



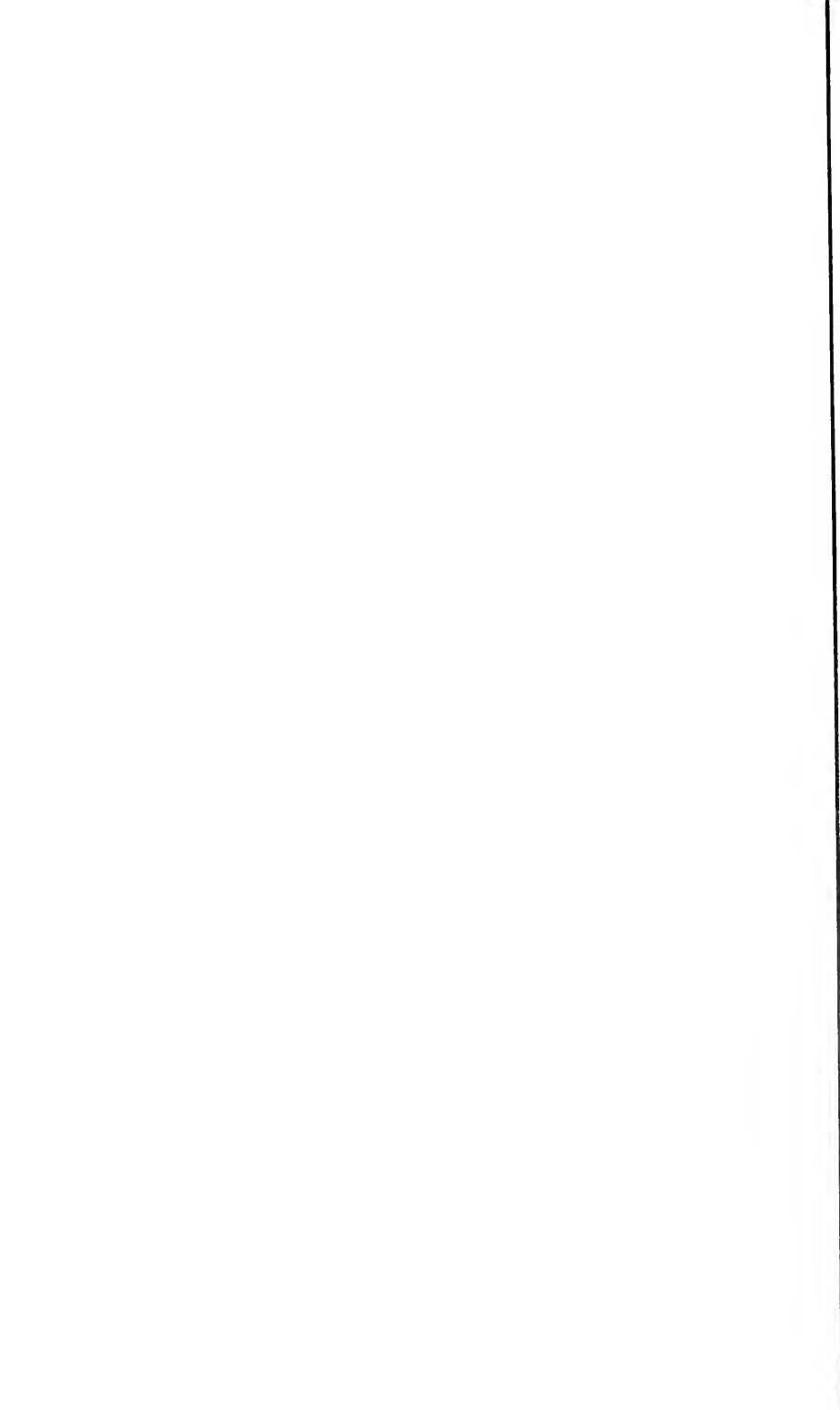
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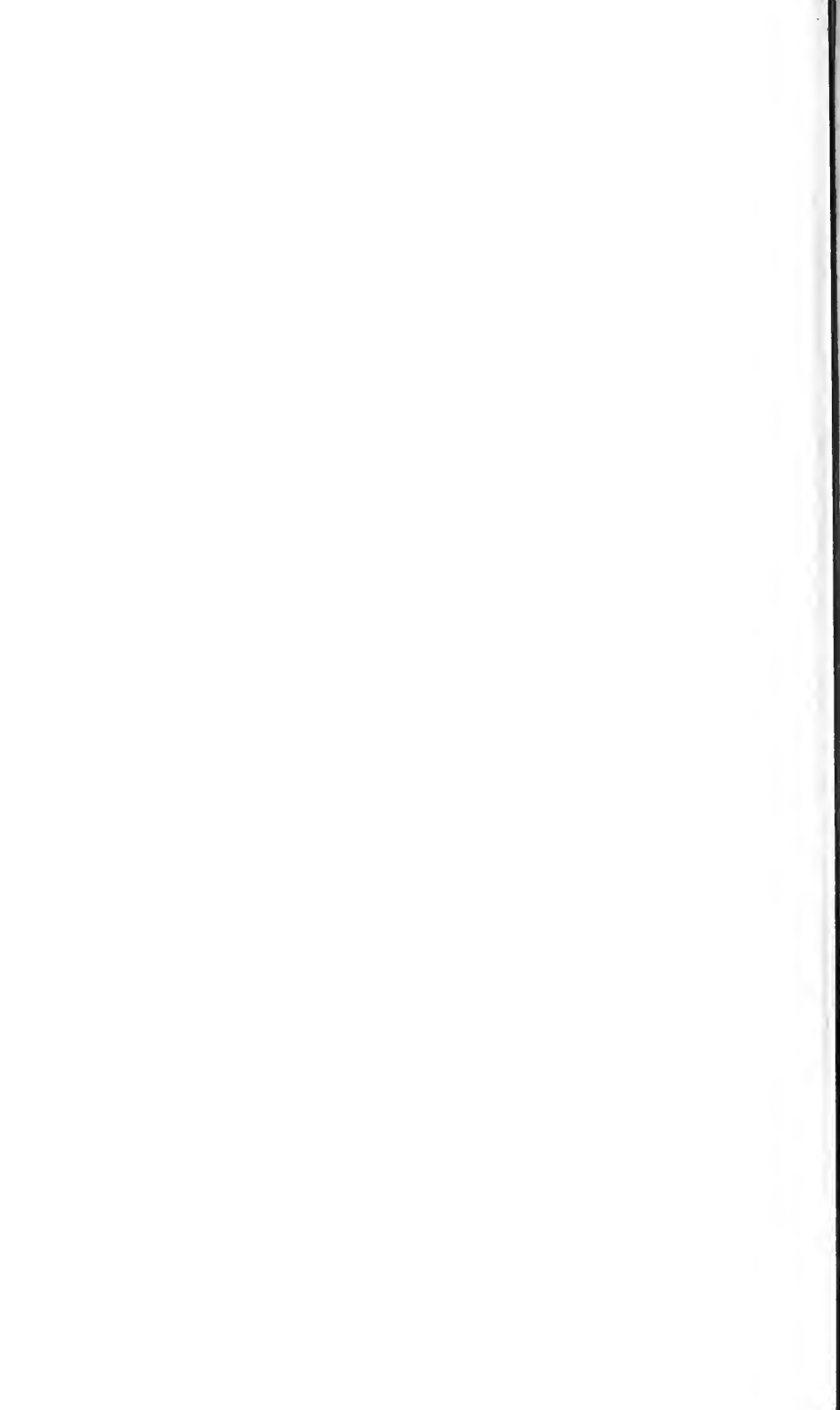
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SWITZERLAND

