government itself joined hands with private enterprise, to make the teaching of the youthful mind the first, the proudest business of the State. With what success, the poorest peasant in the land can tell; for he can read and write, and knows what rich rewards await intelligence. The

plan of Pestalozzi crossed the sea, and little boys and girls on English hills and far-off Western plains rejoice in happy homes and better schools, where learning, love, and law, make bright the spring-time of their lives. Since Pestalozzi died, in 1827, his principles have been improved upon till Switzerland has the finest system of public schools in Europe. Not public schools alone — thousands of private ones and special ones, of every kind, for every purpose. The noblest edifices the Swiss possess are dedicated to the schools. The council houses are not half so fine, so large, so well arranged as these. Time was in Switzerland when master architects spent all their skill in building spires, cathedrals, and the like. To-day, even greater skill is used in building and ornamenting granite piles, where teaching youth is made the noblest duty of citizen and State. "Dedicated to the children of the town". This is the happy motto carved in golden letters over many a school house door in Switzerland. When Switzerland would honor Pestalozzi's name, the monument she built was more than brass or bronze; it was a school — a school where memories of the man were carved, not on the wood, the stone, but in the minds of happy, growing youths.

The Swiss boy enters school as soon as he is six, not over seven, years old. He cannot leave until his thirteenth year is reached. But school to him is play, as well as work. His education is not all from books and texts. He sees the pictures painted on the wall — his ears hear pleasant sounds, and hands can feel whatever heads must learn.

His teacher is a mortal like himself — not some old gorgon, armed with rod and rule. Together they may run and leap and laugh and dance and sing, as well as learn. There is no stiff restraint between the teacher and the taught. Order prevails, and rule, and law, and are obeyed from love, and not from fear alone. The hours of study past, the pupil and the teacher wander to the forests and the fields; together pluck wild flowers and plants, seek out the red squirrel's home, and learn his industry; together climb the hills, delve into narrow vales, cross lakes and streams,

and search for curious rocks and trees, learning again from them the lessons of the day.

The children of the rich and poor, unfettered by the social law that makes them sit apart in after life, sit side by side within the schools, and, hand in hand, may wander to the fields. A something more than conjugating verbs, extracting roots, is taught. Manners and walk and talk and cleanliness receive attention in the smallest schools. A boy with face begrimed and black, and trowsers torn at the knee, is sometimes seized upon, washed and cleaned and mended up, and then sent home. His mother feels the keen rebuke, and when the boy returns to school, he is shining like a new made top. The schools are not compulsory alone, — they are free. Each child of proper years must go; each village must provide the means. If wealthy parents choose to send their child to other than to public schools, they have the right; but they must help to foot the bill for public schools besides; must also show certificate of good and full attendance at the private school, for there can be no shirking of this great responsibility by parents or by child.

The school houses are evidently made for the children's comfort and convenience. One thing never is forgotten in connexion with building a Swiss school house — a large and grassy plot for the children's play-ground, with a fountain of pure water on it, shady trees, and place for a Gymnasium.

At twelve years of age, the primary course is completed, and, if the child has received the usual certificates, he may enter on the secondary course with his thirteenth year. In this course he remains three years, and at sixteen is supposed to be proficient in everything required to fit him for an unprofessional life, provided he does not speedily forget all that his youthful mind has learned. He is also fitted, should he be inclined, to enter upon a regular University course.

Birch rods and hickory sticks are seldom seen lying on the teacher's desk, as corporal punishment is usually not allowed.

A teacher found incapable of ruling by moral force is thought incapable of ruling at all, and off he goes. Pupils who neglect their studies, or who are disobedient, are sent home — turned out of school forever — and this is the most mortifying and severe punishment a Swiss boy can receive.

In the primary schools, the boys and girls are usually taught in separate classes.

In all the public schools, female teachers are employed, as well as male, and receive the same salaries. The hours of study are long and severe. In the summer, the school sessions are from seven in the morning until eleven, and again from two till four.

Pupils must not only study their thirty-four hours a week, and forty weeks a year, in the school, they must also have certain studies to be pursued at home. There is no excuse for unnecessary absence or delays. If sick, a scholar is excused when absent; if not, his parents will be fined. Unvaccinated children, idiot children, and those with faces made too repulsive by disease, are not admitted. The moment that a child is on the streets, has passed from the circle of his home, that moment has commenced the school's authority.

The latest regulations of the Zurich city schools, printed on slips and dropped in every house, contain, among a score of other rules, the following note relating to the scholars conduct in the street.

"Delay of any kind between the scholar's home and school"
"is not allowed. No whooping, yelling, throwing stones"
"and snow balls, teasing children, ridiculing age or deformity",
"can be endured.

"Grown persons shall be met with kind civility, politely"
"greeted as they pass, and thus shall honor be reflected"
"on the school!".

Kindness to animals and birds is taught in all Swiss schools; and every Switzer boy knows something of the habits, ways, and doings, of the birds and beasts that live among the Alps. In some communes, there's more than common kind-

ness shown. In Muri, canton Aargau, the parish council voted sums of ready cash to build the little starlings and the lapwings nests.

What good kind hearts! When next the congress of the birds shall meet, may not the little lapwings, blackbirds, robins, larks, and titmice, raise their pretty voices up and pass a vote of thanks to Muri's thoughtful councilors? The school and camp go hand in hand. Each citizen must be a soldier, and here in school, at fourteen years or less, the drill for soldier life is begun. The muscles of the body are trained by daily practice with the ladder, rope, and bar. Boys run and leap, heave weights, and jump with sticks and poles, and, when the muscles are developed, each youth is furnished with a uniform and musket, or a sword.

On pleasant days, on summer afternoons, the regiment is formed; the boys, headed by bands of music, march off to some convenient field, and there are taught to step, to wheel, to fire, and all the dreaded art of war. When grown to manhood, they are soldiers, every one, and leave their shops and stores, just as they left their schools, to drill some certain days in each returning year.

Of holidays, both boys and girls have many, very many, in a year. Some cantons have at least eighteen legal holidays and some have more. The town of Arth on the lake of Zug has twenty-three. When these holidays come round, what marchings, what parades of schools take place. A thousand boys are no uncommon sight; and yet a thousand boys, another thousand girls, all keeping step and time, with bright banners and faces brighter still, is better sight than that of armies marching out to war. These child parades are common in all the larger towns of Switzerland. When schools commence, the little folks parade; when schools are done again, the little folks parade, and so a dozen times in every year.

An old and pretty custom prevails in some cantons, of making "Sechseläuten" day a time for street festivities. On some set day of every spring, the hour for ringing evening bells is changed to six, and hence the name "Sechseläuten", or six o'clock bells. The usual custom is to have a great, expensive carnival. Two years ago, the happy thought occurred to those in charge at Zurich, to have a children's carnival, or parade. The day arrived, and fourteen hundred pretty children, of every age from seven to fifteen, in all costumes, assembled at the park, to take their places in the cavalcade. There were a hundred knights with plume and sword and shield; troop after troop of peasant girls, dressed in the strange costumes of almost every land; Turks with their tents and steeds; bright ships with ribboned sails, and nimble sailor boys in blue and gold; an Empress and her suite; a dozen clowns; a tribe of Indian warriors. Swiss chalets rode along on wheels, and old Swiss heroes lived and fought and died again. Gessler, the Austrian governor, mounted on a cream white steed, with scarlet mantle drooping at the side, was there — and William Tell, the strong, bold man of Uri; Gertrude, brave, good Gertrude, urging him she loved to die, rather than be a slave; fairies and gnomes, sprites, elves, and goblins, flitting everywhere; side-whiskered English travelers, armed with red guide-books, green eye-glasses, yellow umbrellas, and broad-checked pantaloons; cadets in uniform, cadets with trumpets and with horns; music, music everywhere. It was the children's day, and well did they enjoy it — marching from park to münster, and from münster back to park. When the evening bells rang six, the children's day was done, and many a child, and many a grown up man, went home to dream of days and nights in fairy land.

With holidays behind and books before, the children enter school with livelier, heartier zest. The teachers are paid by the year and the salary continues whether school is in session or not. Though the teacher's reward is small in the way of solid cash, he loves his work. It is his single work of life — his only business for head and heart and

hand. The salaries in the country schools are not more then $ 300 to $ 400 per year. In the cities, $ 600 to $ 700 is the highest paid. The children's schools are the parents' pride, and every father looks upon himself as part director, part inspector, of the plan that makes his boy the model of the man. The state itself is not behind with regulation and with cash. This building human minds means business here; a business standing far ahead of petty politics and huntings after place; a business that, if nobly done, brings rich return in love of order, law, and right, and truth. The Swiss, at least, have found as much. In no land of the earth, is order cheaper bought than here. No standing armies mock the patriotism of the people's hearts. In no land is intelligence so widely spread.

The country is one of the thickest settled on the globe; and yet scarcely more than one to every thousand persons on her soil but reads and writes. One people in the world, at least, pays more for schools than for its public force; that people is the Swiss; and yet each man of twenty years and even less, is uniformed, is armed, is drilled, and fit to march for war. Such things cannot be said of any other European state. But elementary schools, gymnastic schools, and canton schools are not the only ones that rank as number one in Switzerland. She has four universities; at Zurich, Basle, Berne, Geneva; first class ones, all, and not unknown in other continental lands. The country has, besides, her federal polytechnic school at Zurich. The building, scarcely second to any of its kind in Europe, sits like an intellectual crown above the city's heights. The structure cost the Zurich council nearly three million francs, and yet the decorations are not all complete. It is longer than Buckingham palace, and contains more lofty rooms and halls than any other house in Switzerland. Within its walls are taught philosophy, art, science, literature, mechanics, forestry, history. Chemical, botanical, and mechanical schools, are there, with work-shops, laboratories, libraries, and cabinets, conducted, not by learned men of Switzerland alone, but

men from other countries, too, distinguished men with European names.

The students of the Zurich Polytechnic come from many lands. Austrians, Swiss, and Poles, Russians, Swedes, and English, Italians, and Americans, Germans, and French, Greeks, Gentiles, Christians, Jews, and infidels, all join the Babel of opinion, politics, and tongue. The Zurich university, though old and excellent, is not so widely known as is its sister school, the Polytechnic. Yet it has gathered up renown for liberal ideas, at least. In 1864, the institution's doors were opened to the female sex. At first, the female students numbered very few. It seemed as if the regents' liberality had been spent in vain. But later years increased the number of the applicants. In 1873, there were seventy-five young ladies in the department of medicine alone. The lectures are the same for all, and males and females practice in hospitals and anatomical rooms together. The greater number of the ladies in the classes then were Russian girls; their number, however, has been reduced by an ukase of the Czar, who imagined that his Zurich subjects were engaged in schemes against the State. This ukase, in effect, ordered the Russian female students home, and, although its tenor was greatly modified at a later date, many of the girls were frightened off to other schools and other lands.

The female students are attentive, so the great professors say — are punctual, hear more lectures than the male students, and seem more earnest in their work. Their admittance to the same classes with the males can scarcely longer be considered an experiment, as the trial has been going on for ten years in Zurich, with seemingly the best and most satisfactory results.

CHAPTER X.

Laws and Law Makers.

THE Constitution of 1848 was adopted by the Swiss in the face of protests from the Powers of Europe, who had guaranteed the independence and neutrality of the country on the overthrow of Napoleon. These powers had been willing to secure the existence of the Swiss republic, but nothing farther.

Unadulterated democracy was not wanted, although it had been permitted to exist, in a primitive form, among the valleys of the Alps for centuries.

The Swiss, however, had learned something of the strength that follows unity of action, and heeded little the protests and the threats of Europe. Europe, possibly, had thought of doing little more than protesting and threatening, and when the Swiss Diet met to forge new laws and a new Constitution, and the Swiss people showed themselves in earnest about their work, all, or nearly all, opposition ceased.

The plan of government adopted was similar in many respects to the political plan of the United States.

Some of the worst features of the American system were adopted along with some of the best; yet the extreme dread of anything resembling centralization of power led the Swiss to leave the greater authority in the hands of the separate states, or cantons.

Though not the best, the system was, however, centuries ahead of anything the Swiss had ever had before. It had a thousand faults, principal among which was the existence of undemocratic parts inside of a democratic whole.

The general government was republican; the state, or canton government, was anything or everything that suited the personal freaks of those in power. They were called democratic, too, but there were cantons where democracy, aside from the general right to vote, was scarcely recognized.

The army, that bulwark of the law in European lands, was in the cantons' hands. The general government could command, but could not enforce obedience. Citizenship was confined to the canton and the communes. There was no such thing as a Swiss citizen. Men were citizens of cantons only, and, outside the canton that gave them birth, they had no rights, no privileges. For a poor man to step outside of his canton in search of bread or work, was almost the same as stepping into jail, and, should he ask for alms, he would be hustled under guard, and packed off to the canton that gave him birth.

Switzerland was not a state, it was a Bund, or bundle of states, an alliance of twenty-five little states for purposes of convenience and self preservation. All the great rights, all the important privileges, and a disproportional amount of the authority, were reserved to the cantons. It was popular sovereignity exemplified so far as the relations of canton to state were concerned, and was continually in as much danger of suicide as was the lesser German states under the old regime.

Twenty years from 1848 had not passed away before the Swiss themselves saw the danger in being bound together by a rope of sand. Conflicting interests and jarring words were rapidly sapping the very life out of the Union, and wise men recognized the necessity for instant change.

Two years ago, a new Constitution was proposed, submitted to the people, and voted down. The catholic cantons were opposed to change because that change might mean a weakening of the church. The lesser cantons, fearing loss of power, said No: some rich communes that feared division of communal goods, said No: and, lastly, all who liked the dead past better

than the living present, said No, and the constitution was lost.

Again, in 1874, the friends of revision and reform proposed the same constitution, though in a modified form. This time the fight was won, and the country took a forward step a hundred years in length.

Some of the noticeable clauses of this new constitution are to this effect:

Every citizen of a canton is a citizen of Switzerland.

All citizens are equal before the law.

The management of the army is placed in the hands of the general government.

Every Swiss citizen is a member of the army.

The training, clothing, and arming, of the troops is the business of the general government.

Pensions will be allowed to the families of soldiers killed or wounded in the line of duty.

No military capitulation will be allowed.

The government shall regulate the management and building of railroads.

The post and telegraph management belongs exclusively to the general government.

The government has the right to found and support universities.

Primary schools shall be free and their attendance compulsory, and shall be supported by the cantons themselves.

In the public schools no restrictions shall be placed upon the freedom of faith and religion.

On the list of tariffs, articles of luxury shall be taxed the highest.

The manufacture of salt and gunpowder is a monopoly of the government.

The general government has the right to regulate the time of labor in manufactories, and to determine the age at which children may be employed in the same.

No member of the government, or Diet, is permitted to accept money, presents, or titles from foreign governments.

Liberty of faith and conscience is guaranteed — but the order of Jesuits, and all orders affiliated with them, are suppressed, and their connection with church and schools forbidden.

All orders, or societies, which may be considered dangerous to the state, may at any time be suppressed.

The freedom of press is guaranteed, but the general council has the right to prevent and punish its mis-use.

Citizens have the right to organize societies, so far as they are not dangerous to the state.

Spiritual courts are abolished.

Capital punishment and arrest for debt are abolished.

The government has the right to expel strangers who endanger its security, from its territory.

Trial by jury is continued.

Judges of the supreme court must be elected, and must be chosen from among the members of the legislative body.

In the Diet, an absolute majority of votes determines.

Laws passed by the assembly or Diet must be submitted to the popular vote, should 30,000 voters or eight cantons demand it.

Cantons have the right to propose laws to the assembly by correspondence.

The Diet must meet once a year, and oftener, should as many as five cantons demand it; or in case one fourth of the upper house demand it.

Members of the lower house in the Diet are elected by the people direct. The members of the upper house may be chosen direct or by the cantonal legislature.

The upper house is composed of two members from each state; the lower house of one representative to every 20,000 souls.

The Bundesrath, or Cabinet, consists of seven members, chosen by the Diet for a term of three years.

The President of the Confederation, who is also president of the Cabinet, must be chosen from among the members of one of the two houses of the Diet, and is elected by the

assembled houses for a term of one year; and he is not immediately eligible for election a second time. Neither can he be elected as vice-president immediately; nor is the vice-president eligible for reelection.

All the members of the Cabinet have seats and voices in the Diet.

In case of necessity, the Cabinet has the right to call out troops without waiting for the meeting of the Diet.

All officials of the Government are held personally responsible for their actions.

This Constitution comes into operation at once, and, in connexion with the necessarily modified laws, makes Switzerland, politically speaking, the most advanced state on the Continent.

A republic it was before, a republic it always was, and probably always will be; but the strength gained, and the advance made, by the adoption of the new Constitution, are almost beyond computation.

Some of the important branches of the government, however, are but little changed, and especially is this so of the legislative branch.

Under the new regime, as under the old, two councils form the Diet, or legislative branch of government; a lower and an upper House; the former called the National-Rath, or National Council; the latter, Ständerath, or Council of the States. Each canton sends two deputies to the upper House, and every twenty-thousand souls can have one Deputy to represent them in the lower branch.

These Councils meet ~~but once~~ 3 times a year at Berne, and there elect the nation's President, who serves a twelvemonth only. A sort of figure head — this chief of Swiss democracy, possessed of little power above the common councilor. The Cabinet, or Federal Council, Federal Judges, Attorney-General, and Commander of the troops, are each elected by the Legislative power. Three years is fixed as term of office for members of the two houses; the Cabinet, or Council, serves for the same period.

All members of the government are paid; their salaries, though, are merely nominal. The President receives but ten thousand francs, about, a year; while Senators have only half as much.

No man can be elected President for two successive terms; for the Vice-President, the same good rule is law. The members of the upper house are paid by the Cantons which they represent. The members of the other house, the President and the Council, Judges and General, have their compensation, a very small one, from government; and every man of them is held to strict account for each official step he takes.

The Diet sits with open doors; a bare majority of votes prevails; and every canton can, by note, propose new laws, or ask amendments of the old.

The expenses of the government are paid with the revenues from public property, as forests etc.; from customs — post and telegraph receipts — interest on the war fund, and from the state monopoly of gunpowder and salt.

The telegraphs are owned and managed by the state. The rates are placed extremely low. Ten cents will send twice as many words around the Alps, and yet a couple of hundred thousand francs a year are saved above expenses.

In each Department, close economy prevails. In 1872, it cost the Swiss some fourteen francs a head to rule themselves without a king, while England paid, to be exact, four times as much, or fifty-six francs and a fraction for every man, woman, and child, in the land; and France, with kings, or worse than kings, paid for the privilege to exist, five times as much per head as Switzerland. Their little bills and debts that stood in every body's hands were, of Switzerland, less than six and a half dollars to the poll; of France, more than twenty times as much; — and even the Britons, with their queen, were taxed upon a pyramid of debt that reached the enormous sum of one hundred and two and twenty dollars to the single head. Swiss economy is not more striking in a political, than in a military, direction.

