SWITZERLAND

ILLUSTRATED

IN A

SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

GRAD. OF THE UNIV. OF EDIN.; MEMB. OF THE ROYAL COLL. OF PHYS. LONDON;
FORMERLY PRES. OF THE CHIR. MED. SOC.; LATE PHYS. EX. TO H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE;
AUTHOR OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURTS OF GERMANY IN 1822-5-6, ETC.

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W. H. Bartlett. Henry Wallis

FALLS OF BALMARUSTA, TETE NOIRE.

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THE SECOND BRIDGE, VIA MALA, (GRISONS.)

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Canton Tessin

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CASTLE OF CHILLON.

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(By Moonlight)

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on the Rhine

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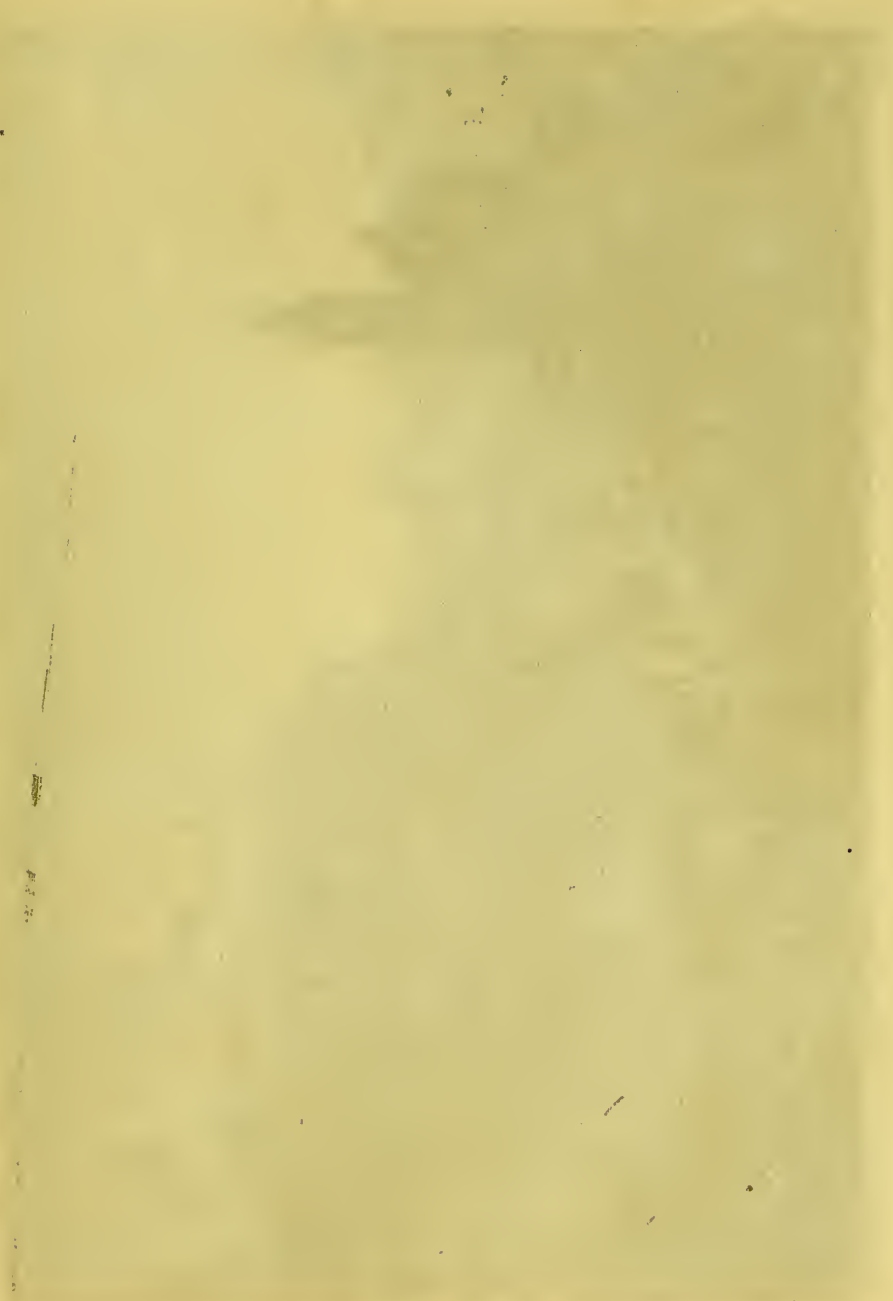

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(Valley of Chamouni.)

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GALLERY OF GOND
(Singing)

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(Valais.)

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BATHS OF S^t GERVAIS

W. H. Bartlett

H. Adlard

SCENE IN THE VALLEY OF ST NICHOLAS

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BERN,

(Canton Bern.)

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STREET IN SION. – VALAIS

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Plurs was built upon the ruins of Belfort—a village which had been swallowed up in one of those sudden *eboulements*, which, from time to time, have caused such melancholy havoc in the Alpine valleys—and thus took the appropriate name of Plurs, or the Village of Sorrow. Like the inhabitants of a volcanic soil — where the calamity once past is half forgotten, and where gardens are cultivated upon the very graves of their predecessors, the survivors of Belfort—with a confidence which no circumstance could warrant, and in defiance of the dreadful visitation which had just transformed their joy into mourning—erected habitations, planted vineyards, founded churches, and embellished with palaces the very scene of their previous calamity—concealing, as it were, the remembrance of sorrow under the mask of hilarity. Owing to the natural beauty of the scenery, the salubrity of the air, the fertility which characterized this valley, and the mildness of its government, Plurs had become a place of favourite resort; and, during the hot season of August and September, was crowded with visitors from the neighbouring provinces—many of whom were persons of the highest rank in the country, and possessed villas and sumptuous palaces in the places. One of these, the Hôtel des Franken, is stated to have cost several millions of francs; "and," says a writer of that time, "was only one of many others on a similar scale, which might have vied with some of the finest palaces in Italy." Here the nobles of the Milanese spent their *Villeggiatura*—hither the dissipated resorted for the indulgence of pleasure — the busy for relaxation— and the sick for the recovery of health. In short, with the exception of the sea breeze, Plurs was a modern Baiæ, where the allurements of pleasure, and the amenities of scene and climate, presented at once the most pleasing and the most pernicious attractions.

In addition to the profits arising from the annual migration of strangers to Plurs and its neighbouring village, Schilano, the inhabitants carried on a spirited trade in silk, of which it is said twenty thousand pounds were manufactured yearly. Early in September, 1618, when the town had reached its highest prosperity, and every thing seemed to promise a long continuance, an unseen hand was at work, and the silent operation of natural causes matured that fearful catastrophe, in which the town of Plurs, like its predecessor, was destined to perish. During the last week of August, and up to the 3d of September, there had been heavy, continued rains; but on the morning of the 4th the sky cleared up, the sun shone brightly forth, and at setting, left that promise of a bright rise, which the inhabitants of Plurs were never more to witness. During the afternoon, the Conto Alp, which commands the valley, was observed to detach numerous fragments of rock, and torrents of gravel, from its flank—particularly

from that part which, for ten years previously, had exhibited various deep chasms in its surface. These phenomena appearing to increase, and the gravel-avalanches, as they may be called, having greatly damaged or destroyed several vineyards in their course, the shepherds on the mountains became alarmed, and, hastening down to Plurs, brought intelligence of what they had witnessed; adding, that fresh crevices had appeared—that the mountain seemed splitting asunder, and—what at the time was little understood—that the cattle fled bellowing from their accustomed pasture, as if pursued by some invisible object of terror — while swarms of bees in the neighbourhood had deserted their hives, and afterwards dropped dead from the air. All these, however, though of easy explanation, were either received with incredulity, or treated as exaggerations, and the people of Plurs remained incredulous to the warning voice.

It is related also—though on authority very different from the preceding—that during several days, and more particularly on the last, a holy man continued publishing in the market-place—proclaiming, from house to house, that the day of their destruction was at hand—and exhorting the inhabitants to flee for their lives; but that, with the single exception of his own daughter, none believed the prophet, and that even she, after having passed the gate, and remembering that she had left some trinkets unsecured, returned to the house, and perished with the rest.

About midnight, or shortly after, the surrounding country experienced a violent shock, accompanied with a deep hollow roar like that of distant thunder, which greatly appalled the inhabitants—but without apprising them of its cause and consequences—and then subsided into a death-like silence. At daybreak they remarked that the sky was strangely obscured by clouds of dust and vapour; while the bed of the river Maira was found dry. On nearer approach, both Plurs and Schilano had disappeared; and, with the exception of one solitary house—a villa belonging to the Vertemati family—had left not a vestige behind! In one brief hour

> Their city was a sepulchre—their hearth
> A charnel house!

For a time this awful spectacle paralyzed every heart; for there was probably not one spectator or individual in the whole valley, who had not to deplore, among the victims to this sudden calamity, some relation, kinsman, or friend. At length, old and young—all who possessed strength or resolution, rushed to the place, and, under the guidance of the governor of Chiavenna—the celebrated Sprecher de Bernegg, made every human effort to rescue some of the unhappy

sufferers. But neither perseverance, strength, nor ingenuity, could recover one victim—all perished; and of the entire population of Plurs, amounting to *two thousand five hundred*, only *three*, who were at that time from home, survived!

In like manner of the inhabitants of Schilano, seventy-five families perished. Plurs was overwhelmed by a mass of rocks and earth to a depth of sixty feet—through which not even the tower of the church appeared—and lay like one vast sepulchre, over which a grove of chestnuts has now thrown its deep luxuriant shade.

Various efforts were then made, by experienced miners, to excavate a passage to the cathedral, which was known to contain several gold and silver utensils, as well as jewels, and certain relics much more precious than these, but none have succeeded, and the priest still sleeps in that sanctuary where his bones and his altars are equally well secured from the hand of sacrilege.

> ———From the whelming Alp
> That crushed their altars—none, like spectres risen,
> Have solved the mystery of that fearful prison!

A bell, now at Prosto, and two lustres, in the possession of Signor Buzzi, of Chiavenna, are the only relics, we were told, of the wealth and luxury of Plurs.

The environs of Chiavenna abound in subjects of natural history; and, while offering to the scientific student a wide field for the exercise of his intellectual faculties, they delight the eye with a luxuriant landscape, and most productive soil. The lower flanks of the mountains are shaded with chestnut forests, and embellished with the almond, fig, mulberry, and vine—all of which bear evidence to the salubrity of the climate. But, in midst of the richest harvest, and the brightest vegetation, we every where meet with fearful evidence of those former convulsions which, from time to time, have transformed the smiling landscape into a leafless desert.

The vast masses of granite which have struck the vale of S. Giacomo with such irretrievable barrenness, point distinctly to that period when mountains were rent, and villages and hamlets, with their happy and unsuspecting population, suddenly struck down, and, like Plurs, overwhelmed in the height of their prosperity. These awful visitations are but too likely to recur: the same causes are in full operation, and must inevitably lead to similar consequences. Here, and in various other districts of the Alps, a very superficial investigation is sufficient to alarm the most sceptical, and predict a calamity, which no precautions can avert, and of which the valley of Santa Maria di Gallivaggia offers a fearful illustration. Chiavenna itself has hitherto escaped, as if by miracle, having on one occasion been nearly buried by a torrent of earth.

The town of Chiavenna, as its etymon imports, is one of the principal keys to Italy; and, from the circumstance of its uniting the three passes of the Splügen, the Septimer, and the Maloggia, has, from time immemorial, enjoyed great political consideration. The view from the castle hill is unique in its kind; and here is an excavation of amazing labour, attributed to one of the Visconti family, about 1363. It is 150 feet deep, 30 broad, and 400 in length. The convulsions to which the whole vicinity has been subject, have left numerous grottoes, or *ventaroli*, among the rocks, of which the inhabitants have taken advantage by keeping their wine in the cool equable temperature of these natural cellars. The west side is nearly covered with summer-houses, which, shaded by luxuriant fig-trees, serve as entrances to these caverns, the air of which, in summer, is often of so low a temperature as 5° 7′ Reaumur, while on the outside, it is as high as 21°. The ruins of the Conto are particularly perforated by these chambers, which form subterraneous labyrinths of great variety and extent.

Between Chiavenna and Prosto, the mountains are covered with vast masses of loosened rocks and rubbish, by a sudden discharge from which, in 1675, the latter village was buried up to the chimneys; while again, in 1760, Abondio was nearly destroyed by a similar disaster. Of these, and some others of a more recent occurrence, we shall have occasion to speak more at large, as we proceed.*

Among the public buildings of Chiavenna, the church of S. Lorenzo, with its noble columns of granite, and rich embellishments in marble, preserves its hereditary distinction. The love of the Italians for the arts is here conspicuous in the very charnel house, where the frail relics of humanity—skulls and cross-bones of past generations, "unhearsed, and torn from their cerements"—are made at once to attract the curious and repel the superstitious; and, whatever may have been their merits during life, can it be consolatory to the manes of the dead, or flattering to the ambition of surviving friends, that their skulls should contribute—if not to the prosperity of the state—at least to the mosaics of S. Lorenzo?

The hospital here is richly endowed, and the public institutions conducted in a manner highly creditable to the people, and worthy of that noble Confederation of which, till 1797, Chiavenna formed a part. The history of this ancient key to Lombardy abounds in incidents; and, to such of our readers as may not have had access to works on this subject, we would recommend—what

* See, in a future page, an original account of the destruction of Goldau, Ruffiberg, Borcha, Marciana, Tanglen, Mont Grenier, &c. &c.

our limits will not permit us to quote—the perusal of native works on the history and topography of the Grisons.*

The Flora of this portion of the Alps comprises a great variety of rich and beautiful productions—all indicative of the wonderful change in climate which a few leagues have occasioned by transporting us from the regions of eternal winter to those of continual spring, where the common plants are the jasminum officinale, the centaurea splendens, with purple flowers, the citisus nigricans, and salvifolius, the cyperus longus, and Celtis australis: while the gardens exhibit a profusion of orange and pomegranate trees in full vigour, and the whole scene is a continued display of beauty and fertility.

The manufacture of cookery utensils from the *laveze*, or *lapis ollaris*, of Chiavenna—and the *lapis comensis*, of former times—still continues in some activity. The peculiar advantage of this material is, that, in cooking, the process is much more quickly performed, and the taste and flavour of animal food greatly superior to that prepared in vessels of iron or copper. In 1700, the trade in this article alone produced an annual revenue of 250,000 florins, but of late years it has greatly decreased.

THE ST. GOTHARD. CANTON OF URI.

Qui pressum quondam lusit, Grislere! popellum
Pileus Helvetici fœderis ansa fuit.
Brutus erat nobis Uro Gulielmus in arvo
Assertor patriæ, vindexque, ultorque tyrannûm.

Before taking final leave of the Hesperian frontier, we shall make a short *détour* by the lakes of Chiavenna and Como, recross the Monte Cenere, traverse the Livinen-thal upwards to Airolo, thence climb the St. Gothard, and pause among those scenes over which the "men of Uri" and their deeds have thrown unfading lustre.

From Chiavenna to Riva, in the Lake of Como, a distance of two leagues, we

* Die Drey Bünde in Hohen Rhätien—Historia Reformationis Eccles. Rhætic. Schokke's Historische Denkwürdigkeiten—and, for an excellent abridgment, Dr. J. G. Ebel's Account, in Meyer's Voy. Pittor. dans le Cant. des Grisons. Zurich, 1827.

traverse a plain highly picturesque and fertile; but, during the summer, infected by pestilential fevers, which often render it fatal to such strangers as sleep under the infected atmosphere.

"Early on the 26th of last August," says Dr. Johnson, in some original notes, to which we are indebted for the following graphic sketch of an Alpine storm—"we started from Chiavenna, and drove down to Riva, through a beautiful but pestilent valley, where to have slept, even for a night, would have brought our lives into jeopardy, for here the inhabitants were fast sinking under the effects of *malaria*. Having embarked on board the *Lario* steamer, we swept round Como, under circumstances of sky and sunshine which enhanced every feature of its beautiful scenery. Here the prelude of that dreadful hurricane—destined to transform so many Alpine valleys into scenes of desolation, manifested itself in vivid and almost continuous sheets of lightning; while an oppressive stillness pervaded the surcharged atmosphere, and induced that peculiar languor of mind and body which few can conquer, and none who have once experienced its effects, can ever forget. At length the wind rose—rapid and heavy showers succeeded—and lightning and thunder peals, in rapid alternation, exhibited the true characters of a transalpine storm. This was at eleven o'clock; and, while waiting for the return of the boat which had just conveyed the king of Bavaria across, the surface of the lake was chafed into foam by a tremendous gust of wind, which ploughed the water into white furrows, and drove us back to the shelter of some arches, which, fortunately for us, were at hand. I had witnessed a Chinese *tiffoon*, an eastern tornado, and a western hurricane; but the scene which for seven hours passed under our eyes, might claim kindred with the wildest of these. The gale was from the west; and, during its prevalence, destroyed almost every pass of the Alps, from the maritime range to the Tyrol.

"The order of the phenomena were these:—first, the terrific flash of lightning, which blinded us for an instant by the intensity of its glare; then succeeded the thunder-crash—like the rending of mountains, suspending for a time all sense of hearing, and rendered still more dreadful by the profound stillness that ensued. Then again, as the ear recovered, and the paralyzing shock passed off, the storm was heard to perform the same regular and fearful round. Looking towards the Alps, we saw dense and jet-black masses of clouds rolling along their flanks, and discharging their electric batteries as if armies of contending spirits had there driven their chariots to battle. Many of the trees were bent prostrate, others torn up by the roots, while the lake before us was churned by the winds into a yeasty whirlpool."

It was here that Dr. Johnson observed an atmospheric phenomenon, which he had not previously witnessed in either hemisphere.—"At the same instant a mass of clouds rushed forward with great velocity to a certain point, around which, like a pivot, they continued to move in rapid gyration, like the circumvolutions of a whirlwind, and then suddenly disappeared in clouds of intense darkness; from the centre of which, split open, as if by explosion, a speck of bright sky emitted a profusion of rays from every point of its circumference. Then again succeeded the dazzling leven—the terrific thunder—and a deluge of rain, which set every torrent in motion, and transformed the simple stream to a cataract. This terrific scene lasted from eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon; when the clouds suddenly vanished, the sun shone forth, the agitation of the lake gradually softened down, the Alps shot their glittering summits into the sky; but from every height and hill, torrents, like threads of foam in the distance, leaped and roared into the Lugano. As we advanced, the valley of Bellinzona presented the appearance of a half-drained lake, which, but the day before, had offered a picture of beauty and fertility. Much of it was still under water, and the original boundary of the Lago Maggiore greatly extended. It seemed, indeed, as if the lake had suddenly risen some hundred feet above its ordinary level, rolled its waves right up to the walls of Bellinzona, and then as suddenly retired within its natural limits. The two rivers, the Ticino and Möesa, which here unite from the St. Gothard and Bernardino, had burst their banks in almost every stage of their descent—destroyed several lives, and swept off property to an immense amount. This devastating force was greatly augmented by quantities of uprooted trees and masses of felled timber. These were carried for miles over the flooded soil, and lodged in situations already prepared for crops, or strewn in wild confusion along the half-obliterated boundaries of the river. The bridges were all burst up—the roads impassable—villages swept away—men and cattle drowned in the sudden inundations—fields covered several feet deep with mud, sand, and stones—the whole Val-Levantine, in short, with all its lateral vales, reduced, in one night, from a scene of fertility to that of a marshy desert.

"It is probable, that on this fatal day a thousand lives, or more, were sacrificed in the various districts of the Alps! as the same disasters which we have here described happened to every pass and valley of the Alps, from the Mediterranean to the Inn." The passes of the St. Gothard, the Simplon, and Bernardino, were so entirely cut up, that, after some perilous attempts, it was only by Mont Cenis that Dr. Johnson effected his retreat: and even there, three bridges had been

borne down by the torrents, and in several parts not a vestige of that noble route was left.

> The sheeted leven—hurricane and hail—
> Had done their work, and scattered in their ire
> The eternal rocks; and through the fertile vale
> Launched the red cataract like a sea of fire.

Having briefly described the Val-Levantine, and—as far as our limits would permit—the situation and scenery of Bellinzona, in a former part of our work, we now return from the shores of Como, and re-entering the Tessin, follow the course of the river to its source on the St. Gothard. After passing the bridge of the Moësa, the first object strikingly picturesque is Claro: thence onward, through Osogna to Polleggio, the scenery, soil, and produce, present the highest characteristics of Italian climate; and in these respects—but in these only, give the inhabitants many advantages over their brother confederates. Although the whole extent of this canton is bounded by mountains of primitive rock—some of which exceed ten thousand feet in height, and are covered with eternal snows and glaciers, still the greater portion of the twenty-five valleys, of which it is composed, enjoy an exceedingly mild climate, and produce most of the luxuries of Southern Italy and the tropics. The vine, in particular, is here a liberal source of profit, and is cultivated in great variety and luxuriance. They have no less than seventeen species of the red, and ten or twelve of the white grape. That called *lugliatica* ripens so early as July, and a single stem of it will cover a wall to the extent of twenty feet—form bowers fifty or sixty feet long, and yield sixty gallons of wine. The potagera-bianca, the crugnola, the palestina, are each remarkable in their kind, and amply repay the cultivation. The latter part of September is the general vintage season. In addition to almost every description of fruit tree, there are of the chestnut alone seven species—forests of which cover the sides of the mountains to an elevation of at least a league or upwards. This tree, which only attains its productive maturity at seventy years—the appointed period of human life—and lives three hundred, has often a boll six or seven feet in diameter. On account of their properties as a wholesome and nutritious food, as well as their great use as a durable timber—the planks of which will remain fresh for three hundred years—the chestnut forests constitute an important branch of native produce, and in seasons of scarcity their fruit has served as a most valuable resource for the inhabitants. Here are three species of figs, two of almonds, olives a foot in diameter, and laurels double that size—from which a

celebrated spirit is made, and mulberry leaves so excellent for the worms that the silk is of a much better quality here than in Lombardy.

Between Giornico and Faido we traverse the field, already noticed, where, in 1478, the Swiss obtained a brilliant victory over the Milanese. In this stage of the ascent there is much to awaken historical interest—much to engage philosophical inquiry, and still more to excite in every philanthropic mind deep thought and reflection. Here the profusion of Nature's gifts, and the poverty of human nature, are brought into painful contrast; while the squalid misery of the inhabitant on the one hand, and the luxuriance of his vine-clad habitation on the other, present an air of striking inconsistency. In this defile the course of the Ticino is remarkably beautiful; and from those precipices by which it is walled in, the Swiss made terrible havoc among the troops of the Milanese, by dislodging rocks, and hurling them upon their advancing columns—a species of warfare against which their "mail of proof" offered small protection. Passing Faido, the chief place of the Val-Levantine, the mountains on the right and left suddenly approximate—the valley is transformed into a savage gorge—enormous blocks of granite are scattered around in wild confusion, and every feature presents the true indications of Alpine horror. The river bounds along, from rock to rock, in boisterous precipitation, shaking the natural parapet along which the road—with infinite labour and ingenuity—is chiselled out of the living granite.

The gigantic gorge of the Platifer, through which the Ticino struggles for vent, is one of the most extraordinary scenes in the Alps. This tremendous avenue—the result of some remote convulsion, by which the upper valley was drained of its long accumulated waters—is well calculated to arrest the stranger's attention, and to make a most powerful impression on his imagination. On one side, the rocks rise cold, abrupt, leafless, and almost perpendicular; on the other, they are covered with patches of variegated moss, lichen, numerous Alpine plants—far beyond the reach of the botanist, sprinkled with pines, springing seemingly from the solid rock, and hanging in critical suspense over the face of the precipice. From below, the roar and turmoil of waves struggling with those pillars of granite—from which the torrents of a thousand ages have yet gained but an imperfect vent—present altogether a scene indescribably sublime, and produce in the mind sensations which at once appal—yet fascinate the eye by a spell peculiarly their own.

At Airolo, remarkable as the point of junction between the twin-sources of the Ticino and the Tower of Stavedro,* the physical and moral features of Italy

* In the Val-Levantine, and as far as the foot of St. Gothard, the Lombards in the sixth century built and fortified several towers, which are still shown; such as the Tower of King Desiderius; Tower of King Antarius, and the Lombard Tower.

disappear, those of Helvetia succeed, and the bleak solitudes of St. Gothard dispense their immediate and chilling influence on all around.

On the 1st of June we joined a party to ascend the St. Gothard—an event in the life of every traveller in the Alps. The order of march was as follows:—A Russian nobleman and his physician, who had started at four o'clock, led the way; an elderly lady, seated in a *chaise-à-porteur*, carried by four stalwart mountaineers, and attended by her maid and valet, on foot, came next; while a third detachment, with a lady on horseback, her husband on foot, and a sumpter mule, brought up the procession. The carriage belonging to the Russian, had been forwarded at a very early hour, so as to anticipate his arrival on the opposite side. Leaving the new road, we ascended by the old stony path, where a crumbling oratory, dedicated to St. Anna, and shaded by a few thriftless pines, invites the enterprising traveller to offer up his prayers for a safe passage, and receives his thanks on return. No muleteer may pass this sacred spot with impunity; while he who halts directly under its grated window, and vents his pious ejaculations, may climb the mountain without the fear of scath—at least, so say the inhabitants. A bright morning in the Alps is always an inspiring scene; and that chosen for our present expedition was among the brightest of the season. The mountain summits glowed with ruddy effulgence; the coolness of the air inspired with its accustomed vigour both mind and body; the bright verdure of the pastures below, and the foaming, fantastic streams above us, refreshed the eye and stimulated the imagination in such a manner as to smooth all difficulties, and inspire us with that buoyancy of feeling which is usually experienced in the higher passes of the Alps. As we entered the Val-Tremola—so called from the trembling with which, at certain seasons, travellers were wont to be seized on entering this critical step in the ascent—the winter avalanches lay piled around in vast, deep, and disjointed fragments—defying the summer influence, and frozen in masses of ice. The dreary chaos which this scene presented made a strong impression on the imagination, as we figured to ourselves the frightful impetuosity with which these "thunderbolts" had descended from their perch, and the insignificancy of man, with all his boasted strength and resources, when brought into collision with these awful antagonists.

Here we came in sight of the carriage, drawn by oxen, and pushed forward by the guides—but it was a work of great labour and caution; while others, stationed on the slope above, supported the vehicle by ropes, lest, by the slippery state of the route, it should make a slight mistake in rotation, and be hurled over the precipice. We, who were pedestrians, had greatly the advantage, and soon shot a-head of the lumbering wheels, which, on account of the deep surgy state of the snow, made slow and painful progress, and seemed completely to

exhaust both men and oxen. As the sun's power increased, the snow partially melted, and thereby added not a little to the inconvenience of our party, whose cattle—none of the best—floundered, retreated, and advanced through the snowy surge with a rather critical alternation. The four porters who had undertaken the bold enterprise of carrying the lady up in her sedan, had, seemingly, a hard bargain of it, and prosecuted their task up to the knees in water—every now and then depositing their fair charge on the snow, till they had recovered breath to proceed. After seven hours' perseverance, we all reached the Hospice unscathed, except the Russian, who did not arrive till late in the afternoon.

The St. Gothard is exceedingly remarkable, on account of its central position between Mont-Blanc and Monte-Rosa on the south-west; by the Orteler, Wildspitz, and Fermont, on the Tyrolese frontier to the east; and as the source of the Ticino, the Reuss, the Rhine, and the Rhone. The road, as far as the Hospice, varies in breadth from ten to fifteen feet, and is paved with large blocks of granite. The bleak and savage recess in which the Hospice is situated, runs north and south, and forms a basin about a league in length, encircled by pinnacles of great height; the highest of which, the Urngrspitz, is estimated at 9,944 feet above the Mediterranean. Here also are eight or ten small lakes, formed by the glaciers whose pinnacles overhang the valley, from which the Reuss and Ticino take their rise. The latter, in its descent to the Lago Maggiore, falls nearly six thousand feet. The Hospice—erected in former times, like those on the other passes, for the security of travellers, but destroyed in the Revolution—has been replaced by an *auberge*, where every reasonable comfort is now to be procured; and which, under its many disadvantages of climate and situation, may be pronounced a very tolerable inn, and greatly improved within the last three years.

As the summer at this height lasts only a few weeks—ten or twelve at most—and the sun, during that period, makes but slight impression on the snow, the latter often accumulates in the valley, and along the route, to a depth of five or six fathoms; but a continuation of south winds, which occasionally blow even in January, is always followed by a rapid thaw, which greatly impedes the traffic in sledges, and augments the danger from avalanches. The slopes of the pass more peculiarly subject to these desolating scourges, are the Feld, north of the Hospice—the new road, carried along the face of the rocks southward, and the whole interval between the Hospice and Airolo—especially at the points called Piota, S. Antonio, S. Giuseppe, the whole extent of Val Tremola and Madonna-ai-lict. The whirlwinds of snow, or *tourmentes*, are exceedingly dangerous, from the Rudunt Alp to the Hospice. Such travellers, or couriers, as necessity compels to force a passage during the dangerous period, run the most imminent

hazard of their lives. The only precaution, however, which they can employ under these circumstances, is to remove the bells from the mules' necks, or stuff them with hay, and thus pursue their route in dead silence; for the vibration even of a bell, or the sound of the human voice, are sufficient to detach those awful masses, which, with so much truth, have been described as the thunderbolts of the Alps.

The sudden condensation or rarefaction of the atmosphere here, becomes a fertile source of disaster to the traveller. The *tourmente*, or snow-hurricane, to which we have just alluded, is always a most formidable, and too often a destructive, phenomenon in the Alps. In power and appearance it may be compared, not inaptly, to the sandy whirlwinds of the Desert, under which entire caravans have, at times, been buried. During the *tourmente*, the light superficial snow of the higher valleys is carried aloft in clouds, whence it descends in such profusion along the deep and narrow defiles through which the road is conducted, as completely to obliterate all traces of the path, and even to bury the poles, or *staze*, which serve as the only safeguard in these inhospitable regions. The cold, under these circumstances, becomes so intense and so increased by the momentum with which the snowy particles are driven along, that the skin becomes inflamed and blistered—the joints wrung with excruciating pains, and the eyes affected with partial or entire blindness. In this dilemma, deprived of all succour, and the means of proceeding with safety, the unhappy traveller loses all presence of mind, resigns himself to despair, and perishes where the hurricane overtook him. Such disasters, happily, are of less frequent recurrence than in former times: experience will suggest expedients under the most trying circumstances, but the stranger who is overtaken by a genuine *tourmente* in the wilder passes of the Alps, runs every risk of adding to its victims.

"When stillness wraps St. Gothard's chain,
And the warm west, serenely glowing,
With amber tints the snowy plain—
Then stay thee, traveller! stay thy going!
For hearst thou not the gathering surge—
That signal in the zephyr's blowing?
It warns thee of the coming scourge—
Then stay, rash stranger, stay thy going!

"White vapours o'er the valleys skim—
The skirts of the fierce tempest showing:
Darkness usurps the glacier's rim—
Then stay, rash stranger, stay thy going!"
He staid: our chalet's humble cheer
Received the welcome guest, and cherished:
While—in that night of storm and fear—
The scorners of our counsel perished! *MS.*

Out of many fatal instances that might be adduced we shall only relate one, which may serve as a warning to all strangers, whom ignorance of the locality, distrust of experience, and too much self-confidence, might needlessly expose to dangers from which there is no retreat.