THE

PIONEER OF THE REFORMATION.

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of





Queen of Austria

'KOL'TSOVA - MASAL'SKAIA'

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"SWITZERLAND"

THE

PIONEER OF THE REFORMATION:

OR

LA SUISSE ALLEMANDE.

BY

MADAME LA COMTESSE DORA D'ISTRIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AND COMPRISING THE CHAPTER SUPPRESSED BY ORDER OF THE IMPERIAL
GOVERNMENT IN THE PARISIAN EDITION OF THE WORK.

BY

H. G.

VOL. I.
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

OF the many thousands who every summer visit Switzerland to revel in "the palaces of Nature," only a very small proportion while there look below the surface, and ask themselves whence it comes that, in the very heart of Europe, there exists a country without passports or vexatious police regulations, the abode of civil and religious liberty, claiming as her children some of the foremost names in the world's catalogue of illustrious benefactors, and, albeit but a third-rate power, firmly asserting her neutrality, when it has been threatened with violation, in consequence of the generous protection she has accorded to those who are persecuted for their political liberalism. Such a phenomenon would attract notice under whatever circumstances; how much more so, when it is remembered that the history of Switzerland is almost as romantically interesting to the student as her unrivalled scenery to the tourist, and that she has ever occupied a most conspicuous position in the van of one of those great divisions of Christian society, whose dissensions during four hundred years have convulsed Europe, and yet have to this day left the "quæstio vexatio" in great measure unsettled.

Of late years the English reading public have had their attention more than ordinarily concentrated on Switzerland. One of the very best histories of the

great struggle of the Reformation has been in the hands of all who seek for information as to the causes of that deadly contest, even though the work be partly clogged with deductions, which are not as apparent to all of its readers, as they are conscientiously entertained by its eloquent author.