To keep the peace and yet have armies ready for a war, the head of every family in Switzerland pays on an average less than four dollars per year. A Russian pays nearly ten dollars for the same thing; a German and an Italian something more than eight, and a Frenchman almost fifteen. Though small and seeming poor, but little real, pinching poverty is in the land. One man in twenty only, asks for alms; while in France the number is one for every nine, and in England one for every eight. Knowledge is power. The people read. The public libraries contain at least one book for every man, woman, and child, in Switzerland. Newspapers stop in almost every home. When Calvin lived, about three centuries ago, not one in hundreds of the Swiss knew how to read or write. To-day, but little more than one in a thousand fails to do them both. A step ahead. The schools are free; they cost the state more money than is spent for soldiers and for war, while the poorest national school system in the land is pronounced, by judges, better than England's best.

The whole political system of the country is based on the commune. Every little cluster of Swiss people forms a commune. These communes resemble, to a small extent, the divisions known as townships in the United States. They resemble more, however, a chartered stock company, owning certain rights, privileges and capital. Every human being inside of a given commune is a stock holder there, and every one of the proper age has a voice in saying what disposition shall be made of the common property.

It is the communal system told of in the Bible, and is as old as the time of Abram and the priests.

Most of these stock companies, or communes, own property in forests, rents, lands, and houses, and dividends are declared in the shape of free wood for winter, free books at school, free use of lands, and reduced taxation.

Some of these communes are rich, and in such it is difficult to become a citizen. The rights of citizenship, when not inherited, must be purchased. The price of purchase differs with the worldly condition of the commune.

Sometimes it is a thousand francs and more: sometimes the right cannot be had at any price. As far as an interest in the common property of the commune goes, the poor cannot be very badly off; for, in case of absolute necessity, the commune is bound to support its members. If, for example, a poor man have more children than he can feed and clothe, the communal mayor will have them cared for at the common expense, and the farmer who will feed them at the lowest price will get the job.

These contracts of feeding the poor are set up at auction, and the lowest bidder wins.

The poor man, like the rich, shares, of course, all the advantages the commune may derive from its rents, forests, and lands. If the income of the year is large, the taxes will be small, and some communes are enabled to live without raising any tax from their members at all. Even the taxes levied by the general government are in such cases paid from the common pocket of the commune.

The separate parts of these communes are citizens who vote, and each has some good right of voice, provided he has ought to offer or advise. — As citizens make up communes, so cantons form the state. The cantons are the state — some twenty-five republics, great and small, allied for purposes of self-security. Each little state is sovereign in itself — itself an independent power but little limited by reason of the Bund. Each has its plan of governing, peculiar to itself, but democratic all. Some have their parliaments, and some have none. Some meet in palaces, to make their laws; some meet in meadows and in fields. Some make their parliaments supreme in power, some give their parliaments no power at all.

The mails, telegraphs, and customs, are matters managed by the general Bund; and, save a trifling tax on wine in three or four of the German Cantons, no customs can be levied at the cantonal frontiers. Free trade in principle, though not in fact, is made the general policy, as the import duties are of the lightest character.

Uniquest of these Canton Governments, are Uri, Unterwalden and the Appenzells. Time was, the fables say, when men met in the open fields, and chose the tallest of their number as their chief — the quality of hight being thought sufficient proof of good ability to rule. Time is, and that to-day, when purely democratic men meet in the open fields, and, in a single day, make laws, determine suits, and oil the whole political machine.

On May-day, 1874, the thing was done just as it has been done a thousand times before, in Canton Uri, cornering on Lake Lucerne. At early morning, all the people of the Canton went to mass. The little chapels were each densely packed, and hundreds of the people who could not enter, knelt, with bared heads, on the frosty ground outside, and waited for the blessing and the prayer. At half past ten, the official cortege left the town of Altorf, famous as the spot where Tell performed his archery, and moved out to a green meadow, half a mile away. First marched on foot two sergeants dressed in costumes of the ancient Swiss — then soldiers, with a military band. Next came six carriages, with members of the government — in every carriage were the colors and the canton's arms. Behind the carriages, in files of two and two, came shepherds, hunters, boatmen, mountaineers; in short, the voting population of the canton all were out, from every mountain, glade, and glen.

A platform elevated in the centre of the field, served for the Council of the State — the people stood in groups about the scene. The Landamman arose, and in few brief words bade welcome to his sovereign friends, and asked that all should join in prayer. This service done, the Landamman again arose, addressed the people on the leading topics of the canton and the day, and stated what the business of the gathering should be.

The secretary of the State then read a bill proposing some reforms of law. Supporters of the bill spoke earnestly, explaining every clause and urging its adoption. Opponents

spoke as usual, had many reasons why the bill should not become a law. The sovereign people vote — "Raise hands, who wish to have the Bill for law". The hands are up. The Landamman counts; "Hands down". "The noes" — "Hands up". He counts again — "more ayes than noes", — and so the bill, in half an hour's time, is made the law. Then other propositions — other bills are voted up, are voted down, and, when the legislative work is done, or nearly done, the Landamman and all his officers resign their various trusts. New men are chosen for the coming year; the oath of office is administered, and then the Uri Parliament adjourns to meet a twelve month hence. The cavalcade returns to town — the flags and ancient armor for the thousandth time are locked in arsenals. The shepherd seeks his flock in glade and glen; the mountaineer goes to his distant home; the boatman paddles quietly away, and, in his mountain carols, each has half forgot, that here in Uri he is legislator, citizen and king.

As Uri does, so do the folk of Glarus, Unterwalden, Appenzell; the latter canton, however, makes a show and dress parade of peasantry that still exceeds in picturesqueness the rural parliament of Unterwalden and her neighbor Schwyz.

What rare simplicity of life is this! No wrangling after power — no wearisome debates, — no intrigue after place — no lust for fame; one thought alone, to live just as their fathers lived, in perfect liberty, and fearing none but God. These are the peasant kings, whose form of government has stood the shocks of time. The monarchies of other lands, the neighbors of the Swiss, have risen and have fallen; have risen again, again are in the dust; yet Uri and the Unterwaldens have the very government to-day that they had when Tell chased the wild chamois on their hills, five centuries ago. The laws of such a people are their own, at least, and if illiberal and out of date, and out of tune sometimes, there's none to blame; they are their masters, and can change the form at will. — If lack of progress, lack

of modern thought and ways, be theirs, the lack is in the people's minds, not in the law alone nor form of Government. The mountains, lakes, and rocks, that shut them off from other lands, have made the people singular and strange in life and deed. A reverence for the past, because it is the past, has made them out of date. A deep, religious zeal, led by the church, has made intolerance almost a rule. Their strength lies in the breastworks of their mountain walls, and in the common faith that love of country is better than a love of self. To them, no fable hangs about the deeds of Winkelried and Tell. On mountains, rocks, and lakes, their history is carved indellibly.

"We will be free so long as we are like our ancestors", is burned in every heart, and, like their native hills, these people seem immovable.

Another, better type of purely democratic rule is found in Canton Zurich. Year after year from 1848, the privileged classes lost their claim to speak and rule for those who had less liberty of action than themselves. Step after step was gained by those who thought that laws are best when made by those whom they will most effect. A quiet revolution had been going on for years. The feudal party saw its sinking craft drift out to sea; the wind — the current, gave no hope of life; at last the climax came. In early May of 1869, the people of the canton by their ballots said: "In virtue of our sovereign right, we give ourselves the Constitution and the law." — The old went out — the new came in. No blare of trumpet — roll of drum, welcomed the new experiment. A simple confidence in self was voted at the polls. — The Constitution differs from all others; even others of its kind. — By it, all power is vested in the sovereign people's hands; in fact, as well as principle. Authority is only indirect when used by those appointed to its charge. The people are the legislative power; — they vote on every Bill proposed as law, and can propose new laws themselves. They have the right, as private citizens, to enter the council of the State, if only

twenty-five Deputies allow them to be heard, and argue motions for the public good. — The people may demand new laws, or cancelling or amending of the old, provided five thousand citizens are in accord in asking what they wish. Twice a year, all propositions, laws, decrees, must be submitted to the peoples vote. Each man of twenty years of age must cast his vote for "yes" or "no": unless, indeed, he be no rightful citizen. An absolute majority of all the votes decides the cause: from this there's no appeal. — All propositions that require a general vote are printed and placed in every voter's hands, four weeks before election day arrives. There is no President, but, in his stead, a council of the government, composed of seven members, exercises all executive authority. — This council is elected by the people's vote; chooses its chairman, or president, and serves a term of four years, and is by law responsible, not only to the state, but to private citizens as well, for all abuse of power. Neither father and son, father-in-law and son-in-law, nor two brothers, may sit at the same time in any legislative or judicial body of the State. A sort of civil service, too, prevails; at least, removals without cause are not allowed, and any functionary so removed, can claim his compensation till the term for which he was elected or appointed has expired. At twenty years of age, each citizen is eligible to fill, if chosen, the highest office of the state. The marriage tie is valid, made by officers of State or church, and all official services at such a time are free. The right to vote, to be a citizen, is lost by those who live by alms, by those found guilty of a crime, and, sometimes, by those against whom bankruptcy has been adjudged.

Taxes are levied on the progressive, or doubling, plan. To whom much is given, of him is much, very much required, by him who gathers Zurich's tolls.

The man who owns $ 4000 worth or less of property, pays taxes only on the half, and he who owns $ 25,000 worth pays taxes on eight tenths of it, while the owner of a $ 100,000 place pays taxes on the whole; so that with

taxes at one per cent, for example, the man with the $ 4000 farm pays but $ 20.00 tax, while his neighbor who lives on the $ 100,000 place must pay not the proportionate $ 500 tax only, but $ 1000^{00}, or 50 times as much as his friend on the farm.

The income tax is managed on a plan quite similar. The first one hundred dollars earned is not taxed at all. A $ 500 income is only taxed in half: while all above $ 800 is taxed in full. Supposing the rate of tax is 2 per cent: A, who has but $ 500 income will be taxed on it but $ 5.00, while B, who earns $ 800, or only $ 300 more than A will be taxed $ 16,00; and D. with an income of $ 10,000 must pay, not the proportional $ 100, or 20 times as much only as his neighbor A who earns $ 500, but $ 200, or forty times as much. But the plan works well, they say. It lifts, at least, a burden from the poor, and puts it on the broader shoulders of the rich, who, notwithstanding all complaints, would not exchange positions with the poor to save the doubling of the tax.

There is usually no official assessment made, but blanks are distributed in every house to be filled in by its occupants. These blanks, with a simple statement as to their correctness, are returned to the tax bureau. Should the sum thus rendered seem too small, however, the officials take the liberty of guessing at the proper amount, and change the statement to suit themselves.

Railways are subject to the state's control. Monopolies and unjust rates for passengers and freights have made no wars between the benefactors and the owners of the roads, as in America. The people's money must be watched, not squandered, as in some other states of democratic rule. The council of the canton is allowed current expenses for the year — no more — not even these, should they be large, or seeming large. Four thousand dollars is the limit set; small stealings and but little luxury there. The canton's Deputies are paid — not much — enough to buy cigars and wine, and beer; and that is all, exept some trifling mileage, half

a dozen francs perhaps. The Deputies in this and other cantons "struck" within the last few years, expected better wages — failed. The thing was put to vote. The working men — the painters — tailors — blacksmiths and the like, though on a strike for better pay themselves, cried, No — you 've got enough, — 'tis we who 're wanting and deserving more; and so the ill-paid Deputies go on proposing laws and ways and rules to be perhaps rejected at the autumn polls. They are the peoples servants, not their lords, these Zurich Deputies; that much is plain.

Trial by Jury is guaranteed. Imprisonment for debt is not allowed — nor tying men in chains; and murderers cannot be hung, nor burned, nor quartered, as in former times; though shooting — stabbing — choking and the like, is not a novelty, alas! even here in Switzerland.

Some years experiment has proved this Zurich mode of making laws — of governing, a brave success. Like all things mortal it has its faults and foes, of course, and of the latter, very many here in Zurich. The law makers are not all lawyers, nor men versed in the lore of political subtleties, but more men of the people — bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and farmers, whose interests are identical with those for whom they legislate.

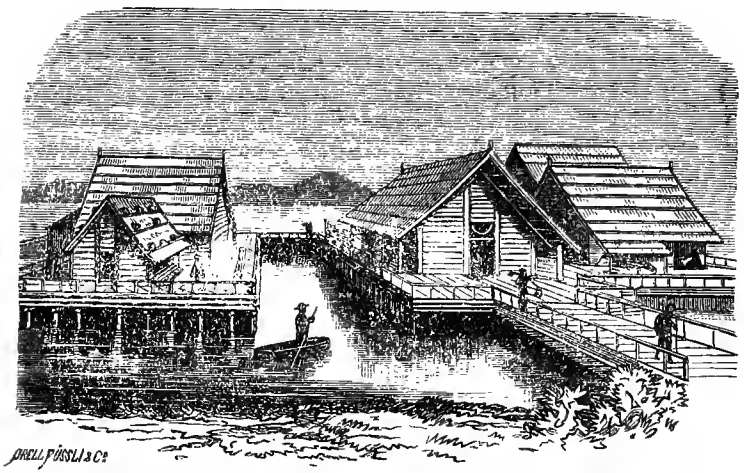
Once every year, they leave their Banks — their Stores — their Factories and Farms, and enter on the people's work. The Canton Hall stands by the market bridge; a rare old house, with bust of some heroic Swiss on every window-top. Black marble portico with columns yielding up to time. Inside the house, simplicity itself prevails. Behind the tribune is a picture of the men who, at the Rütli, swore for liberty and right. Plain granite floors are seen, plain, stiff-backed wooden seats; no sign of desks. Would Deputies write out a motion or a bill, 'tis done at home, or else a stiff-topped hat held on the knee must answer for a desk. Not given much to talk, the members set about their work; propose — oppose — dispose. At

last a scheme, and then a vote; not vote to make the scheme a law, but to submit the question to their sovereign judges, the people — crowds of whom, even now, are sitting in the gallery's smoke and settling in their minds what they shall say when voting time comes round. The Deputies adjourn; the people vote. What they may want, becomes a law; what not, is set aside forever; so it is written in the people's creed of Zurich.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

CHAPTER XI.

Lake Dwellings.



HISTORY has little or nothing to say of Switzerland before the birth of Christ. The country has been supposed to have been, previous to that period, a wild waste of wilderness, uninhabited, except by beasts, or, in later centuries, by wandering tribes, who were not more human than the beasts themselves. Further than supposition and guessing, written history was silent. Within a few years, however, the important fact has come to light that a people, more or less civilized, lived here among the valleys of the Alps, and on the borders of the lakes, hundreds, possibly thousands, of years before the Christian era.

Proof of this early occupancy of the land by a people used to some of the arts and industries of life is found in the

"lake dwellings," or pile-houses, remnants of which are now being discovered and investigated in the waters of almost every Swiss lake. The Winter of 1853 and 1854 was exceedingly dry, and all the Swiss streams und lakes were lower than they had ever been known. At Meilen, on Lake Zurich, some workmen took advantage of the receded waters to excavate earth from the lake-bed, for the purpose of filling in additional garden-spots on the shore. While thus engaged, they were astonished by striking their spades into what proved to be the tops of many wooden piles, arranged in clusters and in rows.

By closer examination, it was found that these piles ran in lines almost parallel with the shore, and stood on an average about a foot or a foot and a half apart. They were usually split pieces of oak, beech, or fir-wood, six or eight inches in diameter, and about eight to ten feet in length. The original length of these strange piles could only be guessed at, as they had rotted off down to a point below the water. The lower ends had all been sharpened by fire, except an occasional one, which bore marks of having been sharpened by some edged instrument.

Among the piles, and in the bed of earth in which they stood, stags' horns and implements of bone and stone were found in great numbers. The principal objects among these were stone celts, a sort of wedge-shaped stone, that could, as its shape varied, have been used as a chisel, gouge, hatchet, or axe.

Hundreds of specimens of these were found, varying in length from one to eight inches, and in weight from a quarter of an ounce to a pound and a half. These implements consisted partly of a stone found about the lake and among the Alps, and partly of a stone peculiar to the East, and never found in Switzerland, showing that the people who used them must have had some sort of traffic with countries beyond the seas.

These celts, as they are called, were made, it is supposed, by first hammering the stone into shape, and then grinding or rubbing on sandstone, until an edge was made, often as

sharp as a knife. Slabs of sandstone were discovered, showing by their form that they had been used for some such purpose, while numbers of the implements in a half-finished state were dug up continually.

The celts were usually found with stag-horn hafts, or handles. Hammers, pincers, etc., of the rudest sort, and made of stone and bone, were also found, as well as primitive corn-crushers, such as are described by Livingstone as being in use in Africa at the present day. There were hearth-stones, and specimens of split boards, or slabs, rude pieces of pottery, and a few spindle-whorls.

Meilen was the first place thoroughly examined for lake-dwellings, but it was by no means the most interesting. At Robenhausen, on Lake Pfäffikon, as well as at many other points where the antiquities found date as far back as those at Meilen, discoveries have been made, showing that these people in the remotest ages of antiquity must have possessed a degree of civilization far superior to the barbarous races of to-day.

By systematic excavations at Robenhausen, and at other points, it has been pretty closely determined in what way these lake-dwellers built their homes, the nature of their industries, the food they ate, and the clothes they wore. Here, the curious of to-day can walk over the uncovered floors, and stand upon the hearthstones of houses that possibly were old, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were new.

Here are household implements, and tools for farming purposes, and nets, and woven cloths, and even embroidery, that were made and used perhaps centuries and centuries before the fall of Rome. The lake-dwellers had a settlement at Robenhausen which covered at least sixteen thousand square feet. One hundred thousand piles were used in its construction, and there is an earth-bed about the piles three feet deep, composed of animal remains and the results of human industry. Not this only: it has been further ascertained that settlements have been built on the top of these, so that three sets of piles, one above another, have, in the course of time, been driven into the accumulated remains of ages.

As the first settlements in the lake grew old with time, the waste of animal, and the decay of vegetable life, formed beds of peat, reaching, eventually, above the level of the tops of the piles. There is, too, positive evidence that many of these settlements were destroyed by fire. On top of the new-formed earth, or rather peat, new piles were driven, new settlements were made, and, in some well-known instances at least, these, too, were eventually swallowed up by the increasing waste and growing peat, and, on their tops, still other piles were driven and other villages were built.

The years, the centuries, required for these changes, can only be guessed by the length of time required for peat-beds to form to a thickness sufficient to swallow up two or three series of piles, six, to ten, and even eleven feet in length.

In each of the three distinct layers of earth or peat, antiquities have been found in great numbers, and the similarity of the implements unearthed, indicates no material advancement in civilization in the hundreds of years that the settlements attributed to the stone age existed.