In 1817, five Hanoverians, as reported by Meyer, who were returning from Italy, where they had lately proceeded in charge of horses, left the village of Bernardino at an hour when every argument was used in the hope of dissuading them from their undertaking. To every remonstrance, however, they only lent a deaf ear, or derided those fears which the better experience of those around them too well served to justify, and resolved to pass the summit at all hazards. Under these circumstances, a native of the Rheinwald, then present, determined to accompany them, in the hope that, by his experience, he might be the means of rescuing them from otherwise inevitable death. One of those hurricanes, already described, speedily confirmed the worst predictions, and assumed all those fearful characteristics, which, in these wild passes, so few have struggled with and survived. To this turmoil of the elements, the unhappy strangers—victims to their own imprudence—had nothing to oppose but physical strength, and this could only protract, without preventing, the fatal result! With that heroic devotedness which had induced him to peril his own life for the protection of theirs, the mountaineer did all that man could do to encourage and support his unhappy comrades, who now perceived the weakness of human efforts when opposed to such fearful conflicts, and, reduced to a state of complete exhaustion, dropped one after the other to perish in the snow. Fully sensible of his almost hopeless position, and the only survivor of his party, the guide had still sufficient courage and presence of mind to continue the struggle; and, after much suffering, succeeded in effecting his escape,—but with his limbs so frost-bitten, that he never after recovered the use of them.

The St. Gothard has been long famous for its mineral treasures; and in no other part of the Alps are these to be met with in equal beauty and variety. It is a place of annual rendezvous for the mineralogists of Europe, some of whom spend successive summers in exploring its labyrinths, and thereby adding to the rapidly increasing interest of the science. With the assistance of an experienced native guide—who is generally well versed in the art of collecting—the student may acquire, in the space of a few weeks, among the valleys of the St. Gothard, more to illustrate his subject, and gratify his curiosity, than could be gained by attendance in the best arranged cabinets in Europe. The ordinary stations chosen for this purpose are the Hospice and Airolo on the south, and the valleys of Medels and Tavetsch on the north, as well as those of Canaria and Piora on the

east, where, from innumerable sources, upwards of fifty different varieties may be collected. Specimens, to the amount of sixty or upwards, may be purchased of the guides for about ten or twelve guineas; or the student may select, on equally moderate terms, such specimens only as he may desire to carry away with him. Some of the minerals, however, are so rare that they fetch very high prices, and become a source of profitable traffic to the finder. Among these may be enumerated the green and white *tourmalines*, which are generally valued at two or three guineas each, and not unfrequently sold for more. From Camossi, or his son, at Airolo, the mineralogist may obtain every information on this subject, and inspect his collection of minerals, peculiar to this district of the Alps, which was completed at much personal risk, and with a thorough devotion to the science. The collections of Messrs. Nager and Muller, of Andermatt, are justly celebrated.

The village of Hospital, as we quit the lofty region of winter, and descend into the valley of Ursern, presents a very striking and picturesque appearance. Its white Swiss-built cottages, German-looking church, and ancient tower, contrast well with the scenes of unmingled desolation from which we have just emerged, and afford at once relief to the mind, and a refreshing picture to the eye. As we proceed, the town of Andermatt, the miniature capital of the valley, affords indubitable evidence of Swiss economy, and Swiss customs: it is a pleasant little *bourg*, and, although upwards of 4,000 feet above the sea, enjoys a tolerable climate, and contains 600 inhabitants, or upwards.

On an acclivity of the neighbouring mountain, we observed the wreck of a small pine-forest—the only thing of the kind in the whole district. Having long served as an effectual bulwark, interposed by nature between the village and the track of the avalanches, it was long looked upon, like the sacred groves of antiquity, with a sort of religious veneration, and scrupulously preserved. Like many other bulwarks, however, which the sanctity of their office, their claims to antiquity, or other well-established titles, had rescued from profanation, this safeguard of the people was doomed to the revolutionary axe, and disappeared during the hostile invasion of 1799.

The valley of Ursern, through which we now descend, may well merit a few brief observations, by way of illustration; for there is not another, probably, within the whole range of the Alps, which can furnish an equal share of rich pastoral scenery, and pleasing associations of patriarchal life. It extends from the Urnerloch, in the Teufelberg, to Mount Furca—preserving a direction of north-east to south-west—and occupies a space of about three leagues in length, by a quarter in breadth. Six small lateral valleys open into it, carrying their torrents

into the Reuss by which it is traversed through its whole length. It is probably the very highest land in Switzerland with a fixed population, and contains four villages. The winter lasts full seven months; and during the other five, there are but few days on which fires can be dispensed with. It is entirely devoted to the grazing of cattle, and shut completely in by primitive mountains, on which are the glaciers of St. Anne, Matt, Biel, and Weisswasser.

Were we suddenly transported into its green recesses, without having previously encountered either the fatigue of ascent, or the perplexing labyrinths which meet in its centre, we should look upon it, perhaps, only as a plain covered with verdant meadows, and encircled with hills of the third class. Where the ground is flat, the descent is almost imperceptible: to the right and left, nature has flung her tapestry of richest verdure along the precipices, which serve as a frame to the picture, and to whose bald or snowy summits the flush of vegetation forms a strong and beautiful contrast. No fallen rocks—no trace of devastating cataracts—nor chasm in the soil, betray the savage features of the surrounding Alps. Still, in the midst of this apparent beauty and fertility, the total absence of fruit and forest trees—with the exception already stated, and a few straggling alders near the Reuss—forms a striking anomaly in the landscape. But, when we reflect that the lowest part of this valley is higher than the summit of our own Snowdon, and that its luxuriant pastures are inclosed by mountains which rise far above the line of eternal congelation, the mystery is solved; and we are rather surprised to find herbage at all, where, in other countries, we should have found only rocks and snow.*

According to local tradition, however, the valley is stated to have possessed considerable forests at one time, and which, from certain facts, alluded to in our account of the Splügen, is by no means improbable. In various districts of Switzerland, the highest forests have been long observed to be gradually diminishing in their vigour and dimensions, and, in several instances, to maintain a sort of spontaneous and retrograde movement towards the valleys. In the Val-Ursern, however, the want of forests is amply compensated by the excellence of the pasture; and from this—with the exception of its profits as a channel of traffic—the canton derives the whole strength of its resources. There is another singularity observable throughout the whole of this valley: the houses, owing to

* In certain situations in these Alps, the *pinus cimbra* thrives at an elevation of 6,450 feet; the *pinus picea* at 6,300; while the rhododendron is found at the height of 6,780 feet. It is a curious and well ascertained fact, that at heights where even the rhododendron can hardly flourish, certain flowers, which in the valleys are void of smell, exhale at this elevation the most delicious perfume, and acquire uncommon beauty and vigour;—and such, by poetical simile, is the case with the human mind, the virtues or powers of which require a peculiar soil, and peculiar circumstances, to give them vigorous expansion.

the deficiency of native timber, already stated, are built of stone, generally rough unhewn granite, and rising out of the green sward, unshaded by even the most ordinary shrubbery or garden, present, in spite of the *beau gazon* of their *prairies*, a rather bleak and monotonous aspect, and may thus be individualized and counted from a great distance. This is certainly objectionable as to picturesque effect—every object is so isolated, and so clearly defined, and the extreme points of view so inconsiderable, that the charm created by the mutual interruption, blending and softening of features in the landscape, and the effect produced by their gradually vanishing away in the distance—which "lends enchantment to the view"—are nearly lost. Every object seems so literally within reach, and in such undisguised reality, that there seems nothing left to engage the fancy by picturesque illusions. Nor are these disadvantages of the landscape counteracted by any striking effects of rural costume, such as, in other parts of the confederation, so often give life and variety to the natural scenery; the dress of Uri is strictly characteristic of the wearer—well adapted for service, but not for show.

The only prominent features which attract the eye, are two or three small churches, pleasantly situated—particularly the one above Andermatt—and scrupulously whitewashed: the old tower, already mentioned as the remains of an ancient castle, belonging to the lords of Hospital; and some fantastic frost-work looking rocks in the neighbourhood—particularly those on the left, as we descend the St. Gothard—which present a striking resemblance to the loop-holes and battlements of some decayed citadel. With these exceptions, the Valley of Ursern may be described in the words of Tschudi, as, "*eine lustige Wildnitz*"—an agreeable sort of desert.* But when we take the wilder features in detail—such as the dangerous pass of the Schöllenen, second only to that of the Cardinell in its accumulated list of "horrible and awful," we shall perceive that this route has every requisite for making a powerful and lasting impression on the mind, and embraces within its own narrow limits the most pastoral scenes, in close contiguity with others, from the mere contemplation of which the imagination shrinks appalled. The 27th of August last (1834), the hurricane, so ably sketched by Dr. Johnson, and some particulars of which we have already laid before our readers, proved most disastrous to this canton, particularly to the valley now described. The facts are thus briefly described in the "*Fédéral*," a Geneva paper, published a few days after the painful occurrence:—"Les continuelles chaleurs de cet été avaient fondu d'énormes masses de neige et de glace entassées sur les hautes montagnes, et par conséquent grossi toutes les rivières,

* Alpenrosen, 1812, art. par *Aug. W. Schlegel.*

surtout le Reuss, lorsque le 27 du matin un orage épouvantable éclata sur le pays et le ravagea entièrement par l'impétuosité des vents, par la foudre, et les torrens de pluie qui ne cessaient de tomber jusqu'au lendemain. Un grand nombre des maisons et de ponts ont été emportés par la violence des flots; plusieurs routes ont été détruites, et toutes les plaines changées en d'immenses lacs. La désolation est extrême dans ce malheureux pays, où la récolte des foins avait déjà été réduite à rien par les grandes secheresses de cette année, et où le bétail a été atteint des maladies longues et mortelles."*

On quitting the green meadows of Andermatt, the road is carried through the *Urnerloch*, a gallery excavated, with much labour and ingenuity, through the projecting flank of the Teufelsberg, a work which has been of incalculable advantage to commerce and the protection of human life. Till this spirited work—two hundred and twenty feet long, by twelve in breadth—was completed, in 1707, this pass was one of the most dangerous in the Alps, consisting of a rude scaffolding of wood, supported from the exterior of the rock, and hanging in doubtful equilibrium over the boiling chasm beneath. Along this lofty and ill-secured suspension-bridge, all traffic between the Valley of the Reuss and that of the Levantine was exclusively maintained for centuries; and, among old travellers, the doubling of this promontory was considered as a step that required no little courage and self-possession. The credit of having achieved this arduous task is due to Moretini, of Locarno — greatly enlarged, however, by later engineers, and likely to become the object of still further improvements.

The next object of attraction, and which we reach by a steep descent, is the far-famed Devil's Bridge—constructed originally, it is stated, in 1118, by Giraldus, abbot of Einsiedeln. The span of the arch is seventy-five feet, and its height, from the surface of the water to the key-stone, about one hundred; but, as the arch spans a cataract almost vertical in its descent, the bridge thus acquires an elevation of at least two hundred feet additional. The whole scene is full of savage grandeur. The granite rocks rise sheer and unbroken from the water's edge, and as if they bent in mutual approximation over our heads, and threatened to obliterate the dismal path which the labour of ages has chiselled out of

* Another account with which we are just favoured, states the following striking and melancholy facts:— "Les ravages ont déjà commencé dans la vallée d'Urseren. Depuis huit jours des pluies continuelles avaient forcé les bergers de ramener leur bétail demi-mort des montagnes: la vallée fut transformée en lac: l'eau était si haute que le bétail se noyait même dans les parties supérieures des batimens. Partout la Reuss était sortie de son lit! Au milieu des éclats de la foudre, et au bruit du tocsin, les hommes luttaient contre les élémens pour sauver leurs habitations, tandis que les femmes priaient et pleuraient à l'église, &c. Le 27 à midi la distance d'Amstäg vers Altorf était transformée en lac, au milieu duquel les maisons paraissaient comme des îles."

their flanks, or carried on arches along the brink of the torrent. What a contrast is here, to the green, oblivious landscape, through which, but an hour before, we had sauntered, with scarcely any feeling save that of pleasing apathy—where the objects presented to the eye were not such as to rouse the mind into action, but left it to the full enjoyment of its own dreamy listlessness. But here, the deafening roar of the surge, as it struggled in savage conflict with the opposing rocks, and leaped, and foamed, and thundered forth its hoarse song of triumph—the feeling of personal danger—the shaking of the low parapet where we stood—the beetling cliffs along whose flanks the sheeted vapour floated in thin, transparent folds—while sudden gusts and currents of wind, caused by the rapidity of the torrent, alternately condensed, and dissipated, and renewed these storm-bred exhalations, and swept them, like showers, in the spectator's face—all burst upon us with a novelty and force which baffle description.

The new bridge, even while we stand on its centre—itself twenty-seven feet higher than the old one—seems forgotten, amidst the awful appendages with which it is enclosed; yet, in the solidity of its structure, boldness of design, and airy expanse of arch, we have seen nothing—the passage of the Via Mala excepted—which affords more striking evidence how the genius and daring of man may triumph over the most gigantic obstacles. In contemplating a scene like the present, a strange spell seems to rivet us to the spot; and—while a multitude of horrid imaginings throng thick upon the fancy, and carry us back to the fearful drama enacted in this gorge—the clang of arms—the shout of combatants, arise confusedly with the blustering of the waves: then the crash of the dividing arch, the shrieks of despair as the victims sank, and were swept down by the devouring surge—all pass rapidly before the mind's eye, and conjure up that dismal tragedy, in all its truth and intensity; and never was there theatre more congenial for the display of wildest passions—or more in unison with every imaginable horror, than that of the Devil's Bridge. But, to see and to feel this in all its force, the spectator must be *alone* with nature.

The sanguinary conflict alluded to, and for which this dreary gorge served as the arena, may be thus summed up:—On the 25th September, 1799, the Russian army, under the command of Suwarrow, entered the village of Andermatt. The troops were reduced to a state of absolute famine, and, while employed in ransacking the ill-stored larder of the inn, for something to appease the cravings of hunger, swallowed a large quantity of soap, which they probably mistook for the famous cheese of the cantons; all the leather also, tanned, or otherwise, which they could lay their hands on, was immediately cut up, boiled, and eaten. Forced to retire before the Russians, the French, in effecting their retreat, blew

up part of the Urnerloch, so as to impede the enemy's advance, and destroyed the principal part of the Devil's Bridge, by which the communication, for a time, was effectually cut off. The Russians, nevertheless, cleared the gallery of the Urnerloch, restored the communication across the horrid chasm, by means of beams of wood, lashed together with the officers' scarfs—but, in thus forcing the passage, several hundreds were plunged headlong into the gulf. "Our army," says the general, in his despatch, "penetrated the dark mountain cavern of Ursern, and made themselves masters of a bridge which connects two mountains, and justly bears the name of the *Devil's Bridge*. Though the enemy had destroyed it, the progress of our victorious soldiers was not impeded. Planks were tied together with the officers' sashes, and along that bridge they threw themselves from the precipices into tremendous abysses, and, falling in with the enemy, defeated them wherever they met. It now remained for our troops to climb a mountain, the summit of which is covered with eternal snow, and whose bleak, naked rocks, surpass every other in steepness. They were obliged to descend through cataracts rolling down with dreadful impetuosity, and hurling, with irresistible force, huge fragments of rocks, masses of snow, ice, and clay, by which numbers of men and horses were impelled down the yawning caverns, where some found their graves, and others escaped with the greatest difficulty. It is beyond the power of language," he concludes, "to paint this awful spectacle in all its horrors!"

The preceding is the Russian, the annexed is the French, account, by Dumas, stating the position of the contending parties, a few weeks previous to the facts now recorded. On the 15th of August, General Lecourbe having joined the brigade of General Loison, on the same day that he had carried the defences of the Mayanthal, advanced to secure the important post of the St. Gothard, and, about four o'clock, met the outposts of the Imperialists, and forced them to fall back upon their entrenchments at the Devil's Bridge; these rested upon the rocks on the right bank of the torrent of the Reuss. The French presented themselves at the bridge, and, charging the Austrians, reckoned on passing it in the confusion with them, when suddenly the bridge disappeared between the parapets!—Thirty feet of its length had fallen, with those who were fighting upon it, into the gulf below, and the remaining combatants were separated.

This event forced the French grenadiers, who had advanced to the charge, to effect a retreat; but, borne on by those who were behind them, they were for some time exposed to a murderous fire from the Imperialists on the opposite rocks. During the night, the Austrians retreated by the Ober-Alp, to avoid being cut off by the brigade of General Gudin, who had made a *détour* by the

Grinsel, and fought his way with incredible difficulty across the Furca, to fall upon the rear of the Imperialists: Lecourbe's troops, who had, during the night, repaired the bridge, found Gudin's brigade, on the morning of the 18th, on the right bank of the Reuss, in possession of the enemy's position. The conquest of the pass of the St. Gothard was the consequence, and, within forty-eight hours of the general movement of the French, Lecourbe was master of the summit and the valley by which he had ascended, but which, as already stated, yielded to the Russians on the 25th of September following.*

From this point the Reuss pursues its way through a succession of rapids—indeed, its whole course may be described as almost one continued cataract—far outstripping the "arrowy Rhone," and probably every other river in Europe. From the St. Gothard to the Val-Ursern alone, a distance of scarcely two leagues, it falls at least 2,000 feet, and bounds from rock to rock with a thundering impetuosity, that fills the whole defile with its noise and spray. In the Val-Ursern its fury is abated by the level nature of the soil; but once past the gorge of the Teufelsberg, it resumes all its former character, and in the short space of four leagues, falls 2,500 feet, and only on reaching Amstäg becomes modified in its velocity.

In the gorge of the Schöllenen, one of the most glacial and savage in the whole chain of Helvetian Alps, the new road is twice conducted across the river on admirable bridges—that which spans the Göschenenbach is eighty-six feet high, fifty-nine in length, and eighteen broad. The Urnerloch, as above stated, has been greatly widened and improved, all the turnings rendered spacious and level, and the precipices by which the road is bordered securely flanked with granite pillars, at intervals of eight or nine feet. The upper portion of this superb route was completed under the direction of the engineer Colombrano, and undertaken, as formerly stated, in order to keep pace with the vast improvements on the Splügen, the great commercial rival of the St. Gothard. It is the intention of the canton to reconstruct the whole of the route from this point to Fluelen, and thence along the margin of the lake to Brunnen—so as to unite the St. Gothard with the routes of Schwytz, Zurich, and Lucern, through Küssnacht—a measure which would obviate the generally disagreeable, and often dangerous, passage by water. It is, indeed, a gigantic enterprise on the part of so small a canton—but it is the cradle of native liberty—and from a people who still unite Spartan industry with Spartan frugality, much may be anticipated.

About two leagues below Andermatt the valley widens, and takes its more

* *Précis des Evènements Militaires—Excursions in the Alps*—an excellent work—by BROCKEDON.

characteristic name of—The Valley of the Reuss. The traffic in flour and potatoes appears considerable; and three hundred horses, we were told, are employed by the inhabitants of Ursern alone in the transport of merchandize. This route, owing to its ancient renown, and now greatly recommended by recent improvements, is much frequented by tourists, particularly English, German, and Russians, the three great *nomadic*, or rather peripatetic nations of Europe.

A short way below Wasen, we again cross the river by the Plaffensprung, or Friar's Leap, a stupendous bridge of ninety feet span. It is so named in record of an athletic monk, who, having captured some gentle Proserpine of Uri, and fearing reprisals in his flight, took the dreadful gorge at a venture, and carried her in triumph to his convent! A fact like this may well dispute precedence with that of the Teufelstein;* and, if not evincing equal strength, is at least a proof of much better taste.

On approaching Amstäg, the valley undergoes a thorough change in its fertility and vegetable products. Villages, and solitary cottages, are sprinkled over the acclivities—cultivation is carried to greater extent—magnificent pines overshadow the road, some of which measure twelve feet in girth, and a hundred in height. In the Val-Maderan, which winds off to the right, mines of iron were formerly wrought with success; and, in that of the Rupleten, higher up, there are veins of lead and copper. Nearly opposite Riedt, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Insch, are some old alum-works, where the rocks, consisting principally of mica slate, are, for the most part, in a state of decomposition. Not far from Plaffensprung, caverns have been discovered in several places filled with crystals; among which that of the Sandbalme is the most remarkable, but is now completely robbed of its superb crystals. It is very extensive, and situated in a thick vein of quartz, containing large crystals of calcareous *spath*, and traversed by numerous veins of *chlorite*,—nearly allied to *talc*,—of a dark green colour, and glistening lustre.

The upper valley of the Reuss runs in a south-west direction; and, being thus placed almost entirely in the common direction of the chain of Alps, is very unfavourable for studying the stratification of the mountains. On every side we observe naked rocks at the height of eight thousand feet, of a deep brown, whose bases are formed of hills of accumulated *débris*, and covered over with verdure. These rocks are also divided in several places by clefts, running in parallel directions, a circumstance which contributes still more to the difficulty of making

* Or Devil's Crag, from a tradition that his satanic majesty, having laid a high bet that he would transport it across the St. Gothard, suddenly lost his hold and his money at the same instant, and dropped it in its present situation.

correct observations on the geology of this district; so that it is only in a small proportion of the lateral valleys, by which the rocks are cut transversely, and by turning occasionally back to contemplate the great masses of the range, that one can distinctly observe the southern inclination of the layers, nearly vertical, of all these rocks of gneiss.

The village of Amstäg in itself has little to gratify the traveller's curiosity. The remains of an ancient castle are shewn in the outskirts as a disputed topic among antiquaries, of whom, some have described it as the famous Twing-Uri—the stronghold of Gessler—others, as that of the seigneurs of Silenen. Here also, as at Chiavenna and Lugano on the Italian side, are natural grottoes, within which a stream of cold air circulates, and a low and equable temperature is thus maintained throughout the year. There was, also, not long since, a mill worth visiting, where bones were ground into powder; and this, boiled up with milk or water, served as an excellent substitute for more expensive *flour* in the feeding of pigs and poultry.

It is now that every step taken in advance seems to intimate that we are on holy ground—the birth-place of Swiss independence! The town of Altorf, and the village of Bürglen—all those natural features upon which the sacred name of liberty is so indelibly stamped—all those proud associations with which they are so inseparably blended—all those circumstances to which the ear has listened with such avidity, and on which the mind, at one period or other, has dwelt with such awakened interest—are now before us; and every traveller, to whom the name of freedom is dear, feels, in his approach to Altorf, a devotion similar to that of some pilgrim, when the shrine—at which he had journeyed fondly and far to present his offering, and which had so long been embodied in his mind's eye—lifts its grey walls into the horizon at last, and, with its joyous vesper peal, welcomes him to the sanctuary!

Every feature of the landscape has now become eloquent—every rock presents its tradition—every tower its record of the oppressed and the oppressor—the tyrant Gessler and the "patriot Tell!" Gazing upon the scene where such deeds have transpired, every romantic incident starts again to life—the fountain of youthful impressions is reopened, and all their treasured reminiscences, kindled into a warmth congenial to the subject, forcibly remind us—now that we are on the spot—of times when the story of Tell fell upon the ear like inspiration, and almost before we could articulate, much less appreciate the term, implanted in our hearts that love of independence, and sympathy for the oppressed, which neither time nor circumstance, we trust, can ever diminish or pervert.

The approach to Altorf, in point of natural scenery, is picturesque, and even

majestic; the soil, rich and productive, with a comparatively mild and genial climate. In proof of this, the vegetation is rapid; and fruits, common to the reverse of the Alps, are here ripened, and acquire every perfection in size and flavour. With the exception of a few patches raised by *amateurs*, it appears strange that, in a soil so apparently fitted for such crops, neither wheat, nor indeed any other grain, is cultivated; so that the golden tints of autumnal fields are unknown, and the same monotonous green livery, with the variety of an Alpine winter, pervades the whole scene, and curtails the year, seemingly, of its natural proportions. It must be allowed, however, that the ripening orchards and *bronzing* woods form a beautiful contrast with the dense foliage of the walnut-trees, and the deep brilliant green of the meadows; and, greatly enhanced by the magnificent frame-work in which they are set, awaken in the traveller's mind a pleasing and lasting partiality for Altorf and its scenery.

Since the terrible calamity of 1799, when a conflagration reduced the whole town to ashes, it has been entirely rebuilt, and, in several instances, embellished with public edifices, of which the handsome new church and town-house may serve as specimens. The *ossuary* is worth a visit; and what, on account of the beautiful view it commands, and the romantic situation which it occupies, will gratify every lover of the picturesque, is the Capuchin convent. The first object, however, to which the stranger is conducted, and probably the first—if his faith be sound—which he would desire to visit, is an old tower, said to enclose the space originally occupied by Tell's linden-tree. The next is Bürglen, the birth-place of the hero, where he may still be seen, under a clear winter moon, it is said, practising that noble instrument of Helvetian liberty—the cross-bow!

But, waving for the present our intended remarks on the scenery and statistics of Uri, we revert to that stirring period of Swiss confederacy when the strong-holds of despotism were razed to the ground, and the standard of freedom planted on their ruins.

After the total discomfiture of his troops on the field of Donnerbühel, and a subsequent but ineffectual attempt to crush the growing spirit of freedom in Zurich, the emperor Albert abandoned his hostile intentions, and intimated to the confederates of Waldstetten, his earnest desire of seeing them affectionate children of his royal house, and consulting their personal interests by swearing fealty to him as their sovereign. With these proffers of counsel and protection, he despatched Herman Gessler, of Brunegg, and Beringer, of Landenberg, of whom, contrary to established custom, the first took up his abode in a fortress of Uri—supposed to be the Twing-Uri already noticed.

From this moment the tolls were raised, the most venial offences punished

with imprisonment and forfeiture, and the inhabitants treated with every mark of contempt and insolent domination. Happening one day to ride past a newly-built house belonging to Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen—"What!" exclaimed the bailiff, "shall it be endured that these grovelling peasants should erect such an edifice as this? If boors are to be so lodged—*quid facient magistri?*"

On another occasion, when Arnold Anderhalden, of Melchthal, was sentenced, for some trivial offence, to forfeit a yoke of fine oxen, a servant of Gessler's colleague in office, Landenberg, forcibly unyoked the oxen from the plough, accompanying the act with the insulting remark, that such clod-poles might draw their own ploughs! This language so incensed the young Arnold, that he levelled a blow at the speaker, which broke two of his fingers, and, guessing the punishment that would follow, immediately betook himself to the mountains. To revenge this offence, the enraged Landenberg sentenced the aged father of Arnold to have both his eyes put out.—Such, at that unhappy epoch, was the state of affairs. Whoever betrayed the least spirit of independence, or manly deportment, were subject to the most cutting insults, chastisement, and extortion: while, on the other hand, those who became the partisans of the governors, or the mere tools of their exactions, received special marks of distinction, and, in all contested questions, were pronounced infallibly in the right. The countenance of these petty despots, however, did not always protect the culprit from the just reward of outrages committed on the strength of such alliance. As an example of their summary punishment, we may cite the case of the governor of a castle in the lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour and ruin upon a young lady of family and consideration in Arth, fell by the hands of her brother, and thus expiated the atrocity with his blood. As a parallel instance—a friend of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad, of Baumgarten, at Alzellen, and, finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory and revolting terms, that she would prepare him a bath; but the lady having called her husband from the field, and explained to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so kindled at the recital, that, rushing into the chamber, he sacrificed the licentious young noble on the spot.*

Thus, having lost all confidence in the equity and justice of government, every man became the avenger of his own wrongs—a system which must ever lead to

* For similar instances of despotism on the part of these Austrian bailiffs, see, in a former page, our notice of the Schamserthal, or Valley of Schams.—*Vide also* Zschokke—Muller, &c.

national calamity; but, in the present instance, nevertheless, greatly accelerated an important crisis. The governors, however, disregarding these intimations of a speedy and powerful reaction on the part of the inhabitants, and treating this symptom of an awakening spirit with derision, continued the same rigorous course of despotic exactions—not only making or annulling laws at their pleasure, but trampling upon long established rights, restricting the people in privileges sanctioned and recognized by the empire, and violating every principle of that Divine law, on the observance of which the stability and existence of all social order depend.

"How long"—said the wife of Werner Stauffacher, one day, in a startling appeal to his feelings—"How long shall arrogance triumph, and humility weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritance upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if their swords—that ought to be drawn in their country's service—are only worn for show? How long shall the Helvetian mother weep over her unhappy offspring, and feel herself at once the wife and the nurse of slaves? How long must our sons bear the insulting yoke, and our daughters be exposed to insult and shame, while we, by our silence, give countenance to the oppressor? Are our chains so firmly rivetted as not to be wrenched asunder by patriotic hands? No! for although women and babes—as the helpless witnesses of their country's degradation, can only weep and pray, men, Stauffacher,—*men* should do more!"*

* On this passage of Helvetian history, there is, as every reader knows, a poem of exquisite beauty by Mrs. Hemans, in the "Records of Woman," from which our limits permit us to quote only a few of the opening lines:—

"It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill;
And when the herds' returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

"And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

"For WERNER sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings," &c.

To this Stauffacher made no reply; but, hastening to the lake, embarked, and landing in the territory of Uri, proceeded to the house of Walter Fürst at Attinghausen, where he found young Arnold of Melchthal, who had escaped, as above mentioned, from the vengeance of Landenberg, and remained here in concealment,

"Wearing man's mute anguish sternly."

Once met, the conversation soon turned upon the degraded state of the country, their ruined prospects, the increasing rigour and oppression which wasted the property, and paralysed the hearts of the people. Of the lawless despotism to which they were slaves, the present situation of Arnold, and the horrid sentence so recently carried into effect upon his father, afforded a striking example, and called loudly for vengeance. They instanced the many fruitless petitions addressed to the sovereign, imploring him to check the crimes of his representatives, and ratify the conditions upon which alone they had placed themselves under his protection—to all of which he had not only turned a deaf ear, but threatened to sever them from the empire, and throw them under the yoke of Austria. As God had never, said they, delegated to any sovereign permission to execute under the name of law what in reality was gross injustice, so they would repose with implicit confidence on Divine succour and arbitration in the good cause, and were resolved to shake off the ignominious yoke by which they were goaded to distraction, or perish in the attempt.

With this great object in view each repaired to his home, and there, by cautious intercourse with his friends and comrades, endeavoured to form a just estimate how far the minds of the people were ripe for action in the projected struggle for independence. After this eventful conference, the same party continued their interviews at concerted hours in the night, and the point of rendezvous selected for this purpose was a lonely sequestered strip of meadow, in an angle of the lake, called Grutli, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.* It was here, far from every human habitation, that the ripening conspiracy, matured by every successive meeting in which evidence was adduced of a hearty cooperation on the part of the inhabitants, speedily acquired its full complement of votes.

In the night of the seventeenth of November they again met in the same place, the meadow of Grutli, when each of them, in proof of the alacrity with which the appeal had been answered, presented ten brother confederates—men who

* The reader will form a perfect idea of this locality, as well as of every other which verbal description may fail to paint with sufficient clearness, by reference to the accompanying illustration and map.

were fully alive to their country's wrongs, and prepared to adjust them at the peril of their lives. Mutually assured of the inviolable sincerity with which their cause had been espoused, the three founders of the patriotic League now sealed the compact by a solemn appeal to Him in whose eyes prince and peasant were equal.* With uplifted hands, and eyes fixed upon the starry firmament under whose friendly canopy their meetings had been matured into action, they bound themselves by an express vow to redress their country's injuries; to have no interest at heart save the common welfare; to endure no wrongs, and to commit no trespass; to respect the political rights of the emperor, as hereditary Comte of Hapsburg; but to put an immediate check to the gross oppression exercised by his representatives; and, while they expressed a just indignation at the measures, to offer no personal injury to the men.