The last, or top settlements, were, however, more substantially built than those underneath, and some of the implements of flint were more dexterously made. From the position of the hearth-stones, the size of the floors, the clusters of the piles, and the clay weights for looms and hand corn-mills found on the ruins of almost every hut, it can be pretty definitely determined what the size of these lake-dwellings was.

Those at Robenhausen have been estimated as being twenty-seven feet long, by twenty-two feet wide, and constructed in each case for the use of a single family. In most of the settlements, the huts were built on platforms resting on the tops of the piles.

The floors consisted of unpeeled sticks of wood, two feet long, lying parallel to each other. The chinks between these little round sticks were usually filled in with clay and rushes, and sometimes a whole bed of clay and gravel covered the floor, making it more substantial. The walls of the huts

were made of boards, standing on edge between upright posts. The space between the posts was filled with a sort of wattle-work, covered with clay inside and out. The roofs were made of layers of straw and rushes.

The houses, in some of the settlements at least, were arranged in regular rows, and often stood not further than two or three feet apart. The fire-places consisted of plates of sandstone lying oftenest in the middle of the hut, but were occasionally found in one corner.

That these houses were not built as mere places of refuge, in case of danger, is pretty clear, from the fact that the relics found on every floor show that each family had there its full arrangements for cooking, weaving, making nets, and fishing; in short, everything that the people of those days did indoors at all, could have been done, and probably was done, inside these houses built in the lakes. Not only the houses were there equipped for ordinary life, but the cattle, the pigs, the sheep, and the goats, were stalled there in separate places on the piles.

The relics found, indicate that the people lived principally on fish, venison, chestnuts, and corn-bread, with some wheat and fruit, while their clothing was oftener made of woven or plaited cloth than of the skin of beasts. Wheat and corn were cultivated as food, and flax was grown for the loom. Each family did its own grinding of corn or wheat, and its own weaving, at home; but there are evidences that there were special houses devoted to the manufacture of implements for the household, the field, and the chase. Copper and bronze were but little known by the inhabitants of Robenhausen, though there are relics showing these metals were sometimes used.

The superstructure of the lake-dwellings has been found to consist of two kinds, or styles, entirely different from each other. The first consists of a floor, or platform, built on piles driven into the lake, as at Robenhausen. The second, called the fascine settlements, is found in nearly all the smaller Swiss lakes, and is merely a heap of poles laid in horizontal layers from the bottom of the lake upward to

the required height above the water surface. Through this heap of sticks and stems, piles were occasionally driven, to hold the structure in position, and the platforms and houses were built on top of the same, as in the pile settlements of the larger lakes.

The antiquarians have divided the pre-historic past into three periods, or ages — the stone age, the age of bronze, and the age of iron. The period to which any particular settlement or town belongs, is determined by the amount of stone, bronze, or iron relics, found among the ruins. By this classification, Robenhausen belonged to the stone age, although there were a few implements of bronze discovered. They were, probably, rare specimens, imported from distant countries more advanced in civilization, for the age of stone cannot represent the same period of time in all countries. Egypt, and even Greece, were possibly enjoying the civilization of the most advanced centuries of bronze and iron, when Western Europe was in the age of stone, and some countries, like the north of North America, may probably have had no intermediate age of bronze at all; but, in a single century, have changed from the flint implement period of the Indians into the civilization of their iron age. Neither stone, nor bronze, nor iron relics, can be taken as positive evidence of any particular degree of civilization. If the use of implements of brass and iron were any real, certain indication of advanced civilization, then was mankind civilized in its very infancy, and certainly centuries before the time recorded by history. When Rome and Greece, and even Egypt, were probably making implements of wood and stone, Tubal Cain, the Bible tells us, was teaching the artificers in brass and iron not far from the gates of Eden, three thousand years before the birth of Christ. But different countries have usually gone through these three periods, and the discovered relics show that the country of the Alps has pretty certainly done so, for there are remains found of settlements that must have belonged almost exclusively to one of these periods, and of other settlements that belonged exclusively to a different one, and

still other settlements that have existed in all of the three ages. There are some, too, that cannot be classified as belonging to any particular age, as they contain relics of them all. Just when the stone age ended and the bronze age began in Switzerland cannot be determined, as the change of implements from stone and wood to copper and tin was probably so gradual as to leave no particular dividing line noticeable.

At all events, the stone age was centuries before the age of bronze, and other centuries elapsed before the age of iron came to Switzerland. The settlements of the bronze and of the iron ages differ from those of the age of stone, inasmuch as they are always found in deeper water, further from the shore, and are better built. They are, too, more frequently built on a foundation of stone, formed by collecting great heaps or hills of round stones, which have at one time probably reached to, if not above, the surface of the water.

Nidau-Steinberg is a little island made of stones in the Lake of Bienne. These stones must have been collected in the neighboring hills, and boated out to where they are now lying, as the remainder of the lake-bottom is composed of loam and mud. On top of this artificial island of gathered stones, piles were driven every two and three feet, upon which the platforms, with their huts, stood. The piles in these stone-islands are usually made of the whole trunks of trees, and not of split stems, as in the ordinary pile settlements. It is remarkable that while fishermen have boated and fished and worked over and around the waters of Lake Bienne for hundreds of years, the existence of this settlement, with all its rich store of relics, was not discovered until quite recently.

This island of stone is three and a half acres in extent, and is usually covered by about eight feet of water. In former times, the level of Lake Bienne was several feet lower than at present, so that it is altogether probable that the stone-island reached to the top of the water, if not still higher. About this island, hundreds of the best preserved specimens have been found, proving to a certainty that this

was one of the first habitations of civilized men. Relics of the stone age are found in abundance, side by side with those of the age of bronze and iron, and still further, many of the antiquities unearthed there, prove that Nidau-Steinberg was occupied as a dwelling-place as late as in the times of the Romans.

The learned Keller, in his excellent work, remarks that the drawings and descriptions of the objects found at Nidau will show "that it was a flourishing station throughout all periods, from the stone age downward. Many objects of stone, bone, and pottery, which have been obtained there, and which mark the commencement of the civilization of man in our districts, show that it was a settlement in the earliest period; but its existence was prolonged up to the time when bronze was commonly employed for implements; — nay, it even outlasted this period, and reached that when iron came into use. Here and there, on the same lake-bottom, works of art are found lying close together, betokening very different grades of civilization, and telling us of centuries lying far apart. The Nidau lake-dwelling, therefore, coincides, on the one hand, with the settlements of East Switzerland, which ceased to exist before the bronze age, or at the very beginning of it, and on the other hand, its existence runs parallel with those of West Switzerland, which were first founded, or came to their full development, in the course of this period, and from which have been obtained such a great number and variety of bronze implements used for war, for household purposes, or for ornaments."

The implements of the bronze age, found here, consisted of knives, sickles, spears, javelin-heads, chisels, celts of bronze, hair-pins, knitting-needles, rings, armlets, fish-hooks, etc., etc. The heavier articles show a very superior knowledge of the art of casting, and all the implements, a great proficiency in workmanship.

Lake Geneva has also the remains of settlements of ancient times. The largest of these is near Morges, and it belonged, in all probability, to the age of bronze. The piles of this settlement are several hundred feet from the shore,

and their tops are now eight to ten feet under water. They cover an area of twelve hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide. Horizontal timbers, or beams, are found among the piles, which have been worked by the hands of men; and, among other curiosities, a peculiar boat, or canoe, has been fished out of the débris of this settlement, which, like many others, shows signs of having been burned.

The bronze implements discovered here, in the way of swords, lances, points, sickles, etc., are fine specimens of handiwork, and are in a good state of preservation. Molds for casting celts of bronze were found, such, too, as have never been discovered elsewhere.

Forty specimens of bronze celts have been found, and as no specimens of the stone or iron age have yet been met with, it is believed by those investigating the subject that this village belonged exclusively to the age of bronze. There are other settlements in Lake Geneva, and not a mile from Morges, that have had their commencement with the age

of stone, and have existed through the periods of bronze and iron.

What the relations of the two towns might have been, as to priority of settlement, civilization, etc., the antiquarians cannot even guess. Marin, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, is called a settlement of the iron age. Whatever had been made of bone, or stone, or bronze, before, is here reproduced in iron. Marin lies in a small bay of the lake, where the River Fiehl flows out.

The lake-dwellings on piles, here, covered an area of twelve hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, about the same area as that occupied by Morges in Geneva Lake. The piles commence sixty feet from the shore, and run in groups some distance further into the lake. Here, as at Nidau, the first foundation was an artificial hillock of broken stones. Timbers, with holes mortised for tenons, were found, and the piles were more than usually numerous, and of more than the average length. There were no signs of fire, hence it is concluded that Marin was not among the burned towns of the early Helvetians.

So many of the lake-settlements bear traces of having been destroyed by fire, it is easy to imagine that the early inhabitants must have had a custom of burning their homes, whenever they were disposed to change from one valley or lake to another. It was thus the Helvetians under Diviko burned all their villages and stores, preparatory to setting out for Gaul. Cæsar compelled them to return to their country and rebuild their homes, which they did, possibly on the same spots where they had formerly stood.

There may have been other Cæsars in pre-historic times, who likewise might have driven the old Helvetians back, to rebuild towns and villages destroyed before they marched away to war.

The iron implements found at Marin are excellently made, and some of the swords, exquisitively so. Fifty iron swords, with their scabbards of bronze, were found. These sword-blades are often beautifully ornamented, chiseled, or etched, and the scabbards themselves are not

less beautiful. The patterns differ from all others, wherever found. They show no relation, in form or appearance, to the bone or stone implements of the early Celts, and neither have they any resemblance to the swords of Roman origin. If they indicate any particular civilization at all, it must be one differing from all other civilizations, just as the swords differ from all other swords. They were probably all made by hand, not by individual smiths, but by sword-manufacturers, as the maker's mark frequently attests.

Thirteen of these marks, denoting different sword establishments, have been discovered. Human remains were also found here at Marin — parts of eight different bodies, it is said — but they throw no light, it seems, on the age of the place, or the character of its people. Could one of these empty skulls but speak, what days and months and years of puzzling labor it might save to the antiquarian corps, grown rusty and gray in seeking to know how and where and when and for what purpose the owner of this self-same skull once lived. Alas! the dead can never speak — they shouldn't speak, at least — and antiquarians lead a busy life of guessing at the past.

How these eight dead had been buried, if at all, could not be ascertained. The disposition of the countless dead of those unnumbered centuries remains a mystery. Human bones are usually not more perishable than wood, or the bones of beasts; yet while wood and bones of animals have been found in tremendous quantities about the lake-dwellings, and thousands of specimens of man's industry are left behind, the skeletons of these eight men, accidentally lost, perhaps, are all that there is left of man himself.

What became of the dead? Were they burned to ashes, and their houses with them? Were they thrown into the unfathomed places of the lakes? Were they cast into dark and unexplored abysses of the mountains? Were they translated, or what has become of their bones? Abraham buried his wife in a cave, and the kings of Egypt had their tombs of stone; the East wrapped its dead in many folds

of linen, and their bodies kept a thousand years; the Indians of the West, with their tomahawks and beads, are laid away in silent mounds and hills; but where are the bones of the ancient Swiss?

Another question of more import than the bones of the dead is, when were these lake-dwellings built? — in what period of the world's life was the age of stone and bronze in Switzerland?

Oswald Heer — and no one is more entitled to speak — says: "We may say, with perfect certainty, they are more than two thousand years old; and with a considerable amount of probability, that they reach back from one thousand to two thousand years before Christ." Mr. Morlot goes further still, and places the age of the oldest of these lake-towns at from six to seven thousand years.

The people were no wandering tribes. The same race of men, it is believed, lived in these lake villages through the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron. Discoveries show further that this race of people occupied Switzerland, not only in the beginning of the age of stone, but at the end of the age of iron, and even down to the period when written history begins; nor is it at all probable that the novel plan of building secure homes out in the lakes was peculiar to them.

Herodotus, who lived four centuries before Christ, writes of a people of another country than this, "who live on platforms built on tall piles standing in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single, narrow bridge. At the first, the piles which bear up the platforms were fixed in their places by the whole body of the citizens; but since that time the custom which has prevailed about fixing them is this: they are brought from a hill called Orbelus, and every man drives in three for each wife he marries. Now, the men have all many wives, and this is the way in which they live: each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door, giving access to the lake beneath. Their wont is to tie their baby-children by the foot,

with a string, to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree that a man has only to open his trap-door, let down a basket by a rope into the water, and then wait a very short time, when up he draws it quite full of them."

This narrative of "the Father of history," though sounding a little "fishy," threw more light, perhaps, on the lake-dwellings of the ancients than anything that had ever been written down as history.

In some of the old peat-beds that have filled up lakes in Italy, remains of lake-villages, built upon piles, have been discovered. The character of these peat-bed villages, and the relics found in them, are similar to the lake-houses and relics of Switzerland, proving that, in all probability, the pre-historic civilization of the two countries was about the same. This building houses on piles in the water was not, it would seem, confined wholly to past times, either, for it is asserted that, even to-day, the inhabitants of Dorrée, in New Guinea, live in houses built far out in the water, which stand on piles; while fishermen's houses, of a similar character, stood a hundred years ago, we are told, in the River Limmat, at the foot of Lake Zurich. Hundreds and thousands of the relics gathered from the lake-dwellers of Switzerland are to be met with in the museums, public and private, all over the country. At the Wasserkirche, in Zurich, an especially fine collection is on exhibition; and President Keller, from whose valuable reports to the Antiquarian Society the principal facts contained in this paper have been gathered, presides. To his efforts and his learning, more than to any other man's, is the world indebted for whatever knowledge has been gained of the civilization of Switzerland in pre-historic times.

CHAPTER XII.

The Swiss of the olden time.

HISTORIANS have always supposed that the country of the Alps was an uninhabited wilderness before the Christian era. The recent discovery of the lake-dwellings, however, has proved that all Switzerland was inhabited by a people, at least partly civilized, many centuries before the birth of Christ. These people lived in houses built on piles standing in the lakes, and some distance from the shore. Although the culture of wheat and corn was practised to a certain extent, the lake-dwellers lived principally by fishing and hunting. Aside from an occasional intimation by old writers, there is no written history of this people. Tradition even, says nothing of them; and the first that is recorded of the inhabitants of the Alps, commences with the story of Etruscans who fled into these mountains, to escape the fury of the Gauls, who had pursued them nearly to the gates of Rome. The Etruscans had a leader named Rhatius. From him, the fugitives were soon called Rhatians, and their country of the Grisons, even till to-day, is often known as Rhatia. Another people, called the Tigura, occupied the

lands extending from Geneva to the Jura mountains, and across to the lake of Constance. These people, hearing of great hordes of wild barbarians, called Kymbern, pressing from Norway, Sweden, and the far-off, icy north, to France and Italy, determined to join the moving caravan, and share the spoils of robbery and of war. Rome sent the consul Lucius Cassius, with an army, over the white mountains to the lake of Geneva, for the purpose of subduing these northern hordes. The Tiguri, thinking their own homes were threatened thus by Rome, turned on the Latin army, and, led by Divico, nearly destroyed it, at a point thought to be near the modern town of Villeneuve.

Cassius was killed, and all the Romans who surrendered, were stripped, made to pass under the yoke, and then sent back in shame to Rome.

Divico, with his brave Helvetian troops, returned to the Kymbern, who laid waste the fairest part of France, crossed the Appenines, destroyed three Roman armies in Italy, and threatened Rome itself. The Romans, at last, were roused by such disaster and defeat, and hurled new legions on the invading hordes. The tide of battle changed, the Kymbern were repulsed with fearful slaughter, and only those escaped who fled across the Alps into Helvetia. For fifty years, the Helvetians toiled on their hard, unthankful soil, remembering, all the time, the warm climate, the rich fields, and blue skies, of France and Italy.

At last, it was determined to abandon their own country and, as a people, seek new and better homes in France. The instigator of this unheard of emigration of a whole nation was an eloquent, ambitious, and wealthy leader, named Orgetorix. He owned ten thousand slaves, and many miles of land. His power and eloquence were much esteemed, not only by his fellow countrymen, but by the neighboring princes. Let us leave, said he, a land that scarcely nourishes us. If the former movement failed, it was because the attempt was not made general. Let us, in a body, march on Gaul, and no force can oppose our arms. We will become masters of the entire land.

A cry of approval echoed throughout Helvetia. Three years, the harvest shall be reaped and garnered, as provisions for the way, and then the towns and homes shall all be burned, and the mighty train commence its march to France. Such was the plan agreed upon. The preparations for the march went on. The ambitious Orgetorix, however, seemed to wish for too much power, and was suspected of designs against the freedom of the people, at whose bar of judgement he was bidden to appear, to answer to the charge.

Orgetorix refused. The penalty for trifling with the people's rights was burning at the stake, and, fearing such a fate as this, the would-be master of Helvetia killed himself.

The people determined still to execute their cherished plan of marching into Gaul. Divico, though gray and old, took chief command of the Helvetian soldiery. The day for setting out arrived. Twelve towns and four hundred villages were left in flames, and the mighty host, a quarter of a million strong, marched toward the Allobrogen town of Geneva. Rome, who almost ruled the world, from Gaul to Judea, had learned what the Helvetians thought to do within her provinces, and sent the great Cæsar to protect her allies and her friends. The troops of Cæsar built a monstrous wall, sixteen feet in hight and twenty-seven thousand feet in length, with towers and battlements, across the valley of the Rhone, to bar the passage into Gaul. Divico flanked this wall of Cæsar's and, by dangerous mountain paths, marched into Gaul by way of Burgundy. For fourteen days, Cæsar followed the wild invaders from the Alps, and then, his army falling short of food, he changed his course. Divico, mistaking Cæsar's action for retreat, ordered the attack. The battle lasted with fearful slaughter the whole day long, and Cæsar says, himself, no Helvetian soldier turned his back that bloody day. At night, the battle was renewed. Helvetian women even, fought like tigers for their young, but all in vain. Cæsar was Cæsar everywhere, and the blackness of midnight in the moun-

tains at Atun was rendered fearful by the hopeless cries of perishing thousands. Of all that host of Alpine men who sought for fairer homes in sunnier lands than Switzerland, comparatively few remained. The remnant left alive were forced by Cæsar to return, and build again their villages and homes. Helvetia now became a province of the Roman state. Walled towns and fortresses were built among the Alps, and garrisoned by Roman troops.