This done, the thirty who had the same night joined the confederacy, advanced to unite in the solemn obligation, and in like manner called upon God and the saints to witness their devotion to the cause, and their readiness to stake their lives and substance, and every earthly consideration, for their country's good, and the regeneration of her freedom.

Having thus accomplished the first important step towards the glorious object in view, and appointed the approaching new-year's-eve for carrying their measures into effect, they repaired—each to his home, where, having secured his herds and property from the winter's severity, and from the more griping avarice of a petty tyrant, he might indulge those delicious anticipations which the hopes of liberty and the belief of a speedy retribution warranted.

> "And thus they parted, by the quiet lake
> In the clear star-light: each the strength to rouse
> Of the free hills."

In the meantime, certain misgivings and appearances, as indicative of the popular feeling, disturbed the mind of Gessler, and struck him with an ominous presentiment that all was not right. The people, he thought, carried in their looks less abject submission to his authority; an air of confidence, and even haughtiness, began to manifest itself among them; while in their speech there was

* Ces trente-trois vrais patriotes jurèrent en se servant les mains,—DE NE RIEN ENTREPRENDRE SANS LA PARTICIPATION DE LEURS CONFÉDÉRÉS; DE SE SOUTENIR ET D'ÊTRE FIDÈLES LES UNS AUX AUTRES JUSQU'À LA MORT; DE DÉFENDRE LES ANCIENS PRIVILÈGES: DE NE PORTER AUCUN PRÉJUDICE AUX COMTES DE HAPSBURG, NI DANS LEURS DROITS, NI DANS LEURS POSSESSIONS; ET DE NE POINT MALTRAITER LEURS GOUVERNEURS. Alors le trois chefs s'avancèrent au milieu de l'assemblée et jurèrent, les mains levées au ciel et au nom du DIEU qui a créé les paysans et les empéreurs, et assuré aux uns comme aux autres la jouissance de tous les droits de l'homme, DE COMBATTRE COURAGEUSEMENT POUR LA LIBERTÉ, ET DE LA TRANSMETTRE À LEURS DESCENDANS.

less deference observed to his commands; and, in short, that they walked erect, and assumed the bearing of men, when they should have crouched in servile obeisance to his delegated power, and borne themselves as slaves! This, as he rightly augured, was alarming evidence against the stability of the existing government, and he resolved to probe the incipient disease, so as to minister with greater effect to its cure or suppression. The expedient which he adopted for the full solution of his doubts and suspicions on this head, was an experiment upon the loyalty of the people; and for this purpose he caused the ducal hat of Austria to be raised on a pole, with this command, that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the prince. By this means it was concluded, that whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the royal badge without the mark of honour stipulated, should be charged with disaffection, and treated accordingly—a measure which furnished both the means of discovering the disaffected, and the just grounds for their punishment.

> "Ever suspecting;—worse than he inflicts
> The tyrant fears."

Shortly after this test of loyalty to the house of Austria was attempted to be enforced, it happened that William Tell, the cross-bowman of Bürglen, and one of the above-named heroes of Grutli, passed the symbol of tyranny without the required acknowledgment, and being instantly arrested, was hurried into the presence of Gessler. "Wherefore," demanded the incensed bailiff, "hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the king of the Romans? why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the mark of homage demanded?" "Verily," answered Tell, "how this happened, I know not—'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt—suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart; were I possessed of ordinary sagacity, I should hardly have so long borne the name of Tell."* Gessler, however, was not to be softened by the defence—as just stated in the words of an old author—but, knowing that Tell had a family of fine children, and at the same time was the best bowman in the jurisdiction, ordered the children to be brought before him and confronted with their father. "To which of these children," inquired Gessler, "art thou most strongly attached?" "I make no distinctions," replied Tell; "my children are all equally dear to me." "So," said the governor, "I hear that thou art an excellent marksman, and shall forthwith

* See the old chronicle.—Tell, in the original, means weak intellect, *balourd*—but a weakness like that of Brutus!

make trial of thy skill—a trial which may insure on the part of thy countrymen a more courteous observance of my injunctions. My order, therefore, is this, that with an arrow thou shalt split an apple placed on the head of one of thy children; and, in the event of thy missing the apple, or killing the child, thy own life shall be forfeited." Shocked at a proposal which outraged every feeling of human nature, and shuddering at the thought of being compelled to be the murderer of his own child, Tell passionately implored him to revoke the sentence, or substitute a different form of punishment. But the inexorable Gessler, insulting his supplication, ordered him either to comply instantly with the conditions proposed, or be sent, with his whole family, to the scaffold.

The distracted father, under these circumstances, placed his child's life and his own at the merciful disposal of Heaven; and having prayed fervently that he might die a thousand deaths rather than become thus instrumental in a tyrant's hand to that of his child, he rose with a firm and composed air, and, taking the boy in his arms, prepared for the inhuman ordeal. The next instant the child was placed under the linden tree which shaded the market-place, while the ferocious bailiff, little calculating the result, placed the apple with his own hand upon the child's head—a boy of six years' old—and repeating the former sentence, commanded the father to draw his bow. With that feeling of desperation by which the human mind is at times wound up to a pitch of self-possession and resolution unknown in the course of ordinary experience — the result of that excruciating suffering by which the nervous system has lost its natural irritability — Tell took up the bow, and adjusting with seeming apathy the shaft to the string, drew boldly—then staggered back like a man struck with sudden blindness, and as if his very spirit had passed away on the shot — but an exulting shout of triumph from the bystanders having instantly recalled his distracted senses, he opened his eyes to witness the cloven apple, and embrace his child.

In the midst of this affecting spectacle, Gessler alone stood unmoved—till, perceiving that Tell had still an arrow left, half concealed in his girdle, his suspicions were roused; yet, dissembling the paroxysm of rage which the sight had kindled—"For what purpose," he inquired, "hast thou concealed the shaft which now peers from thy quiver? answer me on thy life!" The question threw an air of slight embarrassment into the features of Tell, who answered, "That it was customary, among the cross-bowmen of Uri, to have always one arrow in reserve;" an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. "Nay—nay—" resumed the latter—"tell me thy real motive; and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is

spared — dissemble, and thou shalt die." "So be it, then," answered Tell, "according to thy pleasure; the arrow which thou seest was intended, had I slain my child with the first, to avenge his death by ——." "How!" exclaimed the bailiff; "*avenge?*" "Yes," calmly continued Tell, "to avenge his death by sacrificing thine! and thou perceivest that my shaft is not one to miscarry.—This much in obedience to thy command!"

"Well, thou hast spoken frankly," answered Gessler; "and since I have promised thee thy life, I shall not swerve from my word; but, as I now perceive thy kindly intentions towards my person, I shall forthwith closet thee so safely, that thy bow, like thyself, shall ever after be harmless, and where the light of sun or moon shall never more visit thine eyes!" Hereupon the guard laid hands upon Tell, bound, and conducted him to the little port of Fluelen,* while Gessler, immediately following, entered the bark prepared for the occasion, and ordered the bow and quiver of Tell to be carefully put on board at the same time—with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safer custody, or of hanging them up, according to religious custom, on some altar, as an *ex voto* for his personal safety.

Having embarked with the prisoner, under the safe conduct of his armed dependents, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen,† a distance of three and a half leagues, intending to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwyz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Küssnacht, where he was destined to undergo the rigour of his sentence. The arms were deposited at the feet of the master pilot, and the oars brought into full play. Suddenly, however, a storm, as is still common in this lake, overtook them between Fluelen and Sissigen,‡ accompanied with violent gusts of wind, which made their bark the sport of the waves, and threatened to engulf the alarmed bailiff and his crew. At this moment of imminent peril, Gessler was reminded by one of his attendants, that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat, than in the exercise of the bow. "And now," said he, representing to his master the immediate risk of life,—"all, even to the pilot, are paralysed with terror, and totally unfit to manage the helm—why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner,

* The port of Altorf, about half a league from the latter, and placed at the foot of Mount Rorstoch. Here all merchandize passing through Uri is landed; and, nearly opposite, is the village of Seedorf, at the embouchure of the Reuss.

† Remarkable also as having been the place where the deputies from these cantons, in 1798, determined to maintain their independence.

"Reding there his standard raised, Drew his sword on *Brunnen's* plain."

See "*Wanderer in Switzerland;*" also, page 152.

‡ Village on the right, beyond the Achsenberg, about half way to Brunnen. See page 151

is robust, well skilled in such storms, and who even now appears calm and collected?" Gessler, who felt that his life was in jeopardy, addressed Tell accordingly, and told him, that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that, by the grace of God, he could still save them, was instantly freed of his shackles, and placed at the helm; while the boat, answering to a master's hand, kept its course steadily through the mountain surge, as if conscious of the free spirit that had now taken the command.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the great and lesser Achsenberg, whose sides hemming in, and rising perpendicularly from, the bed of the lake, offered not a single platform where a human foot could stand. These, on one hand, while he steered the barge directly towards them, and the bow and arrow which lay at his feet, half forgotten amidst the general alarm, on the other, divided Tell's attention, and promised a fortunate termination to the storm. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table-rock, and called aloud to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have once passed the precipice a-head, observing with ominous truth, that it was the most dangerous point in the whole lake. At the instant they came abreast of the point indicated, Tell turned the helm suddenly towards it, seized his faithful bow, and, with an effort which sent the boat back into the lake, sprang lightly on shore, scaled the mountain, and fled into Schwyz. Here, having reached the heights which border the main road between Art and Küssnacht, for which they at first set out, he chose a small hollow in the road, and concealing himself in the brushwood, lay in ambush till such time as the bailiff, having escaped the storm, should pass that way to his château.

Gessler and his attendants, it appeared, had much difficulty, after the precipitate leave of their pilot, to save themselves; but succeeded at last, and effected a safe landing at Brunnen, where they took horse, and proceeded in the direction already described, which was the only route by which any communication existed with Küssnacht. Arrived in the narrow defile where Tell lay concealed, the latter heard the denunciations pronounced against him as they passed, and the vengeance which Gessler breathed among his followers against the outlawed bowman and his family. Had resolution been wanting, Tell had now heard sufficient to convince him that, had even his personal safety been effected, his innocent family must atone for the father, and torture or death extract the last bitter drops from their existence. "Perhaps even now," thought he, "the tidings of my escape have reached Altorf, and loosened the tyrant's fury on my defenceless home—or if not, there is but one step left by which private calamity can be averted and public wrongs redressed—but one step by which

a debasing yoke can be broken, and the birthright of freedom vindicated." Fired at the thought, he raised instinctively the unerring shaft to his eye, and as the tyrant fell, the last twang of the slackened bowstring was the first note of Helvetian liberty.

The deed achieved, Tell hastened back to Art, and, favoured by the night, arrived at Steinen, where he was received by his relation Stauffacher, one of the Grutli brothers, to whom he recounted the eventful history of the last twenty-four hours. Furnished with every means for his personal security, he proceeded thence to Brunnen, where he had so lately embarked as a felon in chains, and taking a boat, which was prepared for him by a secret friend of the cause, arrived safe in Uri. Here he was visited in his concealment by Walter Fürst, and the other confederates of the place, who communicated in their turn with those of Unterwalden, till every individual of that patriotic brotherhood was apprised of the fact by which their glorious plan had been so unexpectedly anticipated.*

At the tidings of the fate which had overtaken their oppressor, the merit of which was variously weighed, the people for an instant were struck with mingled terror and satisfaction; they dreaded the effects of Austrian vengeance, while they rejoiced in the prospect of native freedom: but strengthened at last by more intimate communication among themselves, their fears vanished—mutual confidence was established—and the departing year left every thing ripe for action—every patriot at his post.

On new-year's-eve, therefore, a young man, one of the Grutli band, repaired to the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, to visit a young girl, inmate of the castle, to whom he was shortly after to be married, and effected his entrance by means of a rope lowered from the window of her apartment. By the same means

* It is unnecessary to mention in this place the doubts that have, from time to time, been started respecting the authenticity of the preceding history, and which have been as often rebutted. For ourselves, we are disposed to give full credence to the legend; and for those who may still view it as fabulous, yet feel inclined to investigate the question, we cannot recommend any thing so good as the researches of Baron Zur-Lauben, as detailed in his patriotic letter on that subject. Among other circumstances there mentioned, it appears, from an immemorial tradition, that WILHELM TELL, the same who in 1307 shot Gessler, perished in 1350 by an inundation which destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birth-place. According to Klingenberg's Chronicle, written towards the close of the fourteenth century, WILHELMUS TELLO, *Uraniensis, libertatis propugnator,* lived in 1307, and fought at the battle of Morgarten, in 1315, after which he became administrator of the revennes of the church of Bürglen, then belonging to the abbey of Lucern. Zur-Lauben, however, does not give implicit credit to the manner of Tell's death; but the number and character of the authorities which he quotes, are sufficient to stagger the most obstinate sceptic, and to vindicate the truth of Helvetian history. See also Zschokke, Müller, Coxe, Simond, and a host of German authors on the same topic. It will be remembered, that a son of the celebrated Haller having, on the authority of *Saxo Grammaticus*, criticised the story of Tell *(Fable Danoise)* so as to injure the popular version, the work was publicly burnt in Uri by a decree of the Waldstetten.

twenty of his companions were hoisted up, during the night, from the moat, where they lay concealed; and, having mustered their full strength on the ramparts, soon found the governor and his servants at their disposal, and all means of resistance removed.

Early in the morning of new-year's-day, Landenberg, having left the castle of Sarnen to attend public mass at a short distance, was met on his way thither by twenty men from Unterwalden, who, in concert with their brethren, had come to offer their usual gifts and compliments on occasion of the new year. Pleased with this mark of attachment, and with the public tranquillity which it seemed to manifest, the governor invited them to enter the castle, and, without remembering the excellent maxim—"Timeo et Danaos et *dona ferentes*," unwittingly resigned his fortress into their hands; for no sooner had they passed under the arch than they blew a horn—a signal at which every man screwing a steel-blade to his peasant's staff, was instantly armed with a weapon of offence, which staggered all opposition, and put them in immediate possession of the castle. Being joined at the same time by thirty more of their companions, who had lain concealed in an adjoining thicket, the capture was rendered as complete as it was bloodless. Landenburg, under whose eye this sudden revolution was effected, fled with his attendants precipitately across the meadows to Alpnach; but, being closely followed by his new-year's guests, he was speedily overtaken, and an oath exacted from him and his retainers, by which they were bound to quit forthwith and for ever the territory of the Waldstetten. This done, he was safely conducted to the frontier, and suffered to retire without molestation to Lucern.

Immediately thereafter the signals passed from height to height, and the beacon-fires of liberty blazed in triumph along the Alps. Still, however, thinking the nascent spirit of freedom insecure, so long as the country permitted the existence of those despotic fastnesses, from whose walls the withering blast of oppression had so often descended with pestilential influence on all around, they resolved, now that they had secured the tiger, to demolish his lair. Stauffacher, therefore, ably seconded by the men of Schwyz, proceeded forthwith to the lake of Lowerz, and razed the castle of Schwanau—the official residence of the bailiff already mentioned—while those of Uri, in prompt cooperation with their allies, took possession of the stronghold from which Gessler had so often issued his oppressive edicts. This last act seemed to guarantee the general safety, and consolidate the new system of peace and freedom, and again the höhe-wacht,* with responsive blaze, spread the joyful tidings from alp to alp.

* The signal stations along the Alps—similar to those employed during the threatened invasion along the coast of Berwickshire.—See *Scotland Illustrated*, pp. 15—25.

On the following Sunday, the first of the new year, the deputies of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, met for the solemn renewal of that fraternal league which has continued to be the safeguard of their freedom down to the latter days—the source of internal prosperity, and the parent of those brilliant achievements which have immortalized the Swiss name, and raised monuments to freedom in every valley of the Alps.

Such, briefly, is the origin of the Helvetic Confederacy—no less remarkable for the fidelity, strength, and intelligence, which it has evinced during the progress of so many ages, than for the extraordinary circumstances which led to its formation. Although irritated, insulted, and oppressed by their governors, still, no sooner were these tools of a despotic government in their power, than the Swiss seemed to forget their wrongs, and, while they might have indulged in the bitterest spirit of revenge, suffered them to quit the scene of their oppressions—not only without personal violence, but under the protection of those whom they had provoked by so many insults, and impoverished by so many exactions. An act of such magnanimity, and so greatly enhanced by the fact of its being opposed to the system of *retaliation* so general at that early period, reflects the highest honour on the liberators of their country, and affords the strongest evidence of the disinterested patriotism, and purity of motives, by which they were actuated; and served as a noble foretaste of those gallant exploits which, often at fearful odds, they were afterwards destined to perform.

The Swiss confederacy claims for its founders none of those men who immortalize themselves by high enterprises which—often odious in principle, yet admired for their brilliant success—are transmitted with unmerited encomiums to posterity. The enterprise of three obscure individuals—almost unknown beyond the narrow limits of the canton where they were born—was accomplished without violence and without bloodshed, and presents the only instance on record of a revolution having been effected without violent commotions in the state, and private treachery and assassinations. The union of three men, animated with the same spirit of liberty, communicated that spirit to their countrymen which has been perpetuated, strengthened, and approved by their descendants, and is at this day the animating and pervading principle of the Confederation. "Thus, O shade of Gessler," they exclaim, "that same ducal hat by which, in cruel mockery, thou didst insult an oppressed people, has become the signal and badge of Helvetic freedom."*

* See the Latin motto prefixed to the canton of Uri, in a preceding page; and for a sketch of the late revolutionary war in these cantons, see under the head of Lucern.

SCHWYZ, ZUG, AND GLARIS.

Reserving our further observations on the canton of Uri, till we have occasion to speak of it in connexion with those of Unterwald and Lucern, we now proceed with our excursion along the borders of the lake, and select from the vast field which is here thrown open to us such scenes as, whether from the beauty of natural scenery, or the force of historical association, seem best calculated to fix the attention. Embarking at Fluelen, we pursue the same course described in the historical notice, till attracted by a bold projecting rock of the Achsenberg, on the lower part of which, and overlooking the water by twelve or thirteen feet, stands the small chapel raised to perpetuate the escape of Tell from his oppressor, and its happy consequences on the destinies of his country. It was erected in votive testimony of Swiss gratitude, by the Landgemeinde of Uri, in 1338—thirty-one years after the patriot's death, and while one hundred and fourteen individuals who had known him personally were still living. It contains, besides several *frescos*, all illustrative of his exploit, a picture executed by an artist of note in Bürglen, the birth-place of Tell. A solemn *fête* is celebrated here every anniversary, and with great effect. About two miles north of this, a whitish mark on the perpendicular face of the Frohn Alp shows where, in 1801, a piece of the rock pealed off, and fell into the lake. The fragment which has left such a trifling blemish on the fair face of the mountain was *twelve hundred feet wide:* in the wave caused by its fall, five houses in the hamlet of Sissigen were overwhelmed, though a mile distant, and eleven of the inmates drowned; while a child found floating in its cradle, and asleep, was saved, and is now alive, says M. Simond, in the village. The whole scenery, for nine miles, comprising the lake of Uri, is stamped with peculiar sublimity.

> Yon mountain crest holds converse with the stars:
> While from its flanks, by pristine thunders riven,
> And hoary forehead furrowed with deep scars,
> Huge fragments, o'er the sullen waters driven,
> Stud, like gigantic towers the o'ershadowed wave—
> Relics of some vast temple in its grave!

On landing at Brunnen, we first set foot on Schwyz, that small territory which gave its name to the whole country; and, like an inconsiderable rivulet, scarcely

noted at its rise among the Alps, yet gathering strength and breadth at every step of its descent, assumed at length that important station in the chart of Europe which no rival force, nor hostile combination, has been able to crush during the progress of five hundred years—a mighty interval, in which so many other states have risen, prospered, waned, and passed away.

Brunnen is the great entrepôt for all goods destined for the Italian market, and which are conveyed to Thuelen by water, and thence across the St. Gothard. This local advantage gives an air of cheerful activity to the place, and employment to the excellent boatmen who traverse the lake in all directions.* Here also the Muotta falls into the lake, and offers one more interesting feature to the numerous and striking points of view which the situation commands. From the windows of the Eagle Hotel—an excellent inn—the stranger may enjoy at leisure a most extensive and variegated diorama of the upper lake, the bold frame in which it is imbedded, and the sublime objects which surround him on all hands, and silently lift the imagination from earth to heaven.

Schwyz, about a league distant, and in a direct line from the border of the lake, is built at the foot of the Mythen, a double-crested mountain 5868 feet in height, and with a wooden cross erected on one of its forked summits. The town itself, but particularly the vicinity, offers many neat and even elegant specimens of domestic architecture, and abounds in beautiful situations, of which the wealthier inhabitants have availed themselves, to construct villas and summer-houses—all in harmony with the natural landscape.† Nothing can be more beautiful than the approach to Schwyz; it presents a condensed picture of all that is most refreshing to the eye, or exhilarating to the mind; and seems to comprise within its narrow limits the essential elements of rural wealth and happiness.

The people are at length recovering from the effects of hostile pillage, and the numerous depressing circumstances by which their country was so deeply afflicted at the close of the last century. Prosperity, the sure reward of native industry, has once more given welcome pledges of her return. May the patriots who here watch with paternal solicitude over the public welfare, see their prospects brighten with every returning year! and never again witness the sword of the

* A private boat, suitable for a small party, may be engaged, from nine to ten francs, by those passing from Fluelen to Brunnen, three leagues and a half; but if the party halt to visit the Tell's platt or Grutli by the way, the charge will be increased in proportion. Tables will be given in the Appendix.

† The public buildings of interest are, the arsenal—the town-house—the church—the hospital—a public seminary—a Dominican nunnery—and a Capuchin convent. The greatest curiosity is, the cabinet of medals belonging to the late celebrated M. Hedlinger, and now in the possession of a near relative.

stranger unsheathed in those solitudes on which the name of liberty has conferred such enviable distinction.

The whole of this canton, like that of Uri, is devoted, with but very trifling exceptions, to pasture and the breeding of cattle—the last much superior to those of the neighbouring districts. The higher grounds abound in excellent summer grazing for the herds and flocks, while the lower afford ample supplies of meadow hay for their winter provender. Latterly, too, the art of cotton-spinning and, we believe, lace-making have been introduced, whereby a fresh source of domestic industry has been thrown open, and consequently a fresh demand for foreign commodity established. These and similar innovations, however conducive to the growth of public wealth, are, nevertheless, but too often prejudicial to primitive manners; and it becomes more and more apparent, that wherever manufactures have been successfully established, the simplicity of pastoral life, and the spirit of independence, gradually begin to lose their hold—or, if they survive the introduction of the new system, it is only by retiring to those more inaccessible points where the gains of modern art are forgotten in the contemplation of nature, and the real wants of life obviated by the frugal produce of the seasons Far, however, from any attempt to depreciate the benefits which accrue from national manufactures, as employed in other countries, we only speak of the incongruity which, in situations like the present, follows the adoption of modern inventions, when the lofty spirit which hitherto could dream of nothing but liberty, and scarcely breathe, unless under the fresh breeze of the Alps, is chained down at last to the labours of a loom. A true Schwyzer at the spindle, looks like an Achilles at the distaff.

It is certain, however, that what has produced an additional income, has also conjured up many additional wants, which, in the simplicity of past years, were unknown; and that what has enabled them to gratify these wants, has not thereby added to their happiness—but, on the contrary, by opening a new field of enjoyment, has given them a disrelish for the homely fare and primitive habits of their forefathers. As to the comparative happiness, or, more properly speaking, contentment, between the industrious citizen and the pastoral tenant of the mountains, there is no question that, in general, the latter has the advantage; and, supplied with the mere necessaries of life, feels none of those pangs which ambition, or the prosperity of a more successful rival can inflict, and cause even abundance to pall on the appetite.

"I was awakened one morning at La Grave," says a late excellent préfet of the High Alps,* "by a tremendous noise, as if the mountain, by some natural

* M. Ladoucette.

convulsion, had been split asunder; and, running to my window, perceived an avalanche, preceded with the usual phenomena of vast clouds of snow, descending with awful impetuosity into an intervening chasm, where it disappeared. Shortly after, I was accosted by an ecclesiastic who had just descended from a small hamlet, which looked like an eagle's nest planted on the very apex of an isolated precipice:—'What can I have done,' he began, 'to offend the Bishop, that he should send me hence into a country which, although he assures me is very good, I nevertheless shall find to be hideous and insufferable? Here I want for nothing; my parishioners, indeed, are poor, but they pay me in forage; I have a good cow-house,* where, in my bed raised on a platform, I feel a genial temperature; I have two cows, that supply me with milk, butter, and cheese; and, by means of their manure, dried in the sun, I am supplied with all the fuel necessary for my cookery; the few fleeces of my sheep, spun and prepared by my housekeeper, suffice for every purpose of clothing. Grant me, therefore, the favour of your interest with the Bishop, that I may be permitted to continue where I am, and I shall never cease to pray for you every day that it shall please God to add to my life.' I did not fail," continues the worthy préfet, "to bring the case before the Bishop, and having obtained the *favour* so earnestly desired, the worthy *curé* loaded me with blessings!"

Who, after a fact of this description, but must conclude that happiness is as much a result of the absence, as of the abundance of the good things of this life? And who that pines after its vain superfluities, but may learn moderation and contentment from the curate of La Grave?—But to return to our subject.

From the town of Schwyz, a very short walk brings us to the borders of Lowerz—a small but beautiful lake, enclosed by scenery pastoral in its most poetical acceptation, and embodying one of the most delicious scenes imaginable. The islet of Schwanau, which appears to float on its surface, contributes not a little to heighten the romance of the picture, and the stranger who proceeds along the valley is everywhere met by fascinating objects, which, seen in a fine afternoon in summer, offer the richest materials for the construction of an Alpine paradise. On the left, skirting the lake, is the little community of Gersau, now annexed to Schwytz,† but formerly a republic of itself, and the

* Such, the reader is aware, is the substitute for fuel, and such the luxury of a warm bedchamber, in many parts of the Alps!

† There is a tradition among the Swiss of these cantons, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians, among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined, in an assembly of the nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit the country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their

most diminutive, probably, that ever bore the ensigns of an independent sovereignty. It seems to have been no less remarkable for the purity of its moral constitution; for, during a political existence of four hundred years, no crime, it is affirmed, ever disgraced its annals. In this beautiful and retired spot, nature at first had lavished her gifts with no partial hand; but man, sensible of the blessing it afforded him as an asylum from the storms of life, has improved it by unwearied industry, till the original *debris* has been converted into gardens and meadows, enlivened by cheerful cottages and orchards of luxuriant and productive growth.

In the midst of this beautiful scenery, however, and while enjoying the balmy freshness of the atmosphere, and the fruits and flowers and luxuriant shade which minister so sweetly to the sense, the remembrance of Goldau comes back on the mind with double force! We seem to hear, as we advance, the voice of one who addresses us from the tomb, and tells us that they on whom yonder mountain was piled invite us to their untimely sepulchre, that we may observe the small space that intervenes between prosperity and despair—between the highest point of health and hope, and the nearest to that of annihilation. "What sorrow could equal their sorrow!" "Each" went forth, as he vainly thought, "to his work and to his labour until the evening"—the cattle were driven a-field, and flocks and shepherds sprinkled the rich pastures on the mountain's brow as heretofore, while peace and health and prosperity gladdened the industrious population at its feet. The voice of destruction came upon them in a moment of unsuspecting security: and in the next, every vestige of the place and the people—their flocks, and herds, and produce, and all that cheers the eye or gladdens the heart—all the ties of social existence—the love that warmed and sweetened the domestic hearth—those that had just quitted the altar, and those that lingered there—the mother, while she yet blessed her new-born child—the bridegroom and the bride—the betrothed—they who were to have been married on the morrow—all were swept away in one promiscuous ruin, and precipitated into the depths of the earth.

A few particulars of this catastrophe, such as we have been able to collect on the spot, and among those who were eye-witnesses, may be here introduced for the sake of those to whom the fall of the Rossberg is but partially known.

families and pasture for their cattle. God (says the tradition) led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of Schwyz, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of Underwalden.

"To the vale of Switz they came: soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame, and their ashes to the soil."—MONTGOMERY.

During the summer of 1806, which had been preceded by a very snowy winter, an unusual quantity of rain had fallen; and on the first and second of September the showers continued without intermission. New crevices, as observed in the Conto alp under very similar circumstances,* were observed in the flank of the Rossberg,† and deep, confused, rumbling noises, attended by a discharge of stones, seemed to predict some internal convulsion, but which, unfortunately, was little attended to. At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a black cloud, following the track of an immense rock which had been hurled from its perch, attracted observation, and seemed, indeed, the herald of the approaching calamity. At the lower part of the mountain, the ground appeared as if pressed down from above, and when a stick or spade was thrust into it, moved of itself. Struck at these appearances, a man, who was digging in his garden at the time, took alarm and fled from the place: almost immediately thereafter a fissure, greatly superior in dimensions to the others, and which seemed every instant widening into a chasm, succeeded: the natural springs were suddenly dried up; the pine-trees were violently agitated and twisted to and fro; while every thing that had wings flew away screaming with terror. At five o'clock the indications of some fearful catastrophe became more defined, and the whole mountain, putting itself in motion, appeared to be gliding slowly down into the valley.

In the mean time, an old man, who is said to have often foretold some calamity of this nature, was sitting in his cottage quietly smoking his pipe, when a young man running past, hastily directed his attention to the Rossberg, and told him that it was already in the act of falling. Not however disposed to believe even what he himself had predicted, he merely looked out, and then returning to his seat, observed that he "had still time to fill another pipe." The young man who had warned him, still continuing his flight, was thrown down several times, and with great difficulty effected his escape. On looking back he saw the house suddenly carried away.

Another inhabitant, justly alarmed at the danger, hastily snatched up two of his children and ran off, calling at the same time to his wife to follow with the third: but she, with a mother's feelings, thinking nothing was saved

* See our account of the destruction of *Plurs*, in a former page of this work.

† The Rossberg, between three and four thousand feet high, is composed of parallel strata of puddingstone *(conglomerata)*, dipping south-east at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees, and separated by thin layers of argillaceous earth, and which, by the introduction of water, is apt to be converted into viscous mud, and thus the superincumbent strata of rock were loosened and precipitated along this slippery inclination—in the same manner as we observe the snow, when loosened by the sun or a thaw, slide from a slate roof. The fallen rocks consist of rounded fragments, some of them three or four feet in diameter, and of all formations, from the oldest to the latest.

while one was exposed, ran in to secure the fourth, Marianne, with whom the maid-servant, Francesca Ulrich, was at the same instant crossing the floor. In a moment, as the latter afterwards described it, the house seemed to be torn from its foundations, and spun round like a top. "I was sometimes," she said, "on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and forcibly separated from the child." When this violent whirling motion subsided, she found herself wedged in on all sides, her head downwards, much bruised, suffering extreme pain, and impressed with the belief that she was buried deep in the earth, and must there perish by a lingering death. Disengaging her right hand with much difficulty, and wiping the blood from her eyes, she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by name; the child, in answer, said that she was held down on her back, and closely entangled among stones and bushes; but that her hands were free, and she could perceive a glimmering light, and the appearance of something green—adding, "Will not some one come soon to take us out?" "No," said Francesca, "it is the day of judgment—none are left to help us! but when released by death we shall be happy in heaven." They then prayed together; when suddenly Francesca's ear caught the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg. Shortly after, she heard the hour of *seven* slowly struck in another village, and persuading herself that there was still something living, endeavoured to cheer her little fellow-prisoner, who was at first clamorous for something to eat, but soon became fainter and quiet, and at length seemingly dropt into a profound sleep.