Augustus was emperor now, and Rome was mistress of the world. The Rhatians, who lived among the icy mountains at the sources of the Rhine and Inn, were still unsubdued. These warlike bands lived by plundering travelers or robbing and burning towns in Italy. Hunting and fighting was the daily practice of their life. Their prisoners of war were sacrificed upon the altars to their gods. Rome sent, at last, two armies through the Alps, to overpower this dangerous foe to Italy. Tradition tells of the unbelievably heroic, though barbarous, deeds, of this brave people, fighting against subjection to the power of Rome; of mothers, in the battle's front, hurling their children in the faces of the Roman soldiery, thinking total extinction preferable to loss of liberty. Rome, with her well trained legions, overpowered the Rhatians in the end and the Roman flag waved throughout Helvetia. The Romans, however, ruled the people in an easy way. That they might more easily forget their recent shame, and become familiar with the thought of being a subject province, they were allowed their own customs, ways, and laws. The Roman governors and soldiers stationed through the land soon introduced more civilized ideas to the minds of the wild men of the Alps. Commerce and art sprang up. Cities and towns, with palaces, temples, amphitheatres, and baths, were built. Military roads were made to Italy, and Alpine soldiers served in Roman legions. The people, in effeminacy at least, imbibed the character of their masters, who had taught them vice, as well as virtue, in their new estate. When Italy, falling to pieces from corruption and civil discord, tempted the Allemanen hordes that came from the rising of the sun

to fall upon her and devour her heritage, Helvetia suffered from the same destructive foe. Then followed the Huns from the wilds of Asia. These hordes of human beasts passed through the land, like a frightful pestilence, leaving nothing but desolation and ruin in their train. The fields, where Roman subjects had ploughed, were turned to forests, filled with beasts of prey. Then followed the Burgundian conquerors who, like the Romans of the former time, built villages and fortresses, and a sort of civilization seemed again to dawn upon the land. The Burgundians possessed the Savoy districts, and the country reaching from Geneva along the Jura Alps. Their rule was mild and beneficial. Their people intermixed with those whom they had conquered. The laws and customs introduced, were such as the Burgundians had themselves, and, though a large proportion of the population still were slaves, the citizens were treated more like brothers than a subjugated people. Their rule in the land, however, was short. The mighty Franks, who came from the sands of Holland, had overpowered Gaul, and, naming it France, after themselves, pushed across the Rhine, where, driving off the Allemanen from the North, or German Switzerland, they became the masters of the part lately held by Burgundy. In the meantime, the Goths had plundered Italy, and sent their devastating hordes across the mountains into Rhatia, the Grisons of to-day. On losing power in Italy, these Gothic hordes retired, and Rhatia, like Burgundian Switzerland, went to the Frankish kings. Thus, after five centuries of ever-changing fate, Helvetia became, under the Franks, one people, ruled by one scepter, as she once was under the Cæsars.

The Franks now divided the country into two parts, Suabia and little Burgundy. The former included Suabia, Rhatia, and the district from the lake of Constance to the river Aar and the St. Gotthard. The German tongue prevailed in all of Suabia. The part called Burgundy comprised Savoy and that part of Helvetia taken from the Burgundians; as Geneva, Berne, Fribourg, Soleure, Wallis, etc.; in all of which Romanish was spoken. Each section

had a Frankish duke for governor. The people themselves were simply slaves of the dukes or the different military chieftains, who had received them, with their lands, in payment for military services. Their condition was fearful in the extreme; as they were bought, or sold, or given away, or killed, to suit the caprice of their foreign masters, conquerors, and owners.

Heathenism prevailed among the conquerors and the conquered, and gods were made of wood and stone, and worshipped, as they were a thousand years before. Whatever had been learned of the religion of Christ in Helvetia, at an earlier date, was, with their freedom, long since forgotten. But now the name of Christ again came to the heathen of the Alps. Good men from other lands came in and preached and taught. Cloisters and schools were founded, and the faith that elevates mankind bettered the state of all Helvetian heathendom. The people came in flocks to the catholic teachers, to be converted and forgiven: more, however, from fear of the devil, than from any love of God, or better things. They had no money then; little, at least; but they gave of their services, their slaves, their lands, to building cloisters, and spires, and monuments of wood, to God.

They learned to say a prayer or two, and went to church, but did not lay aside their heathen practices. Men were bought and sold, as things of wood and stone, by those who, building temples, giving lands, and going to church at times, called themselves Christians, and who, not different from many converts of the present time, thought this was sacrifice enough to unlock the golden gates of bliss. This was the convert heathen's ladder to the skies. How many men, not heathen, expect to scale the walls of heaven by lofty spires, Babels, and pretensions, must yet be answered by the hosts engaged in trying it. The little light, education, and religion, that the people got, did, however, improve the condition of the subjected land. The people learned to spin and weave the wool, to build of stone, instead of wood. Agriculture improved, and, for the first

time, vines were planted on the hills around lakes Zurich and Geneva.

When Henry the Fowler was emperor of Germany, in the early part of the 10th century, the Hungarian hordes came down, desolating Germany, and pressed into Switzerland. Fear of these terrible people led the Swiss for the first time to build walls around their cities, and a ninth part of the people were called inside the walls for defense.

During the 12th and 13th centuries, the counts of Kyburg, Rappersweil, Toggenburg, Lenzburg, and many others of Switzerland, were at the height of their power.

Nothing is left of them or their glory, to-day, save the old castles that frown down from many an eminence, reminding one of the cruelties and injustice of many of their owners. Nor is their history of enough importance to lead one to wish to know much about them. Many of them, with their hosts of followers, were lost in the crusades. It was rather a fight, at that particular period, of heathen against heathen; for, aside from the fact that the Swiss heathen had heard of Christianity, and believed in it, though not practising its precepts, there was little difference between him and the heathen at the sepulcher. The great mass of the people were yet a sort of slaves; but their faithful conduct during their masters' absence in the crusades led them to be more respected; and, as they learned to weave and spin and build, greater freedom was allowed them; till gradually they became really a part of the people themselves.

As freedom increased, the towns were strengthened and beautified. Many of the exclusive prerogatives of the Bishops were done away with, and the people commenced to exercise, somewhat, the privilege of choosing a part of their councilors at home, while they remained true with purse and sword to the German emperor, whom they now considered their proper leader and master. They were now possessed of a freedom and a prosperity which they had not known before.

In the middle of the 13th century, no man in all Switzerland was more beloved or more feared than Rudolph, count of Habsburg. He lived in canton Aargau, and was a sort of military governor of Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Zurich cantons, which had formed a military alliance for self defense in the troublous times which had again befallen this country as well as Germany, during the German interregnum, when petty feuds and highway robbery had almost destroyed society, government, and even common security of life and purse.

Every hill-top and mountain was crowned by a castle, where some petty count or duke or knight dwellt, and from which feuds and wars were constantly kept up at the expense of the peasantry, whose burdens had again become almost too intolerable to bear. Rudolph, though called the Good, sometimes, was, nevertheless, extremely ambitious and warlike, and constantly had some little war of his own on hands with some town or Bishop among his countrymen. In the year 1273, he was, with his followers, besieging the town of Basle, whose people he proposed to punish for some insult cast upon his friends. While he was there, perhaps laudably enough engaged, the Electors of Germany were down at Frankfort, casting about to see who would have the crown of the German empire, after it had been kicked about as a football for some time between German princes and English dukes. One of the Electors, the Archbishop of Metz, went, once on a time, visiting to Italy, and, on his way, was hospitably and kindly entertained by Rudolph.

Upon leaving him, the good man promised, if opportunity ever should offer, to serve him. So at the election, the Archbishop, sure enough, remembered the excellent wine, though a little sour, as Swiss wines are apt to be, and the wild Aarau boar, and the black bear, that he had feasted upon with Rudolph, in his castle upon the hill by Brugg. Not only remembered it, but as proof of the extent to which his priestly palate had been tickled, proposed the name of the gallant Swiss as Emperor. Rudolph had

a cousin there at the election, too, and this cousin joined the Bishop in his praises of the good, virtuous, and gallant Rudolph, dropping in, by way of parenthesis, a hint to the effect that Rudolph had six handsome, marriageable daughters.

As the Electors were ambitious bachelors, mostly, who could not object to connecting themselves with a real emperor, the election was settled in very short order; and Rudolph, still pegging away at the walls of Basle, was promptly notified of the crown awaiting him. Tourists can, to this day, see a part of the walls still standing of Rudolph's old home upon the hill near Brugg and not far even from the site of Vindonissa, a Roman town of great importance, built in the time of Augustus. This city was entirely obliterated by the Allemannen and the Huns, as they poured down from the East and North, wiping Roman greatness out of existence in Italy, as well as in her Helvetian province.

"From my father's hut to the palace of an Emperor," as he himself expressed it, did not overdazzle the mind of a man like Rudolph, nor did he forget, in his prosperity, his own countrymen or his gallant friends. He not only continued the franchises already allowed the Swiss, but granted yet others, and many of the imperial Swiss towns had reason to be thankful to their new Emperor. The Bishop of Lausanne and the Abbot of Einsiedeln were by him made Princes of the Empire. By this means, Switzerland could have a voice in the selection of an Emperor, as these imperial Princes formed sort of an electoral college which, when occasion demanded, determined who their future Emperor should be. The body-guard of the good Rudolph was composed partly of the men of Zurich. He had the confidence and love of the Swiss people who, for all the benfits conferred by him, gallantly aided him with purse and sword. The extremely successful and popular reign of Rudolph continued 18 years, when the good Emperor fell ill and suddenly died, on a journey to Speyer, in 1291. His election to the throne had secured peace to the

empire, and wonderful good to the upper classes of citizens, both in Germany and Helvetia; but no one man, in any one reign, could undo, for the peasantry, the wrongs of ages. Barons, counts, and petty lords, still held their castles on the mountain tops, and ruled with oppressive hand the peasants in the vales below. The great and courtly luxuries to which the nobles had accustomed themselves in the new empire had spread into the Helvetian province, and the support of the increased splendor was drawn from the hard earnings of a poor peasantry. The Church, too, held greater sway than ever before. Nobles accepted office under spiritual protection, to increase their riches, and, except in the towns where freedom from tyranny had been purchased and paid for, the condition of the lower classes was one of oppression. The treatment received by the Swiss in different sections, however, differed as much as did the characters of the different nobles who claimed to govern them. While some of the nobility were possessed of cultivated minds, and made poetry a pastime, as did the Minnesingers, others drove a trade in highway robbery. The Holy See, in its presumption that all political power can exist only by permission of the Pope, was seeking to exterminate all ideas of authority in any earthly matter, coming from any other source; and Papal infallibility was, even then, an unexpressed principle of the catholic church.

On the death of Rudolph, his son Albert, who had previously been made Duke of Austria, without waiting for imperial princes to select a new master, seized the reins of empire. The Princes soon afterwards elected Adolph of Nassau Emperor, but, as he proved a rather feeble sovereign, he was quickly deposed, and Albert managed, by some hook or crook, to be confirmed in his claims. — Albert was unscrupulous as a man, and avaricious as a king. He at once set to work to transfer Helvetia, a province of the German Empire, to the position of a member of his own Dukedom of Austria. To this proceeding, the people of the forest cantons objected, and, to avoid Albert's immediate supervision, they asked for a governor. Albert

sent them two, one of whom was Gessler, a man even more imperious and insolent in his conduct than was his master. One of his first insults to the people of Uri was to build a castle for himself, called Zwing-Uri (compel Uri), at the foot of the St. Gotthard. "If the peasant boors want bread, they must pull their own ploughs", — said Landenberg, governor number two, as he tore the last yoke of oxen from young Arnold Melchthal, plowing in the field. Arnold responded with a blow to the insolence of the messenger, and fled. Upon the father's refusing to reveal to the governor his place of concealment, the tyrant caused the old man to be arrested, and his eyes burned out, as punishment for the rashness of his son. The Governors, though located at different points, were alike in baseness. Patience, at last, became wearied. Gessler had placed a hat, as symbol of his power, upon a pole, at the little village of Altorf on Lake Lucerne. To this hat, every Swiss, in passing, was expected to bow, in proof of his loyalty to Gessler's rule.

While these outrageous acts were being perpetrated by Albert's governors in this country, a few, brave men, urged by the desperateness of their surroundings, formed a conspiracy, to relieve the country of the Austrian yoke.

The conspiracy had its origin, perhaps, in the brave heart of a woman — the wife of Stauffacher of Steinen. One day, the Austrian duke, followed by his suite, rode down towards lake Lucerne. At Steinen, he observed the handsome cottage, nearly finished, of the freeman, Stauffacher. He halted, as he passed the gate, and angrily inquired to whom the house belonged. Stauffacher, stepping forward, mildly answered that it was the king's, his master's, house. Gessler, enraged that private citizens, though free, should build them pleasant homes without his leave, rode on, muttering that it should not, would not, be borne, that peasant boors should build them homes as fine or finer than their lords. Stauffacher sat down alone, his head buried in his hands, his heart too full for utterance. His wife reproached him for the patience he had exercised toward

his own and his country's foe. She urged him to seek counsel with others of his countrymen who, like himself, were tired of seeing brave men scourged by tyrants. He sought out Arnold Melchthal and Walther Fürst of Uri. These three met, at dead of night, in a lone spot called the Rütli, a bit of meadow land among the rocks on lake Lucerne. They pledged themselves to have one thought, one life, one death, if need be, to redress their people's wrongs.

On the night of November the eleventh, thirteen hundred and seven, the patriots met at the same lone spot again; this time, however, each brought with him ten tried and trusty friends. Among these friends was William Tell. The night was dark. The huge, old mountains frowned upon them from above. The deep and threatening lake was at their feet. Their tribune was the mossy rocks; their hearers, the darkness and the moaning winds; their friends, their own courageous hearts, and God. It was the birthplace of a nation.

Thirty-three bronzed and bold right hands were lifted up in pledge that though they, their wives, their little ones, should perish in the attempt, their valleys and their mountains should be free from tyrants.

A plan of common action for a future day was well arranged; and then the thirty-three went to their homes with brave, strong hearts, to wait the signal that should bid them strike. One daring spirit could not wait the coming time; but, being pressed and trampled down, struck, and quick, too quick, but strong and deep and well. What old Swiss books, traditions, songs, and monuments, may say of Tell, may be, in part at least, most readily believed. No records, written in the days of Albert, mention Tell or Gessler either.

In short, but little that is history of the conception and the struggling birth of Switzerland has been preserved; and, hence, the doubting ones have sought to cast doubt and ridicule upon whatever is believed of Gessler, Tell, or even the old Swiss government itself.

A Swedish or a German incident, occurring centuries before the birth of Tell, is given as a proof that what the Swiss believe of him is false. That Gessler did as Swedish tyrants did, can be no proof that William Tell was but a myth. It was a common practice of tyrants, in the olden times, to punish prisoners in the way that Gessler punished Tell. The duke had little need to rack his brains in search of desperate things for desperate men to do. The Swedish plan of driving captured foes to dreadful feats of archery, as punishment, was probably as well known to Gessler as to the doubting ones of to-day. There was no lack for cruel things in days like those, when men were quartered, skinned, and burned, on mere suspicion of a wrong.

Gessler did just what other tyrants of a former time had done.

Contemporary history of the event is lost, but there are monuments and chapels at different points in the Forest cantons, confirming all that is affirmed of Tell. These monuments were built four and five centuries ago, when men had better means than to-day of knowing the truthfulness of the events that they commemorate.

When Gessler set his hat upon an Altorf pole, to test how far he dared to trample on the men he ruled, he learned of one brave man who did not bow to empty hats, nor even to an Austrian governor. When Gessler sought to make a father slay his own first born, he learned that tyrants' lives are not hemmed in by some "divinity".

The skillful shot did not effect the liberation Gessler had promised the steady-handed, steadier-hearted, man. The hidden dart spoke more than open words, "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my child"; and Gessler feared, as death, the vengeance of so bold a man.

To-day, the traveler sees, among the Küsnacht hills, the ruins of a castle, grey with five centuries of years.

This castle was the governor's, and, when the scene at Altorf was complete, and Tell was chained, Gessler, with his suite, started in an open boat along the lake, intending

to place the archer in the dungeon of his castle, that very night.

The lake, so subject even to-day to fearful squalls of wind, proved treacherous then, and the small, rude boat was at the point of going down, when Gessler remembered that his prisoner was a man as much accustomed to the oar as to the bow.

Tell was unbound, and his strong arms brought the little boat close to the rocks; when, suddenly, seizing his bow, he leaped to the shore, and escaped.

Gessler, saved from the wrath of the waters, pursued his course towards Küsnacht and his castle on the hill. "But one road leads to Küsnacht", muttered Tell, as he hurried across the Rigi by a mountain path, and hid among the alders growing by the narrow way, a mile from Küsnacht, and where Gessler and his suit must pass. There is no way to punish tyrants for their evil deeds, reflected Tell, but this; and when the unsuspecting Gessler rode slowly by the alders where he lay, the hand that saved him on the lake now shot him dead. The deed of Tell was not so much of the heroic sort, as one of wrongs avenged. To him, assassination seemed the only means for self-redress and, right or wrong, the daring deed served for a patriotic end, and helped, though it precipitated, action on the part of those who, with him, had sworn to see the country's rights restored.

The men at the Grütli had never meditated taking human life, in their endeavors to rid themselves of the Austrian vogts, and it is worthy of note that in the daring deeds that set their vallies free within a month, Tell's were the only hands that tasted blood.

The death of Gessler was necessarily followed by prompt action on the part of the conspirators. On Newyear's eve, 1308, a bit of strategy, aided by the courage of a girl, put them in possession of castle Rotzberg, and, on Newyear's morning, a band of twenty-one conspirators, under the pretence of bringing Newyear's presents, as was usual, to Landenberg, the other Governor, obtained entrance to

his strong fortress at Sarnen. After being admitted, they drew pike-heads from under their cloaks, fixed them on their staffs, blew a signal horn, and thirty others who had been concealed in the neighboring alders rushed in, when the Governor, his garrison, and castle, were captured. The capture and destruction of other castles and forts followed at once, and the Swiss were soon in possession of their three cantons, without bloodshed.

Landenberg, when captured at Sarnen, had been allowed to leave the land in peace. This was the happy commencement of the Newyear, 1308. Deputies of the three cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwyz, met, and renewed the oath of the Rütli, for the purpose of ridding themselves entirely, if possible, of the Austrian yoke. Shortly after this successful revolt, the Emperor himself visited canton Aargau, for the purpose of waging a strife with the Bishop of Basle. His nephew, duke John, was one of the imperial suite that accompanied him.

This nephew had long held a bitter grudge against his uncle Albert, on account of his not having surrendered to him the whole, or at least a part, of the domains of his deceased father, Duke of Suabia. Albert had been holding a council in his castle at Baden, not far from Zurich, relative to the course now to be pursued against the revolted Swiss, and, with his courtly train, was returning to Rheinfelden. When the train reached the river Reuss, at Windish, and the Emperor was for a few minutes separated from his guard, his nephew shouted: "Here is the reward of injustice", stabbed him in the neck, and, with his guilty accomplices, fled. — The emperor died in a few minutes, in the lap of an old peasant woman who happened to be standing near the stream.