Francesca, still in the same painful position, and imbedded in wet earth, felt a cold freezing sensation creeping over her whole frame: at last, after severe and repeated struggles, she succeeded in disengaging her limbs, and to this circumstance she attributed her life. Many hours had thus crept slowly away under these most painful circumstances, when the voice of Marianne was again heard, but crying bitterly from the effects of cold and hunger. All this time the distracted father, who had saved himself and two children, as if by miracle, had continued wandering about; till at day-break he discovered the ruins of his house, and looking eagerly around him for some fatal relic of the disaster, observed a human foot projecting from the earth, and there found his unhappy wife, who had perished with the child in her arms. His cries of grief and despair, as he laboured to disengage the body from the mass of ruins in which it was buried, were heard and answered by Marianne—a voice of consolation in the deepest sorrow!

After a moment's pause at this unexpected salutation, his energies were

doubled, the earth was removed, and his little daughter raised, literally from the grave, but with one thigh broken, and otherwise bruised and hurt. Immediate search for Francesca followed, but the difficulty was increased by her making no answer to the voices that now strove to encourage her. At length, however, her rescue was also effected, but she was in so weakened a state, that her life was despaired of. She was blind for several days, and remained ever after subject to convulsive fits of terror.

The unhappy inmates of this family had been carried about fifteen hundred feet from the spot which the house had occupied; but whether *with* or without the latter remains uncertain. In another part of this vast sepulchre, a child two years old, lying on its mattress on the mud, was found unhurt, but without any vestige of the house from which it had been separated. Several other extraordinary instances of similar escape are remembered a woman and her child were carried down into the valley, in the cabin they inhabited, and escaped unhurt. A house and its inmates were swept into the lake, but saved in consequence of the upper part of the tenement, which was of wood, having separated from the under, and continued floating, like an ark in the deluge, till safely relieved of its freight.

So vast and sudden was the rush of earth and stones into the beautiful lake of Lowerz, just noticed, that one end of it, though several miles distant from the scene, was filled up: while the displaced mass of water—driven like a tempest completely over the island of Schwanau, and raised seventy feet above the usual level—overwhelmed the opposite shore, and in its return swept off several houses with their inhabitants. The chapel of Olten, a wooden structure, was found half a league from its original station; and many large blocks of stone had completely changed their situations. The villages completely overwhelmed by this awful inundation were Goldau, Busingen, Upper and Under Röthen, and a portion of Lowerz; but the first, being the largest in the valley of Art, has been used as applying to the whole.

On the same day, a party on a pleasure excursion, consisting of eleven persons, belonging to families of distinction in Berne, arrived in the valley of Art, and set off on foot to ascend the Righi. Seven of the company, being considerably in advance of the other four, were seen to enter the village of Goldau at the very instant that Mr. Jenner, who was with those behind, directed their attention to the summit of the Rossberg, at the distance of four miles, where he observed some strange commotions. While using a telescope to ascertain the fact, and entering into conversation with some strangers who had just come up, a sudden flight of stones, like cannon-balls,

was projected over their heads with immense velocity.* A cloud of dust rose thick over the valley—hollow and appalling thunders burst fitfully from the gulf that now stretched between them and the mountain — and struck with consternation at the awful spectacle, all fled precipitately from the spot.

As soon as the darkness which had veiled the surrounding objects began to clear away, and the crashing commotions to subside, such a scene of desolation and death, rising out of life, beauty, and fertility, met their agonized senses, as it is hardly possible to conceive, much less to describe. The village of Goldau had disappeared; a vast mass of earth, and rocks, and shattered trees, and rubbish, and the wreck of human habitations — all ground down and pounded, so to speak, into a perfect chaos—occupied the whole valley, to the depth of a hundred feet. All efforts to discover any trace of the late inhabitants, or the ill-fated strangers who had entered the doomed hamlet but a few minutes before, proved entirely abortive. Of the unhappy four who had been separated from their companions, and saved in a manner so extraordinary, one, M. de Diesbach, had to lament the loss of a beloved wife, to whom he had been married but a few days; another, that of a son; and a third, that of two pupils, youths of great promise, with whom he had been travelling during the vacation. Of Goldau, nothing was left but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off.

By this overwhelming calamity, four hundred and fifty-seven individuals perished by a sudden, and in many instances, it is feared, a lingering death. Fourteen alone were rescued from beneath the deluge of rocks; and of the surviving population, seventy-four had owed their safety to flight, but many were severely wounded; and the whole population, now reduced to three hundred and fifty, having thus lost their *all*, were reduced to a state of the deepest misery and destitution, and the happy valley of Goldau transformed in one brief hour to a Golgotha.

The peasants, inhabiting the opposite flank of the Righi, beheld the terrible work of destruction in all its stages, and fully impressed with the belief that doomsday and the work of annihilation had begun, expected that the fall of the Righi would immediately succeed.†

* Several of these masses of rock were thrown over the highest pines of the Fellenbogen, on the slope of the Righi.

† The inhabitants of this valley were particularly distinguished throughout the canton for their fine persons, firm and independent spirit, kindly dispositions, cheerful and contented tempers, and exemplary morals. "Here," says Dr. Zay, "were to be found simplicity, good nature, and all the primitive virtues of pastoral life. Their food was simple as their manners: milk and fruit were their ordinary diet; meat, and even bread, were considered as luxuries among them. They lived, literally, as affectionate members

The situation of this valley offers the best facilities possible for geological observation; being placed in the centre of the highest mountains of *nagelflue* (sandstone conglomerate) yet known. The Righi, the Ruffi, and the Steinerberg, are entirely composed of this stone. Those who wish to observe the terrible results of the *éboulement* just described, could not select a better point than at Art, which is only fifteen minutes' walk from the western extremity of that still frightful chaos. The whole layers of rocks appear to have fallen in four principal directions, so that their ruins still present four distinct and vast embankments of rubbish. Many huge fragments, as already stated, were driven across the valley and up the side of the Righi, as high as the small plain called Fellenbogen; several magnificent beech-trees were torn up by the roots, and snapt in pieces; and various other phenomena, still higher, bore frightful testimony to the same devastating scourge. Along the whole line of convulsion we observe enormous blocks of conglomerate rising out of the general mass—some of these sixty-seven feet long, by forty-seven feet broad, and eighteen high. From the Rossberg alone, entire forests were uprooted, swept down, and buried in the ruins.* The breadth of the layers was from a thousand feet upwards, their depth a hundred feet, and their length about three miles.

By the side of the road a chapel and an inn have been erected for several years past; and cottages, or rather hovels, scattered thinly over the leafless waste, remind us of countries where rivers of lava, once subsided, are again—and long before they are cooled—sprinkled with human habitations. But many ages must elapse before the industry of man can extract one poor harvest from this valley of death. The anniversary of this fearful catastrophe, the second of September, is still observed in the district as a day of prayer and humiliation.

Such a visitation, it is greatly to be feared, will not be the last. General Pfyffer, it is said, from his intimate knowledge of its geological structure, had often expressed his apprehensions of a similar result; and none who now view

of one and the same family, united by the mutual ties of domestic life. Their dairies were left open to the traveller, who entered and refreshed himself at pleasure, leaving such compensation behind him as his means or inclination prompted. Four hundred and twenty-three head of cattle were also lost; and the damage sustained in substance alone was estimated at two millions of florins, equal to nearly 160,000*l.*—an immense sum for this country. The best account of this catastrophe is that by Dr. Zay, published at Zurich in 1807.

* It seems worth remark while adverting to this particular, that at Brévine, in the mountains of Neuchâtel, according to Dr. Ebel, there is a coal mine *(charbon de terre végétal,* or *braunkohlen)* now worked, and which originates in the forests that were sunk there during an earthquake which happened on the 18th of September, 1356, and destroyed great part of the city of Bâle, besides committing dreadful ravages along the Jura. — Dr. Maculloch has made some excellent experiments on the conversion of vegetable matter into mineral coal. A process like the present, however, is a painful method of providing *chauffage* for posterity.

the inclined plane of the Ruffiberg, from which such destruction has already fallen upon the valley, but must fear that the last act of that awful drama is yet to come! Still, like the rude deity of desolation, the mountain seems to contemplate with invidious eye the beauty and fertility which yet remain couched at his feet; and like some gigantic monster, lulled in deceitful repose, seems only to wait for some favourable moment to crush and overwhelm what the last fearful deluge had spared. Well may those who hold their lives and their lands upon such tenure look up and exclaim—

"Praise be to THEE!
We need thy care that 'neath the mountain's cliff
Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
But piles of rocks, and everlasting snows,
O'erhanging us, remind us of thy mercy!"*

Taking leave of this scene, to which we have devoted as much space as the deep and permanent interest of the subject seemed to demand, we now return to Steinen, where a small chapel marks the ancient abode of Stauffacher; and thence proceed, through Saltel, on our route to Einsiedeln. But before reaching this—the most renowned place of pilgrimage in modern times—we pass over several interesting localities: on our left are the small lake of Egeri, and the plain of Morgarten—the latter twice famous as a battle-field; first, in the fourteenth century, when a decisive victory was gained over the Austrians; and latterly, on the second of May, 1798, when a sanguinary conflict took place between the patriots and French troops, in which the former had once more the advantage. The first of these battles was the most important that the Swiss ever gained in their struggle for liberty, and was the basis of all their future glory. What is singular is, that in both engagements their leader was of the same name and family of *Reding*.

The lake of Egeri is about a league in length by one half in breadth. It is of great depth, and well stocked with fish; and the upper and lower valleys by which it is enclosed, present a series of beautiful meadow pastures, inhabited by a people who, from time immemorial, have been distinguished for their physical as well as moral qualities, heroic stature, patriotic sentiments, and primitive simplicity.

The southern borders of the lake are mountainous, yet highly cultivated, and enlivened by numerous habitations. On the south, the Ruffiberg and Kaiserstock, the former near five thousand feet in height, give limits to the territory,

* *William Tell*, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Seth Stephenson's "Continental Sketches."

and throw their shadows across the bright waters of the lake. Between the latter of these Alps and Morgarten the ground falls considerably, and the scene of the battle extends before us, in which, as already stated, the Austrian army sustained a signal defeat.

In 1315, while greatly incensed against the people of the three cantons for their prompt submission to the emperor Louis of Bavaria instead of his brother, Frederick of Austria, Duke Leopold resolved to invade the cantons once more, and by one definite stroke put a check to the insolence, as it was termed, of these contemptible peasants. For this expedition every thing was prepared with more than ordinary care; and, supported by a numerous retinue of chivalry, Leopold set his army in motion, and already, by anticipation, saw it crowned with laurel. Comte Otto at the same time advanced with four thousand men against Obwalden; while upwards of a thousand more, furnished by the local authorities of Willisau, Wolhausen, and Lucerne, laid their plans for the attack of Unterwalden from the lake. With all his measures cautiously matured, the duke, placing himself at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, took up his station on Morgarten; and, amongst his warlike supplies, did not omit an ample provision of hempen ropes for the execution of his prisoners.

The confederates, who had mustered to the number of thirteen hundred men, occupied the heights near the Einsiedeln confine. The patriots from Schwyz had been reinforced by four hundred men from Uri, three hundred from Unterwalden, and about fifty others who, for certain delinquencies of a less aggravated nature, had been banished from Schwyz, and now implored permission to earn their recal by taking part in the approaching conflict for freedom.

With the intention of dislodging this diminutive force, the Austrian horsemen commenced their march under a bright morning sun on the eighteenth of November. But while they calculated only on the spoils which awaited them, a tremendous shout from the confederates, as they made a simultaneous rush upon the invading line, threw the Austrians into disorder, while fragments of rocks, precipitated from the beetling cliffs above, did terrible execution on the enemy's rear, and threw their cavalry into complete disorder.

Still, however, they endeavoured to advance; for to retreat, or to remain stationary, were alike impossible. Their long winding files occupied many circles of the mountain road. On their right was the lake, offering a ready gulf for their 'glory;' on their left was the marsh; above them were rocks, which were already descending like avalanches: so that beset at all points by dangers in their most appalling shape, and against which neither strength, nor address, nor personal valour could offer the least protection, they were completely wedged in,

and all retreat cut off, except over the prostrate bodies of their comrades. The heavy cavalry at length made a dead halt—farther advance was impossible—their ranks were broken—their steeds, galled and maddened by the falling of the rocks and trees, plunged with their steel-clad riders into the lake or marsh, or, driven furiously backward, bore down the advancing infantry, and thus carried destruction into their own ranks.

At the same instant, with well-timed impetuosity, the confederates sprang from their concealment, and seconding the effects of the panic by those weapons, the mere sight of which inspired terror, plunged into the *melée*. Henry of Ospendal, and the sons of the patriarch Reding, who had planned the attack, cheered forward with the men of Schwyz, and, in the midst of shouts and slaughter, drove the invaders into a narrow defile by the lake, where the flower of the Austrian nobility sank beneath the halberts and iron-pointed clubs of the shepherds. With the exception of fifty Zurichers, and other subsidies furnished to the duke from Zug and Winterthur, most of whom refused quarter, and fell with arms in their hands, the whole army took to flight. William Tell and Walter Fürst are reported among the victorious combatants of the day. Leopold himself escaped with difficulty to Winterthur, and with the bitter reflection, that fortitude is more available than force, and that Austrian ropes were useless till the ' Swiss rebels' were caught.*

After this triumphant achievement, the confederates renewed in solemn form their ancient bond of union, as expressed in the comprehensive motto—

ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE!

The Abbey of EINSIEDELN, as a place of pilgrimage, is more frequented, probably, than any similar establishment in Christendom. So far from diminishing in the influx of devotees, as most other sanctuaries have done, its votaries have latterly increased, both in number and respectability; and the shrine of *Notre-Dame-des-Hermites* still calls her sons and daughters from afar, as in the Church's most palmy hour. The flourishing existence of such a place in

* Besides the advantages which the Swiss derived from the nature of this defile, it is recorded that they were still farther seconded by fortuitous floods from the lake, which, (looked upon at the time as a special interposition of Providence in their favour), contracting the pass, rendered the march more critical on the part of the Austrians, and left them, for marshalling their troops, but a narrow ridge, from which a declivity on either side sloped into the lake or the morass. To these circumstances, and the embarrassing nature of the soil, the victory of thirteen hundred over twenty thousand is partly to be ascribed—a victory which has not unaptly been compared to that of Marathon. On the spot, a chapel erected over the ashes of the Swiss heroes, and dedicated to St. James, commemorates the triumph; and for which, in imitation of that at Thermopylæ, the following inscription has been suggested: "STRANGER, TELL THE SWISS THAT HERE WE DIED IN DEFENCE OF THE LAWS OF OUR COUNTRY."

the present day seems almost as great a miracle as any recorded in the chronicles of the church.

The abbey and its dependent bourg occupy a very romantic and pleasing situation in the valley of the Sil; and although three thousand feet above the sea, possess many attractions to the summer tourist—particularly at the celebration of the grand fête on the 14th of September. The abbey itself covers a small eminence, behind which a pine-forest rises into a bold amphitheatre, and gives fine relief to the picture. Its territory comprises an extensive parish, with six chapelries, and about six thousand inhabitants. The town is composed chiefly of inns for the entertainment of pilgrims, and inhabited by such artisans as derive, in the manufacture of trinkets, images, log-books, &c. immediate encouragement from the same votaries, who, on a recent occasion, mustered here to the number of twenty thousand. Little more than a century ago, and for the seventh time since its foundation, the convent was entirely rebuilt, and upon the whole offers a very striking, if not perfect, specimen of Italian architecture. The church, which occupies the centre, although encumbered internally with ornamental work, presents a noble aspect, and at first sight makes a very strong impression. At the entrance, in a black marble chapel, newly constructed, a sacred image of the Virgin in wood—the palladium of the abbey—receives the homage of the faithful. She is most sumptuously attired in gold, jewels, and brocade, and, like other queens, is beset by a crowd of obsequious flatterers from morning till night. This image, it is said, was presented to the founder, Meinrad the hermit, by the Princess Hildegarde, abbess of Zurich, and narrowly escaped the hands of the French soldiery in 1798, when the abbey and town were laid under heavy contributions, and even the holy tribune, in which the wooden Virgin had been installed for ages, desecrated and demolished.

The abbey contains a good library, and, among other recent additions, a set of philosophical apparatus, and a cabinet of minerals. Equally attentive to the wants of the time, and in strict observance of the rules by which it is governed, this establishment, since the revolution, has shewn its zeal for the interests of learning by opening, under the immediate sanction of the prince-bishop, public schools, in which the more useful branches of science are taught gratuitously. The 14th of September is the anniversary on which all the faithful within reach, and many from distant countries, repair to Einsiedeln; and it is remarkable with what perfect order and sobriety the movements of this heterogeneous multitude are directed. On one occasion, while we were spending September near the lake of Zurich, for several days previously to the great fête,

troops of pilgrims continued to pour in from the Rhenish provinces and various parts of Germany. One venerable matron, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eight, had come from the remotest corner of Normandy in performance of a vow, and like the others had walked every step of the way. We generally heard their vesper-hymn long before they came in sight, and the effect, as it rose and fainted on the ear in a still autumnal evening, was soothing and impressive. The various costumes, features, complexion, and language, which met us in the passing groups, were no less striking; but however discordant in outward appearance, their voices and hearts seemed in unison, and one sole principle appeared to direct and regulate the entire mass. Many looked sickly and exhausted; long fasts and continued fatigue had undermined that very health they had hoped to re-establish by a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln; and to many that pilgrimage was the last. Others in the most apparent health and vigour, young men and women, formed the majority, and it seemed difficult to imagine what they had to ask of our Lady. But all had something which could only be told at the shrine. Vows made in the hour of sickness or threatened calamity; gratitude for timely deliverance; the desire of some real or imaginary good; the voice of upbraiding conscience; the suggestions of Satan, or, it might be, the secret manifestations of heaven; the indulgence of some favourite sin, or absolution from some tormenting guilt—every passion which elevates or debases the human character had here its representative, and sued for indulgence or remission.

Every canton of Switzerland too had here its deputies—each distinguished by the costume of the district, the colours and fashioning of which gave relief and vivacity to the picture. The head-dresses of the women, however, afforded the greatest and most striking variety, and in mutual contrast became doubly effective. Some, with the ancient bodkin, shaped like a dart passing through the hair, the head in the form of a diamond, and studded with glittering stones; others with a coiffure made of plaited and stiffened lace, and placed upon the head upright, like a cock's comb or a large fan; some with a broad circular piece of straw, placed flat upon the head, with wreaths of flowers tastefully disposed in the centre; others with the hair merely plaited, with an infinity of beads and other ornaments interwoven in it. Almost all the old women carried staffs, and most of the young red umbrellas. It was by no means of the miserably poor that the pilgrims consisted;* many were of the middling classes, and some even of the upper ranks, and on the conclusion of the religious

* *Conway.*—In 1814, the number of pilgrims amounted to 114,000; in 1821, to the same; in 1822, to 132,000; in 1824, to 150,000; in 1825, to 162,000; in 1828, to 176,000!

services, not a few were observed to leave the scene of humiliation in their own carriages.

Many of the poorer pilgrims, on these occasions, are the bearers of offerings from others; for those who would benefit by the virtues of the sacred image, yet are prevented by temporal concerns from joining the pilgrimage, select a representative, to whom is confided, along with the means of purchase, the particular favour for which they are to petition the Virgin. "I heard of a woman," says Mr. Conway, "whose reputation for sanctity was so great in the neighbourhood, that she had obtained the lucrative appointment of representative 'auprès de la Sainte Vierge d'Einsiedeln,' for all the wealthy people in the commune, and that she made four quarterly pilgrimages to the shrine every year on their account."

The large open square in front of the convent is adorned with two semicircular porticos, and furnished with shops; in the centre a handsome fountain of black native marble combines ornament and utility, and the whole building, with all its sacred purposes and secular appendages, is well calculated to make a lasting impression upon strangers, and may be justly considered as the Compostello of modern times.

Zuinglius, it will be remembered, was curate of Einsiedeln, and there imbibed from the study of the Scriptures those principles which were so fully developed in his subsequent career. The present abbot is said to have had the honour of declining, on more than one occasion, the episcopal dignity, by which His Holiness, in consideration of important services rendered to the Church, was desirous to testify his approbation. The revenues of this abbey are said, and with good reason, to be enormous, but liberally administered.

Continuing our route across Mount Etzel, we reach the lake of Zurich—a distance of about five leagues—in three hours. The summit of Mount Etzel, where there is a good inn, commands one of the finest views in Switzerland: on the north are the lake of Zurich, in its full extent, and the valley of the Limmat, as far as Baden—the valley of Glatt—the lakes of Gryfensee and Pfeffikon; between the chain of the lower range of the Forka and that of Rhinsberg, the whole north division of Switzerland, and as far as the centre of Swabia. On the north-east, nearly opposite the Etzel, is the Ahmann chain, which divides the canton of Zurich from Tockenburg and Appenzel, the highest points of which are called Höruli and Schnebelhorn. On the east these mountains assume the appearance of condensed groups. On the south-east are the mountains of the Schennis and Rothenberg, between which the Linth and the Mug make their escape—the first from the canton of Glaris, and the

second from the lake of Wallenstadt—and after meandering along the valley, unite at Ziegelbrücke, and pursue their course, under the name of Lindmag, across the plains of Goster, Utznach, and Mark, till lost in the upper part of the lake of Zurich. On the south the Silthal and the groups of mountains, especially the Glärnisch, enclosing the Waggithal, in the canton of Glaris. On the south-west the Alpthal, in which are situated Einsiedeln, Schwyzerhaken, the Ruffi, and Righi. On the west, close to Mount Etzel, the Hohe-Rhone, or Dreyländerstein, covered with vast forests, and rising, as the name implies, over the three cantons of Zurich, Zug, and Schwyz. The view is in all respects a panorama of the most wild and varied description, and will delight every tourist who quits, or enters, the canton of Schwyz by Mount Etzel—the great avenue of approach to Einsiedeln, and in the summer season generally thronged with pilgrims.

The situation of Lachen, planted at the foot of the richly variegated hills that border the upper lake of Zurich, is highly picturesque, and enhanced by the vicinity of Rapperschwyl and its bridge—the latter of such dimensions as to take precedence of every other in Europe. Its length is four thousand eight hundred feet, with a uniform breadth of four yards, and resting upon a hundred and eighty-eight rows of stakes; but as it has no balustrade, and the transverse planks being without fastening, it is usual to walk, although carriages, with horses accustomed to the peculiar echoes of the wooden structure, may be driven across with perfect safety. It was originally constructed in 1358 by Leopold of Austria, on his taking possession of the newly purchased territory of old Rapperschwyl and the Mark. The town itself is well deserving of a visit; and from its elevated position, and the flanking towers by which it is fortified, is highly picturesque from whatever point it is viewed. But the object on which the eye reposes with peculiar satisfaction is the island of Ufenau, or Huttensgrab,* about half a league from Rapperschwyl, one from Richterschwyl, on the left bank, and nearly equidistant from either shore. It is covered with richly grouped woods and

* The island takes its name from Ulric de Hutten, a gentleman of family, and a distinguished writer in defence of Luther and the cause of reformation. What especially roused his indignation against the gross abuses of the age, and the barbarities practised by petty sovereigns with open impunity, was the murder of his cousin, by Ulric, Duke of Wirtemberg, who was enamoured of his wife and to make way for the indulgence of his guilty passion, re-enacted the tragedy of David and Uriah. After having employed both sword and pen with great success, and having generously given up the family estate in Franconia to his brothers, enjoining them at the same time to hold no correspondence with him, lest they should be involved in his persecution, Hutten retired from the court of Charles V. to this little island, where he died and was buried in 1538. His Latin poems, published the same year at Francfort, are full of noble sentiment, pungent satire, and ardent zeal for the moral advancement of his countrymen. The island is now the property of a gentleman of Rapperschwyl.—See APPENDIX.

verdant meadows, whose mingling foliage and wild flowers—the whole enhanced many degrees by the bright lake in which it appears to float, and the enchanting scenery of which it is the very centre—give it all those charms with which the imagination invests the realms of fairy-land. It may be compared, and without exaggeration, to a rich gem enclosed in a most beautiful setting—at once reflecting and reflected by every thing around.

The road, as we return to Lachen and continue to advance, winds along picturesque acclivities, with the lake of Zurich on our left, and the Alps of Glaris on our right. The houses skirting our route are all built of wood; and to protect them against the sudden hurricanes to which these valleys are subject, have beams of timber fastened, by way of ballast, along the tiled roofs, and secured by large stones; for without this precaution not a habitation would be left covered. Leaving the picturesque and the beautiful, we entered once more the "patria nimborum"—regions pregnant with boisterous winds—while the fleecy clouds that met us at the entrance of the valley of Glaris, condensed, and gathering over head, seemed as if concentrating their strength for some fearful display of Alpine phenomena. The distant peaks glanced at brief intervals through the vapour—alternately lost and reflected in the deep and shrouding mantle with which they were covered. Along the precipices, driven by a fierce wind, the dilating vapour fleeted rapidly, and partially disappeared, as if self-exhausted. Ridges of pine hung suspended in midway air; the foaming descent of impetuous cataracts; piles of rock, in such fearful inclination as to appear in the act of falling, but from whose very toppling verge, nevertheless, the peasant's cabin stood proudly confident; glimpses of men and cattle, and the occupations of pastoral life, suddenly caught the eye, and were again as suddenly shut out by some turn in the road, or the intervention of mountain mists. At length an ominous stillness took possession of the atmosphere, and, like a vast assembly hushed in anticipation of some mighty speaker, nature seemed to listen with awed attention to the deepening voice that rolled in fearful cadence along her dreary solitudes. The clouds hung motionless over head, and the winds, checked in sound and speed, had retired from the scene. The torrent alone rushed fearfully on the ear; while the day, sobered into twilight, held doubtful empire, and at length shrunk from the invading night. The distant sounds, gradually approaching the earth, deepened into thunder and roused every dormant echo; the lightnings, like heralds announcing the direction of the thunderbolt, flashed in wild corruscations through the darkling hemisphere, and the crash and continuous roll of the thunder gave full confirmation to the storm. To describe its appearance when the storm had reached its climax would be occupying too much

of the reader's time, and verging too much on what has been already stated in another part of this work; but to those who judge of a storm in the Alps of Glaris by the evidence of storms in the plain, we need hardly say that the comparison is totally inadequate. In the former, the thunder in its intensity is appalling; abetted by the rocks and caverns and ravines, the reverberation is inconceivably grand, and to the stranger gives an idea as if the mountains were thrown into violent contact, and their granite masses crashing and crumbling in the mutual shock.

Glaris is a vast natural fastness, to which there is but one really practicable entrance, and on this account it is less frequented—though not less interesting—than most of the other cantons. It consists of one principal valley, traversed by the Linth, and ramifying into three others of much smaller dimensions. Here, in an almost absolute seclusion from intercourse with the external world, the inhabitants live under their snowy ramparts in much of that primitive simplicity of manners, and frugal hardihood, which distinguished the fathers of the Swiss league. Their territory measures fifteen leagues in length, by seven in breadth; but the level of the valley seldom exceeds half a league, and scarcely one part in ten of the whole canton admits of cultivation. The inhabitants, amounting to twenty-six thousand, are divided into those of the Catholic and Reformed persuasions—the latter constituting at least three-fourths of the population, yet so well harmonized that the same chapel is used for both congregations—a gratifying proof of the free and fraternal spirit of toleration with which that great source of former persecution, religious schism, is here overlooked or forgotten. The council, also, notwithstanding the preponderating influence of the Protestants in numbers and property, is composed of equal proportions of the inhabitants—Catholic and Protestant, while their priests, ministers, and schoolmasters, are paid and provided for by government in a manner which does honour to its enlightened members.

Schools are established in every commune, and parents enjoined, under a penalty, to send their children to receive such instruction as may best fit them for their future trade or occupation. The masters of these schools are all paid by government, and, compared with the expense of living, much more liberally than either in Scotland or England.* Sunday schools are also opened in every

* The clergy are paid at the rate of 60*l.* to 65*l.* per annum, and the schoolmaster 30*l.* to 35*l.*, with good dwelling-houses, and other important considerations. The chief-magistrate receives only 240 florins, 20*l.* per annum.

The only taxes are a poll-tax of sixpence, or four batzen, upon every individual arrived at the age of sixteen; and a property-tax of two batzen, or threepence, upon every 1000 florins. A person possessing 3000*l.* is considered very wealthy; and although the canton abounds in rich individuals, there is not one worth 8000*l.*—*Switzerland in* 1830.

commune for the benefit of those who are otherwise employed during the week, and every means afforded for instruction, civil and religious, which the people can desire, or a paternal government devise, for their moral advancement. A singular law on the subject of inheritance is still in force, and, if we mistake not, peculiar to this canton, namely—that if any person, whose property has descended to him from his parents, die without children, his entire substance, to the exclusion of every other relation, reverts to the state. In this manner considerable accessions have been made to the public funds, and a salutary caution established for the consideration of all bachelors—yet no bachelor, of whatever maturity, can enter the bonds of matrimony, unless by special sanction from his father—a regulation which applies with equal force to the maiden—both are minors in the eye of the law so long as their parents are alive. Out of the first law, as may be imagined, immoral consequences have arisen, and to obviate these another severe enactment became necessary; by which, in every case of affiliation, the father is compelled to espouse the mother, or forfeit every right of citizenship. This is rigorously enforced, and the evil effects of the former law so far neutralized.

The poor are provided for, as in Scotland, by charitable donations collected every Sunday, when it is expected that every one of the hearers will contribute in proportion to his resources. The neglect of this duty on the part of any members of the congregation possessing the means, is visited with due reprehension, till they are shamed into liberality. A custom strictly similar was formerly observed in many country parishes in Scotland, where the clergyman himself has been known to address a reproof to the uncharitable individual from the pulpit.

The government of Glaris is a pure democracy, with the supreme authority vested in a general assembly of the people, which, with the landamman at its head, is held annually on the first Sunday of May. The executive power is entrusted to the *landrath*, composed of eighty members, including the landamman, the landstadthalters, or landholders, and sixty deputies. Glaris, according to the revised federal system of 1815, furnishes, in case of war, contingents of four hundred and eighty-two men, and three thousand six hundred and fifteen francs in money. The Protestant clergy are under the direction of a synod, which holds annual meetings.*

* The Protestants of Glaris are every year gaining strength, from the circumstance that intermarriages being freely tolerated—an advantage peculiar to Glaris—the children are all educated in the religion of the father; and parents, happily, are not permitted, from caprice or indolence, to prevent their children from receiving that education best suited to their prospects, and which, as we have stated, is defrayed by government.

Manufactures of cotton and woollen cloths are here in considerable activity, and find a ready sale in the Italian market, as well as in various parts of the confederacy. The Schabzeigher cheese, so long famous as the exclusive product of Glaris, forms a very important item in the public revenue. During summer, the pasturage is sufficient for eight thousand cows or upwards, and there is scarce a commune that does not possess from one hundred to four hundred goats. The soil, in the lower part of the valley, is rich and productive; wheat and vines are cultivated with tolerable success, though in small quantity; chestnut, cherry, and even peach trees thrive luxuriantly; and so powerful is the sun in the early spring months, that it is no uncommon thing to gather strawberries in the middle of April, and cherries by the end of May. The town of Glaris contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is chiefly supported by the manufactures already mentioned. The mills, where the cheese of the canton is prepared after its peculiar fashion, are worth visiting. A fine shady avenue leading to the village of Enneda crosses the Linth by a bridge, constructed by the famous Grubemann already mentioned in our notice of Reichenau. This village, which fifty years ago consisted of only a very few houses, is now a respectable *bourg*, and remarkable as the residence of those native mercantile adventurers who traverse, in the way of trade, every country in Europe, from Madrid to Moscow, and returning with their gains, enrich the place of their birth.

In ascending the valley of the Linth, the characteristics of Alpine scenery present themselves in great variety. It is populous, fertile in pastures, and although completely overlooked, and shut in by mountains of snow, the rich vegetation with which it is carpeted contrasts beautifully with the lowering horrors in the midst of which the valley, gradually contracting, at length entirely disappears. The acclivities are studded over with pastoral cabins, and cows and goats browse together in friendly companionship. Great quantities of thyme and other flowering plants and shrubs are cultivated for the use of the bees; for the honey of Glaris is considered equal, at least, to that produced on the ancient Hybla, or the modern Narbonne. The flavour is certainly fine, and, being much in request among strangers, it forms one of the principal exports.

Beyond Linthal, the extreme village of the canton, the scenery becomes more and more savage in its aspect; the course of the stream more impetuous and swollen by cataracts, that dash in foam from the rocks, while patches of snow, in place of verdant pasture, and fragments of rock, piled in fearful imminence on either hand, denote the confines of eternal winter. At length, a deep and dismal gorge is all that remains of the beautiful Linthal; through which the river, now a cataract, plunges with deafening roar, leaving but a precarious footing for the

traveller, and ploughing its channel deeper and deeper into the granite from which it springs. Here again, the hardihood of man is exemplified in the construction of the Pantenbrücke — one of the most extraordinary bridges in existence. It consists of a single arch, thrown across the chasm from brim to brim, beneath which the river is observed struggling and boiling at a depth of two hundred feet. The length of this bridge does not exceed twelve paces; from the centre the view comes at once in contact with the foaming stream; and in conjunction with the perfect solitude, silence, and desolation, which preside over the spot, offers one of the most impressive scenes that can be imagined. In the Via-Mala, tremendous as that pass assuredly is, there is still something to remind the traveller of his vicinity to the world; but here the solitude is absolute, and he feels himself alone with nature in one of her most appalling forms.*

The other two valleys are the Sernfthal and Clönthal—the latter of which, from historical interest, we shall briefly notice. After a rough and difficult ascent of two hours, we reach the foot of Mount Glärnisch, and having traversed the romantic hamlet of Riedern, and a covered bridge, we recommence the ascent at a little distance from the Löntsch, heard thundering and boiling at the bottom of a frightful gorge. All of a sudden—like the exit from the Via-Mala to the valley of Schams—an extraordinary transition is effected: the horror of the scene is instantly softened, and the eye greeted by one of the most delicious seclusions in the Alps—the bright mirror-like lake of Clönthal, with rich verdant banks, sprinkled with picturesque cottages, and shaded with luxuriant thickets of maple and birch trees—the whole, in summer at least, giving the idea of a pastoral Eden.

The footpath, winding westward and crossing the torrent, leads to the rich meadows of Teufen-winkel, watered by delicious fountains as far as the Glärnisch. Here an immense block of granite is inscribed with the name of GESSNER, and an appropriate eulogy from two of his justly admiring countrymen. A group of trees cast their foliage over the rock, cascades and torrents murmur all around, and no place could have been better selected for the purpose, or possessing more of the requisites for an appropriate monument to him who, as a poet and a painter, has descanted with such glowing language on the beauty of nature and the beneficence of the Deity.

Among the patriotic Swiss, Näfels, the village to which we now return, is a

* While noticing the *height* of Swiss bridges, it may not be out of place to mention that, in this particular, they are all exceeded by a Scotch bridge, that of Peaths, in Berwickshire, which is two hundred and forty feet *high*, by three hundred in length, and may take precedence of every other known.—See our Work of SCOTLAND ILLUSTRATED.

place of pilgrimage—a second Morgarten, where the machinations of Austria were again defeated, and the strength of freemen put to a severe test—for in the same hour they had to contend with treason at home, and despotism abroad.

In 1388, Wesen, at the foot of the lake of Wallenstadt, was in possession of Glaris, and governed with exemplary moderation. Still, however, the inhabitants, far from feeling that attachment to their Swiss conquerors which they professed, longed to be once more under Austrian sway, and in secret took measures to effect a reunion. In furtherance of this design they had succeeded in introducing, in barrels, and by other clandestine means, a body of Austrian soldiers, whom they concealed in their cellars, or other domestic offices, without exciting the least suspicion on the part of Glaris; and to render the deception more complete, were supplied, at their request, with an additional reinforcement of fifty men. Suddenly, on the eve of St. Matthew, the Austrians, as preconcerted, mustered their forces, to the number of six thousand men, and directed their march upon Wesen—some by the lake, others by land—and while the town slept in apparent security, the citizens and soldiers, prepared for the occasion, waited the signal for throwing themselves upon the unsuspecting garrison, and putting all to the sword.

The moment the invaders had concentrated their strength under the walls, the signal for massacre was given: the town was illumined in an instant—torches were exhibited at every window—the streets were filled by a sudden rush of armed citizens hoisting the Austrian banner—the gates were thrown open—and a scene of indiscriminate slaughter extended itself into every avenue. Conrad of Au, a citizen of Uri, and commander of the Swiss garrison, together with thirty of his companions in arms, fell victims to the plot; while their survivors only effected their escape by throwing themselves from the town walls into the lake, and swimming to land. The tidings of this treachery and carnage spread through Glaris with the rapidity of lightning, and filled the minds of the confederates with horror. A handful of these brave men sprang forward with the standard of liberty, and hurried towards the frontier, upon which the Austrians were now advancing with their whole strength. Here the shepherds of Glaris gave them battle, and, by repeated skirmishes, kept them for several days at bay; but at last, as the snows were still deep in the mountain-paths, and no reinforcements could reach them from Schwyz, they were compelled to make proposals for peace. These, however, were met with such haughty conditions on the part of Austria—terms so humiliating to the confederacy, that they resolved, few as they were, to maintain the struggle to the last man, and never to purchase peace at the price of freedom, and the annihilation of their ancient rights.

Thus defeated in every attempt at honourable accommodation, the men of Glaris, under their captain Am-Buel, and numbering only two hundred, posted themselves close to Näfels, and waited the enemy's attack, who approached with six thousand men—a proportion of thirty to one. Seeing the fearful odds at which they had to defend their country, the force of Glaris, preparing for the worst, caused the women and children to be conveyed into the mountains, while messengers were despatched to Schwyz and Uri to claim assistance on the terms of the league. In the mean time the Austrian force succeeded in carrying the entrenchments at Näfels, and Am-Buel, whose strength had now reached five hundred, retreated towards the mountain of Ruti, which protected his rear, while the rocky ground in front offered an effectual obstruction to the enemy's cavalry. At the same time every symptom of disorder was increased among the latter by fragments of rock, which, dislodged from the heights, threw their ranks into confusion, and seconded the Swiss in maintaining the unequal struggle. The Austrians, nevertheless, pressed furiously on, and only redoubled their efforts as the obstacles increased. At last a shout, which seemed to shake the very mountains, caused a sudden panic in the enemy, whose infantry and cavalry, thrown into promiscuous confusion, rushed back from the scene of action, and, regardless of all authority, sought safety in flight. The shout, which had operated so powerfully in favour of the Swiss, was raised by a small detachment of thirty volunteers from Schwyz, who, in descending to the assistance of Buel, thus announced their approach, and the cause they had espoused.

Thus suddenly left in possession of the field, the men of Glaris continued the pursuit with terrible execution—reminding the Austrians, as the latter fell under their spears and iron clubs, of the massacre at Wesen, and the murder of Conrad. Above two thousand five hundred were killed in the field, and in the meadows and orchards, during their flight; while numbers plunged into the Linth, and there found a grave. The bridge of Wesen was broken down by the rush of the flying, and many of the infantry and cavaliers sinking under the weight of their armour, perished in the lake.

This battle was fought on the 9th of April, 1388; and, at the present day, the people of Glaris commemorate the victory on the first Thursday of that month, by pronouncing the names of the patriotic band who fell on the consecrated ground, as well as those who survived the battle of freedom.

On returning to Wesen* the traveller will find little within its walls to detain

* Some years ago, the very existence of Wesen was in jeopardy, owing to the periodical inundations caused during half a century by the waters of the Mag, and the vast quantity of *debritus* which they brought down. The lake, by these means, acquired a height of ten feet above its former level; six hundred acres

him beyond a few hours at most. Its three churches and nunnery, nevertheless, have their devout and patriotic admirers; but the greatest treat for the stranger is the charming view from the windows of the Hôtel de l'Epée. Of the lake of Wallenstadt less has been said than of most others; for in a country where there is so much to command admiration, under every variety of scenery, the Wallensee is generally among the last visited, and loses by a comparison with those of Geneva, the four Cantons, or Zurich. Still it amply compensates for the absence of the beauty and sublimity which more especially characterise the latter, by charms peculiarly its own—

> Its lonely shores, where from its mountain cave
> The plunging cataract flings its cloud of foam;
> And rocks, whose shadows slumber in the wave,
> Bear on their crests the hardy natives' home:—
> These, nurtured in the blast, and taught to brave
> The wintry tempest—ask, wherce'er they roam
> In wealthier realms—What realm can scenes bestow
> Like those the Wallensee's wild borders show? MS.

The Serenbach, near Quentin, forms a series of falls of from twelve to sixteen hundred feet perpendicular; above these the Bayerbach descends with thundering precipitation, and both torrents unite in a narrow ravine—an extraordinary point of view, and which may be reached without much personal risk.

The breadth of the lake is nearly every where the same, and bounded on both sides, north and south, by lofty mountains, which rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of six thousand feet. Its depth varies from four hundred to five hundred feet; its length four leagues, by one in breadth, with an elevation above the sea stated at three hundred feet, but probably more. It abounds in fish, particularly salmon, and rötelen (*salmo salvelinus*) and never freezes—a consequence, however, not of its high temperature, but of its depth, and the winds by which it is agitated. Of these the most impetuous is what the

of fields and meadow-pasture in the vicinity of Wallenstadt, nine hundred acres to the west, between Wesen, Urnen, and the Ziegelbruck, and between four and five thousand acres from the latter to the castle of Grynau, where the Linth enters the lake of Zurich, were changed into marshes, or entirely covered with water. The pernicious exhalations which arose from these districts affected the whole country, and gave rise to malignant fevers, which extended as far as Zurich, and threatened an annual accumulation of the malady. Had the same unpardonable negligence on the part of the administration to check the progress of this scourge continued fifty years longer, a space of six leagues square would have been converted into a marsh, the pestiferous miasmata from which would have made a desert of one-half of the northern division of Switzerland. Happily, in 1804, the attention of the Helvetic diet was directed to this important subject, and a decree passed, by which the Linth was to be carried into the lake by means of a canal, excavated from above Näfels, and the channel of the Mag widened, and the bed of the Limmat deepened, till it entered the lake of Zurich. This great undertaking has been completed, and produced the happiest results to the health and property of the inhabitants.

boatmen call Blätliser, or north wind, which, descending from the mountains' crest, acts with peculiar violence upon the lake, and produces that short irregular swell, which is often attended with considerable danger—for, if overtaken by a sudden storm, there are very few spots on the south side, and on the north side none whatever, except at the village of Quentin, where a landing can be effected. It is, therefore, owing to the scantiness of its harbours, rather than to the severity of the storms, that the navigation of this lake is considered dangerous. The boatmen, however, are perfectly "weather-wise," and rarely miscalculate the atmospheric transitions. They are also under excellent regulations, and become subject to severe penalties upon the least infringement of the established rules; these are, to ply close in upon the south side when the weather is doubtful, so that, if necessary, they may pull ashore; never to put out during a storm; and to provide themselves with new boats every three years. By these cautionary enactments, accidents on the lake are very rare. Amidst the inaccessible clefts of the rocks which enclose this lake, the lämmergheyer, to which we have already alluded, hatches her brood for future depredation upon the kids of Glaris and Appenzell.

During the long period that the Venetians monopolized the trade with the Levant, this route was exceedingly frequented, and the mere transport of merchandise from Wallenstadt to Wesen employed nearly the whole male population. A great number of boats are still kept afloat for the same purpose; and the interchange of manufactures between Italy, Germany, and the north of Switzerland, is a source of very considerable profit to the inhabitants. Convenient warehouses have been built for the reception of goods at either extremity of the lake; and the scenes of embarking and disembarking, with the various methods of land carriage, are full of bustle and animation. The navigation of the lake is under the inspection of an officer expressly appointed for that purpose, and elected by the joint authority of Glaris and St. Gall.

CANTONS OF ST. GALL AND APPENZELL.

The small town of Wallenstadt was nearly reduced to ashes in 1799, but was speedily rebuilt, and so much improved, as to lessen our regret for the catastrophe. The malignant fevers to which it was formerly a prey, have

materially diminished since the completion of the canal to which we have already alluded. The marshes have been drained, and the frightful inundations to which it was periodically exposed, happily obviated. The inhabitants are apparently on the increase, and subsist by means of fishing, the produce of the dairy, and the transport of merchandize.*

From this to Sargans, a distance of three leagues, there is nothing of paramount interest, unless where we again join the great route of the Rheinthal, which connects Italy with the lake of Constance. Since 1811, considerable improvements have taken place in this small town, and all the wooden houses, consumed in the frightful conflagration of that year, have been re-built in stone. A point near the castle, the former residence of the bailiff, commands a superb view over the whole valley. The vine is here cultivated with success, and the inhabitants carry on a small trade between Coire and the German frontier. Not far from this, is the best iron mine in Switzerland.

But there is nothing in this canton, nor probably in the whole confederacy, which strikes a foreigner with such astonishment as the Baths of PFEFFERS, about two leagues from this; and which, being less accessible than any others in the confederacy, and but rarely visited by our countrymen, we shall describe as minutely as our limits will permit.

It has always been a measure of sound policy in the monastic system, that wherever an abbey was to be founded, some foundation of future revenue should be laid at the same time, by devising such means as should establish a pilgrimage in its favour, and engage the contributions of the faithful. For this end, the particular merits to which these establishments laid claim were as various as the effects reported in their favour. A provision for all spiritual wants was the allurement most generally held out; for as the profligate and credulous form two of the great divisions of mankind, they rightly concluded that a great majority would be thus secured. Hence Einsiedeln on the Swiss, and Varese on the Italian, side of the Alps, have derived vast revenues from the daily flux and reflux of pilgrims, who every year spend a portion of their savings at these altars, in the purchase of absolution or indulgence. The abbey of Pfeffers, however, has made its appeal to mankind with promises chiefly of temporal blessings—the removal or mitigation of those ills that flesh is heir to—and while one cries, Come, behold "the sacred image,"—and another, Come, touch the canonized bones,—and a third, Come, and be relieved of your burdens of sin,—Pfeffers exclaims, Come,

* The legal fare for an open boat, with two rowers, from Wallenstadt to Wesen, is two florins, with twenty or thirty kreutzers in addition, as a compliment to the boatmen. A covered boat, well protected against the weather, and with the same number of oars, costs about a florin additional.

that we may minister to the body, and blunt the edge of suffering by immersion in our baths! — This invitation has met with a very general response during the last six centuries,—a response which, in the present day, has acquired new force, new votaries, and a new catalogue of "modern instances" in support of the waters and their hereditary virtues.

As medicinal compounds may be very salubrious to the constitution, although offensive to the sense of taste, so nature, in the present instance, has shut up her salutiferous spring in a composition which must shock the eye and excite the imagination of every pilgrim who would partake of its healing qualities. It is the golden fleece guarded by a frightful dragon—

"A fountain of health in the bosom of horror!"

The spring was known and appreciated at the early period of 1038, but owing to its extreme difficulty and danger of access, was soon neglected, and at last forgotten for nearly two centuries, and only turned to account after its *second* discovery in 1240, when a hunter, says the tradition, while risking his neck for the possessing of a raven's nest, saw the vapour oozing out of the abyss, and made known his discovery for the public benefit. The first patients who descended to the source, made the experiment at the imminent risk of life, and remained in a state of immersion, or exposed to the vapours, for several days together. During the fourteenth century, the only means of access were through a perforation in the rock, communicating with the spring by ladders of ropes,—a method of approach full of danger. In 1420, the first building was erected for the reception of invalids, but the accommodation appears to have been wretched. About twenty years later, a bridge was constructed at the fearful height of 540 feet above the channel of the Tamina, and 130 feet long; but this was entirely destroyed by fire in 1629, and never re-built.

These thermal waters take their source in a gorge of the Tamina—the horrors of which defy alike the power of imagination, and the pen of description. They are, after their kind, the most dismal, in point of situation, on which the human eye can gaze, and open to the stranger a region of which he feels that no adequate report had reached him, and compared with which, the wildest scenery of romance seems tamed and softened down into simplicity. The very expressions to which we are accustomed to give utterance amidst the sublimer spectacles of nature, are here silenced by a sentiment of awe which paralyzes the nerves of speech—shows us the poverty of words, compels us to halt, and gaze, and meditate in mute astonishment, and with feelings as new to

ourselves as the scenes by which they are called forth. As we continue our approach, the depth of the ravine darkens below, the light from above diminishes, the attributes of chaos multiply, the ministers of death, so to speak, beset us on all sides, cut off retreat, and seem hurrying us forward to the verge of primeval night. The descent seems insecure and precipitous; on the opposite bank of the torrent, a space of fifty yards across, the shattered marble walls of the chasm shoot up vertically from the torrent's bed, to a height of nearly 700 feet, losing their summits in the sky, sprinkled with pine, elm, and maple trees, and festooned here and there with the bright Alpine rose, clinging to the imperfect crevices, where no other vegetation can find nourishment. The roar of the Tamina deepens as we approach the brink, and boiling downward, dashes the white spray from its tide, and rushes like a stream of lightning through a midnight sky.

Passing onward and beyond the baths, we enter the penetralia of this wild scene—a scene which is, perhaps, without competitor among the many savage regions to which the human foot has found access, and the painter a subject which may almost defy the power of his art.

The path by which the adventurous traveller is forwarded to the source, may be described as similar to that by which the souls of Mussulmen are said to make their perilous transit into paradise. A most subtile bridge, formed of narrow planks, supported on wedges driven into the natural rock, and running into the gorge, a distance of between six and seven hundred yards—like a scaffolding fastened to the wall and suspended over the torrent, which foams and roars at a depth of forty feet—is the medium of communication between this hideous recess and the external world. The width of the gorge at this point is about ten yards, but it becomes narrower as it descends, while the lateral walls of rock, contorted, cleft, and torn into the most extraordinary and fantastic shapes, tower up to a height of several hundred feet, and then projecting forward, one towards the other, and rising as they contract, meet at length in the form of a vast dome, the centre of which is little short of 300 feet in height. The depth of the gorge is estimated at 700 feet, by 200 in breadth; but, in some places, it does not amount to more than a twentieth of that extent. The feeble and glimmering light, with which this gulf is visited, even at noon, gradually disappears as we plunge downward into the abyss, where the cold and dripping atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, chills the blood, and contributes not a little to enhance the accumulating horror of the place. In our progress along the scaffolding, the opposite rocks project so much at certain points as completely to overhang the bridge, and compel us to stoop and proceed in that attitude—like pilgrims towards the shrine. At other points, again, they recede so much as to leave us no

flanking support; so that, depending upon the nice balance of the body, and eaution in advaneing along the narrow and slippery plank, beneath whieh this Acheron of the Alps rolls in foamy precipitation, some eourage at least is necessary, and self-possession indispensable. As a preventive, the guides reeommend the stranger to perform this expedition between two men earrying a pole, one at eaeh end, which thus serves as a parapet, or hand-rail, interposed betwixt him and the preeipice. Unfortunately, however, due preeaution has been too often neglected, and a foolish display of hardihood has led to most lamentable results; for there is but a step to destruction, and reseue is impossible.

The cavern in which the principal source is eollected, measures twenty-four feet long, nine in height, and four in breadth, and still shows the holes where beams were originally fastened between the sides for supporting the primitive cabins ereeted for the aecommodation of those who resorted to this dismal solitude in pursuit of health, or alleviation of suffering. The steam which issues from the fissures, and floats in elouds in the cavern, seems to point to the frontier of the extremes of heat and cold—the contiguous regions of frost and fire.

Here the subsiding waters have left the most extraordinary evidenee of that aetion by whieh, in the long lapse of centuries, these immense roeks have been sawn asunder, and a channel seooped out of the solid marble several hundred feet in depth. It is curious to observe in their sides exeavations of great dimensions hollowed out by whirlpools or *vortices* of the torrent during its progress through the subjacent roek, and the opposition whieh made it reeoil upon itself, and converted its impetuous course into a slow but powerful engine, whieh has left, among other witnesses of its operation, one of the most beautiful grottos in existenee, and several feet above the present level of the torrent. It is seooped out of the solid marble, thirty-five feet aeross, twenty-four feet deep, and twenty-eight feet in height.

Those who do not venture the whole extent of this passage, would do well to advance at least forty or fifty paees in the direetion of the source, and then, seated at their ease, indulge the eontemplation suggested by the dismal gorge whieh yawns full upon their view. Between twelve and half-past one o'eloek, when the weather is fine, is the favourable moment for witnessing a sort of phantasmagoria peculiar to the place, and caused by the fitful and partial distribution of the vertieal sun's rays, whieh penetrating at various points, making darkness visible—and dragging, so to speak, the secrets of ehaos into day, exhibit its features in more defined, but more appalling eolours. Should a party at the same time be returning from the souree, the picture beeomes one of the most extraordinary imaginable—realizing one of the dreams of

heathen mythology. The figures, at first barely distinguishable, and flitting like shadows in the obscurity, suddenly pass into a stream of light, and seem converted into substance; as they advance, they are again lost in the darkness, and, alternately vanishing and re-appearing, present the idea of a troop of ghosts hovering on the boundaries of life and death.

The Baths, built in 1704, consist of two principal houses, like barracks, joined together by corridors four hundred feet in length, affording accommodation for several hundred guests, who are not over fastidious on the score of lodging, and willing to receive moderate comforts on moderate terms. Luxuries are not to be expected—a table sufficient for the hungry—attendance more friendly than officious—a simple couch, enough to refresh the weary, and a bath at command, are all the recommendations of the place, and, judging from the multitude of visitors, sufficiently attractive. Some of the apartments, and particularly that called the Prince's Bath, offer superior accommodation. Those which are proverbially the best, are on the south-east and north-west corners of the two houses; the latter exposure commands the gorge, and, during the night, furnishes such a lullaby from the Tamina, as will scare away the night-mare from the soundest sleeper. The storms which break over this gorge, but without troubling its repose, are peculiarly grand and impressive—more particularly so during the night, when the thunders seem to answer one another from Alp to Alp, and the foaming cataracts, as they gush from the precipices, are illumined with flashes of lightning.

In the morning, as the sun struggles with the dense vapours which now and then obscure his beam, the partial distribution of light is productive of the beautiful phenomena of iris and rainbows—all of the most brilliant colours. In winter, too, when the numerous cascades, which were wont to stream or trickle from the rocks, are frozen into solid masses of ice, and the speed and even sound of their course seemingly smothered and arrested, so that the rocks in many places look as if cased in crystal—the scene is exceedingly imposing. And, again, when a thaw succeeds, and the icy chain is removed, and the torrents descend with redoubled fury, accompanied with the frequent and terrific crash of detached frozen masses, the effect is one of the most striking that can well be imagined. It is in a situation like this that night closes in with peculiar horror; and where, from the myriad of stars that stud the broad horizon, one or two only find their way into this dreary abyss, where the longest day consists of five hours, and the remaining nineteen are divided between the glimmerings of twilight, and Tartarean night. At Midsummer, only, the sun is visible, from a quarter past nine till four o'clock in the afternoon;

in the end of July and August, from eleven o'clock till three; and in winter hardly ever.

The basement story of this caravansera, as it may be termed, is occupied by the baths, several of which are placed in each room, and hired at the rate of from four to ten florins a week; but an early application is necessary, addressed to the Director of the Baths, when the visitor is desirous of securing the best accommodation; unless he do so, he may have to put up with very indifferent comforts. The guests dine together at the *table d'hôte*, at the primitive hour of eleven, and sup at six—hours which, in the time of Elizabeth, called the families of England together, and are still, with small variation, adhered to in the domestic arrangements of Germany.

The amusements of the place partake, in some degree, of the sombre and contemplative—in unison with the scenery—and such as may excite, without wasting the animal spirits. Billiards is a game which has found access even to monasteries, and is here the prominent resource in wet weather. Still better, however, are the facilities and incentives to exercise in the open air, with charming *reposoirs* in the beech and maple plantations,—facilities which might be still further increased at small expense. A comfortable chapel, open for the mutual accommodation of Protestant and Catholic, forms a liberal and pleasing feature in the place. During the week, two days are set apart for balls or concerts, to which visitors from the neighbourhood are accustomed to resort; but, as is usual on most parts of the continent, the principal amusements take place on Sunday.

The laboratory belonging to the establishment, and under the surveillance of the resident physician and surgeon, is well supplied with every article of ordinary request in the pharmaceutic art. One of the most curious objects to the eye of a stranger, is the crane, by means of which, as a mechanical power, the daily supplies are lowered from the rocks to the inn—a depth of six hundred and sixty-four feet.

The Känzlein, the Bazaar, kept by an Italian, the solitude, and a grotto, beyond the bridge of the Tamina, are the points of rendezvous to which the company repair for exercise and amusement. The latter of these is highly picturesque, and viewed under the influence of a mid-day sun, looks like an enchanted bower, reserved as a retreat for moonlight elves, or a hall where the demon of the gorge might hold his council. Here, seated under the shadow of rocks, whose bold and leafless pinnacles pierce the sky, and like the walls of a prison, exclude every image of the external world, the scene is most striking, solemn, and effective, and presents an assemblage of features which at once appal and

fascinate the spectator. Here and there the rhododendron flings its graceful and glowing festoons along the face of the bleak rock—emblem of life and beauty bursting through the marble of death, and suspended, seemingly, between heaven and earth. This beautiful rose of the Alps is in full flower in the month of August, and flourishes where all its tribe would be frozen. Alongside, the frantic Tamina rolls deep, dark, and rapidly, crested with foam, and accompanied by that wild concert of echoes from cavern and precipice, which awoke with the first burst of the torrent, and shall never sleep again till the last drop of that torrent is dried up. All other sounds rise, fluctuate, and fail. The hurricane comes forth, vents its desolating influence, and again subsides;—the clouds are rent—the thunder bursts over head—the winds rush forth in their fury, and for a period, tumult, and terror, and darkness, prevail; but these also subside—tranquillity returns—the evening sun again appears, and the stars sparkle from a serene sky; but the torrent is eternal—a momentary pause in its roar would be the signal of dissolution; and silence in the gorge of Pfeffers would strike more dismay than the thunder of the loudest storm.

Opposite this point, the rocks, draped with the bright green of intermingling beech and maple trees, contrast pleasingly with the dark bleak structures from which they spring. On the left is the deep Cimmerian gorge, from which the river, bursting its dreary barrier, boils along its rocky bed—stunning the ear with its roar, and causing a sort of vertigo as the eye follows its course—

> "Dismal and dark as fabled Acheron,
> But clothed in horrors fable hath not feigned;
> While clouds, as from some mighty Phlegethon,
> Surge upward from the boiling cavern drained—
> Regions of fire—where, 'neath the snowy zone,
> The lake steams fierce, and, overflowing, flings
> Through yawning clefts its hot, unebbing, springs."—*MS.*

These fine weather resources are much frequented by all who thus, with the power of locomotion, possess the means of health. Happily for the visitors, the pernicious vice of gambling has not yet penetrated this Alpine gorge; and the corrupting games of roulette, rouge-et-noir, and écarté, so prevalent at other baths, have found neither votaries nor victims at Pfeffers. As a substitute in bad weather, an excellent sheltered promenade extends in front of the inns; and there, or in the capacious salles-à-manger, invalids may indulge the same salutary exercise, while the lightnings flash, and the thunder roars unheeded, and almost unheard. The atmosphere here is not subject to those sudden transitions which so powerfully affect invalids in other

situations. Walled in on all sides by marble ramparts, this retreat may be compared with the well-known property of some cathedrals, such as St. Peter's, which, by their massive structure, embrace an atmosphere peculiar to themselves, the temperature of which is so mild and equable, as often to surprise those who enter them at periods of atmospheric change. It is a remarkable fact, that when the plague of 1611 made such terrible ravages in the country, that whole villages were depopulated, and even dogs, cats, and birds, fell dead under the poisoned atmosphere, these Baths served as a perfect sanctuary to refugees, with whom they were crowded, even during the winter, and never betrayed a symptom of contagion.

The healing properties to which these waters lay claim are numerous, and supported on the best of all authority—that of experience, and the successive testimony of a hundred generations. The springs are periodical, and appear and disappear indefinitely, according to the peculiarities of the season. In summer the supply varies from one hundred to two hundred gallons per minute, with a temperature generally of 100° Fahr., and never below 96°; in the baths it is uniformly at 100°. Its properties are not detected by colour, taste, or smell; the water is extremely limpid, leaves no deposit after being kept for years, and in specific lightness is less than that of Bala lake, in Wales—which, with this exception, is the lightest, probably, in Europe. It is employed in the double capacity of a bath and as a beverage, and apportioned, under medical superintendence, to the complaint and constitution of the patient. Those who have tasted the Ems water, will form a pretty correct notion of that of Pfeffers. The diseases in which it is chiefly employed, are rheumatism, glandular and cutaneous affections; but as the water has already obtained a high reputation for its efficacy in these, it is now looked on as a panacea in the whole range of therapeutics;—and to enumerate all the complaints in which it is said to be a remedy, would be to enumerate almost every disease incident to humanity; like some indulgent friend, who, from having relieved one case of distress, is expected to extend the same liberality to all.

The time for remaining in the bath varies, according to circumstances, from two to ten hours, or upwards; and, strange as it may seem, the patients who resort in great numbers to Pfeffers on the Saturday, spend the greater portion of the interval between that and Monday in a state of immersion.