The Swiss themselves had nothing whatever to do with the cause of the Emperor's nephew or with the assassination. On the other hand, so far were they from sympathy with the dreadful deed, that their villages and towns refused hiding-place and refuge to the flying murderers.

Those who had shared the guilt of Duke John, in the assassination, were also members of noble families, and, as all of these guilty principals could not be found, vengeance was wreaked in the most shameful manner upon all their families, relations, and friends.

Agnes, Queen of Hungary, and a daughter of the murdered Emperor, acted the part of a demon in the bloody scenes that followed. At Fahrwangen, she beheaded thirty-six knights, and, seeing their bloody corpses, cried: "To-day, I bathe in May-dew". She afterwards built a cloister (still standing), on the spot where her father had been murdered, at Königsfelden, near Windish by Brugg. She entered this convent herself, and pretended to lead a godly life. A priest once said to her: "They who shed innocent blood, and found convents with the spoils of the victims, can never be truly pious".

A great struggle now ensued in Germany for the throne made vacant by Albert's death. The Austrian party strove to elect one of the Habsburg house, but the Princes of the Empire chose Louis of Bavaria; and, as the Forest cantons, quite naturally too, for they had had enough of Austrian rule, sided with Louis, their annihilation was determined upon by Leopold, now Duke of Austria. The famous convent of Einsiedeln, with all its extended lands and franchises, was under the protectorship of Austria. The Forest cantons, particularly Schwyz, had continual quarrels with the holy Einsiedlers about their boundaries, forests, etc.; in fact, they never had lived on terms of perfect amity with their pious neighbors, and bad matters were made worse, when a troop of Swiss fellows crept up to the great convent, one dark night, broke into the sacred cells, smashed up the altars, and carried the brother Einsiedlers off home with them; whence the frightened friars were released, only after numerous lengthy petitions and many dreary prayers on the part of the noble relatives; for the priests and monks had noble relatives in those days, and were sometimes noblemen themselves. This, and like scandals, were seized upon by Duke Leopold, as a blow at Austria,

and, under the pretext of seeking to correct these playful fancies of the Schwyzers, he raised an army, and commenced the invasion of the country. This was soon followed by Morgarten, the first battle that was ever fought for Swiss liberty or Swiss defense.

Early on the morning of the 15th of November, 1315, Duke Leopold, with an army of from 15,000 to 20,000 well drilled soldiers and Austrian noblemen, marched away from the little town of Zug, for the purpose of invading Schwyz, by the road leading to Mount Sattle and to Morgarten, stretching then, as it does to-day, through the valley and along the beautiful lake of Egeri.

The Schwyzers, though only 1300 in number, including 700 of their neighbors from cantons Uri and Unterwalden, were not dismayed. They posted themselves advantageously on the sides of Mount Sattle overlooking the road, to be pursued by the proud, but soon to be subdued, host of Austria. At a post a little in advance of the Swiss army, and on a higher point of the mountain, fifty men who had been deprived of citizenship and were refused permission, even in this moment of extremity, to return to their country, secreted themselves, determined with heroic hearts to defend the land they had been wont to call their own. The enemy's columns, joined by troops from Zurich, Zug, and other Helvetian towns that acknowledged Austrian rule, filed through the mountain gap, and filled with armored knights the narrow way along the lake. Their cavalry, clad in heaviest armor, formed the advance, and, close behind, the infantry, with bright uniforms, waving banners, and sounding drums, pressed, eager for the fray. The Duke himself, surrounded by many of the Austrian nobles, rode among the van. The valley and the road were packed with victory-expectant troops, when suddenly a shout and crash of stones and stumps and clubs, among the horsemen at the front, was heard. It was the exiled Swiss, hurling these novel implements of war over the precipice, on whose wooded edge they stood, down on the heads of the frightened Austrian cavalry. This sudden, unexpected crash put men and horses

in the most terrific fright. The Swiss army, seeing the confusion, rushed on with bow and spear and hellibard and threw themselves upon the frightened, flying mob. The cavalry, almost without a fight, had turned, and, in its efforts to escape through the narrow, crowded way, was trampling to death the astonished troops behind.

No quarter was either asked or given. Hundreds of the foe, to escape being trampled, leaped into the lake, and were drowned. The pursuit was hot; the Duke himself escaped by a peasant's help, but the flower of the nobility and of the Austrian army was lost. Every Zurich man who went to fight against his former friends was killed, fighting at his post. Thus, in less than three hours, Morgarten was fought, and the Swiss, with but a handful of brave men, had won a victory that served long afterwards to inspire their troops on many a bloodier field.

The three cantons, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Uri, now resolved upon creating a confederacy, and, for that purpose, their deputies met at the pretty little town of Brunnen, on lake Lucerne, and not far from Schwyz, on the ninth of December, 1315. Here the first compact of Swiss states was formed, and the foundation of a Republic laid which was to last for centuries. Republics, kingdoms, empires, were to come up in light and go down in darkness, while the little league of the Alps, based upon the purest principles of right and self government, was to live as a beacon light to states, even in the nineteenth century, that were floundering about in the sea of political anarchy. In the same month of the same year, a truce for six years was concluded between Austria and the Swiss, by which their freedom was acknowledged, although they pledged themselves to pay to Austria all revenues properly belonging to her from the Republic. The bravery of the Swiss had won for them the friendship of Germany. They were often engaged in the Emperor's wars, and, as a result of his attachment to them, an imperial decree was issued, demolishing all rights and claims of Austria in the three leagued cantons. Many of the other cities and towns of Helvetia, for long

years to come, remained as imperial towns or else as Austrian fiefs. In 1332, Lucerne, severely oppressed by Austrian rule, also made alliance with the League, but reserved to Austria still many of her former privileges.

In spite of all their political difficulties, the Helvetian cities were rather prosperous. The cities and the convents vied in their efforts to disseminate knowledge and to encourage commerce with Italy, France, and Germany. The Popes did not tire of hurling bulls and anathemas, by times, at the people, who were, however, little hurt, and not a bit afraid.

If the priests in the land did not care to hold service in the face of the Pope's bulls forbidding service, they were sent adrift from the country, so that at one period, Zurich was for eighteen years without preaching in the churches. A Papal legate, at Basle, had dared to make public the Pope's excommunication of the Emperor Louis. The people seized and tumbled him into the Rhine, where he drowned, and so the work went on, and perhaps a few seeds were then sown that produced fruit a couple of centuries later, in the Reformation.

In 1336, the beautiful, old town of Zurich, sitting like a jewel on the waters of the lake of the same name, was ruled by a council of twelve knights and twenty-four citizens. By degrees, however, the executive power fell into the hands of the twelve knights alone, and, like many other knights of those and later times, too, they behaved in a way rather unbecoming to rulers who propose governing a people of wealth, intelligence, and noble qualities.

The citizens of Zurich met en masse in those days, on the high point of ground near the Limmat, to day known as the Lindenhof, for the purpose of electing a councilor or so, and hearing a reckoning from the council of the city's money. It happened too often, however, that these gallant knights had no reckoning to make, and had little to say as to what had become of the people's funds. Further than this, the common people, it was said, were treated insolently sometimes, or perhaps generally, by these same

knightly councilors. Forbearance by the citizens ceased to be a virtue, after a while, and the oppressed people cried aloud for Brun. Now Brun was one of these same twelve knights, and a man of great wealth and renown.

He took up the people's cause, and, by his exposure of the corrupt councilors, gained hosts of friends. He became a man of the people, and, whether with the best intentions or not, nobody knows, led them where he would. "The councilors are but mocking you", he said to the impatient and excited people, who surrounded the old town hall of the city.

The council, seeing the excitement and the danger, fled the city in a trice. The people met at once in assembly, voted a new constitution, half democratic and half aristocratic, and Brun was made Burgomaster for life. He was a demagogue, say some, with much truth, it would seem, — a benefactor to the city, say others. Be that as it may, the banished nobles, at least, thought themselves severely wronged, and Brun and his party deserving of the wheel.

They joined league with the count of Rappersweil, a dirty, old town, still standing at the upper end of lake Zurich, and fixed upon a night when they should break into Zurich, and murder the whole democratic party. The night came; so did the nobles, with the count at their head — and so did Brun, too. He had heard of their intended surprise through a baker's boy, and he and the peace-loving citizens pounced upon the noble party when they came, killed or drowned the best of them, and laid the principal part of Rappersweil in ashes. Fourteen years, Brun ruled in the city of Zurich, sometimes to its advantage, and sometimes to its disadvantage. He did much to inspire a love of independence throughout Helvetia, and was instrumental in putting the confederacy, now composed of eight cantons, Berne, Zurich, Zug, and Glarus having been admitted, on a better footing.

Brun was ambitious and artful, however, and loved money, too, as well as power, and by the close of his reign had lost most of his adherents and his fame; especially after

he had been guilty of a secret compact with Austria, that boded no great good to Switzerland. He resigned in 1361, but lived long enough to see his whole family banished, not only from Zurich, but from Switzerland itself.

The city and Republic of Berne, too, no less than Zurich, must fight her battle with an insolent nobility and an encroaching aristocracy.

Berne was rich, enterprising, and self aggrandizing. She had, for the sake of securing their friendship, made citizens of many of the nobility who lived far from her city walls. The protection of these outside citizens was cause of many a bitter strife, and, finally, the very prosperity of the city itself became a source of jealousy on the part of these out-lying nobles, who leagued together with Burgundy and the Dukes of Austria, for the purpose of humiliating the pride of the Bernese people, whom they considered as engaged in seeking the destruction of the nobility.

The Emperor of Germany, too, agreed to help these nobles a little in their efforts at teaching the people that counts and barons were a sort of divine institution, not much to be meddled with by common folks.

At the little village of Laupen, the contestants met — some twenty thousand nobles against half as many of the Bernese, with a few allies from the forest cantons. The Bernese were led, however, by the great and virtuous Erlach. "Where are the gallant youths, so wont to dance in Berne, with feathers in their hats, and bid defiance to a host of foes," — he cried. — "Come, now the honor of your city 's in your hands."

The youths dashed forward to the flag, the fight commenced, and, long before the sun went down, Laupen was won. Those of the nobles who had not been killed, had left the field in utter, shameful rout. Erlach justly won the gratitude of his countrymen; for Berne and west Switzerland had been saved through his valor and his skill. Erlach, after his successes, retired to the privacy of his home at his castle near Berne, in the enjoyment of the love of his countrymen. One day, while sitting alone in his room, his

son-in-law, Ruding, who had earned his displeasure, entered, and, seizing the old man's battle sword that hung upon the wall, basely murdered his country's friend.

In 1349, the great Plague, preceded by the most terrific earthquakes, broke out and raged fearfully through all the Alpine region. Whole townships were desolated, and rich estates were left without an owner and unclaimed.

Basle alone lost 12000 of its citizens, and a third of the Helvetic nation died within the three or four years that the epidemic raged. Different treaties and truces had been concluded by the confederacy with Austria, but to little effect. Fends and petty wars between it and the nobles always threatened the internal peace. By the year 1386, duke Leopold the Third, of Austria, managed to bring about a general war between himself and the nobles on the one hand, and the Swiss cantons on the other.

The reasons for this war were various. First of all, was the standing hatred of the Swiss by the nobles; and then there was the death of the Emperor Albert, killed at Windish, fifty years before, not yet sufficiently avenged. Beside all this, Brun's putting Rappersweil in flames had not been half forgotten by the Austrian dukes, who laid some sort of claim to that pretentious, though worthless, bailiwick. Again, Sempach and other little towns, upon which Leopold held some second or third rate mortgages, had been admitted to privileges of the Swiss league. All this was too much for Leopold, who never had been loth to find a quarrel with the Swiss, and so the armies were put in motion. First, the Austrians were turned against Zurich, as the principal offender, but suddenly wheeled off towards the lake of Sempach, not far from Lucerne.

Here, at the village of Sempach, on July ninth, 1386, they met the Swiss. The nobles, desirous of winning the victory themselves, like the French at Crecy, dismounted, cut the long toes off from their pointed shoes, for what reason nobody knows, unless it was to lessen their weight for running, and very boldly placed themselves in the battle's front. A solid phalanx of battle-axe and spear was form-

ed, through which it seemed impossible for the Swiss soldiers to press.

They knelt and prayed, then dashed with headlong speed against the solid lines that stood firm as a wall of stone. Again and again the Swiss charged on the lines that never broke or moved. A force of Austrians, too, 't was thought, was falling on their rear.

In such a moment, what was to be done? Hearts used to war seemed ready now to fail, when Arnold Winkelried rushed upon the enemy, and grasped a dozen spears in his embrace, crying: "I will open a way for liberty — care for my wife and child." Man after man pressed in the little gate. The brave act broke the Austrian line. Instantly a crowd of Swiss rushed in, and, by desperate blows, defeat was turned to certain victory. The sun shone intensely hot, and the nobles in their heavy iron war harness were unable to retreat.

The havoc became general, and many who were not killed by blow of axe or spear, suffocated from heat and thirst. The Swiss lost but two hundred in the fight. Of the Austrians, six hundred noblemen and two thousand common soldiers were slain. The Duke himself, while holding his country's banner, which he had snatched from the banneret, high above his head, was struck down by a man from Schwyz. Such was the day of Sempach; and the name of Arnold Winkelried became a household word, not only in his own country, but in every land where heroism and devotion to principle are loved. Leopold and many of the

nobles who had cut their shoe toes off, were taken up to the church at Königsfelden, founded by the pious Agnes who bathed in May-dew, as we have read, and were there interred. The remaining Austrians and nobles who had escaped at Sempach, or who had not been there at all, still wished to fight, and did, indeed, still wage an unsuccessful war, for many months to come; but, after being thoroughly whipped, as usual, and having lost many towns and much territory, and having become withal quite poor in spirit, as well as in purse, agreed upon a peace. For the time being, at least, they had had enough of peasant boors and agricultural gentlemen. At Näfels, where the nobles were also overthrown, a procession is formed by the people and mass is said, even to this day, at each returning April, for the souls of their brave ancestors who fell. Before the close of the 15th century, the Swiss had extended their influence over almost the whole of Helvetia, and the greater part of the territory became incorporated into the Confederacy. Austria, after quarreling and fighting with the Swiss people for nearly a hundred years, with the most unfortunate results, had lost most of her power and influence in the country, and was quite willing to sell to the Swiss many towns and districts that had not already been captured, and to confirm the Swiss title to these places, wrested from her by heroic deeds.

Economy and honest dealing characterized the Swiss then as now. To be out of debt, was a universal desire of the towns and villages of the land. The people of the beautiful valley of Frutigen, near the Gemmi-pass, had been, with their valley, transferred by one of the nobles to Berne. They were sadly in debt, but it is said of them, so earnest were they in their intention to pay their taxes and be wholly free that, for a period of seven years, they abstained wholly from eating meat.

The nobles, whose castles were scattered all over the country, like Austria, were exhausted and out of money. They sold to the rich cities many of their estates, privileges, and rights, until they were left with but little influence in

the land they had so much disturbed. There were no kings, and not even presidents then in Switzerland. The cantons and cities, though allied in one Bund, were, nevertheless, entirely independent, and possessed of different forms of government. In time of peace, each was independent of outside influences. The people ruled. The citizens of each of the cities were often divided into twelve tribes. Nobles and plebeians joined in the selection of their Mayor, or Burgomaster. The city tribes chose each a Tribune who, with four deputed nobles, formed a Senate. Each tribe chose, besides, six deputies who, with six deputies chosen by the nobles, and sixteen members of the Senate, composed the Grand Council.

Such was a city government in Switzerland, in the 15th century.

In 1415, no less than three Popes were, at one time, setting themselves up as successors of St. Peter and as Vice-gerents of the Holy One on earth. To settle their little disputes and see who, if really anybody, was in fact succeeding Peter in anything like a saintly way, Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, ordered a council. This council met at Constance — a more important city then than now, sitting at the foot of the stormy lake of the same name. Two hundred thousand and more people were collected in Constance during the whole sitting of the council, which lasted three years. Historians have mentioned it, as worthy of note, that the Swiss people did not have their morals completely ruined by the character and conduct of these precious councilors who were sitting, as it were, on three Papal stools at once.

The council did little of note, except, in its over-righteousness, to burn John Huss and Jerome of Prague, nothwithstanding Huss's safe conduct from Sigismund, which was probably used as kindling to the flames at his burning — flames which, no great while afterwards, burst into a mighty conflagration, known as the Reformation.

The council upset all three of the Popes, too, on whom they had been sitting for two or three years, and chose

another one who, as soon as chosen, thankfully dismissed the council, in turn, and told them to go about their business; all of which they did, or at least pretended to do.

While these prelates and cardinals of the council were eating and drinking in Constance, the cantons of Berne, Lucerne, and Zurich, at the request of the emperor, forgot the terms of the fifty years peace they had just made with Austria, and overran, conquered, and annexed Argovy, with very many important towns and fortresses; — an act wholly unjustified and in violation of their late treaty, and one which went unpunished only for the reason that Austria was not able to chastise the Swiss who had the Emperor and the Constance cardinals at their backs in their lawless proceedings. Helvetia had now grown strong and united. Most of her former oppressors were defeated and driven out of the country, and prosperity prevailed throughout her borders. But just now, Rhatia, her upper Rhine neighbor, was suffering from the oppression of lords and barons, equaled only by what Switzerland had known before her bloody redemption from similar evils. Rhatia was the Grisons of the present day. The people were a hardy, virtuous, and industrious race, ground down by a shameless master's heel.

The baseness and the cruelties of the deputies of the count of Werdenberg will scarcely bear repeating. Henry was a rich and powerful noble, and possessed many castles in the upper Rhine country. The keepers of these castles were guilty of the most atrocious acts. Fathers were ordered to bring their daughters to the castles, to be submitted to the guilty embraces of the keepers, and parents and husbands were compelled to witness their own dishonor. Peasants and villagers were even made, at times, to eat from the same troughs with their swine. The wits of these base deputies seemed racked, only to plan some newer degradation for the unfortunate people they were sent to rule. At last, the castle Guardova was stormed and burned, its master killed, and then the peasants set their hearts on liberty. Secret societies were formed by the oppressed people. The

spirit of resistance spread from vale to vale, until three leagues united in a Bund which served to defend them from their former wrongs, and to prepare the way for their later entrance, as members, into the Swiss Republic.

The burning of Huss by the Constance council was not to be forgotten at once by his followers; as Sigismund and all others concerned in that shameful deed soon learned in the bloody war that followed for many a long, long year, in Germany. The Hussites, though defeated in arms, at last, did not expire wholly in spirit. Some of them, even to-day, far away from Constance, in many lands on both sides of the sea, are keeping green the memory of John Huss, as one of those who planted the early seeds of the Reformation. As if one council of the catholic church, sitting for three years, were not enough to try the patience of the faithful even, another was inflicted, on Basle, this time, and it sat and talked, and talked and sat, for thirteen blessed years, and did nothing quite worth remembering, then. They certainly did not finish the Hussites totally, neither did they postpone the coming Reformation.