The season commences in June, and ends by the middle of September, at which period the springs begin to diminish, and disappear in October. The usual flow is from spring to autumn; but, occasionally, it has continued through the whole winter. The specific gravity is as 10·104 to distilled water

at 10,000. The temperature at the source, and according to season, varies from 30° to 31½° of Reaumur = 99°—101° Fahr.; its taste is insipid, from the fact of its containing no carbonic acid. As it gushes from the source, a faint smell of sulphur is sometimes perceptible; and to the touch it is soapy, and deposits on the rocks a bright yellow clayey sediment, (used as a surgical dressing,) consisting of various earths common to micaceous mountains, and producing by analysis, muriatic, argillaceous, and silicious earths, with a small portion of sulphuret of iron.* The medicinal properties of this water, are, in a state of extreme dilution, literally in homæopathic doses; but their virtues are developed in numerous cases which, reasoning on pharmaceutic principles, it is impossible to explain. In the great laboratory of nature, however, the chemical department is conducted on principles which alike defy competition and scrutiny, and give efficacy to what, in the hands of the most skilful physician, would fail in the intention.†

Of the environs it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient admiration. The Galanda-schau, or panorama from that mountain, and Graue-hörner, are second to nothing of the kind in this wonderful region; but the station at Valenz, surrounded by gardens and meadows, is that which concentrates, in an especial manner, all that is sublime, and beautiful, and romantic, and picturesque, within the limits of the enclosing Alps. Near the Abbey is also a fine point of view, commanding the valley of the Rhine, from Coire to the Lake of Constance, the romantic heights of Bregenz, and the island of Lindau. But as it would far exceed our limits to give even an outline of this magnificent diorama, we must content ourselves with having touched the more prominent features,

* The last analysis of this water gives the following results:—

	GRAINS.
Muriate of Magnesia and extractive Matter . .	0·16
Muriate of Soda	0·21
Resinous substance	0·06
Sulphate of Soda	0·62
Sulphate of Magnesia	0·37
Carbonate of Lime	0·32
Carbonate of Magnesia	0·87

† The best medical notice which we possess of "the Baths of Pfeffers," is a pamphlet, published by Dr. James Johnson—as the result of a personal visit to them in the course of last autumn—where the reader will find a most animated and graphic description of the scenery, with a concise and scientific notice of the spring, which, much as we regret that our limits do not permit us to quote them in this place, have already appeared in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, No. XLIII.—a work conducted under the auspices of Dr. Johnson, and long established in the confidence of every professional reader. The best German works on the same subject, are those by Dr. Ruysch and Dr. Kaiser, the latter published in 1822.

leaving the picture to be filled up by the reader's personal recollections, or the vivid delineations with which the present text is accompanied.

The Abbey of Pfeffers is about a league from the Baths, and is approached by the natural bridge already described, and a path cut out of the rock, forming a ladder, or staircase, of two hundred and fifty feet. This passage is exactly beside the source, on a wooded precipice, and at its highest point discovers a magnificent prospect of the Galanda, which, from that circumstance, takes its name of Galanda-schau. This Benedictine Abbey stands about seven hundred and eighty feet higher than the Baths, and is, therefore, not less than two thousand eight hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. It was built in the year 720, after St. Pirminian's arrival in these desolate regions to preach the gospel to the Rhucantians, an aboriginal people of the country. At the close of the twelfth century, it had become so celebrated as a monastic shrine, that its abbot, Rudolph de Montfort, was created a prince of the empire—a title which remained hereditary till the revolution of 1798, when the sword was ennobled at the expense of the crosier. Its sovereign demesne was extensive, and embraced Sargans, and the whole valley of the Tamina.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the ancient convent was burnt down, and replaced by the buildings of the present day, which are partially cased in marble. The church, which combines elegance with simplicity, possesses several valuable paintings as altar-pieces, and eight columns of black marble veined with white. The library is considerable, and contains several MSS. and other documents, illustrative of the early history of the country. Near the church, on an eminence, called Mount Tabor, is the magnificent point of view already noticed. The village of Pfeffers contains a population of between three and four hundred, but who have never recovered from the effects of the revolutionary epoch.

This retired and almost inaccessible region suffered greatly during the revolution, and by repeated levies and exactions from the hostile marches and counter-marches of the French and Austrians, was completely exhausted in its resources, and its inhabitants reduced to the horrors of famine. As a single instance of the oppressive measures to which the inhabitants were compelled to submit, it is stated, that Dr. Hager, a physician, residing at Ragatz, had seven thousand of the French soldiers billeted upon him in the course of two years. In the valley of Kalfeus, now uninhabited, human bones of gigantic proportions are from time to time found in a spot where some early village and church are supposed to have stood. According to tradition, this valley was inhabited by a race of Patagonians. Similar discoveries have been

made in the valleys of Glaris. Returning to Sargans, we now prosecute our route along the left bank of the Rhine. On the right, opposite Ragatz, is the town of Mayenfeldt, the capital of a fertile valley of that name. The remains of an ancient castle, supposed to have been raised by the Francs, are shown to strangers, for whom, nevertheless, its attractions are few. A short distance below the town, there was formerly a place where they washed for gold, a portion of which was found in the sand of the Rhine.* This river diminishes in beauty as it increases in volume, or rather, in laying aside its terrors, assumes new attractions, by watering a territory still beautiful in itself, and doubly so, by the embellishments with which the "superb Rhine" varies the picture. A few words respecting its history may be not unacceptable to some of our readers, as we follow its course through Werdenberg and Alstetten to St. Gall.

The three sources of the Rhine—the anterior, middle, and posterior—take their rise in the canton of the Grisons. The first originates near the St. Gothard, from a small lake and a stream from the glacier of Mount Badus, and receiving many torrents in its descent, traverses the valley of Tavetsch, and at Disentis joins the middle branch, which passes out of the lake of Dim, in the Val-Cadelina. Continuing its course in a north-eastern direction, it receives the tribute of the Glenner at Ilantz.

The posterior branch is chiefly remarkable for its source, and the savage country through which it rushes with inconceivable rapidity, and which has been already partially described in our passage of the Bernardino and Via-Mala. In its course it receives the waters of the Aversa, the Nolla, and Albula. At their confluence at Reichenau, the two branches of the Rhine form almost a right angle—one running north, and the other west; and from this point the united stream becomes navigable for heavy rafts. At Coire, it receives the Plessour, and at Malans the Landquart, both copious rivers. Here it quits the Grison territory near the defile of St. Lucie, and flowing north, forms the frontier between Germany and the canton of St. Gall. Near Feldkirch, it is further recruited by the waters of the Ill, and enters the lake of Constance at Rhineck.

The valley of the Rhine, thus embellished and fertilized by one of the most magnificent rivers in Europe, extends from the ancient barony of Saxe to the lake of Constance—a distance of eight leagues, and contains a population

* Gold, in former times, and even at the close of the last century, was found in considerable quantity in the bed of the Rhine. In the country of Baden alone, during 1755 and 1771, 24,000 florins were collected.

of from twenty-three to twenty-five thousand. The resources of the country consist in agriculture, the breed of cattle, linen and cotton manufactures—the vine and fruit trees, both of which are highly productive. Apples and pears are employed as in Devonshire, and the cider and perry of the Rheinthal maintains a character not inferior to that of its wine, which resembles Moselle. Indian corn is very general, but the number and productiveness of their orchards are features in their rural economy which surprise a stranger. There are many families whose sole property is a certain number of fruit trees planted on the waste lands of Eisenried, which were divided in 1770, and thereby opened a new territory of several leagues extent. From the date of his marriage, the poorest inhabitant receives a property which augments, by little and little, till it amounts to seven or eight acres of arable and meadow land. The excellent management by which this measure was accomplished for the public benefit, is due to MM. Grob and Wurstemberger, formerly commissioners of the Rheinthal, and does them greater honour than if crowns had been laid at their feet. The Catholics and Protestants are nearly equal in number, and in many places the same church serves for the worship of both congregations—evincing a mutual spirit of toleration which cannot be too highly praised. In the upper portion of the valley there are extensive peat-bogs; and in the lower, excellent free-stone quarries, from which a profitable exportation is carried on, particularly at Altstetten, Thal, Stade, and St. Marguerita.

END OF VOL. I.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL.

SWITZERLAND.

Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage, et de la nature cultivée. Au levant, les fleurs du printemps—au midi, les fruits de l'automne—au nord, les glaces de l'hiver—tous les climats dans le même lieu—toutes les saisons dans le même instant.—Rousseau.

Helvetia, thine the prowess of the Spartan!
Well hath thy hand responded to thy heart;
Deep have thy fields of Morât and Morgarten
Engraved thy name in glory's dazzling chart!
What pulse but thrills—what spirit doth not start
To tread the soil thy patriot champions freed!
To list the tales thy Alps and lakes impart—
The hallowed flame at Freedom's shrine to feed,
And live like Tell, or die like Winkelried.—B.

Werdenberg and Altstetten—the principal towns, or rather villages, in our route—are both distinguished in the page of history as the centre of important transactions, to some portion of which we may advert as we skirt the cantons of Appenzell and St. Gall.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the exploits of the confederate Swiss had awakened both envy and admiration among the pastoral inhabitants of Appenzell, the latter were mortified by the humiliating comparison between themselves and their more fortunate neighbours. Subjects of the abbey of St. Gall, they were burdened with taxes, insulted by the collectors, and treated as slaves rather than subjects of a religious establishment. Arbitrary measures were enforced by the servants of the abbot, and extortion openly practised in the pretended discharge of their functions. One of these, the intendant of Schwendi, having imposed a heavy and arbitrary tax upon the produce of the dairy, whoever attempted to evade the payment was attacked by two ferocious dogs; and if he appealed to law, was not only denied all redress, but heard with derision, and dismissed with insult.

The governor of Appenzell continued, in the exercise of his claim as heriot, to harass and exasperate the people in a manner which nothing but the force of habitual degradation and suffering, and a sense of their own inferiority in numerical strength, could have tolerated. As one of his established claims, the governor was heir to the best suit of clothes left by every individual who died within his district; and in one instance, where, in the case of a poor family, this right had been disputed or overlooked, he caused the body to be taken from the grave, and stript of the dress in which the children had buried their parent. Cases of similar outrage against humanity we pass over: but at length the indignation of the inhabitants, kindled into action, was directed to the eyries of these human vultures, whom, with exemplary forbearance, they merely expelled from the scenes and exercise of their iniquitous practices.

The abbot, alarmed at these symptoms of freedom, appealed to his allies, the ten imperial towns of Suabia, who, regardless of the representations made by the deputies of Appenzell, reinstated the governors in office. These, flushed with the victory thus obtained, and instigated by revenge, redoubled their exactions, and inflicted upon the inhabitants every curse of feudal despotism. In the mean time, the inhabitants of St. Gall began, also, to feel and resent certain imposts on the part of the abbot; and, instigated by the same fears and interests, entered into an alliance with their neighbours of Appenzell for the mutual protection of their ancient rights. To defeat this, the abbot increased the rigour of his government in Appenzell, refused to listen to their complaints, and laboured, by menace and intrigue, to shake them off from the new alliance with St. Gall. This course led to hostilities, and the people, denied every other means of redress, appealed to arms. At a meeting of the Suabian towns the alliance was annulled, and the Appenzellers, deserted by St. Gall, addressed themselves to the Confederacy. Schwyz was the first, and the only canton to receive them into alliance; while Glaris contented itself with granting free permission to all who chose to enter the lists of liberty, to join the cause with Appenzell. This was no sooner known than the Suabian authorities, after forwarding a strong remonstrance, which was disregarded, followed it up, at the instance of the abbot, by a speedy invasion, in which great bodies of horse and foot were marched upon St. Gall, where they were received by the abbot with feasting and rejoicing.

Early on the morning of the 15th May, 1403, a numerous body of cavaliers, brilliantly harnessed, marched at the head of five thousand infantry, and crossing the Linsenbühel, proceeded to occupy the heights of Voeglinseck, where the hamlet of Speicher is situated. The watchmen stationed along

the cliffs speedily intimated their advance, and the Appenzellers, taking leave of their wives and children, rushed forth to meet the torrent. Reinforced by two hundred men from Glaris, and three hundred from Schwyz, they mustered two thousand strong—the entire male population, with the exception of the aged and children. Eighty of the Appenzell shepherds posted themselves so as to command the hollow way, while their auxiliaries from Schwyz and Glaris planted their subdivisions in the wood. The enemy's cavalry advanced in excellent order; but in an instant the eighty men in ambush opened upon them with their slings and lances, while the others, debouching from the thickets, attacked them in flank, and thus hemmed in and maddened by the missiles showered upon them, the cavalry were thrown into confusion. With desperate efforts and serious loss, however, they gained the summit; but there, being encountered by the entire force of Appenzell, led by Jacob Hartsch, their position became worse, and their leaders, anxious to regain the plain, where the Appenzellers would follow and lose their present advantage, gave the word "Back!" This ominous monosyllable, repeated from rank to rank, and meeting those in the rear, led to a supposition that the day was lost, and struck a thorough panic into the advancing column. Seizing their advantage, the Confederates rushed upon the disordered troops from every point, and inflicted dreadful havoc upon them as they fled in confused masses along the hollow. Six hundred cavaliers in heavy mail lay dead in the pass, while their comrades, galled by the slings, and swords, and clubs of the shepherds, broke down the ranks of their own infantry, and crushing their unhappy associates, greatly added to the terror and carnage of the day.

The tidings of this disaster carried grief and consternation into the ten imperial towns—all of which had lost, in support of the abbot, many of their best citizens and most experienced soldiers. A reluctant peace was the consequence: the abbot was abandoned to his own resources; and feeling the critical position into which the temporal interests of the church were thus thrown, he made a powerful appeal to Frederick of Austria, taking for the basis of his argument, that unless these insurrections were immediately crushed by his powerful arm, Appenzell would be annexed to Switzerland, and every inch of the Austrian possessions sold to foment the rebellion. This prediction startled the duke; for the loss of the Higher Alps, where himself and subjects possessed sovereignty and seignory, was a danger not to be incurred so long as he had a single regiment at his disposal. After some deliberation, therefore, he promised once more to interpose his powerful arm. A numerous force, commanded by experienced nobles, was speedily under arms, and forming itself into two divisions, marched

upon Arbon and St. Gall. The news of this fresh armament summoned the Appenzellers once more to their standard; an assembly was instantly called to concert measures of defence; and while yet deliberating, Rudolf of Werdenberg suddenly entered the circle, and thus addressed the patriots: "The duke's army is again in motion—and even now, perhaps, violates our sacred frontier—driving the car of destruction over our hearths, and the brands of desolation into our dwellings. Ye all know me—who, and whence I am; now learn, also, wherefore I thus abruptly intrude on your deliberations. The sacred ground of Werdenberg, transmitted to me through a long line of ancestors, whose piety and personal valour were still nobler monuments than their possessions, has been seized by Austrian rapacity, the instruments of whose robbery are even now rioting in the hall of my fathers! Stript of my inheritance, I have nothing left but the sword of Werdenberg, and my incorruptible faith; these I offer you with a heart warm in your cause, and an arm prepared to second you in every enterprise. Will you receive me as a free fellow-citizen?"

"We will—we will!" exclaimed the assembly, in one simultaneous shout: whereupon the count, stripping himself of the rich dress and arms of a noble, and substituting the coarse habit of a shepherd, exclaimed—"Now am I free indeed! and wearing the garb of freemen, henceforth I wield only the sword of freedom, and live or die in its cause." This frank avowal won every heart; and well assured from his past conduct that Rudolf of Werdenberg could never act a traitor's part, they elected him by acclamation for their general, and under his directions threw up fortifications along the frontier, renewed the alliance with St. Gall, and speedily found themselves in a position to give the invaders a reception worthy of their cause.

On one of those drizzly days which so frequently prevail in the Alps in the month of June, the main body of the Austrian force defiling through the Rheinthal, crossed the frontier of Appenzell, and began their ascent of the An-den-stoss. The short grass, and the path rendered slippery by the rain, opposed great obstacles to their progress; while the Appenzellers, to the amount of four hundred, taking full advantage of those means which the nature of the ground placed at their disposal, and acting on former precedents, continued to roll masses of loosened rock, and logs of timber upon the invaders. The terror and confusion thus occasioned among the Austrians, may be imagined; but though it obstructed, it did not stop their progress. At length, when about half way up, Rudolf of Werdenberg gave the signal to charge, and at the same instant the Appenzellers rushed from all sides, uttering fearful shouts; and

falling upon the enemy's broken files, committed dreadful havoc. Rudolf, barefooted, like those he led and who thus found a surer footing, pressed his advantage. The bows of the Austrians, now that the strings had become relaxed and useless from the rain, were only an incumbrance; their spears and swords, therefore, opposed to those of the shepherds, maintained for some time a desperate conflict, and compensated for other disadvantages by receiving a constant accession to their numbers. Suddenly, a fresh body of Appenzellers debouched from the wood, and manœuvring as if they intended to cut off the Austrians' retreat, the latter became panic-struck at the sight, fled precipitately, and, being pursued for six hours along the Rheinthal, by the vindictive swords of their opponents, left many of their bravest combatants in the track.

In the mean time, the second division of the Austrians, led by the Duke in person, and laying waste the country through which it advanced, encamped in great force and splendour under the ramparts of St. Gall. These, however, as he conjectured, being too strong and well manned to surrender without a struggle, the duke waved the experiment, and directed the full tide of his vengeance towards Arbon. But here the citizens, forming themselves into reconnoitring bands, gave his advanced guard such a warm reception near the Hauptlisberge, as to stagger the whole body, and convince their leader that the march to Appenzell was not to be a triumphal progress. Informed, at the same time, of the disastrous events on the Stoss, his rage and disappointment knew no bounds; and he made a solemn vow on the spot not to leave the country, till he should have inflicted summary chastisement upon the authors of this disgrace to the Austrian flag. But while princes only propose, God disposes. Resolved on the accomplishment of his sanguinary project, the duke caused it to be given out that his orders were to march back into the Tyrol; and with this appearance he continued his retreat towards the Rhine. On reaching the village of Thal, however, the *ruse* was dropt, his real object divulged, and the troops ordered to scale the steep acclivities of the Wolfshalden—a measure by which he hoped to entrap the Appenzellers in the midst of their security, and exercise fearful retaliation for his late defeat. The latter, accustomed to witness the tempest burst over their heads, even from a blue sky, were prepared for the same transition in the moral as in the natural world; so that where the Austrians expected to find them asleep, they found the sentinels at their post, the whole population on the alert, and Werdenberg and his warriors, fully apprised of the mysteries of the game, ready to rush upon them once more with the appalling shout of—" Freedom and Appenzell!"

The Austrians, justly apprehensive of an ambuscade, and hastily assuming

the defensive, met the assailants on an advantageous post near the church, and fought with a courage worthy of a better cause. Forty of the Appenzellers sank under the swords and spears of the invaders; but over their bodies, their sons and brothers rushed with such impetuosity, that the duke's second ranks were broken at several points, the brave fell fighting, the mass fled, and the declivities of the Wolfshalde were strewn with the slain. The rout was complete, and with the double disgrace of detection and discomfiture, Frederick of Austria withdrew his shattered forces beyond the Rhine. The result needs not here be dwelt upon. The people of Appenzell had now evidence of their own strength, and with the fame of their exploits, united the sweets of freedom. The hereditary possessions of Werdenberg were wrested from the Austrians, and restored to their owner; while Rudolf, in the proud association of shepherds, enjoyed that happy independence to which, by his sword and counsel, he had so richly contributed.

For nearly a century past, the village of Gäis, not far from the scene of this victory, and two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the sea, has been much resorted to by strangers, as well as natives, for the sake of the goat's whey-diet, or milken-kur, which has been found to contribute very essential benefit in cases where more artificial means have failed. Of this beverage, upwards of a hundred quarts are consumed every morning during the summer. It is brought quite fresh and warm from the chalets, in the high pasturage of the Sentis Alp, and distributed in glasses to the guests who meet every morning at the sound of a bell—a signal employed to draw the whey-drinkers from their several apartments, which, owing to the great influx of visitors for some years past, are often difficult to be procured.

The salutary effects of this simple regimen, aided by exercise, amusement, and the invigorating air of these mountains, gain fresh testimony every season. In certain states of disease in the pulmonary and digestive organs, a course of goat's whey has been found eminently successful, and may be still further improved in its beneficial virtues, by combining it with the jelly of Iceland moss.

Several mineral springs in the immediate neighbourhood enjoy considerable reputation for their salubrious qualities. Of these, the Baths of Gruti and Schussemuhle, as well as Weissbad and Waldstatt, are much frequented, and often employed in conjunctiou with the whey regimen.*

* On the employment of the whey-diet, no fixed rules have been laid down; but able advice is to be had on the spot from the resident physicians, who have devoted their attention to the subject, and can pronounce, with almost certainty, on every case where it may be prescribed with specific advantage. Those who wish for more particular information on this subject, will find it amply treated in Stegner's *Melkenkur*, and in a similar work by Koonfels.

Herisau is the chief place of the canton. It contains several manufacturing establishments, chiefly of linen, and embroidered muslins, which are a source of prosperity to the inhabitants. The situations of the Rosenberg, and Schwanburg, formerly occupied by castles which were razed during the struggle for liberty, are universally admired as points of view. The approach to the convent of Wormestein, the ravine of Urnesch and Hündwyl, where the Protestant inhabitants hold their general meetings every two years,* are all interesting, and full of attractions to the pedestrian, who would earn the luxury of health by the exercise of his limbs.

" Are not these mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of thee, and of thy soul, as thou of them?
Is not the love of these deep in thy heart
With a pure passion?"
" To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone, o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

Before closing our sketch of this canton, we shall add a few words on the Wild-Kirchlein, or chapel of the desock, to which most of those who visit this sublime scenery devote a day's excursion. From the Baths of Weissbad, a rugged path, steep, and strewn with the *débris* of rocks, conducts across the Bommen-Alp, and in about an hour and a half, brings us to a wooden bridge, suspended over a frightful chasm, and leading to a chapel, ingeniously constructed in a cavern of the rocks. Few scenes can be more appalling than what is here offered, in taking the first step on the bridge. Most spectators, unless familiar with such scenes, experience an involuntary shudder as they suddenly come in sight of the precipice beneath, which descends to a depth of two hundred and fifty feet perpendicular, and the wild and savage grandeur with which the whole scene is invested. The view to the south is magnificent, comprising the still, silvery lake of the See-Alp scooped out of the Sentis, and giving birth to the Sitter, the glittering course of which is also a striking

* The Landsgemeinde, or general assembly, comprising about ten thousand of the male population, is held at Trogen, in May. The most interesting of these political meetings are those of this canton, and Schwytz and Glaris.

feature in the picture. Immediately overhead, the rocky walls of the Eben-Alp soar into the sky, and shut out the world; while precipices and valleys, frowning with winter, or brilliant with verdure, come alternately into view, and by singular contrasts, give a character to the landscape which it is impossible to describe.

Having accomplished this pass, the church of the desert, as its name imports, comes into sight; and a more extraordinary position for a shrine it would be difficult to select, even in the Alps. Behind the chapel, a grotto opens into the rock, the walls of which are covered with *lac-lune;* and here an altar is erected. The view from the window is unrivalled. This savage and solitary retreat was chosen by a native of Appenzell, named Ulmann, who built the chapel in 1656, and made the cavern his abode. From that time, the second grotto has been occupied during the fine season, by a hermit, who rings the chapel bell five times every day—a signal at which the shepherds of the Alps fall on their knees in the exercise of prayer. The following stanzas may, perhaps, serve as a specimen of the vesper-hymn which is still heard undulating from cliff to cliff, when the sun goes down, and the shepherds of Appenzell accompany his setting with prayer.

Brothers! the day declines; above the glacier brightens,
And red through Hündwyl pines, the vesper halo lightens.
From hamlet, rock, and châlet, your grateful song be poured,
Till mountain, lake, and valley, re-echo—Praise the Lord!

The sun sleeps in the west; the stars gleam bright and cold,
And bring the hour of rest to the shepherd and his fold:
Now swell the mountain chorus to Him our sires adored;
Whose glorious works before us, still whisper—Praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft, from cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lake calm and soft, lulled in its twilight shroud—
Fresh strength our anthem gathers; from Alp to Alp 'tis poured—
The song that soothed our fathers—Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Now, from forest, flood, and fell, let the voice of old and young—
All the strength of Appenzell—true of heart, and sweet of tongue,
The grateful hymn prolong, and tune the spirit's chord
Till yon stars take up our song—Hallelujah to the Lord!—*MS.*

Re-entering the canton of St. Gall, on our route into that of Thurgan, or Thurgovie, the capital offers attractions of which most travellers will gladly avail themselves. The style of its private and public edifices—its squares and capacious streets, with numerous ornamental fountains, give it an air of elegance and luxury peculiarly striking. The Benedictine Abbey, the original nucleus of the town, and for so many ages the residence of its prince-abbots, though

now curtailed of its privileges, is still an object of deep veneration among the faithful, and like its neighbour, Einsiedeln, the resort of numerous pilgrims, by whose liberality and superstition the tomb of St. Gall is rendered a source of extensive and voluntary tribute. The Abbey Church, a magnificent structure, with the buildings of the ancient abbey, and another, called the Pfalz, or palace, serve as the residence of the government; while the Convent has been converted into a college of public instruction, under the direction of eleven professors. The churches of St. Lawrence, and St. Mangen, the Arsenal, the Orphan Hospital, and the Casino, are the principal buildings, of which the hospital is particularly striking. The Library, long celebrated for its rare treasures, is arranged in a magnificent hall. It contains upwards of a thousand manuscripts; part of the collection formed by the historian Tschudi; the Niebelungenlied, a manuscript poem of the twelfth century, upon which some interesting lectures were lately delivered at Göttingen, by Dr. Ramm; and the chronicle of Früind. The Town Library contains the manuscripts of the celebrated Vadianus, so distinguished at the period of the Reformation as burgomaster of the town; the bust of Zollikofer, the most powerful preacher of his time in Germany; the portrait of Zingg, by A. Graf, with an extensive cabinet of petrifactions from the neighbouring districts. Besides these libraries, another, belonging to a literary society, is rich in all that relates to the history of the country at large, and of St. Gall in particular.

The commerce of the place consists chiefly of muslin, extremely fine in texture, and silver embroidery; as well as every other variety of that manufacture, which is here conducted on a much more extensive scale than in any other part of Switzerland. The population of the town is now estimated at ten thousand, constituting about a thirteenth part of that of the canton, which is annually increasing. Of the entire population, the Catholic part is estimated at eighty thousand; that of the reformed at fifty thousand, who inhabit chiefly the capital, the small district of Werdenberg, and predominate in the valleys of Toggenburg and the Rhine. The effects of industry are every where more or less evident; but a great portion of the rural population still groan under the trammels of ignorance and superstition—a yoke more difficult to throw off than that of despotism. Education, however, begins to extend its influence, and to be held in just appreciation. Let us hope, therefore, that the day may soon arrive, when their love of education will rival that of liberty, and when these two inestimable blessings will be found mutually to embrace and consolidate each other.

The great council of the canton, consisting of one hundred and fifty members,

with the landamman at their head, exercise the sovereign power, and elect from their own body the lesser council of thirteen members, in whom is reposed the administrative and executive authority. The supreme tribunal, at which nine judges preside, is constituted in like manner. The two religious professions administer their ecclesiastical affairs, as well as whatever relates to religious establishments and the business of education, separately. The reformed clergy constitute a synod, which assembles once every year at St. Gall, at which two members of the government are present. With the exception of Sargans, on the Grison frontier, the Catholic clergy have hitherto formed part of the diocese of Constance. Of the monastic establishments which still flourish in the canton, there are four convents, and eleven nunneries, all more or less richly endowed, and possessing temporal as well as spiritual interests in the country. The facilities for education, and the incentives to industry, are happily on the increase, and the prospects of the canton, as applicable to its moral and political condition, prosperous and encouraging.

At the tumultuous epoch of the French Revolution, St. Gall, like its neighbours, became the scene of anarchy and misrule. The people could no longer bear the accumulating weight of taxes, court-exactions, and acts of servitude, by which they were excluded from the blessings of freedom, and held in degrading bondage. With every accession of new territory to the abbey, their own rights and privileges were curtailed: they felt that their privations increased in proportion as their monastic rulers prospered. Five of the communes, therefore, speedily seconded by others, laid their grievances before the abbot, and claimed redress for sixty different abuses which had come to light. The Abbot Beda, a man of enlightened mind, and a native of Thurgau, knowing the necessities of the people, would gladly have lessened their burdens; but of all his ecclesiastics, two only seconded him in a purpose so just and laudable. Much intrigue and negotiation on the part of the monks followed. At length, the Prince-Abbot, detecting their artifice, represented to them the imminent danger of fomenting, at such a crisis, the quarrels between rulers and their subjects. Peace was the end, conciliatory measures the only arms to be employed in a question which they were bound by their character to convert to the glory of God, and the good of his people. "But," said he, "if ye be resolved to risk the consequences by openly resisting our subjects, I withdraw from the unholy contest, and throw myself at once into the arms of my people." The result of this was, the concession of extensive privileges, by which the people were empowered to choose their own senate and council of war, to hold general assemblies, to nominate the municipal officers, and to purchase exemption

from their oppressive burthens. Servitude was also abolished, and an act published, by which all ecclesiastics, and others engaged in the public service—but hitherto exempted by virtue of office—were ordered to contribute their portion to the expenses of the state. Blessings were poured on the good Beda from every corner of the jurisdiction; but the monks, although in appearance consenting to these salutary measures, were inwardly incensed at his submission, and continued to lay insidious plans for defeating his object. With this view, they signed a secret act for the defence of their rights against the people—rights, which had only originated and been perpetuated through a long course of tyranny; and to this, even the guardians of the abbey clandestinely assented, and fomented the opposition against the pious and philanthropic views of the worthy abbot. So difficult is it for those who have once tasted the sweets of power, and the fruits of despotism, to become amenable to the same laws, and members of the same community, with the humble, but more worthy, citizens whose rights they have abused.

At length, when the arms of Austria had won some temporary advantage in Swabia, and had crossed the Rhine to prosecute the campaign in Switzerland, the cause of freedom seemed for a time paralysed. St. Gall had now a new abbot, in the person of Pancratius Forster, who, countenanced by a change in the political aspect of the country, began his career by re-establishing on his territory a degree of servitude still more insupportable than the former. He annulled, by the hands of Austrian dragoons, the articles of emancipation previously accorded. He broke open the national archives, and carried off the important documents they contained. But he soon experienced the fatal results of his measures, and felt that power, founded on injustice, is but a fortress built on sand, which the first floods will overthrow. Perceiving that men are never so strong as when they act under a consciousness of right, and contend for their natural privileges as citizens; the abbot was soon convinced that there was but one alternative to which a people, now roused from their lethargy, and actuated by the all-pervading spirit of freedom, could submit; and this was the confirmation of those rights in which they had been so lately installed by his predecessor—the pious and patriotic Beda.

On the many interesting subjects to which we should advert in a survey of this territory, the brevity of our plan will not permit us to dilate. But we would recommend all who visit those districts, to make the tour of the Toggenburg, so famous for the war of that name, and so remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery. The ancient counts of Toggenburg were the most "potent signiors" of Switzerland. Their domestic fortress crowned

a rock not far from the present convent of Fischingen. It was from a window of this castle that the Count Henry, in a paroxysm of jealousy, precipitated his wife, " the beautiful Ida," into the chasm at its base. On the finger of her page he had perceived her wedding-ring, which, having been left at an open lattice, had been carried off by a raven, and dropt at the foot of the rocks, where the servant, unconscious of its value or character, had picked it up, and, by way of security, put it on his finger. Ida, however, made a miraculous escape from the summary and unjust punishment intended for her, by laying hold of some shrubs that overhung the fearful abyss, and held her for a time suspended between life and death. After her rescue, her innocence was fully proved, and acknowledged by all. But incapable of longer cherishing affection for a husband, who, in addition to the violent death intended for herself, had caused the innocent servant to be dragged to death at the tail of a wild horse, (a fact which might have suggested the story of Mazeppa,) she withdrew from worldly admiration; and, ending her clouded pilgrimage in a cell at Fischingen, left her piety as an example to all her sex, and her story as a legacy to some poet of after times. Let us hope that the subject, and its scenery—a virgin theme —may yet attract the notice of some modern troubadour, and the story of the beautiful Ida be clothed with the charms of song.