In 1443, Swiss unity was well nigh pushed against the wall, through the avariciousness of a part of its leaders.

A war broke out between some of the old cantons and Zurich. The count of Toggenburg, a man of immense estates in the country joining the upper Rhine, had died without an heir. There was no lack of pretenders, however. The canton Schwyz claimed all the estates and villages, at least protection over them. So did Zurich. Zurich was ready to defend her claims with arms. So was Schwyz. Zurich had formed an alliance with her old enemy, Austria. Schwyz asked the help of the other cantons. At the head of the Zurich troops, stood Burgomaster Stüssi, and Ital Reding led the other Swiss. Both were men of talent and of power, who sometimes seemed to wage the war for personal supremacy alone. At a battle called St. Jacob, on the Sihl, just at the gates of Zurich, Stüssi stood upon the bridge and fought most gloriously, but a coward from the Zurich army, rushing to the rear, accused him of being

the author of his country's misfortunes, and struck the city's hero dead.

With Stüssi's death, the battle ceased for a time, but was soon renewed, when the exasperated Schwytzers pushed over the river, up to the Zurich walls, and, but for the heroic conduct of a woman, Anna Ziegler, would have had the town. Another breathing spell ensued, when Zurich was again surrounded, in 1444, by twenty thousand Schwyzers who were again on the point of success, when suddenly the news came that the Dauphin of France, leading an army of the Armagnacs, had broken over the border and was marching down on Basle. The Armagnacs, so called from the name of one of their leaders, were a well-trained sort of highwaymen, with bold hearts and desperate designs.

At St. Jacob on the Birs, not far from Basle, some sixteen hundred Swiss, without orders, met the Armagnacs, when a fight ensued which, for valor and terrible sacrifice on the part of the Swiss, never was surpassed, not even at Thermopylae. Thousands of the invaders were slain; but of the 1600 Swiss, ten only, lived to tell the tale. An eye witness related, that he had seen the wounded pull the arrows from their bodies and hurl them at the foe. After the fight, an Armagnacer prince riding, with his suite, over the field, his eye feasting on the dead, exclaimed, "This is indeed a bed of roses." A wounded Swiss lying among the slain, cried out, "Smell this rose", raised himself up, and, with a stone, struck the shameless victor dead.

The Dauphin liked such bravery as the Swiss possessed. He stopped the war and, as soon as he became king, asked the Swiss people to become his allies. This they did, having made peace among themselves in 1467.

Intellectual progress, neither in Switzerland nor in Germany, at this period seemed very satisfactory. A blind devotion to the priests and their delusions characterized the people. The Bishop of Lausanne, who loved fish and flesh dearly, was engaged in hurling severe sentences of scripture against the horse-leeches which were, to his great disgust,

killing all the salmon. Another ridiculous old Bishop was pretending, to his innocent but superstitious countrymen, to be banishing the eels from lake Geneva; — while yet another had, so he said, sent the Glowworms to that apochryphal place, where the wood-bine twineth. Bequests to convents, nunneries, etc., it was taught, was about the surest means to secure a free and easy way to heaven; and happy was the man who could become the possessor of the old bones of saints and martyrs, these, too, being thought to have a propitiating effect on good St. Peter, at the pearly gates.

In the year 1474, a terrible war broke out between the Swiss and their nearest neighbor, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy. The quarrels between the Swiss and the duke were instigated almost wholly by Louis the 11th, king of France, and duke Sigismund of Austria. Alsace, with other bits of towns and territories, had been mortgaged by Sigismund to the duke of Burgundy. When payments were due, Sigismund, as was to be expected, and as Burgundy had hoped, had no ready money by him, with which to pay the little score; and so the bold Charles, pursuing the course of mortgagers of earlier days, foreclosed — not exactly by a judgment of a court, but in a much shorter way, by setting his soldiers down on Alsace, and holding the people and the land as one and a piece of Burgundy.

Charles sent a governor to regulate and manage affairs in his new dominion, and not a very good one either; a second Gessler, if indeed a second pattern of such a governor were to be found, even there in Burgundy.

This Governor, Hagenbach by name, not only imposed continually and shamefully upon his new subjects, but encroached also upon the rights of the Swiss bordering on his territory. At last, the good people of the little town of Brisack, sitting on the Rhine, below Basle, took it into their heads, one fine morning, to seize upon this monstrous governor, and tumble him into the nearest jail. Now as Brisack was in the mortgaged territory, Sigismund took this act as a declaration that the people of Alsace were eager

to get under the Austrian wing again, where they certainly had good reason to wish themselves. So Sigismund hurried over to Brisach and, peacably enough, took possession of his mortgaged property, Alsace. He also looked in on Hagenbach, the bad governor, as he lay trembling one day in Brisach jail. "You shall have a trial," said Sigismund to the governor. And a trial he got, too; for one May morning, a troop of greyheaded, greycoated Swiss rode into the town, at Sigismund's request, to sit in judgment on this bad Burgundian governor. They did 'nt sit as long as the catholic council sat at Basle, by any means, for on that very night, the head of Hagenbach was tumbled into the Rhine. At this, the bold Burgundian, Charles, swore an oath — a big one too, and added: "I'll lose my life rather than my revenge." Morgarten had been fought and the Austrians humiliated, a century and a half before; but now a new covenant was sought and found, and the Swiss and Austrians became, for the time at least, the firmest friends. France, too, was now an ally of the Swiss against Burgundy, but the heroic Swiss were being used as cats' paws, to pull Austrian and French chestnuts from the Burgundian fire.

The Swiss entered the war, and won from Charles the battle of Hericourt, taking possession of the place in the name of Sigismund. Shortly afterward, however, their allies, who had never fired a gun in the war, deserted them, by making a dishonorable peace with Burgundy and by leaving the Swiss wholly in the lurch.

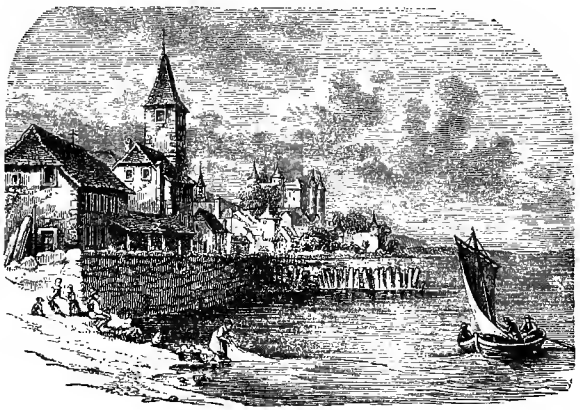
The Swiss were now alone, with a powerful and implacable prince as a foe.

Charles, bound to punish the audacity of these dwellers of the Alps, came pouring down, past Besançon, with an army of nearly a hundred thousand men.

His court and camp were of the utmost magnificence. He was not bold only — he was immensely rich, in lands and towns and every worldly thing. He had diamonds and gold and silver in his silken tents, which Sardanapalus might have envied. He had come in all his magnificience, to spend

a holiday among the Alps, and trample under foot a people whose heroism he had forgotten or despised.

On a winter's day of 1476, duke Charles laid siege to Grandson, a little town on the lake of Neuchâtel. He overpowered the garrison, and had every man of them stripped naked and hung to trees or thrown into the lake. The Swiss army, only twenty thousand strong, were camped at Neuchâtel.



GRANDSON

On hearing of the atrocious conduct of Charles, they hurried in the direction of his camp, burning with a thirst for an immediate and a terrible revenge. In front of Grandson, the armies met. The lines of the Swiss, as usual, knelt in prayer. The Burgundians, seeing this, and imagining that the whole Swiss army was on its knees, to beg the mercy of the duke, dashed forward with a ery of derision, but they were bloodily repulsed by the confederate spears. Every effort was made, but in vain, to break the lines of the Swiss, who wavered not before the spear, the cannon-ball, and sword. A charge of six thousand cavalry was made against their flanks. It seemed as if the day would soon be lost, when suddenly a wild, tumultous yell was heard from the hight behind them. Uri and Unterwalden

were there, and soon dashed down upon the frightened foe, who had scarcely known whether to consider them men or apparitions.

Terror seized upon them, and the whole army took to flight; — some into the fields and woods, some to the mountains, and others across the lake. Charles, with but five companions, escaped through the nearest pass of the Jura.

The Swiss cut down their comrades, whom he had hung on trees the day before, and, in revenge, hung a lot of Charles's men with the same halters.

His camp, one of the richest that the world had seen, with all the treasures of the Prince and his generals, was lost.

Six hundred banners, ten thousand horses, and one hundred and twenty cannon, were left upon the field. The gold found in the camp of Charles was measured by hatfulls, among the common soldiers of the Swiss. Diamonds, it is said, that now adorn some of the fairest crowns in Europe, were, by the common soldiers, thrown aside as worthless, or sold for trifling sums. The cantons saved some of them; and one was sold sixteen years after the battle, for many thousand guilders. Still another, now owned by one of the modern courts, after changing from hand to hand for centuries, was sold, in 1872, for several hundred thousand francs. So ended Grandson, but not Burgundy. Charles could still fight, and fight he did. In thirteen days, he was again in the field, and, in seven weeks, by means of the most tremendous levying of troops and taxing of his people, he led a larger army than he had before.

Every sixth man in his dominions was mustered in; every sixth penny was taken from the people's funds, and the church bells were pulled down and melted into cannon. Charles meant war, undoubtedly, and, for that matter, so did the Swiss.

At Murten, on the little lake of Morat, between Fribourg and Neuchâtel, the armies met again, their numbers about as three to one in favor of the Burgundians. The usual

fearlessness and heroic action of the Swiss troops again put the army of Charles into a complete panic, and reaped a second famous victory.

Among others of Charles's allies, was a body of English troops. These, with Charles's favorite body guard, did the best of his fighting, and were, with their commander (supposed to have been the duke of Somerset), nearly all killed. The duke lost from twenty to thirty thousand men; the Swiss, but a few hundred. Thousands of the flying Burgundians leaped into the lake, and those who did not drown at once were shot while swimming in the water.

Charles was again in flight, but still determined on possessing Lorraine, which the Swiss, now led by duke Reni whom Charles had robbed, determined to defend.

Again the forces met at Nancy, and again was shameful defeat heaped by the gallant Swiss upon the head of Charles. Totally routed, he fled, and, in flying, lost his life. His naked body was found after the fight, lying in a ditch. So ended the Burgundian war. Louis of France, who had hoped for just such an explosion of the Burgundian kingdom, now picked up his part of the flying fragments of the duke's territory; and the rest of Burgundy, with Charles's daughter, Mary, was married off to Austria's Arch-duke Maximilian, son of the emperor Ferdinand; Austria thus acquiring, as was her wont to do, when any of her family married, a bit of the richest and finest territory in all Europe. Just three years after the great sailor of Genoa had discovered a new continent in the West, another war broke out in Switzerland; this time with the Germans. Maximilian was now made emperor, and desirous of making war on the Turks, as well as on France, and being still sort of an ally of the Swiss, he demanded of them men and money in the cause. Both were refused. The Swiss, who were now well up to arms, seemed to be liking war almost as well as peace, although their many wars were seldom of their own seeking. They were proud of their military feats, and flattered to see great nations seeking their friendship, whenever war was threatened.

Maximilian became enraged at this refusal of the Swiss to listen completely and promptly to the mandate of the empire to which they still owed some allegiance; for some nations of that day, especially Switzerland, seemed to have several masters at a time, and were not serving any of them very much, at that. He commenced hostilities. For nine months, war raged; the Swiss, as usual, winning almost every battle fought, until the whole of Suabia and the surrounding regions were laid desolate and bare.

Two thousand towns, villages, and castles, had been captured, and left in ashes.

The Germans of the territory near the scene of conflict were starving to death by hundreds and thousands. The greatest heroism had characterized the conduct of the Swiss, during these fightings, known as the Suabian war. At Frastenz, close to Bregenz on the lake of Constance, a small body of Swiss completely routed 14,000 of the enemy, mostly Austrians, — killing, it is said, 4,300, and losing but 13 of their own soldiers; so well had they made use of the narrow ways and rocky steeps that nature gave to Switzerland as guards of safety. At Schwaderloch, near Constance, two thousand Swiss defeated 18,000 Austrians, who were serving the empire in its futile attempts to overcome the little Republic of the Alps. The Austrians lost in killed, at Schwaderloch, a number equal to the whole of the Swiss troops engaged.

Each Swiss had killed his man. "We never count the numbers of our foe," said a Swiss; and, indeed, in this, as in all their wars, it seemed to make little difference what an enemy numbered; his defeat was almost certain, when meeting an army of Swiss "shepherds and mountain boors," as the Germans liked to call them. It was perhaps in petty revenge for such nicknames from the nobles and the Germans, that a party of Swiss crossed the Rhine, captured the castle of Dungen, with its proud garrison of a thousand, stripped them to their shirts, paraded them, with white wands in their hands, through the Swiss camp, and set them free.

Blumenfield, they captured, too, and gave each of the garrison permission to march away in peace, with whatever treasure he might carry on his back. Their bitterest foe, the old Baron Rosenek, however, was excepted from this arrangement; but their astonishment was great, as the enemy marched out of the castle, to see the Baron carried out on the back of his loving wife.

The devotion, or the joke, softened the Swiss warrior's heart. The Baron was freed, and his wife's property restored. The Suabian war was done, and Swiss heroism had shed the greatest lustre on the land. But the very qualities that had made them great in the past, were now destined to cause their future humiliation and terrible disgrace. Two hundred years since, the days of Tell and the Rütli had passed. In all this time, Swiss blood had flown for liberty alone; — but now, Swiss blood could flow for gold as well. Too long accustomed to deeds of war and war's great trump of fame, and flattered by the words of those who wished to use his iron arm, the Swiss forgot his shepherd's staff, and left his plow to rust, while he should seek new laurels, lavished by a flatterer's hand. Ambassadors of many princes flocked to the country, seeking by flattery and gold to win the favor and alliance of the Swiss.

Few states in Europe, at the beginning of the 16th century, but were either engaged in war, or expecting war. The Pope, with the Republic of Venice and the king of France, were warring against the duke of Milan, seeking to drive him from his duchy. Some of the Swiss joined with the Pope and king, and some joined with the duke. Wherever gold was most abundant, there were the greatest number of the Swiss.

The ambassadors of the French king travelled all over Switzerland, distributing gold and presents to the people whom they sought to buy.

The strictest laws were passed by the Swiss Diet against foreign enlistments. But the Swiss soldiers feared nothing,

not even the capital punishment that was pronounced against those who entered foreign armies.

They loved glory, they loved gold, and they deserted their country by troops, to join one or the other of the contending armies in the field. Five thousand Swiss were now in the army of the duke, and twenty-four thousand in the army of the king. At the battle of Novara, those of the Swiss with the duke, betrayed him at the most critical moment; saying they would not fight against their countrymen. The duke was soon afterwards surrendered, and spent the rest of his days in a French dungeon. A few short years only passed, till the French got into a war with Maximilian. The Swiss served at first in the armies of the one — then in the armies of the other.

In 1509, followed the league of Germany, France, and Spain, to destroy the Republic of Venice; and again thousands of the Swiss were tempted by gold and love of fame to rush into the field against their republican neighbors. Only a change in the plan of the Pope, he fearing France's accumulating power, saved Venice from being overpowered by the republican bayonets of Switzerland, fighting with the Pope and kings.

For more than a dozen years, this sort of campaigning was going on, mostly in Italy, between the Pope and the French, or the French and the Pope, accompanied at times by a sprinkling of Spanish, English, German, and Venetian troops; but always by paid Swiss soldiers on one side or the other, if not on both. — The sort of life the Swiss were now leading, was thus expressed by a historian writing shortly after the time.

"The old simplicity and brotherly love were extinguished, and the bond of the Confederacy loosened. A lewd and wanton life was commonly practised, with gluttony, gaming, dancing, and all manner of wantoness, day and night. The common people, in town and country, were drawn from honest labor to idleness and lewdness and warlike undertakings, while reckless and abandoned habits prevailed everywhere."

Such was the condition of the Swiss people in the 16th century, just before the Reformation commenced, when a new faith and a new life were about to be offered to the world, in place of the superstition, ignorance, and degradation, that had so long been fostered by the church.

CHAPTER XIII.

Switzerland in the Reformation.

In the revolution of thought and faith which constituted the Reformation, Switzerland played a most important part. Possibly, nowhere else in the world was the need of reform in the church more visible than here. Though many of her clergy were men of the rarest intellects and the most cultured minds, the masses of the Swiss people were ignorant and superstitious. It was seldom that one of the thousands of the peasantry could even read.

It had been a hundred years since the great Constance Council had met to improve the condition of the church, yet she still suffered the same need. Aside from dethroning two or three would-be popes and burning a few Christians, this famous council at Constance had effected nothing. Switzerland was worn out with troubled centuries of war and wrong-doing, and now she longed for more than peace — for truth, as well.

Germany was fostering the strong spirit that was to rise up as guide and leader of the people. A miner's boy had found a Latin Bible somewhere among the dusty records of Erfurt. Curiosity, love of research, and, finally, amazement at the wide difference between its simple teachings and the childish fables which passed current in the church as extracts from its pages, led him to pore over its contents continually. Interest deepened as the blessed truth revealed itself to his eager, wondering soul.

A pilgrimage to Rome, that highest aspiration of a pious heart, opened his eyes to the unsuspected follies of the church. He saw the enormities which long exercise and

abuse of power had encouraged among the very ones who called themselves the followers of God. He was awakened — he saw the truth, and, with a great, strong heart, Luther commenced a revolution of the moral world. His work was a revelation, a power, that touched the heart of peasant and of king.

Into Switzerland the new light came; first peeping over the tall mountains, and then warming the low, dark vales.

Some welcomed the light, and others, doubting, feared. But Switzerland was not without a man, in such a time of doubt and fear. Zwingli appeared. Born in Toggenburg, he commenced preaching, when but a boy, against the errors of the times. Made parish priest at Einsiedeln, he followed, as was the custom of his day, the banner of his town to war. He had been through one or two miserable campaigns in Italy, and had witnessed with his own eyes the wantoness of the times, and how that wantoness found friendship and shelter in the church. Dissoluteness and crime were sheltered under the priestly cowl, and the Holy Church had descended to the idlest ceremonies and grossest deceptions. Not in the church alone, but in secular life as well, the extremest folly and dissoluteness seemed to prevail.

Leo the Tenth sat in the papal chair at Rome: a man of many virtues, and a noble patron of the arts. He thought to adorn his Roman palaces and churches with a splendor becoming the son of the illustrious Medici the Magnificent. The art of half the West — the genius of an Angelo — a Raphael's brush, combined to decorate the City of the Seven Hills. Great spires arose and pierced the skies, while courtly palaces were filled with all the luxuries of art.

Want of funds, however, brought all to a stand-still, and just how to replenish the exhausted treasury was, for a time, a perplexing question. The solution was, however, reached by a sudden recurrence to the many followers of the church beyond the Alps, to whom, in the then degraded condition of the church, indulgences and pardons

might be successfully peddled out, as an article of barter and profit. A fitting man to conduct this extraordinary traffic was speedily found, and duly fitted out with an unlimited number of pardons, indulgences, blessings, and the like. Specially empowered by the Pope, he set out on his peculiar errand.

Zwingli had, in the meantime, been transferred to the Grossmünster, at Zurich, and when the deputy from Rome first made his appearance, selling indulgences, though astonishingly cheap at times, being adapted to the purses of buyers in all ranks and classes, he raised his indignant voice against the shameful traffic, and the deputy was hissed from the city's gates. Zwingli sought not to introduce strife or rebellion in the church; he labored only for reform and truth. A believer in the Pope, a Catholic still, he strove to expose the corruption and falsehood which were fostered within the church's pale, that the blessed light of purity and truth might shine once more through her teachings. Tired of the old fables, chronicles, and myths, which for centuries had constituted the written teachings of the church, he sought to learn the will of God in the pages of the Holy Book itself, and to lay open its truths to all. Like Luther, the more he studied, in all the earnestness of faith and prayer, the more he saw to discountenance and disbelieve in the so-called religion of the day, and the more his preaching became obnoxious to the church. He taught that blessings from above could not be bartered for a price — that sinful man, however low, could find communion with the Holy One through faith alone, and not by means of painted saints and waxen images. He preached with all the power of Luther, and thousands flocked to hear him. The city embraced his teachings, supported him with ardor, and refused to listen to those who opposed his doctrines. Zurich canton, Berne, and Schaffhausen, gave him loyal hand, and made his faith a part of theirs. The other cantons resisted the coming change, pitying what they regarded as the blind and fanatic zeal of Zurich, and striving, at first by words, and then by force, to turn her from her heresy.

A general strife arose between the leaders of the reform and their opponents; a strife which, with intervals of peace, has been kept alive among the mountains and vales of Switzerland for now three hundred years, and there seems as little hope of peace to-day, as when brave Zwingli buckled on his sword in 1523.

Both parties became illiberal, and each sought the speedy destruction of the other. Zurich abolished the mass, and tore down the images in her churches. Zwingli opposed celibacy of priests, and proved his faith by marrying a wife.

The Catholic cantons, five in number, allied themselves against their common foe, the heretics. The Protestants cut off the supplies of bread and meat. The markets on Zurich lake were closed, and then came war. A Catholic army marched across the hills from Zug to Kappel, between lake Zurich and the river Sihl.

The Protestants came out from Zurich, ready for the fray; but on the battle's eve, the neutral cantons came and begged for peace. Peace they obtained, but peace and friendship are not always one. Within a twelve month, troops were in the field again, and again they met at Kappel. "A tough old knot is this, and nothing but the "sword can cut it loose", they said. Zwingli himself was there, ostensibly to preach, but more, in fact, to fight with hallibard and sword.

A strange, sad sight it must have been to see these people setting arguments aside, and leaving to the sword the settlement of faith and creed.

It was a mild, October morning, in 1531, that barely fifteen hundred men marched from Zurich, along the lake and over the Albis, to where the Catholics lay entrenched, eight thousand strong. The fight commenced at three in the afternoon, and lasted till the sun went down behind the western hills. Each party fought as if defeat could be but death, yet what the fate of such unequal fight must be, was plainly seen. The Zurichers would rather die than yield the field; and die they did, whole lines of them, at least. Overpowered and worn out, their leaders killed, and

darkness over all, they fled. Zwingli himself was wounded by a shower of stones, and left among the dying and the dead. When found by his foes, he was lying on his back, his hands clasped, and his eyes turned to heaven. On his refusal to confess, a man from Unterwalden cried: "Then die, thou hard-necked heretic," — and stabbed him in the neck.

Not satisfied to see him dead only, whom they alive had feared, they quartered his body, burned it, and scattered his ashes to the winds. Five hundred and seventy-six of the 1500 Zurichers were left dead upon the field; among them, twenty-six councilors of the city of Zurich, and twenty-five of the reformed clergy. The wife of Zwingli lost her husband, her son, her brother, her son-in-law, and her brother-in-law, in the fight. After the battle, the pious Catholics thanked God for the victory and then plundered the camp.

Kappel was lost, and with it was lost, for a time, the hope of the Reformation in Switzerland. Zwingli, the great preacher, the original thinker, the great Reformer, was dead. He had been the most energetic and earnest promulgator of the modern faith. In public life, he had been fearless and holy; and in the circle of his personal friends, a man loved for his rare virtues, — virtues, the more conspicuous, as he lived in a day when even the learned of the clergy practised vice; when corruption and trickery prevailed in holy places, until the most ignoble deeds wore the garb of sanctity.

With him, the Swiss reformers lost, for a while, the vigor of their faith. Surrender seemed to follow on retreat. The Zurichers, all who were left of them after the fight, went home, and settled down within the city's walls. The Catholics took heart, set up their images again, and forced their ancient faith on every village, farm, and town, within their reach. Whole cantons were compelled to renounce the so-called errors of the day. Persecution followed in the train. At Solothurn, the Protestants were driven out from lands and home. Even Zurich seemed to waver in

her faith, and the weaker thought, at times, to abandon all that had been gained. To make the matter worse, whole tribes of German zealots, possessed of the most nonsensical notions of life and the new faith, pinned themselves to the Reformed church, and cast the greatest odium on its struggling infancy. Reformers these, indeed! — banished from Germany, where their dissolute life was no longer tolerated, these Anabaptists, as they were called, fled to Switzerland, where, among the ignorant and wanton, they found many a follower. To the minds of these fanatics, the day of a strange Jubilee had come. Rank and caste and class should fall. Monies and lands, no longer privilege of the few, should now belong to each and all. A general division of the spoils of peace, as well as war, should be decreed. Simplicity of life, manners, and customs, should become the practice in the faithful camp. The most scandalous excesses were committed. Law and order and even decency were thrown aside with their garments. They preached and taught in the forests of Zurich and Berne, and, in order to seem as primitively innocent as possible, men and women were sometimes seen stark-naked in the streets. All this excess, the Anti-Zwinglians said, is but a part of the Reformer's faith; and not till the strong arm of law had ended the zeal of the Anabaptist fools upon the scaffold, did the imputations cease. The Reformation suffered — was retarded, by these builders of a new Jerusalem, without its Jews. It was the burden of a zealous, foolish friend, hitched to the barely floating shallop of the young Reform, and not unlike in all its bad results, the weight of libertinism, free-love-ism, and spiritual-ism, borne by the noble party seeking woman's franchisement in England and America to-day.

The darkest hours of the Reformation in Switzerland, however, were soon to pass, for the new faith silently grew and again gained ground among the most intelligent throughout the land. One foreign city, too, that stood just on the borders of the Confederacy, came fairly out in favor of the great reform. Geneva, a city older than the days

of Christ — strong even, when Cæsar marched his Roman troops across the Appenines. First, a bishopic, then capital of Burgundy; and last, an ally of the Savoy counts, she was the centre of the French-Italian trade. Rich, prosperous, and without a master save the Emperor, she welcomed to her gates the heralds of the new belief. Her only care was for her allied friends, the Savoy counts, who claimed, at times, some powers not well defined within the city law; and for some bishops of the Pope, who fell to considering themselves lords temporal there. In course of time, the princes of the Savoy house became themselves the bishops of the place, and ruled for many, many years; if not in peace, at least in partial peace, for times so troublesome. Geneva, tiring at last of the Savoy rule, whether of Bishop or of Count, looked to the neighboring Swiss for hope and help, both of which she received, and freed herself from usurpations of whatever sort, by sending off the Bishops, Dukes etc., and by proclaiming herself a free Republic.

Her chosen allies, now, were Swiss, instead of Savoy duke or Frankish king, and, having gone through a revolution of the political sort, she was not abashed at meeting one of a graver kind. The new faith, though well received by some, and they the best, had many bitter foes and many bitter fights in the Genevese Republic. At last, John Calvin rose to become its leader and defender. A cooper's son, born in France, bred in the law, versed in the faith, and strong in heart, he took up the sword that Zwingli dropped at Kappel with his life. Twice had Calvin been a fugitive from Paris, once from Italy, and once, indeed, from his adopted town, Geneva. Severe and rigid, he cared little for ancient forms or creeds. With him, the church and state were one, and both demanded change-reform. Geneva was not ready for his new ideas, and, hence, in 1538, she banished him. A couple of years or so had scarcely passed, before she sought Calvin out again and begged him to return. It did not take much seeking

to find John Calvin then, either, for he had become a famous man, talked of through half the continent.

He came, — one of the ablest, though harshest, doctors of the new reform. He labored long and well in Geneva, and fought all laws, all faiths, that were not Calvin's laws and faith. The severity of character and life which he had shown in Geneva before, was renewed and intensified. The unfaithful met with sound rebuke, and revilers were compelled to fly. A man of mighty mind, inflexible in will, he set his heart on one great, noble thought, and labored till that thought, in part at least, became the thought of half the Christian world.

The Reformation spread. Geneva became a second Rome, and Calvin was her pope — the pope who made her laws, who wrote her creeds, who spoke, and it was done. No gentle blasts came from his bugle horn to those who followed where John Calvin led. No pity for his foes. Rigid, unbending, even with his friends, but one of two results could come of such a man, engaged in such a work — complete success — or, in its stead, complete destruction. No halfway ground was there for him and those who followed him. Hate raged in the contending camps. To yield was to be lost, and Calvin, right or wrong, would never yield.

Day and night, he prayed and preached. It was work, incessant work. Nearly five hundred lectures and sermons in a single year were but a fraction of this giant's work. Twenty-four presses were busy, day and night, in Geneva, printing pamphlets, circulars, and books, in every tongue, for every land. It was too much, at last, for even him, with all his mighty will. Wearied and worn and sick in frame, though not in heart, he sank, bearing his burden to the very last, and died as only god-like men can die, with armor on, and full of faith, a very hero, even to the grave.

Of Switzerland especially, is it true that religious wars have exceeded in number and in hate all other wars; and yet, though feud and hate tracked close on Zwingli's and on Calvin's work, the whole land smiled with bountiful

prosperity. Commerce and art and industry received an impetus within her bounds, such as the Swiss had never known before. Men learned to read, and, reading, learned to rule.

She taught herself to think, as well as fight, and stepped into a higher sphere among the nations of the world.

Geneva prospered as did all the rest, and yet no town was hated half as much as she, by Rome and all Rome's disappointed host. Not in Rome alone, in Savoy's land as well; and many were the anxious, longing glances of the Savoy princes toward the City of Reform.

Their glances turned to deeds, at last, led on by Charles Emanuel, an ancestor of the present king Victor Emanuel, in sunny Italy. This Savoy duke had long had an army resting on the very edge of the borders of the Genevese, but for the most innocent purpose of watching the movements of his enemy, the French, he said: and so the honest Genevese slept unsuspectingly within their city walls.

A cold night in December, the year was 1602, that bonny Prince Charlie and his Savoy troops, a couple thousand strong, took it into their heads to play a ruse upon the Genevese; surprise, rob, and burn, the town, and kill the people, perhaps. Ladders for scaling walls, petards for bursting gates, and, some say, ropes for hanging protestants, were in the camp, and, when the midnight hour arrived, and all the people slept, save some stray sentinels upon the wall, the valiant-hearted Savoyards crept to the city gates, placed ladders in a row, heard blessings and a prayer from a pious old Scotch priest who waited in the ditch, and then, two hundred of them, scaled the walls, but never crossed the ditch again alive. A shot from the sentinel had waked the soldiers and the town; a cannon raked the ditch; while men in shirts and nightgowns hurried to the streets, and fought for life, with pitchfork, rifle, club, or stone. Of course, they won the day, or night rather. The Savoyards fled, and the bonny Prince and his "Observation army", as he had been calling it, had no further use so near the town of Geneva.

Of course, the Escaladers ran, but few escaped. Some threw themselves into the ditch and broke their necks, and one came tumbling on the old Scotch priest, and killed him, nearly, then and there. The rest were hanged, their heads chopped off, and set upon the city walls.

Upon each anniversary of the Escalade, the Genevese have had, even till to-day, good fasting and a psalm. "As a bird out of the snare of the fowler, are we now escaped." Prince Charles was very wroth, 'tis said, and swore exceedingly, but let Geneva and the heretics rest in silence, and never thought again of capturing Calvin's Rome.

The Reformation now seemed squarely on its feet, and not in Switzerland only, for Holland, Sweden, Germany, and England, fell in line, to battle for the great Reform. Was on its feet, indeed, but nothing more. With all its friends, it never lacked for foes. Fending and fighting every where, in every way, had long become the chronic order of the day. The heroic age in Switzerland seemed past. Nearly two centuries of worse than nothingness came on. Of course, they quarreled still among themselves. They had internal feuds and peasants' wars, — the latter growing out of ignorance and misconception of the Reformation; for many, like the socialists, had thought that freedom from the church meant also freedom from restraint of any kind. Yet others, petty rulers, bailiffs, landvogts, and the like, seemed bent on crushing out the nobler spirit growing in the peasant's breast. Not foreign masters longer tyrannized over the poorer people of the land, but masters of a blood and language with themselves. Politically, 'twas Swiss destroying Swiss. Results were increased bitterness, rebellion, strife, and war. Peasants rebelling, were no sooner punished, trampled down, or killed, than other troubles promptly came. Religious hate revived, if, indeed, it ever had been smouldering for a day, and had its bloody turn again at war. The faith, or want of faith, that made war almost every where, for half the century, was stronger, bitterer, here than even in Germany, where war prevailed for thirty years, without a single pause to give men time to breathe or

dream of peace, the very name of which was most forgot. No captains, such as led the Swedish and German hosts to war, were here. No Wallenstein, no gray old Swede to fight the battles of the Lord, as king Adolphus fought. The people saw their nearest neighbor of the upper Rhine torn up and half destroyed by foreign foe and civil discord, yet would not, or could not, raise a hand to help.

The Rhatian history was almost identical with that of Switzerland. Their habits, customs, faith, were one. In this high mountain land, each town, each valley, had a miniature republic of its own. Communal rights were known in all their greatest purity. There scarcely was a master there of any kind, at first. A greater freedom of the private citizen has never yet been known, for every man was citizen, and every citizen was king. The law-makers and the law-keepers were one. Four different languages were spoken in the leagues of Rhatia — Romanish, Ladin, German, and Italian — and this difference of tongues served all the more to separate the people from the world. They lived in green, lone vallies that were edged with fields of ice and snow; they climbed the dizzy mountain hights, to chase the chamois and the deer; they saw the avalanche, and lived within the clouds. Their mother Nature smiled or frowned, and they, her truest children, learned the lessons of their life amid the mountains and the storm. They learned but little of the outer world, and scarcely saw even the Swiss themselves. But troubles came at last; religious, first, for even in these mountain fortresses, the two faiths met and fought; and then came wretched discords, fanned to flame by foreign gold, and foreign insolence. There is no land, however high, no sea, however deep, but some strong king will covet it. The Veltlin province of the Rhatian league, that lay just between the Austrian provinces of Milan and Tyrol, was always found to be in Austria's way. Her troops, in war, could never cross the Rhatians pass. And democratic Venice had her bone of contention with Rhatian leagues as well; for always fearing, fighting, avaricious Spain, she could not draw her allied Swiss across the neutral valley

of the Veltlin. Invasion of the league became the order of the day, and Rhatia suffered with a bitter war that lasted many, many years.

When foreign gold came in, intriguing men were hired to sow contention in the peasants' minds. The rich began to rule the poor, the poor to hate the rich; till, from want of union, the people soon became the prey of other countries. For nineteen years, a fearful struggle for life and death went on throughout the vallies of the upper Rhine and Inn. The Rhatian league was swallowed up, at last, by Austrian and Spanish cormorants.

The people, bereft of freedom, wanting bread, with foul diseases raging in their homes, were now most miserable. Jealousy of the growing power of Austria, rather than a philanthropic motive, at last led France to interfere. The Austrio-Spanish troops were driven from the country, and the people gained by peace something of the independence they had lost by war; but the memory of their wasted years, their ruined homes, their murdered sons, burned long and sadly in the Grison's heart.

In all these weary years of trouble and of war, the Swiss had scarcely raised one helping hand. In fact they had been almost powerless to help, as well as lacking in spirit to do so; for their dissensions had crippled every canton of the Bund, till now they scarce had strength enough to keep themselves intact. The ancient heroes all seemed dead or gone, and, with the heroes, love of home and land. The Swiss still sold his blood for gold, and often very little gold, at that. Whole squadrons served in foreign lands, and under many flags, so great had the thirst become for war's adventures and its spoils, among the people. A sort of quiet, peaceful breathing spell, however, dawned, some fifty years before the Revolution came. It was the lull before the storm. Commerce and art were prospering. Religious hate and party rancor slept, or seemed to sleep. New men arose in oratory, in literature, and art. The country, though misruled at times, was perhaps better off than many other lands not distant from her border. Geneva had its rebellions,

revolutions, still; in fact, had had them nearly all the century. Patrician rule had seldom pleased the people; the people's rule could please patricians never, and so the fight went on till other cantons interfered — till France, too, interfered at last, and in no very friendly way, at that. Berne, grown strong, aristocratic too, had many frailties of patrician growth. Her peasants groaned in serfdom and in want. Patrician youths, on the other hand, were made expensive items to the state. Mock parliaments were made for them, where intrigue, as well as eloquence, was learned. The "Shadow State", these parliaments were called. Lucerne preserved her usual liberalism still; liberal, that is, with lives of heretics and disbelievers. Not many years before, a solemn Lucerne court condemned a man to be strangled to death for reading the Bible for the private edification of himself and others. His house and books were burned, and the city built a monument to commemorate the very righteous deed. The little peace the country had enjoyed, was destined soon to be disturbed amid the general clatter sounding loud in every continental ear. The fume and smoke of crazy, suicidal France, came wafted to the Alps.

The Revolution had begun.

CHAPTER XIV.

Switzerland in the French Revolution.

THE magnificent extravagance of Louis the XIV., and the wars and the Pompadours of Louis the XV., had left France without bread.

Faith, besides, had gone out in France, and skepticism had entered in. A new king came, with a good heart, though weak; but France was already tired to death with humbug, knavery, and cheat. The earth itself seemed tired of existing things, when Louis the XVI. became the king of France. But little could it boot that he had the country's weal at heart. Too long had France been toiling, crying out for bread, and finding but a stone.