THURGAU AND SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The Swabian waters! on whose slumbering breast
The Rhætian Alps repose in shadowy rest:
While faint and far along the pine-clad height,
The village church and watch-tower glimmer white,
And o'er the forest frown, in snowy swell,
The proud and peopled cliffs of Appenzell.—*

The Canton of Thurgau lays claim to none of those sublime and savage features which characterise the cantons of the higher Alps. The wild and the wonderful, the snowy desert, the glaciers, the mountain gorge, the dark ravine, the giddy precipice, the foaming torrent, the Alpine pastures, the châlets and their summer population, are all replaced by fresh combinations of objects in which the beautiful and the picturesque predominate, and where Nature, laying aside her robe of horrors, is radiant with summer fruits, and ripening with

harvests. This transition from the storm-girt regions of Appenzell, to the redundant fertility of Thurgau, is one of the most striking that can be met with, the climate and productions of which are as strongly contrasted as those of Spitzbergen and the Bay of Naples. Equally populous, cultivated, and productive, the valley of the Thur forms the granary of German Switzerland. Wheat-fields, vineyards, and orchards, are closely and luxuriantly interspersed —the latter so much so, as to give to the country the appearance of one uninterrupted garden, through whose various and undulating mass of verdure, spires, towers, hamlets, châteaux, and dilapidated forts, glimmer at intervals,— bringing at once the past and present before us, and offering a thousand pleasing anticipations of the future.

> Frequent along the waters' flowery marge,
> In shade or sunshine, floated Pleasure's barge;
> While, glad from vintage-ground, the *Vigneron*
> Poured forth the pathos of Helvetian song—
> The song of Liberty! whose quickening spell
> Can rouse the frozen chase or forest dell—
> And, heard on Freedom's hills, what heart but owns
> The more than magic thrilling in its tones!—*

The hills are all of moderate elevation, rarely exceeding two thousand five hundred feet above Constance; but, enclosing three small lakes well stocked with fish, are at once the reservoir and the source of fertilizing streams. The upper Thurgau, or that portion which borders the lake of Constance from Arbon to Stein, presents a scene of unrivalled fertility—producing, generally, two crops of flax in the year, succeeded by a third of rye, and all from the same field. A forest of apple and pear trees, the finest in Switzerland, and several leagues in extent, bears ample testimony to the qualities of soil and climate by which this district is so eminently favoured. Some of these trees severally yield an annual product of from sixty to a hundred bushels, which, converted to cider, are valued at five or six louis-d'or.

Agriculture, within the last twenty years, has made great progress; and, favoured by the Abbey of Kreutzlinghen,—which acts upon the system of rural economy so successfully introduced by M. Fellenberg,—it promises to carry that noble art to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown in Switzerland.

The manufactures, with the exception of the silk mills at Frauenfeld, are the same as those already stated in St. Gall. The linen and cambric of Thurgau, though slightly depreciated since the introduction of cotton, are still in high estimation, and fetch better prices in the market than any yet produced by their neighbours. The principal export is grain, of which a vast quantity

is here raised for foreign consumption. The long train of waggons thus laden, and proceeding to the different ports on the lake, as well as to the inland states, is often a subject of surprise to the stranger. Thurgau, indeed, seems, in this respect, a miniature of ancient Sicily, furnishing her neighbours with those supplies with which the fertile Trinacria once freighted the ships of Rome.

The population, in the present year, is little short of one hundred thousand. Like most of the others, this canton was the theatre of numerous conflicts between the French and Austrians, in the summer of 1799. The latter, under the command of the Arch-duke Charles, passed the Rhine on the 22d of May the same year, at Stein.

The lake and town of Constance are too important, and lie too immediately in our route, to be passed over in silence, and are naturally, if not politically, connected with the canton under notice. The town is famous in history as having been the seat of several ecclesiastical convocations, but more particularly the great Council, in 1415, at which all the powers of the church, then in its zenith, and all the potentates of Christendom assisted in person, or by proxy. At this tribunal, two aspirants to the papal throne were deposed, a third abdicated, and a fourth, in the person of Martin V., was promoted to the triple crown. Never before had the world witnessed an assembly uniting such transcendant attributes of ecclesiastical power and secular splendour. It was a concentration of all that stood preeminent in the departments of social and monastic life. Every kingdom, republic, state, city, and commune, that owned the papal sway, had here their representatives, deputies, or advocates.* At this vast assembly, which had attracted upwards of one hundred thousand

* Among the temporal princes, were the Elector Palatine, the electors of Mayence and Saxony, the burgrave of Nuremberg, afterwards elector; the dukes of Bavaria, Austria, Silesia, Lignitz, and Brieg, with a vast train of margraves, landgraves, burgraves, counts, barons, ambassadors, knights, and their trains. According to the statements of that day, the ecclesiastical force amounted to thirty cardinals, four patriarchs, twenty archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, upwards of one hundred abbots, forty auditors of the rolls, more than a hundred inferior prelates, generals, and priors, of their several monastic orders, and above two hundred doctors in theology. Among the English delegates, were the bishops of Salisbury, Hereford, Bath, and London (Clifford); the abbot of Westminster, the prior of Worcester, and the earl of Warwick. Among these, the bishop of Salisbury particularly distinguished himself by his zeal for the reformation of church abuses, which were in those days, according to the writers of the time, abundantly glaring. "Là les prêtres concubinaires, ici les moines débauchés; les églises cathédrales devenues des cavernes des brigands, les monastères des cabarets et des lieux de prostitution. A l'égard des religieuses," says Clemangis, "j'aime mieux tirer le rideau sur les abominations qui se commettent dans leurs couvents, que d'entrer dans un détail si opposé à la pudeur. Mais aujourd'hui voiler une fille, c'est la prostituer." All the chronicles which we have seen on the subject concur in condemnation of the licentious life pursued by those very individuals who were most loud in their cry for reform. *See* V. D. Hardt. *L'Enfant*, &c.

strangers, the Pope, and the Emperor Sigismund, presided. The former, who had succeeded Alexander V., and taken the name of John XXIII., was a man, according to the historians of that day, of insatiable ambition, unbounded avarice, and, though possessing some talents as a politician, without a single redeeming virtue as an ecclesiastic. He made his entry into Constance, attended by nine cardinals, several archbishops and inferior prelates, forming, altogether, a suite of six hundred persons, and was received with all possible magnificence. The whole body of the clergy met him in procession, bearing the relics of saints, offering presents, and celebrating his arrival as a solemn and pompous fête. All the magistracy and civil orders of the city, as well as the vast multitude of foreigners whom the occasion had brought from the remotest parts of Christendom, escorted him in triumph to the episcopal palace, saluting him as the Vicar of Jesus Christ—the Vicegerent of God on earth.*

Sigismund, however, was, in every respect, the hero of the council, and added to his other imperial titles, that of "Advocate and Defender of the Church." To his person, Nature had been liberal in her favours; he was a man of heroic stature, martial port, and noble presence, and inferior to no prince of his time in personal courage, or knightly accomplishments. Although he had only entered his forty-seventh year, he had experienced more vicissitudes of fortune than any sovereign of his time. His reverses and imprisonment in Hungary, and his ill success against the Turks, had somewhat softened, it is said, his naturally cruel propensities, and taught him lessons of justice and forbearance. But this testimony in his favour is much invalidated by his subsequent conduct during the sanguinary deliberations and sentences of the Council. It is related of him, that, having one day ennobled a doctor of medicine, (but whom personal merit had already ennobled,) he thus expressed himself: "Could I inspire talent as I now confer title, I should have just cause to be proud; but he who in one day can create a hundred nobles, cannot create one man of talent." It was one of his maxims, that "a prince who cannot dissemble, is unfit to reign"—a maxim by which his safe-conduct to John Huss seems to have been regulated.

When first charged with the crime of heresy, Huss was cited to appear before the tribunal at Rome. Apprehending a design against his life, he dispatched proxies to answer for his orthodoxy; but these were treated with great indignity, and thrown into prison. He was then excommunicated; and appealed to the Council of Constance, which was on the eve of assembling. In pursuance

* He is said to have brought with him to the council one million of ducats—the knowledge of which was of itself no small recommendation to popularity.

of that appeal, Sigismund wrote to Wenceslas to send the alleged heretic to Constance; and Huss, furnished with a safe conduct from the emperor* for that purpose, and implicitly relying on the good faith of this instrument, was thus ensnared, condemned, and burnt at the stake.

" Un doux inquisiteur, un crucifix en main,
Au feu, par charité, fit jetter son prochain!"

It was on the seventh of June of the same year that the remarkable eclipse, so often referred to by the writers of the day, took place. At Constance, where the council was assembled, the sun was almost entirely obscured; at Prague, it was a total eclipse. A phenomenon, so appalling at all times, but most so at a period when the belief in miracles was inculcated, and divine interposition in the affairs of men considered as an event of daily and visible recurrence, did not fail to make a powerful impression on the minds of the assembled multitude, but, as might have been supposed, with a two-fold interpretation. It has been thus described:—

The night had waned—but darkness and dismay
Rose with the dawn, and blotted out the day:
The council's warder, struck with sudden fear,
Dropt from his palsied hand the uplifted spear;
Aghast each gazer saw the mystic power
That robed in midnight's pall the matin hour:

* When condemned, Huss is reported by the historian of the Council, to have turned round, and, steadily fixing his eye on the emperor, addressed him in these words: " Sire, I have now the honour to tender my special thanks for the *passport and safe conduct* vouchsafed me at your imperial majesty's hands." At which the emperor betrayed his feelings by a guilty blush. In allusion to this, Charles V., when pressed at a much later period by the Pope's nuncio, Alexander, to cause an arrest to be issued against Luther, in violation of the *safe conduct* already given him, that magnanimous monarch replied, " Yes, I know that my worthy predecessor, Sigismund, without regard to his own honour, and the public faith, delivered up John Huss to the flames, which the holy fathers had kindled for him at Constance, *but I have no mind to blush with Sigismund!*"—*An. Germ. Hist. de Huss.*

In palliation of the emperor's conduct, however, it is but fair to quote a passage from a letter addressed by him to the Bohemians, two years subsequent to the death of Huss:—" Dieu sait, et je ne puis l'exprimer, combien *j'ai été affligé de son malheur* [speaking of Huss]; et tous ceux de Bohême, qui étaient alors auprès de moi, ont bien vû quels mouvemens je me suis donné pour cette affaire, et *que plusieurs fois je suis sorti du Concile en fureur.* J'avais même quitté Constance, lorsque les PERES du Concile me firent dire, *que si je ne voulais pas permettre que le Concile exerçât la justice, ils n'avaient que faire à Constance; de sorte que je pris la résolution de ne plus me mêler de cette affaire, parceque, si j'eusse voulu m'interesser davantage pour Jean Huss, le Concile eût été entièrement dissous.* Ce n'est pas [he continues] une assemblée de quelques ecclésiastiques; *les ambassadeurs de tous les rois, et de tous les princes chrétiens sont à Constance,* et sur tout, depuis que les rois et princes de l'obédience de Pierre de Lune se sont unis avec nous, *tout le monde est persuadé de la bonne conduite, et du juste gouvernement du Concile. De sorte que vous ne pourriez soutenir le parti de Jean Huss, sans vous opposer à toute la Chrétienté!*"—*See* MELCH. GOLDAST. *Append. Docum.* p. 156, *cited by L'Enfant.* pref. Vol. I. p. 12.

While hurrying feet, and wailings to and fro,
Spread the wild panic of impending woe.
The prince and prelates shuddered at the sign—
The monk stood dumb before the darkened shrine;
With faultering hand upraised the cross on high,
To chase that dismal omen from the sky.*

It is probable that the English monks, at least, who were then present at the council, had not yet forgotten the earthquake which, some years before, had nearly demolished the monastery where they had formed themselves into a tribunal for the trial of Wickliffe.*

As a preliminary to the sentence pronounced upon Huss, seven bishops were appointed for the ceremony of degradation—a process too tedious and disgusting for insertion in these pages. This done, he was delivered by the prelates to the Emperor, as "advocate and defender of the Church," and thence to the Elector Palatine, as Vicar of the Empire, with commands to see the sentence carried into effect. Finally, he was given up to the magistrates of the city, and by them to the executioner, to be burnt in a field, prepared for that tragic spectacle, beyond the walls. The crowd which followed the procession was immense, at which the princes, with an armed escort of eight hundred men, assisted. On his way to the place of martyrdom, Huss was detained in front of the bishop's palace to witness the public cremation of his own and Wickliffe's books. Arrived in front of the pile on which he was to be sacrificed, he fell upon his knees, and repeated, with a loud voice, passages from the 51st, and other penitential psalms. At length, when the stated time had expired, he signified a desire to address the people, but was prevented by the Elector Palatine, who gave orders to have the fire kindled forthwith—but the details are too revolting to be ventured upon at large. "Never," says Æneas Sylvius, in his personal narrative of this spectacle—"never did philosopher meet the pangs of natural dissolution with such fortitude, as that with which John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, delivered their bodies to the flames."

In observance of a clause in the sentence, the ashes of the human victim were carefully collected from the pyre, and thrown into the Rhine. When we last visited the spot, we were shown, on removing the long grass with which it was covered, a black oaken stake driven into the ground, intended to mark the centre of the pile, and which had been substituted for the original stone placed there in record of the *auto-da-fé*. From this spot a red clay is procured, of which likenesses of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, are modelled in

* See also Calvisius Tab. Rud. p. 130

bas-relief, hardened in the sun, set on glass, and accompanied with a short notice of these martyrs, offered for sale to strangers.

Few who spend any time at Constance, but are thus forcibly reminded of the times to which we allude. The Hall of the Council, the Cathedral, and the Augustine Convent, are among the first objects visited, and severally possess many things well calculated to make a lasting impression on the mind. The hall, the windows of which command a most beautiful view of the lake, still contains the chairs occupied by the Emperor and Pope, during the long sittings of the council, the canopy of tapestry, the Bible of John Huss, and numerous other relics of the council, and the distinguished individuals connected with it. We were informed that the signature of Huss is only a recent discovery, and made on accidentally splitting open the boards of the sacred volume, between which it had been ingeniously concealed, but not obliterated.

The Cathedral is a gorgeous structure, and in style and decoration, characteristic of the times in which it was built. The pulpit is supported by a statue of the heresiarch, as Huss was designated by his persecutors; and the spot where he received sentence is marked by a brass plate, inserted into a flat stone of extraordinary dimensions.

Several convents still flourish within and beyond the city walls, and along the shores of the lake, the sound of whose matin and vesper bells associates well with the place. The Franciscan Convent, in a turret of which Huss was at first immured, is now a deserted ruin. The Dominican Convent, to which he was afterwards conveyed, when a cell *above* ground appeared too great an indulgence for a denounced heretic, is also a desecrated ruin, being only used for the purpose of a dying and stamping manufactory. But every object around forcibly contrasts its original splendour and destination, with its present desertion, profanation, and gloom. The epitaph of the classic and enlightened Chrysolora—who, like many others, died, and was buried here during the time of the Council—still speaks from the wall in elegant Latin hexameters, the production of Æneas Sylvius.* He was a man of distinguished learning and piety, and contributed

* " Ille ego qui Latinas priscas imitarier artes
Explosis, docui, sermonum ambagibus, et qui
Eloquium magni Demosthenis et Ciceronis
In lucem retuli, Chrysoloras nomine notus,
Hic sum post vitam, et peregrina in luce quiesco.
Huc me Concilii deduxit cura, trium dum
Pontificum Ecclesiam vexaret sæva tyrannis.
Roma meos genuit majores, me bona Tellus
Bysantina tulit, cinerem Constantia servat.
Quo moriare loco nil refert; undique cœlum
Pœnarumque domus mensura distat eadem."

more, probably, than any man of his time to the revival and encouragement of literature and the fine arts.

The dungeon, or rather cage, in which Huss was immured, exhibits, in size and situation, a revolting picture of inquisitorial severity.

> " There twilight struggling through its lattice grim,
> Disclosed no spot to stretch the languid limb:
> While dungeon-drops, condensing o'er the cell,
> Cold on the fettered captive's bosom fell."*

Bodensee, or the lake of the plain, is the vernacular epithet applied to the lake of Constance, which, in expanse and beauty of scenery, is only excelled by that of Geneva—the classic Leman. Although its shores have acquired no peculiar associations from having been the residence of genius—the propitious retreat of poets and philosophers—the scenes, nevertheless, in which its Swiss and Swabian confines abound, are full of mingled beauty and sublimity, and such as, even after a survey of the inland cantons, cannot fail to secure admirers. At sun-set, the evening illumination is splendid—equal, in many instances, to that witnessed from Geneva, Lausanne, and the Jura—

> " When lingering by the lake, and, tipt with fire
> The westering sun has gilt each holy spire—
> Called forth in bold relief yon summits bald,
> And tinged with gold the waving Schwartzenwald."*

To the traveller who approaches Constance from the east, the view is strikingly beautiful; but still more so, when, floating on the bosom of the lake, with the Alps on his left, and the vine-clad shores of Swabia on his right—he allows his boat to drift at pleasure, and indulges the luxury of " a summer night's dream."

> " White from the waters, on their western verge
> Constance and her cathedral towers emerge;
> And cross and cloister, tower, and fortress, rest
> A shadowy world within the water's breast!. . . . .
> Constance! at sight of thee, fresh from their source
> The Rhine's blue billows stay their rapid course,
> And, round thy walls, in living crystal thrown,
> With glassy arms embrace thee like a zone,
> And smooth their mountain wave to form for thee
> Thy mirror lake—the beauteous Bodensee!"*

It may be doubted by the lovers of the picturesque, whether the twin steamers, which now ply along these beautiful waters, have contributed to their embellishment; they were, certainly, not launched with the consent of poet and painter. But the hand of speculation, ever busy in opening some new

* For various particulars connected with the affairs of the COUNCIL, the reader is referred to an anonymous poem, with historical notes, by the writer of these pages, entitled, " THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE," from which the descriptive stanzas here quoted, and originally written on the spot, are extracted.

source of profit, has given a triumphant answer to the question. The numerous barges which formerly issued from the bay of Rorshach, like a fleet, have now "taken in sail," and crumble in the very harbour to which they were once a source of annual prosperity. On the opposite side of the lake, surrounded by luxuriant vineyards, are the picturesque village and palace of Friederichshafen, where the present king of Würtemberg generally spends his villegiatura. Among the many beautiful seats in which his territory abounds, there is nothing more beautiful than this. During three summers spent in professional attendance upon the present king, (while duke of Clarence,) at the court of the late queen dowager of Würtemberg, the writer has often heard described the beauties of Friederichshafen, and "Langhen-Arghen's leafy shore"—beauties which, it appears, are still appreciated by their royal patron, who is justly esteemed one of the most enlightened sovereigns in Europe.

The immediate vicinity of Constance commands many delicious points of view; but that which takes in most, and from which all appear to advantage, is the terrace in front of the château of Wolfsberg, on the road to Winterthour, and now in the possession of a gallant Colonel, one of Napoleon's officers. Having escaped the many chances of war—and last, not least, the horrors of a Russian climate, he retired with his wife and family to this beautiful and romantic retreat. Here, to enliven that solitude which the habits of a military life might otherwise find irksome, he receives a limited number of boarders—principally ladies and gentlemen, whom the pursuit of health or relaxation has attracted to these romantic shores—all of whom speak in the highest terms of the soldier-host and his lady. The Duchess de St. Leu, ex-queen of Holland, has also a handsome villa in the immediate neighbourhood: and to her *soirées* the colonel and his domestic circle are often invited—a circumstance which, considering the intellectual character of the duchess, contributes not a little to the pleasure of a summer residence at the Wolfsberg.*

> "Yes, here be scenes which to the spirit bring
> Impressions worthiest of its treasuring—
> Sweet sympathies of sight and sound—the roar
> Of rushing cataracts—sounds that sink and soar,
> Freshen and faint in turn, and still renewed,
> Wake the wild chords of Nature's solitude:
> The sylvan stream, the summer day's farewell,
> Are fraught with feelings—thoughts—ineffable,
> That mould the heart by their mysterious power—
> Soothe and attune each passion to the hour."†

* For a more particular notice of this excellent establishment, see "Journal of a Residence at the Courts of Germany, during an attendance upon their present Majesties;" also Appendix.

† See page 20, note.

As an example, before quitting Constance, from what trivial causes the most important consequences may arise, we need only quote the origin of the *Plappart* War. At a shooting match, given here in 1458, a citizen having refused to take in exchange from an inhabitant of Lucern, a Bernese coin, called a plappart, about three farthings value, accompanied his refusal with some contemptuous expression of the Swiss, and their *cow*-coinage. The scene of festivity was speedily converted into an affray; the expression was felt to be a public insult, and they resolved to resent it in right earnest. Quitting the field, where at the moment their numbers were inferior, the Swiss youth hastened (for error is always in haste) to rouse their cantons, and shortly returned with a force of nearly four thousand men. With this strong muster, and fired with a zeal as if their very hearths and altars had been at stake, they proceeded to lay waste the territory of Constance, telling the inhabitants, that since they had refused a plappart, they had now brought them steel. Unable to check these acts of brigandage, the city of Constance was obliged to open her coffers, and, by a considerable sum of money, bribed the "plapparters" to retire beyond the frontier, and quit the scene of depredation.

The small town of Stein, on the north bank of the Rhine, and the first on the Schaffhausen frontier, is a point of great commercial activity. The château of Klingen, a fortalice of considerable importance in ancient times, crowns the neighbouring hill, and is much visited for the sake of the fine view. The object of paramount interest, however, and what is unequalled in any part of Europe, is the slate quarry of Œninghen. The petrifactions discovered in working this mine, are of a character so remarkable, as to have attracted to the spot the principal sçavans of Europe, and opened a wide field for geological inquiry.

In its descent from Constance, the Rhine flows for several miles in a depression of molasse, or sandstone, which, being cut through transversely, is exposed in hills, on both banks, at heights varying from seven to nine hundred feet. These hills, consisting of micaceous sandstone, and conglomerate, have been ably described by Professor Sedgwick, and Mr. Murchison. The marls and limestone of Œninghen are recumbent on *molasse*, as seen in various patches on the sides of the hills, and worked in two quarries—the lowest at two hundred, and the highest about six hundred feet above the level of the Rhine. In both these quarries the marl beds rest on molasse; the channel of the Rhine, therefore, appears to have been deeply excavated at some remote period in the molasse, and a lake to have been formed in one of the broader parts of the valley where the marls and limestone were deposited. Indicating an intimate connexion between the ancient state of nature and that which now prevails, this

deposit may be considered as an important link in the history of the earth's structure. It differs essentially in its organic remains from any other fresh water formation, either in France, or in the adjacent regions of Germany; and from its superposition over tertiary sandstone, the formation must be regarded as one of the most recent.

As no bones of elephants or mastodons have been discovered in the strata, and as the plants and animals for the most part resemble existing species, it is reasonable to believe that the mean temperature of this part of the globe had considerably diminished, and that the country round Œninghen could no longer support the plants and animals of tropical climates. The organic remains found in these quarries consist of quadrupeds, birds, a vast number of fishes, reptiles, insects, and innumerable plants. For a considerable time, human skeletons were also supposed to be found here in a state of petrifaction, but were afterwards ascertained by Cuvier to belong to the aquatic salamander—an animal nearly resembling the lizard in form, about four feet in length—a specimen of which is now in the British Museum. Mr. Murchison, who lately visited these quarries, brought home the entire skeleton of a fossil fox, and has communicated the result of his observations in a paper of deep interest, and curious deductions. The strata of Œninghen may be regarded as posterior to many of the beds or accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel, in England, and other countries, that contain the remains of elephants, hippopotami, and other inhabitants of warm regions. These alluvial beds, together with vast tracts of moveable sand, cover no small portion of our present continent, and may be considered as the loose vestments of the globe.*

The canton of Schaffhausen is one of the smallest, and distinguished as the twelfth in rank of the Swiss confederation. The surface is interspersed with numerous hills and monticles—the highest not exceeding one thousand two hundred feet above the Rhine—and possesses many excellent vineyards, all more or less celebrated for their wine, particularly the red, which, in addition to agriculture, is a principal source of industry, and by the quantity annually exported, contributes largely to the public revenue. The population, amounting to thirty-five thousand, or nearly so, is distributed into twenty-four classes, and the great council into sixty-four members, who exercise sovereign authority. The executive department is confided to the lesser council, composed of twenty-four members, chosen from the former. The cantonal flag is black and green; the established contingents, four hundred and sixty-six in men, and nine thousand

* See Bakewell's Geology, the able work to which we have already referred. Also Professor Sedgwick, Murchison, Ebel, and the German papers on the subject.

three hundred and twenty-seven francs in money. The sources of revenue are silk and cotton manufacture, establishments for the dying and printing of cotton cloths, tanneries, the produce of the soil, wheat, wine, cherry-water—all of which for home or foreign consumption, give an air of commercial activity to the town, and secure a profitable return. The duties on merchandize are also a fertile source of public emolument. The canton is Protestant, and the clerical department subject to a synod, which meets every spring, under a moderator, the minister of the cathedral, where members from the lesser council are also in attendance. The principal churches are those of All Saints, and St. John—the latter, one of the largest in Switzerland. On the great bell belonging to the first, is this inscription—

"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango."*

The town possesses an excellent college, with nine professors, and affords every facility for the acquisition of the elegant, as well as useful branches in science and literature. Several periodicals, conducted by able and well-informed editors, diffuse a taste for literature and the fine arts; and the society of the place includes many individuals of elegant and enlightened minds. Among several others of distinction, the celebrated historian, Müller, was a native of this town, which is still more recently distinguished as the birth-place, and field where the learned and patriotic Jetzeller so eminently displayed his virtues and talents. Various societies for the encouragement of letters, as well as others for the cultivation of music and objects of taste, give a lively and intellectual character to the evening parties, while the winter season brings its fair proportion of balls and concerts.

But we turn from the mere artificial scenes of life to that stupendous feature in the natural world—the Falls of Schaffhausen, which have attracted, from time immemorial, and will continue to attract, so many myriads of pilgrims.

"Even here, the hollow thunder of its fall
And sheeted vapour, mark the wild turmoil."

This grand interruption to the navigation of the Rhine, was the origin of the town of Schaffhausen. Originally built as an *entrepôt* for the merchandize which it became necessary to disembark at this point, it was afterwards enlarged and embellished under the auspices of the Convent of All Saints. For the space of a league above Lauffen—where the cataract actually begins—the river,

* "The living I summon, the dead I bewail,
And conjure the lightning, the thunder, and hail!"

boiling over a rocky channel, forms what may be termed a succession of rapids. Gradually acquiring strength with its speed, and descending—at first in a broad verdant sheet, till, whitening by degrees into foaming impetuosity, it bursts at last in three distinct branches over a precipice, upwards of eighty feet in height, and presents the most sublime spectacle in Switzerland. The best moment for witnessing this phenomenon in all its grandeur, is about sunset, in the month of July. The volume of water is then at the highest; and the usual stillness of the hour, and deepening hue of twilight, conspire in a wonderful degree to heighten the effect. Then the cataract seems to rush from the sky like an avalanche—filling the air with whirlwinds of vapour, and stunning the ear with the thunder of its fall. At that hour the foam is of dazzling whiteness; clouds of drizzling vapour incessantly form and vanish away; the ever-boiling vortex of the basin, into which the vast body of water is precipitated, represents a storm in miniature; the trees, and rocks, and precipices, agitated by the continual shock imparted to the atmosphere, and that deep unslackening roar in which the voice of a Stentor seems hushed into the whisper of "a sick girl," impart sensations which it is difficult to explain, and impossible for any spectator to forget. Should the full moon rise as an accompaniment upon the scene, the whole becomes changed, magnified, and improved, under its magic influence; and every succeeding hour presents the sublime spectacle under some new and more imposing aspect. The moment at which, perhaps, the greatest number of circumstances combine to exhibit the cataract in its unrivalled magnificence, is a little after midnight. Then, Nature seems to have but one voice, to which the hushed and solitary ear of man listens in profound awe, while the flashing of the foam clothes every surrounding object in meteoric lustre.

At sun-rise, also, the scene is different, but only in the hues, not in the degree, of its magnificence. Then—

> "Upon the verge,
> From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
> An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a death-bed."

The isolated rocky pillars, by which the river is divided into a triple fall, seem as entirely cut off from all social intercourse with the shores opposite as if the latter were some inaccessible point in the Alps. They are covered with green bushes, and were some time since colonized with rabbits, which certainly have nothing to fear, *ab externo*, provided supplies last, and population does not exceed the territory. These rocks rise to a considerable height, and present,

severally, the appearance of a bold flood-gate, through which the river, split into three branches, rushes with inconceivable impetuosity. The contrast also is striking; and, with the shrubs, and plants, and flowers, and the colony already mentioned, they look like arks in the deluge, charged with the preservation of animal and vegetable life—but a deluge whose waters never subside.

Previously to the disruption of its great natural barrier, the whole valley betwixt this and Zellersee must have been a continued lake. Of this the lake of Constance and quarries of Œninghen afford abundant evidence in the fact, that, by the outlet, their waters had suffered a diminution of several hundred feet in depth. The violent mechanical action of so vast a body of water, for an incalculable lapse of ages, has no doubt greatly diminished the height of the fall: but, from the facts stated, it would appear that the embankment through which the Rhine forced its way, formed originally a transverse ridge as high as the present chateau of Lauffen.

The effect of this fall depends not upon its height—for in that respect it is inferior to many others in Switzerland—but upon the vast body of water, which descending in tremendous broken masses, fully establishes its claim as the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind in Europe. The falls of Terni, though often contrasted with this, are of a different description; and, from the scenery and associations, as well as the volume and picturesque variety which they exhibit, possess attractions essentially distinct from those of Lauffen, where the presiding features are grandeur and sublimity.

In descending from the cliff, which overhangs the fall, the path leads to a scaffolding, on which the visitor, with less risk of suffocation than at Niagara, may pass to a certain extent behind the curtain, and enjoy the sublime satisfaction, as it may be termed, of standing with a slippery plank betwixt him and eternity, and exclaim with Clarence, in his dream,

> ——" methinks what pain it were to drown!
> What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
> What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!"

If the principle of life, a principle that seems to animate all around, be one of the causes of the effect, (as Dr. Macculloch* has well observed,) which a cataract produces on the mind, not a little also is owing to that image of eternity which its never-beginning never-ending flow conveys. Nor is that the eternity of the river alone, which flows and will flow on till time is no more, but every moment is a moment of power and effort; and every succeeding effort,

* Vol. ii.

like the former, unwearied, unabated. It is a tempest and a fury that never cease. The other wars of the elements are transient; the ocean billows subside in peace; the thunder rolls away; and the leaves that sounded to the tempest soon glitter again, with all their bright drops, in the sunbeam. But here every instant is a storm and a tempest, and that storm and tempest are for ever!

> " How profound
> The gulf! and how the giant element
> From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
> Crushing the cliffs, which, downward torn and rent
> With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
> To the broad column that rolls on." .... " Look back!
> Lo, where it comes like an eternity,
> As if to sweep down all things in its track,
> Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract!"

From 1757, down to the period of its destruction in 1799, the Bridge of Schaffhausen was justly admired as the most elegant, ingenious, and efficient piece of mechanism in existence. It consisted of a single arch of three hundred and forty-two feet span, roofed in at the top, and the carriage-way not resting upon the arch, but, like those at Reichenau and Wettingen, let into the middle, where it hung suspended. Its strength and durability seem to have depended greatly upon the extreme ingenuity with which the timbers were dovetailed into each other. The centre formed a very obtuse angle, the inside of which was opposed to the current.

Grubenmann, the ingenious and self-taught author of this stupendous undertaking, was a common carpenter, native of Appenzell, and, with his brother, the constructor of three bridges on similar principles at Reichenau, Wettingen, and Glaris, already noticed in our present tour. All former attempts to construct a durable bridge at Schaffhausen had proved abortive. They were either unsafe in principle, or, by their constant exposure to the deep and impetuous current at this point, of very short duration. But, as some medium of permanent intercourse was indispensable, Grubenmann, without theory, without mathematical science, boldly undertook the Herculean task; and, after four years' labour, succeeded in uniting the opposite banks of the Rhine by a single arch, which was justly regarded as a masterpiece of skill; and, till the moment of its destruction, one of the wonders of the age. The construction is said to have cost about two hundred thousand livres, French money; but, after triumphantly braving the fury of the Rhine for upwards of forty years, was burnt down by the French army, under Marshal Oudinot, on the 13th of April, 1799, at the moment the Austrians took possession of Schaffhausen. The bridge, subse-

quently erected in its place, is a structure which combines strength and solidity with a light and elegant appearance, and promises a more lengthened service than its predecessor.

We now quit the immediate borders of the Rhine, and prosecute our journey southward, by way of Andelfingen and Winterthour. The situation of the latter is peculiarly fine; and what nature has distinguished by her kindly partiality, man has seconded and improved by his industry. Selected as a favourite station by the Romans, and retaining its local dignity through a long succession of ages, Winterthour has passed through many hands, and derived embellishments, if not benefits, from all—for all in their turn have courted the good-will of its citizens, and coveted the rich possession of its territory. Villas of elegant architecture, grounds tastefully laid out and scrupulously preserved; verdant meadows, fruitful fields, and luxuriant vineyards, are the leading features in the landscape, and meet the traveller in ever-varying combinations.

Enriched by various grants and privileges from Rudolph of Hapsburg, Winterthour was at length raised to the dignity of an imperial town; and, from the time that Frederick of Austria was placed under the ban of the empire, till 1437, enjoyed almost unlimited independence, but then, by a spontaneous impulse, reverted under the protection of Austria. In 1460 it withstood a siege of eight weeks against the whole force of Zurich, and displayed every example of patriotic devotion and personal valour on the part of its inhabitants. Seven years later it was included among the towns subject to Zurich, and became a faithful supporter of the very government it had so nobly opposed. From that time down to the present, the struggle for supremacy has been succeded by a friendly competition in the arts of peace—by mutual endeavours for the common good; and by this principle of cooperative sympathy the best interests of a state are secured.

The public edifices, schools, libraries, churches, charities, and hospitals, are all of a superior description, and do honour to the place and people. Antiquities have been found liberally diffused over the neighbourhood; and Roman coins, medals, statues, and other subjects of *virtu*, are to be seen in the public library and private collections.

The Baths of Löhrlibad take their source a short way from this, and support the reputation already gained by fresh testimony to their salutary virtues.

> "Art weary? sleepless? weak? depressed? or sad?
> Dismiss thy cares! and visit Löhrlibad!"

To enumerate the many singular and striking points of view which this route commands—some with the stamp of history, others with the strong impression

of natural beauty, and all with features upon which it is delightful to pause—would far exceed our scanty limits. But, as silence and admiration are not unfrequently associated, the scenes upon which we cannot now dilate will long be cherished among the sweetest in our remembrance, and often fill up the silent picture in the mind's eye.

The canton of Zurich, through which we advance towards the capital, is a country of great extent, beauty, and fertility—densely peopled, highly cultivated, and holding the first rank in the Confederacy. Its boundaries will be better understood by reference to the accompanying map, than by description. On a surface of alternate hill and plain, twelve leagues where longest by ten in breadth, it supports an industrious and thriving population of 185,000 souls. The character and disposition of the people are uniformly described as sincere and ingenuous; studious of improvement, and unsparing of their exertions for the public welfare. They are strongly attached to ancestral customs, patriotic in their feelings and sentiments, and justly proud of their heroic annals and hereditary institutions.

The climate is sufficiently mild for the cultivation of extensive vineyards; and in the perfection of agriculture, Zurich has greatly the advantage over most of the other cantons. Horticulture is a department in which great progress has been made, as well as in the cultivation of kitchen vegetables, and the management of fruit and flower gardens.

The forests, with which the more elevated districts are covered, abound in stately timber, convertible to all the purposes of domestic economy, and forming a source of public revenue. Abundance of peat is dug from the bogs, and a coal-pit regularly worked at Käpfnach. Grain of every description is raised in abundance, and of excellent quality; but the principal source of revenue consists in the manufactures—similar to those already described, and which, previously to the revolution, gave employment to upwards of fifty thousand individuals. The silk-loom, as mentioned in a former page, was first introduced here by the proscribed Protestants of Locarno, to whom Zurich extended her protecting arm, and received in return an important lesson for the extension of her revenue.

The canton is distributed into eleven prefectures, forming fifty-six tribes. The sovereign authority resides in a grand council, composed of two hundred and twelve members, of whom twenty-six are elected by the capital, five by Winterthour, fifty-one by the various districts—and, of the remaining one hundred and thirty, elected by the grand council itself, every fifth is to be chosen from the rural departments. At this assembly, a burgomaster acts as president.

The lesser council, formed of twenty-five members, is charged with the executive authority; and the thirteen judges of the court of appeal, who decide all capital questions, are elected from the body of the grand council. In every prefecture, or provincial jurisdiction, a magistrate, with the title of *préfet*, is the government representative.

The established religion is that of the Protestant church. The clergy, with the exception of the communes of Dietikon and Rheinau, are governed by a synod, consisting of ten chapters. At this assembly, which meets every autumn, the minister of Zurich presides as moderator. During their deliberations, various members of the government are also present; and all affairs relating to church discipline, are entrusted to a committee selected from the body of the clergy. Both in the capital, and at Winterthour, all the establishments relating to public instruction are ably and judiciously conducted. At Zurich, theology, law, and medicine, are ably taught; and every other branch of science and philology cultivated with industry and success. The country schools are now on an excellent footing, and have greatly increased in number and importance. The physicians and surgeons of the canton, many of them men of profound skill and extensive observation, form themselves into a society, which meets twice a year, and by their professional and friendly intercourse, contribute most materially to the advancement of science, and the promotion of the god-like art.

The descent upon Zurich, as the road winds gently towards the river, is particularly fine; and the prominent objects brought successively into view, seem to vary their relative positions as we advance. Of these, the commanding feature is the cathedral, whose twin towers, overlooking the city, are the first to greet the traveller on his approach. Here the Limmat, gushing from the lake in a broad and impetuous stream, is bridged over by a wide and commodious platform, where the buyers and sellers meet in friendly intercourse, and the various merchandize attests the number of purchasers and activity of the market. The scarlet boddice, laced and trimmed with black—the full white sleeves, high dress to the neck, short particoloured petticoat, and black coiffure, with an orange or crimson band across the crown, announce the peasant maids of Zurich; while the huge hempen culottes, coarse homespun doublets, and broad-brimmed hats, proclaim their rustic lords. Here the front of the Hôtel de l'Epée bears evidence to the great influx of strangers who every season commence the tour of Switzerland at this point. There stand several English carriages—two just arrived, others on the road—and each fitted up with all the luxury and convenience that can possibly wait upon locomotive lords, and encourage an easy slumber after the fatigue of sight-seeing. There, a party

sally forth to make the circuit of curiosity, and another return, greatly delighted with the prospect of—dinner. Here, lazily seated upon the bench, in their half minstrel, half marauder uniform, a *possé* of Swabian students keep up a cloud of smoke from pipes, almost as long as the spears of their forefathers. Artists, seated, or standing by the water's edge, are busily occupied in the service of their portfolios, and seem to look upon the donjon-tower in the centre of the stream, with its fleet of barges, as a favourite point. Couriers, too, arrive and depart in such "hot haste," as if the balance of Europe sat upon their spurs. Here and there, also, straggling pilgrims, waiting for some boat to waft them to the other extremity of the lake, on their pious errand to Einsiedeln, contrast well with the mere pleasure-hunting groups among whom they stand; with their "scalloped hat, and sandal shoon," they look like the beings of another sphere. Among the smokers, the wine of Zurich begins at length to circulate freely, and to loosen those cords of speech, which the solemn pipe had previously held in subjection; and now the volubility is truly extraordinary—some talking— others vociferating a favourite air—

"Die perl'aus deinem haare," &c.

In the mean time, another courier has occasioned a fresh bustle of preparation in the hôtel, and is succeeded by the arrival of a carriage—not with that rapid reckless haste by which so many think they insure consequence, and command respect—but in so measured and slow a pace, indeed, as to excite apprehensions of some recent accident. The door of the barouche was opened, and a lady anxiously handed out, was supported into the house. Hereupon inquiries immediately followed, if a certain physician, then named, was in the house. The demand circulated in a few minutes to the doctor's ear, and in less than five more he was seated at the couch of the stranger. The lady was young, and, as far as perceptible through a thick veil, her features were beautiful; but, after the oriental fashion, her hand alone was visible, and held out with a kind of incoherent expression, that the physician would do his duty. Previously, however, he endeavoured to learn from her female attendant the probable cause and date of the malady; but his questions were either evaded, or answered unsatisfactorily; so that he was left to conjecture, and the adoption of his own resources. The latter were instantly applied—powerful depletion, and other remedial measures, seemed to have done wonders, and the violent excitement under which she laboured had evidently given way to the treatment adopted. About midnight, however, her attendant most imprudently, and, perhaps, through ignorance, put into her hands a letter, the perusal of which seemed to have recalled all the symptoms

in their most aggravated form. Disguise was now impossible; and the physician discovered, in the flushed features and wild expression of his patient, a lady whom, two years previously, he had met at one of the petty courts of Germany—then the object of general envy and adulation—the observed of all observers. Not a moment was to be lost; for every moment now gave strength to the malady, and weakened the resources of art. Two of the principal physicians of the place, both celebrated in the profession, lent their able and zealous assistance; but certain symptoms, on which it is here unnecessary to dwell, threw out a fearful prognostic of the issue. Another day passed, and the malady had gained ground; but as the physician sat by the couch at midnight, endeavouring to soothe those symptoms which no skill could subdue, the door suddenly opened, and a tall stranger entered. Casting aside his military cloak, and gazing for an instant on the delirious being whose lips, faithful to one expression only, continued to repeat it with an accent that seemed to reach his heart, he threw himself upon the edge of the couch, and pressing her burning hand to his lips, sobbed out in convulsive agony, "My Frederica—my *own* Frederica!" The word acted upon the patient in such a manner as to confirm the belief that there was "magic in a name." It was evidently a well-known voice; and by its soothing influence, superseded, in the course of the day following, all occasion for more scientific treatment.

But as the character of our present work does not admit of a more particular detail of the incidents that followed, we may briefly state, that the physician soon lost sight of his patient—but his patient, on re-crossing the Rhine, became the bride of one whose ancient château overlooks the Danube; and where—defeated in her deep-laid scheme of prevention—the mar-plot "Dowager" has found in her *ci-devant dame d'honneur*, a most exemplary daughter.

It is impossible for any one, possessing a taste for the beauties of Nature, to enter Zurich or its environs, without feelings of admiration. From whatever point we arrive in this delicious region, the beauty, though varying in degree, is always positive—always striking and picturesque. Built at the northern extremity of the lake—divided by the limpid waters of the Limmat—encircled by hills and acclivities—here mantled with vines, and there massy with forests, sprinkled with "campagnes," and enriched with thriving villages, the scene is full of animation, and, on further acquaintance, keeps to the mind the promise it made to the eye.

Did our space suffer us to particularize, Zurich and its environs would certainly afford an apology for digression; for, in addition to the beauty of its existing scenery, there is a peculiar pleasure resulting from associations

connected with its history. As the country of Bullinger, Zwingle,* Bodmer, Breitinger, Heidegger, Lavater, Gessner, Hirzel, Zimmerman, and a host of others well known to fame—it has peculiar charms for the intellectual traveller, who dwells with delight on the scenes which they have described, and from which they seem to have derived inspiration. For a time, he turns from the battle-fields of freedom, and the feats of chivalry, to meditate on the spot where the peaceful advocates of religion, science, and literature, have left the proud legacy of their names; and where he still seems to hold intercourse with their spirits, and enlist himself as a partner in their studies, sentiments, and pursuits. Once hallowed by the residence of genius, the meanest locality rises into importance —as a puny frame is exalted by the noble spirit that inhabits it. But here, every locality was worthy of the inhabitant; here some of the sweetest scenes of Nature were thrown open as a sanctuary to the sons of genius—scenes which they have well and pathetically described, and by their description consecrated to after times. When the torch of religious persecution spread consternation through the distracted states of Europe—when the sacred name of home was no longer a word that implied security—when the weak, and the innocent, and the helpless, and the timid, escaped as "brands from the burning"—Zurich, with a courage and humanity which have crowned her with glory, threw open her gates for their reception—clothed, comforted, and cherished them with a sister's love—and embraced, as her adopted citizens, those whom the violence of party had stript of all but their integrity.

Here in particular—when the word was, "*Crois que j'ai parlé à l'ange Gabriel, ou je te tue!*" and when, during the troubles of our own country, so many, for "conscience' sake," were driven to the miserable alternatives of voluntary exile, the sword, or the stake—the nonconformists of England and Scotland found shelter, succour, and citizenship; and in the enlightened and liberal society of Zurich, all that could console them for the loss of their own. This is a fact which can never be lost sight of by their descendants; and among the thousands of our countrymen who now resort to these shores for pleasure, none can forget under what different circumstances their forefathers craved hospitality in the same place. When individuals, flushed with the gifts of fortune—such

* Zwingle, or Zuinglius, born at Wildhaus, Jan. 1, 1484, was in Switzerland, what Luther was in Germany—the triumphant champion of the Reformation. After a most eventful life, he was killed in his forty-seventh year, while serving as chaplain in the army of the Reformers, and his body falling into the hands of the enemy, was ignominiously burnt. For a concise and well-written biographical notice of Bullinger, a native of Bremgarten on the Reuss, the reader is referred to "*Memoirs,*" *by the Rev.* J. W. Middleton, M.A. Oxon.

as are now before us—seem so loud and imperious in their commands, and so rigidly severe in exacting obedience from those over whom their purse alone gives them temporary precedence, let them remember that here their ancestors were suppliants—their wants supplied—and that it is always becoming, even in the seventh generation, to acknowledge kindness received. Humanity and moderation, and an accommodating disposition, contribute more to render a journey pleasant than the most splendid equipage; while the turbulent and impetuous, ruffled and disconcerted at trifles, are ever forfeiting the pleasures which surround them, and, with the ample *means* of enjoyment, lose all by their neglect or contempt of the *method.*

A life of fashion is certainly not friendly to those enjoyments which spring from the contemplation of Nature: long and habitual attention to the smaller concerns of artificial society incapacitate the mind for a bolder flight—as yonder eagle, in his cage, forgets the strength that could waft him to the summit of the Alps. Yet there are exceptions. Here is a sexagenarian—all his life a secluded student in one of our universities, whom a sight of the Alps has inspired. Delighted with all he sees, edified by all he hears, every new object is an object of pleasure, and to the ardour of youth he unites the philosophy of age. His conversation is filled up with lively sallies, pointed anecdotes, or sententious ethics; and disclaiming the pedantry of the schools, he seems only to have retained their profound maxims, and unaffected purity.

Another of our travelling countrymen, tempted by a young and accomplished wife to quit " 'Change," and encounter a tour of pleasure, appears sad and *nostalgic:* and while he sighs over a stray sheet of the " London News," or a fresh number of " Galignani," predicts the fate of nations by the " stocks," as the Babylonians did by the stars. To him, the " shady side of Pall Mall" is more to be desired than all the scenery of Switzerland; and the green and gay summit of Primrose-hill, on a Sunday, worth the whole range of Mount Pilate, and the Righi! Could he once more, as he solemnly avers, reach the Downs in safety, not even the eloquence of a young wife should tempt him again; but he would live and " dine" for the rest of his days within the salubrious smoke of London.—Such is one of the every day incidents on the road in Switzerland, and such the few detached features of a summer evening in Zurich.

" Ici tout m'intéresse—tout plaît à mes régards."

Zurich abounds in scientific, literary, and charitable institutions. The Library and Museum, both under one roof, are respectively rich, and various in their contents. The former contains several autograph letters, addressed

to Bullinger, by Lady Jane Grey, the martyr princess—" martyr to the selfish ambition of some, and to the revengeful bigotry of others; whose talents and virtues were just permitted to display themselves, and then withdrawn from a world not worthy of them"—

" Qui ne sait compâtir aux maux qu'elle a soufferts !"

The hospitals are amply endowed, and superintended by men of distinguished talents and humanity. The poor, and their offspring, are satisfactorily provided for by salutary employment; while the aged, the sick, and destitute, are severally maintained at the charge of the state, and liberally supplied with the necessaries of life, the means of health, and the blessings of education and religion. Public granaries are always kept well furnished, from which, in the event of dearth, or a bad harvest, the poor are supplied at a rate so low as to neutralize the pinching effects of scarcity. The great benefits resulting from this provident attention on the part of government, have been duly felt and acknowledged, and imitated by most of the paternal governments in the confederacy, whose maxim, like that of all wise and prudent magistrates, is to provide for war in time of peace, and in plenteous harvests for the winter of scarcity; so that the great scourges of war and famine can never take the people by surprise—

" Metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello."

The Arsenal displays abundant resources in the art of modern warfare, and abundant relics, also, of every thing by which the ancient fathers of the state made themselves terrible to their opponents. Two-handed swords, ponderous battle-axes, iron maces, clubs, halberts, match-locks, plate and chain armour, comprise the weapons with which, and against which, they fought; while trophies and trappings, worn by the highest orders of knighthood only, bear testimony to the quality of the vanquished. The cross-bow of Tell, though confirmed by tradition as the identical bow of the great liberator, is, probably, (with reverence be it spoken!) only a bow of contemporaneous manufacture; yet will we affirm, after careful and much manual examination, that this same cross-bow is as truly the cross-bow of Tell, as that the bones,* so long venerated

* Ces reliques furent envoyées par Rodolf, comte de Pfallendorff, grand-père d'Adalbert, comte de Hapsbourg, avoué de cette abbaye dans son voyage de Jerusalem. Rodolf les avait obtenues d'un monastere situé dans le territoire de Damas pour *dix marcs d'or.—Anecd. Helvet.*

in the abbey of St. Gall, were the bones of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—" Ya-t-il rien de plus respectable qu'un ancien abus ?"

The Orphan Asylum, one of the many institutions that do special honour to this patriotic government, derives much additional interest from the circumstance of its having been under the pastoral care of the celebrated Lavater. The Agricultural Society, to whose labours the whole Confederacy, and the neighbouring states, are so much indebted, still continues its active and praiseworthy exertions, and has been the means of improvement in every department of rural economy. Various other societies, all founded on the best principles, are here in a flourishing condition, and severally offer the most pleasing testimony in favour of the people, and the truly noble objects to which they aspire.* What Voltaire once said of this country, may be now applied to it with still greater justice: Toutes les commodités de la vie—toutes les douceurs de la societé, et la saine philosophie, sans laquelle la societé n'a point de charmes durables, ont pénétrée dans les parties de la Suisse ou le climat est le plus doux, et ou regne l'abondance. Dans ces pays, autrefois si agrestes, on est parvenu en quelques endroits à joindre la politesse d'Athènes à la simplicité de Lacédémone.

At the close of the last century, the canton was successively occupied by the Austrians, Russians, and French. On the last occasion, when a decisive victory placed Zurich, and its territory, under the protection of the latter, the town and suburbs were occupied by the army under Massena, whose strict discipline, and rigorous exercise of his duties as a general, prevented much of the disastrous consequences that might otherwise have ensued; for, on the very morning of the battle, a fête was preparing in honour of the anticipated arrival of Suwaroff, at which the French most unexpectedly assisted; while the army of Kurzakoff was driven, in total discomfiture, beyond the frontier. But

* The schools, &c. which still justify the ancient title of Zurich, "the sapient," may be thus enumerated: —The Caroline College, for divinity and philosophy; Schools for the classics—for the arts—for the rudiments of the dead languages—for the young citizens, in five classes, and another established by Canon Usteri. Several Schools, after the system of Pestalozzi—the Military school—Schools of Medicine, and Surgery, and Anatomy, ably conducted—Helvetic Society—the Saloon of Arts—the Asiatic Society—Society of Physics—Medical and Surgical Society—the Benevolent Society—the Charitable Society—School of Apprenticeship—Academy of Music—and the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the original of that at Paris, founded by the worthy and philanthropic M. Ulrich, &c.

The great council consists of two hundred and twelve members, of whom eighty-two are elected in the first instance, and one hundred and thirty by the council itself.

The colours of the canton are white and blue, in oblique lines. The contingent, in men, as settled in 1818, is three thousand seven hundred; and seventy-seven thousand one hundred and fifty-three francs in money.

although suffering little from plunder, Zurich sustained, on the same day, an irreparable loss in the death of two of her most distinguished citizens—the amiable and ingenious Lavater, and the tribune Irminguen. The former—while under the portico of St. Peter's church of which he was pastor, and in the act of mediation between an infuriated French soldier and a friend, whose life was in jeopardy—received the thrust of a bayonet, which proved fatal in the course of a few hours.

Mistaken, as it was supposed, for an officer in the French service from the blue dress he wore, Irminguen was massacred by a party of Russians, in his own garden; and thus, by the death of two excellent men, Zurich offered a melancholy sacrifice, both to the conqueror and the conquered.

Of the environs of Zurich, all travellers unite in terms of admiration; but the finest points from which the picture is to be taken, are unquestionably those on the road to Thalwyl, and from the Albis. It was the scenery around Zurich, and the beauties of its lake, that first inspired the Idylls of the immortal Gessner. The lake, sweeping along its richly cultivated shores, and reflecting in its waters almost innumerable villas and hamlets, with their sacred spires, presents a scene of proverbial attractions, and such as no other part, even of Switzerland, can present.* Never, says Zimmerman, can I recall the sublime and magnificent scenes which I have here enjoyed in the company of my friend Lavater, without the most sensible emotion. Here, during the fine season, we have ascended the terrace of the house—the house in which he was born and educated—and whichever way we turned our eyes, walking or sitting, felt with Brydone, that, in proportion as we are raised above the habitations of men, all low and grovelling sentiments are left behind; and that the soul, on approaching the ethereal regions, shakes off its earthly affections, and contracts something of their invariable purity. In one view we include the city of Zurich —the luxuriant country in which it is enbosomed—the lucid expanse of its lake—the distant mountains lifting their glacier summits to heaven; and as we gazed on the scene, felt a delicious tranquillity stealing upon our hearts, and harmonizing every feeling. At Richterschwyl, a village situated on the margin of the lake, where two projecting points of land form a natural bay of

* According to late observation, the height of this lake above the sea is one thousand three hundred feet—its length nearly ten leagues, by one and a quarter, where broadest. Its greatest depth, according to soundings made at Au, is six hundred feet. The Linth and Au are the only considerable rivers that fall into it, and the Limmat the only outlet. During the heat of summer, and the sudden melting of the snow, it occasionally rises five or six feet, and in other respects exhibits the same phenomena as the lakes of Geneva and Constance. If the first of these be the most sublime in Switzerland, that of Zurich is certainly the most beautiful.

nearly half a league, is a scene still more enchanting than that commanded by the house of Lavater. On the opposite shore, variegated with pleasant hills, enriched with vineyards, corn-fields, groves, meadows, and orchards, and animated with hamlets, villas, and cottages, nature and art have conspired to form a picture of inimitable beauty. Stretching from east to south, and rising as it recedes, a wide and magnificent amphitheatre—such as few artists have had the boldness to attempt, save in detached portions—opens upon the stranger like the prospect of a new Eden. The view towards the higher part of the lake, presents a succession of small promontories, insulated points, like floating islands, the town of Rapperschwyl, and its renowned bridge. Beyond these, the valley extends in the form of a crescent, while on the fore-ground, a peak of land gradually swells into a beautiful series of hills. Behind these is a range of mountains, massy with verdant forests, interspersed with villages, and detached dwellings. Still further, the majestic Alps, towering over one another, shut in the scene, and exhibit in their shattered precipices the alternate hues of silver and opal. The village of Richterschwyl itself is enbowered in orchards, and fertile pastures, while shadowy pine forests overhang it from above. Pleasant serpentine walks, shaded by trees, and scented by flowering shrubs, wind along the margin of the lake—some from village to village—and others crossing the summits of the hills. Struck with the sublime and beautiful scenery which every where surrounds him, the traveller often pauses to indulge the pleasure of silent contemplation, and to exclaim—These are thy works, Almighty Father! —these the tokens of thy bounty to fallen man!

What adds greatly to the enjoyment of the scene, is, that every foot of ground is in crop, or under cultivation—every hand usefully and profitably employed. Through the gardens of the house, and close beneath the chamber of Dr. Hotze—the medical friend to whom Zimmerman so feelingly alludes—runs a pure and limpid stream, on the opposite side of which, at an agreeable distance, is the high road where numerous bands of pilgrims are every day passing towards the shrine of Einsiedeln. During the silence of night, if you approach the chamber windows, or walk through the gardens of this enchanting retreat, you hear, during the awful sleep of nature, the chiming of the village clocks—the shrill proclamation of the watchmen—the warblings of some solitary flute, interrupted now and then by the baying of the faithful house-dog on the opposite shores. Then, should the moon rise with unclouded beam from the eastern summits, the whole scene undergoes an almost magical transmutation—the silvering of the water's surface gradually lengthens into a long streak—the rippling of oars is heard—boats approach in darkness—but as they enter the

silver line, the dip of the oar, and dash of the prow, are suddenly brought to light, till another stroke from the rowers carries them past the bright line of demarcation, and the sound fades away upon the ear. And now—

> The scene invites--launch forth upon the tide,
> While night surrounds thee in her starry noon;
> But launch alone, and leave thy bark to glide
> As lists the wave, along the bright lagoon:
> The moon is up—and Nature's voice in power
> Inspires emotions sacred to the hour.

Among many delightful excursions made during a summer's residence in a little villa opposite the gardens at the junction of the Limmat and Sihl, there are few to which we revert with more pleasure than to those made to the castle of Manneck. Here, according to tradition, Roger Manès, the "generous and brave," entertained the sons of chivalry and song, and by his hearty hospitality opened a fresh Hippocrène to the troubadours of the Rhine. The view from this point is charming; a small solitary and romantic spot, watered by a fountain, seems as if consecrated to the memory of the gallant knight; and, although but a wreck, enough of the castle yet remains to keep alive a feeling of romance in its favour. Nature has not grown old; the scene on which they so often dwelt with poetic fervour, seems ever in its prime, and ever attracting new admiration. But when we ask, where is the good Roger Manès, and where his guests? an echo answers, "Where?" And so it is with nearly all the proud and lordly castles which once, to the number of twenty-one, encircled the lake of Zurich. Their fate illustrates the axiom, that at every step towards freedom, a feudal tower falls to the ground.

But as our limits do not permit our entering upon the numerous and highly interesting epochs in which the town and canton of Zurich have shone so conspicuous, we must refer our readers to works more purely historical, and now proceed to select a few of the more prominent features on the Aar.

AARGAU, BÂLE, AND SOLEURE.

> Tantôt sur un gazon, tantôt sous un vieux chêne
> Au doux chant des oiseaux, au bruit d'une fontaine,
> Il cherche le repos—s'assied—rêve--et s'endort.—Andrieux.

The canton of Aargau, raised to the condition of an independent state in 1798, and holding the fifteenth rank in the Confederation, is one of the largest and

most productive territories in Switzerland. The inhabitants, about one hundred and fifty thousand, are divided into two hundred and seventy-six communes, twelve of which are small towns, and consist of Protestants and Catholics, of whom the former have a majority of about ten thousand, and nearly one thousand eight hundred Jews, who inhabit the villages of Endigen and Lengnau. The people are all of German extraction, laborious in their habits, but much swayed by ancient prejudices, and tinctured with superstition. The natural fertility of the soil, and mildness of climate, are highly favourable to the pursuits of agriculture, by which they are enabled to send considerable quantities of wheat to market. The system of irrigation here adopted, is uncommonly successful. The vine is extensively cultivated, and affords a wine of superior quality—particularly in the neighbourhoods of Baden and Schintznach. Fruit and vegetables are also abundant, cheap, and in great variety. The manufacture of silk and cotton, working of the iron mines, with the navigation and fishing on the Aar and Rhine, are the principal sources of employment for those of the population who are not engaged in the farms. At Arau, Zofingen, Lenzbourg, and the adjoining valleys, extensive factories have been established, at which numerous hands find constant employment. In the interior, commercial intercourse is greatly facilitated by excellent roads, and fairs regularly held at stated times and places; that at Zurzach, is one of the most commercial and best attended in Switzerland.

Arau, the capital, is divided into eleven districts, and forty-eight circles. No distinctive privileges are recognized: the chief council, vested with sovereign power, and consisting of Protestants and Catholics, in equal proportion, is composed chiefly of the representatives elected by the people. Only a third of the members are elected by the council itself, which has the privilege of choosing from its own number a president, with the title of burgomaster. The lesser council, with executive power, and the court of appeal, are each composed of thirteen members. Every district is under the magisterial authority of a prefect, appointed by government; and every circle, under that of a justice of the peace. The public revenues—upwards of a million and a half of francs, are nearly exhausted by the annual expenditure, but promise to become much more considerable.*

The reformed clergy, under the direction of an ecclesiastical court, are divided into two deaneries, and forty-eight curacies. The Catholic clergy, hitherto

* The contingents, as fixed for this canton, in the event of war, are two thousand four hundred and ten men; and fifty-two thousand two hundred and twelve francs, of the country. The colours of the canton are, bright blue, and black.

comprised within the dioceses of Constance and Bâle, count three chapters of canons, the rich abbeys of Muri and Wettingen, and various other convents. The principal school of the canton is admirably adapted for public instruction. Another, on the same plan, for girls, is established at Olsberg; and the common parish schools are every where conducted on a good principle. The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge among the people, has contributed a good deal to that desirable object. The town and canton contain various societies for instruction and amusement; among which may be mentioned, the Theological, the Medical, the Musical, &c.

The Baths of Baden and Schintznach, both much frequented during the season, are sources of considerable profit to the canton. Those of Baden are of very ancient celebrity, the most frequented in Switzerland, and were known and appreciated by the Romans as the Helvetian *thermæ*, or *Aquæ Verbigenæ*. The springs are very numerous, and are observed bubbling up through the bed of the river. The water is sulphureous, and maintains a temperature of 37 to 38° of Réaumur. It is conjectured, with much probability, that this high temperature, and the mineral qualities with which it is charged, are owing to the formation of gypsum and marl from the Legenberg, which is covered with beds of limestone.

The principal baths, fitted for the reception of the higher class of visitors, are on the left bank of the river; those for the public, on the opposite side. The season begins in June, and continues till the end of September, during which period the town is refreshed by a constant influx of visitors from the adjoining cantons, and Swabian side of the Rhine. One of the hotels, the Stadthof, contains upwards of forty baths, with every other accommodation in proportion. The other hotels have each their peculiar attractions, suited to the taste and pecuniary means of the guests, but all comfortable, and, according to our own experience, moderate in their charges. Each contains a certain number of private baths for the use of its inmates.

These thermal waters are found to be of great use in rheumatic affections, and enjoy the accumulated testimony of ages in their favour. Many cases of long standing and great severity, are every season advancing fresh evidence in their favour, and attracting fresh votaries to this graceful and picturesque locality. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, during the sittings of the great council of Constance, where upwards of one hundred thousand strangers were assembled, these baths were much frequented, and are described in a letter by Poggio, a distinguished writer of the time and holding a conspicuous station at the council.