Her twenty million working-people, unfed, untaught, were tired, so very tired of kings. The people of the provinces could live on boiled grass and husks, but not for ever. They were hungry now, and the poor, good king, for poor and good he was, poor in counsel, good in heart, was not aware that hunger may gnaw even the heart and brain of man, sometimes, and make him cry aloud for more than bread. Poor, good Louis, he would gladly have given bread, had any Minister but told him where the bread-tree grew. But, lacking such a Minister, what could poor Louis do, when mobs came howling to the palace gates for bread, but give, instead, a stone — a worse than stone, a rifle ball, a scaffold, and a rope? He gave them these, and soon men read of noise, alarm, intestine war, in Louis's untaught, unfed, and unbelieving France. Alas! what days of fuming smoke, of building up and tumbling

down, of utter ruin, dawned upon the land!! Bad grew to worse, and worse to the unspeakable. Paris became a city made of savage, raving mobs. Order, law, and common sense itself, seemed lost. Men strove like caged beasts of prey. Destruction seemed the only principle that guided party leaders of the day; until the Revolution, bitter and still more bitter, went on destroying its own children. The cry for bread turned to a cry for blood, and so the miserable dance of death went on. The Swiss looked on the strange, sad spectacle a while, and suddenly a mania seized on them, to be not merely lookers on, but actors, in the drama of upsetting order, social law, and everything else capable of being upset. 'T was not enough that Switzerland had seen her regiments dismissed from France without a cent of pay, to make her rulers know that they were only tools in foreign shops or, rather, clay in foreign potters' hands, who would mould them as they could, and break them as they would.

The truest and the best of all French soldiery were they; and what a spectacle of god-like heroes dying in the ditch, was that which made the Tenth of August memorable in the annals of the world! The king, in his palace of the Tuilleries, was being mobbed. His "*Gardes Nationales*" had fled like cowards from their posts. The king, too, fled at last, but left the Swiss to bear the fury of the desperate mob alone. They, true to their oath, stood still, nor thought of giving up one stone of Louis's palace, but through blood and death. The mob increased to thousands, tens of thousands, and their crazy rage grew into more than fever heat. They yelled and hissed, threw stones and clubs; at last, they fired upon the steady, unresisting Swiss. No longer unresisting, they, too, now had the order Fire, and fire they did, in steady, rapid way, and stretched platoons of howling rioters upon the Paris stones. But even rifle lead could not hold out against a mob like this — crazy, demanding blood. The king, though safe for the moment in the Assembly hall, yet feared the desperation of the mob, and sent the order to the Swiss to cease their fire. Again the

Swiss obeyed, obeyed to die. Pushed and driven by the crowds behind, the mob fought on, tramped down, and massacred the powerless Swiss. Alas! that cruel order not to fire! It was the death knell of a gallant guard. Some of the Swiss fled from the palace, but only reached the streets to fall into the jaws of the howling mob, where they were torn to pieces, their red uniforms cut in bits, and their naked bodies left for two days rotting in a Paris sun. Every Swiss, not massacred at the time, escaped only to meet death at another place and day. The whole regiment was dead. Dead, rather than desert the palace of a king who had deserted them. Poor pay was theirs for dying so: Three pence a day was valor's small reward; and bloody massacre, the pay for duty nobly done.

In humiliating contrast to this thrilling courage and devotion, appeared, at this time, the conduct of Switzerland herself. There was lifted to France no word of protest against this atrocious murder of her sons. Irresolute and weak, without a leader or a plan, the Government pursued its feeble course, until its own thousands, seeing its weakness and its want of worth, determined on disorder and revolt. Each canton had some special grievance of its own.

Napoleon, victorious in Italy, had built a new Republic below the Alps and joining on the Grison provinces. The people of these subject districts longed to be as free, and have as many rights, as France bestowed upon her new-fledged state. Napoleon, witness of these discontents, and eager for some pretext for a new Napoleonic stroke, now gave the Grisons choice of guaranteeing to their subject districts everything they asked, or else of seeing them swallowed in his new estate. No answer came, no hurried one at least, and so the little Corsican annexed the Veltline valley to his new Cisalpine Government. The Bishopric of Basle was found coquetting with the Prussians, just a bit, so France upset the Bishopric and made the territory part and parcel of her own. The Pays de Vaud was struggling with its master Berne. "Old rights, old privileges, were disallowed", her people said; they were no longer what

they were; and so revolt, backed up, perhaps, by gold from France, soon tumbled Berne into a state of chaos edging rapidly on war. In Basle, the peasants struck for better things — burned down the castles on the neighboring hills, made out a Magna-Charta of their own, and claimed the privilege of being citizens in fact, as well as name. The city fathers laid their honors down, and sixty citizens, new-made, the greater part, took up the scepter of the town, and went to work to build a Constitution as fit for peasant folk as for patrician lords.

What happened here took place at other points, as well, till half of Switzerland was in revolt. Long years of quiet, and exclusive privilege, had made the ruling classes proud, so that the duty due the citizen of lower grade was easily forgotten. The rich monopolized the trade of every town. The severest restrictions were placed upon the peasants, who were not allowed to sell the products of their farm to those who paid the highest price. The right to manufacture goods was held by corporations living in the towns. The farmer seldom had the right to office or to vote.

The cities ruled, with heavy hand, the towns, the villages, and farms. With power concentrated in the few, the many lacked redress for injuries continually received. The French had reasons, too, for adding to the general disquiet. Intriguing agents sought to fan the discontent that lodged within the peasant's heart. France, with half of Europe as her foe, would make the Swiss a neutral barrier on her eastern line. She knew that twenty governments were not so lightly led as one and, hence, resolved to force the cantons to some more central plan with but a single head, that head to be well haltered by herself. At last, the people of the Pays de Vaud, tired out with many wrongs, tempted by many things, flew up in arms, and cast Bernese allegiance to the winds. All eyes were turned on Berne. Her act should be the signal note for all the other cantons. Should she be prompt and bold, and tramp rebellion in the dust, they, too, would rise and hush the gathering storm. But Berne dallied, and then

French soldiers entered in the Pays de Vaud; and then French soldiers marched on canton Berne itself. Brave Erlach marched to meet the invading French, and fought good fights in vain. The wavering, vaccillating government but crippled every effort of its generals at the front. Command, and countermand; do not, and do; march on, and halt. The loyal peasants joined the troops; old men, women, and even children, fought as did their sires, with pitchfork, scythe, and club, and rendered valiant service. But it was not enough. The allies from the other cantons came too late, or did not come at all, and so the day was lost. The troops, suspecting treachery, engaged in mutiny and strife. Some officers were killed, while others fled. Erlach himself was basely murdered near the lake of Thun. Berne fell, and with it fell the old Confederacy. Grown grey with centuries, and weak as well, tied down with laws and customs of a former age, with eyes too blind to see the light in which it lived, the old republic died.

"We", said the French, "are Freedom's soldiers, and protectors of your homes". Alas! what Freedom came with foreign guns to Switzerland? and what protection, amid burning homes and wasted fields? "Helvetia, shall the land be called again", they said; "one and indivisible". The thirteen cantons were increased by three, and some had different boundaries assigned.

A Constitution on the newest Paris plan was given to the land. The central power was placed in five directors' hands, and liberty, equality, proclaimed to all the cantons, bailiwicks, and towns. In form alone the laws were better than before; but little booted form or law, when foreign armies went plundering up and down the sorrowing land. The Wallis folk, who welcomed the invading French with open hearts and arms, paid dear for their impulsive haste. Some half a million francs in gold were levied by their stranger guests as contribution pence to liberty. Berne and her nearest neighbor cantons had their arsenals robbed of arms and flags, the treasury destroyed, and then were fined a sum of fifteen million francs; and all for liberty. "Make

way for liberty", the Frenchmen cried — "Made way for liberty, the Swiss, and died"! One by one, the cantons were overpowered. When the forces of the French proved insufficient, the Swiss themselves joined regiments in subjugating Swiss. The forest cantons refused, in boldest terms, the Constitution brought with foreign bayonets. Ten thousand of the mountain people armed, with Alois Reding, a hero of the olden kind, to lead them.

The French marched on Lucerne and Zug, and hemmed the Switzers in their narrow vales, where they fought as well becomes a people fighting to be free. Four days and nights the fighting raged around lake Egeri, and just in sight of the victorious battle ground of Morgarten. Wives and daughters joined their husbands, brothers, lovers, in the fight — dragged cannon up the hills, and drove with clubs the cowards to the front. Right well the last of the old heroes of the mountains fought. Alas! in vain. Exhausted, overpowered, they, too, the brave, were forced to accept French liberty. Had Berne behaved so nobly, the French might never have entered Switzerland; at least, would never have gone out again alive. The Swiss Directory, though many of the country's ablest men were there, labored in vain to make the people feel that the new era was better than the old: that unity, come how it might, would be a cordial for all their wounds. The country did not, would not, venerate the new, tri-colored flag. In vain were new rights given, old privileges restored; some cantons would rebel. Wallis rose in arms, but soon was trampled down by French and Swiss, and many of the leaders cast in dungeons of the castle of Chillon. A part of Unterwalden next rebelled against the new Directory, and Schauenberg, a general of the French, was sent to put the rebels down. He did it most effectually: they never rose again, these shepherds of the Alps. For three, long days, their little band, not quite three thousand men, baffled and fought against an army sixteen thousand strong. Their gallantry, that should have won at least respect, was paid with most atrocious cruelty. Their town of Stanz, near lake Lucerne, was burned, and

all the people who had fought were massacred. Among the killed, were counted one hundred and thirty women and children. This was the liberty France sent to Switzerland in 1798, and this, the service which won for Schauenberg the hearty thanks of the Swiss Directory.

Alas! where was the olden spirit then, when downright massacre was thankfully received? O! men of Nidwalden, you have died for hollow nothingness. Your very countrymen command French trees of liberty to be planted on your graves. As if Directories, discords, and rebellions, were not punishment enough for this poor Switzerland, the land became the theater of other, bitterer wars. All Europe was at war with France. France, fearless of the world, and fearless of herself, hurled down as battle guage the bleeding head of him who only yesterday had been her king. Not war, nor fate, nor famine, frightened France, for she was all of these herself. She saw unmoved her twenty statesmen sitting on the block, chanting in death the music of the Marseillaise. She felt her very bones and muscles quiver on the wheel of death, but never let her heart of courage fail. She might destroy herself, but fate, and Europe, should be hammered, blow for blow. Two hundred and fifty forges in the palace gardens were busy day and night in making guns. Had Switzerland possessed in all her wars such nerve, such heart, as France, she might have ridden through the storm. When Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the rest, made common cause on France, the country of the Alps became the battle ground of fierce, war-waging hosts.

A twelve month's war went wasting through the land. Great armies, led by famous captains, crossed swords, and left their bloody victims on lofty mountains, in pleasant vallies, and in deep, dark gorges of the Alps. A Soult, Massena, and a Ney, led armies into spots where none but mountain shepherds ever trod before. The Swiss looked on; what could they do but look? To-day, Suwarrow with his Russians plundered here; to-morrow, French or Austrians plundered there.

The Cantons had no head, at least no head grown solid, fixed upon the body politic.

Parties in power went out, and parties out of power went in, to be replaced by other parties, yet more shadowy than the last. The taxes grew, the people groaned. What next should come upon the land, few even dared to think. At last, the sun broke through the clouds and made a little light. Massena, in two brilliant strokes at Zurich, drove the Austrian and the Russian armies back beyond the Rhine. The peace of Amiens followed soon, and the French withdrew their troops from Switzerland. But foreign troops being the only stay that held the Swiss Directory in power, sedition, uproar, and mutiny, followed their withdrawal. The Cantons nearly all rebelled against the general Government. The poor Directory went groping here and there: knew not, for that matter never had quite known, just what to do. It did, at last, the best thing possible: it fled from Berne, the Capital, and, with a few score troops, found refuge at Lausanne. Its day had come. Napoleon, back from Egypt, and First Consul of the French, looked in on Switzerland, and saw the war of parties that was going on. A Mediation in the Swiss affairs was soon determined on, and Marshall Ney, backed by a corps of troops, was sent as peace ambassador.

"People of Switzerland", said Bonaparte, "you present a melancholy spectacle indeed. Sovereign power has been seized by factions alternately, for years, whose partial sway served but to show their weakness and incompetency. If you are left to yourselves, you will cut one another to pieces. I had resolved not to mix in your affairs, but I recall my resolution now. Your discords will not cease without the help of France. I offer myself as Mediator, and every rational man must perceive that my Mediation is a blessing conferred on Switzerland by that Providence which has always preserved her national existence and independence." He then commanded that the senate meet at Berne, and choose delegates to be sent to Paris, there to receive in-

structions from their Mediator and self styled friend. The Deputies arrived at Paris. Napoleon spoke again.

"For you, a Federal Constitution is a prime necessity, as is equality of rights among the Cantons, renunciation of family privileges, and an independent, Federal organization of the Cantons. You must be neutral; if your neutrality be violated by the other powers, you must make common cause with France. It is the democratic Cantons which distinguish you, and draw on you the attention of the world. Your people must have privilege to settle in whatever Canton they may choose. The little Cantons are opposed to principle like this, I learn, but who on earth would ever think of troubling them by settling there at all?"

The Mediation act soon put a stop to single Cantons making war on other Cantons, or fostering rebellion and war among themselves. The smaller Cantons were now allowed a single vote or Deputy each; the larger Cantons were allowed two each. Six towns were capitals in turn. The Burgomaster of the town in which the Diet met was also President or general Landamman for the time. For ten years, peace, and law, and order, prevailed in Switzerland. Some of the aristocratic, ruling families, groaned on account of their ancient privileges and rights being restricted; some towns regretted loss of influence and power. Some peasants, too, rebelled at taxes, tithes, and other such political encumbrances, but speedy use of infantry and ropes put down the rebellion-loving, order-hating ones, and again peace and prosperity smiled throughout the land. In ten, short years, the country advanced more than in the hundred years before the Mediation Act. The press increased in usefulness.

Societies of art were formed, schools were improved, and steamboats placed upon the lakes.

Napoleon, Emperor now, watched, closer than before, the ward for which he stood as voluntary guardian. An iron hand was his, the Swiss well knew, and feared. Results were order, plan, and law; the first for many, many years, in this perturbed and troubled Switzerland. Some little

duty towards Napoleon, too, was forced upon the Swiss. His armies, fighting much, and fearfully, might grow a little short of men. Swiss soldiers, Napoleon knew, could fight: and so an order came for sixteen thousand Switzer men to march with France and "gloire". They marched to Moscow with the French, but hunger, and cold, and the Cossack swords, left Eight Thousand sleeping the sleep of death in rifts of snow and ice beyond the Vistula. — This was the "glorie" they won.

Napoleon fell, but not Helvetia. His iron control had left good imprints on the land. From him, the Swiss had learned that order came of law, that strength grew out of unity, that liberty and peace were best assured when law was best obeyed. New modes of thought, new modes of politics and life, came with the storm that swept away the rotten relics of the past. The dead past was left to bury its decaying dead, and good men asked: "What shall we do to reap the greatest good from past experience"?

The question, whether might had been all right, or not, was seldom asked. Unasked, Napoleon came; unasked, he went. Napoleon gone, the allies entered in, and, while the people lost few of the rights acquired, patrician parties got themselves in power again in many Cantons. A second peace in Europe brought peace to Switzerland, as well. The Congress of Vienna met, and there the Powers fixed the status of the new Confederacy again. The map of Europe changed to suit the caprice of assembled kings. The Swiss received their recognition as "an independent, neutral state." Three Cantons more were added to the list: Wallis, Geneva, and Neuchâtel. For fifteen years, peace, prosperity, and law, prevailed. In fifteen years, the people set patrician rule aside. In more than half the Cantons, revolutions came, and brought new constitutions, laws, and ways. Aristocrats went out, or mostly out, while democrats went in. The war of faiths was not yet dead in Switzerland, and many Cantons wished some freedom from the trammels of the church, as well as less dependence upon Rome. At Baden, seven Cantons met, to plan some method

of securing to the state what to the state belonged. At this, the faithful rose in dread alarm. The greatest fermentations followed in the Roman camp.

Disorder and rebellion came, but both were promptly strangled at their birth. In half a dozen years, the Catholics again were up in arms; again put down — put down, but not to stay; and Canton Argovie, wearied out with Jesuitic intrigue, at one bold stroke suppressed her Convents. "One stroke too much", the Ultramontanes said; no law, nor right, in such a stroke as this. Six Cantons formed a secret Bund, the "Sonderbund": its purposes, to reinstate the Convents as they were; to keep the Church above the State, or else destroy the Government. For years, the Sonderbund, with all its black intentions, was a sealed and unsuspected thing, when suddenly the vail dropped off, and Switzerland had choice of Ultramontane rule or war. Her Diet voted war. The Sonderbund responded war; and promptly were the parties out in line of battle. Heinrich Dufour, a distinguished citizen, patriot, and general, from Geneva, was chosen leader of the loyal army. A hundred thousand troops, magnificently equipped, and three hundred cannon, were put at his command.

Objective points were Fribourg and Lucerne, both head quarters and strongholds of the rebellious Catholics. Fribourg besieged, soon fell. Dufour himself was marching on Lucerne with nearly all his force, but met the opposing army at a point called Gislikon, and near the river Reuss. The Catholics were out-numbered three to one, were badly armed, and, save a spirit full of war, were scarcely fit to fight. Truce and delay were asked, but neither given. Dufour knew well the Rebels hoped for promised help from Austria and France. Quick work was his, he came to fight, not to negociate. At ten A. M., November 24th, 1847, the loyal lines advanced and hastened the attack. All fought heroically till in the afternoon, when the Catholic Commander, himself wounded, and seing only destruction in continued fight, ordered his forces to retreat beyond Lucerne. The city fell: the Rebels took to boat, and, reaching Altorf,

thought to rally there; but the Forest Cantons, though instigators of the war, desired no fighting in their midst, and so the Rebel armies sued for peace. The war was done. In eighteen days, a prompt and resolute man had stamped rebellion in the dust, and saved the country many lives, and months of desolating war. If France and Austria really thought to aid the Catholics in breaking down the law and order of the land, they thought too late. The war was done, almost before it had commenced. Cantons that were neutral were fined as heavely as the ones that had rebelled. No middle ground was here: you are our foes unless you are our friends. Dufour was laden down with grateful honors and with gifts. The instigators of the war were vigorously punished. Their canton Governments were overthrown, Jesuits expelled, and Convents confiscated in those Cantons foremost to rebel.

The country stood again on solid ground, and, sharing in the general European cry for change in 1848, soon pulled the Constitution of Napoleon down, and, in its stead, made one more suited to the people and the times: embracing principles, at least peculiar to themselves, and not to France; founded by their own free will, instead of foreign bayonets.

This Constitution served its time, and, in May of 1874, it too was changed for one by which the powers of the general Government are strengthened and extended, and the different Cantons, while yielding something for the general good, become still more a part of the united whole.

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