Again, in 1847, the struggle between the Federal and the Jesuit partisans in the Republic, though by no means connected with the upheaval of the ensuing few years, yet prepared men's minds for the fierce excitement of 1848-49. Catholic writers have indeed insisted on the identity of the opinions held by the Federal party with those of the dangerous demagogues, whose reign produced the terrible days of June 1848 in Paris. This assertion is sufficiently disproved in the following pages, so far at least as concerns identity of object. The Swiss democrats simply opposed Roman Catholic domination as incompatible with Republicanism; Louis Blanc, Caussidière, Ledru Rollin, Albert, and others, sought to inaugurate a totally new code of commercial and political philosophy.

In fact Switzerland has hitherto had no time to indulge in theorizing as to laws of production, or of demand and supply, for it is but lately that her poorer children have had their rights restored to them, and all history confirms our assertion, that wherever a few families have the entire power, that nation languishes in the pursuit of the arts that tend to progress.* The human mind will not remain content with mere sensual

* Its career may be peaceful, but it is the peace of utter apathy, of satiety, and of debasing ignorance.

enjoyments, and during the three hundred years that elapsed from the death of Zuingli, Switzerland was slowly making head against the domination of caste. To her comparatively limited manufactures may justly be attributed the length of time which elapsed, ere she was enabled to disenthral herself from the political yoke of the oligarchy, whose interest it was to oppose all progress. Before a nation can attain material prosperity, it must have emancipated itself from much that it has imbibed of the traditional spirit of the middle ages ;—but once the good seed has taken root, *it reacts with wonderful energy upon the cause of democratic progress*, THROUGH INCREASED MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

It is in Switzerland that we must look for examples of the instinctive (as contrasted with the rational,) love of liberty, so often sung by poets, and arrogated by almost all Protestant nations, as an exclusive property. There is a singular connection between liberty and great landmarks. The chief home of the grand scheme of mutually dependent religious and commercial Freedom is by the shores of the great Highway of nations. But from the snowy summits of the Alps was first sounded the “Excelsior” cry of “civil liberty and absolute religious freedom.” In all other countries, it was Protestantism in its confined clerical acceptance that led to individual Freedom. In Switzerland the religious question had nothing to do with the movement of 1308, and, therefore, their rights once recognised, a few families soon usurped all the power.*

* As they allowed none to oppress but themselves, their rule became,

“Freedom’s best and bravest friend,”

Secure in their own natural fastnesses, the Reformation found the mountaineer of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, quite contented with the old faith, and even fanatically attached to it;—for, protected by their simplicity from the corruptions of the church of Rome, so terribly manifest amid the “cities of the plain,” they could not fancy her to be incompatible with Liberty, since they themselves, though Catholics, were free. True, their municipal privileges had been established, and were being loudly asserted by the privileged few; but the majority were unconsciously in the worst of all bondages, and to a sense of that bondage Switzerland is only now awaking. She, in fact, reversed the process of the new birth that has signalized the prominent nations of Europe. Nominally free, she groaned under a more grievous despotism than many races whose abject slavery she commiserated. The truth is, and this explains her singular experience, that her instincts hitherto have been purely *national*, and therefore selfish, never, till now, controlled or directed by the higher considerations of reason and conviction. Else how should she permit her children to sell themselves as the mercenaries of despots? Even her glorious struggle in 1798 was actuated by no spirit of generous indignation. It was the unreasoning attack of the bees on those who would fain gather the swarm into the hive.

The consequence was, that while in other Protestant countries the church and the state, after sundry sharp

even as Miltiades, but the only excuse for their usurpation is to be found in the poet's further exhortation to the Greeks:—

“A tyrant? But our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen!”

struggles, mutually aided each other against the common enemy, in Switzerland the religious question has been, even within a few years, the fertile source of armed contention. While other nations are so far advanced in the great lesson of toleration, that even a state church is felt to be the representative of a principle whose day of political usefulness has long since passed away, Switzerland is forced, in self-defence, to preach a very one-sided kind of toleration, to be professed by the native land of Zuingli. If a Catholic oligarchy cannot stand before the absolutist principle, a mixed oligarchy has yet less chance, and a wholly Protestant untitled oligarchy would be but a grotesque anomaly in the 19th century. For as surely as Catholicism represents the absolute principle, so surely does Protestantism represent the republican principle, whether under the form of a limited monarchy, coupled with infusion of fresh blood into a hereditary peerage, or of the root and branch system inaugurated by the ultrademocratic party of the United States, who, at every election, turn out all the officials down to the very scavengers.

Switzerland, then, having been deprived of the assistance of a state church to give full effect to her development, politicians of all grades view with no common interest her progress since 1830, and hence the great interest felt in the attempt by the absolutist party, to enlist the sympathies of the first-class autocratic European powers in September 1856. In good sooth, the tourists should look to it, for as certainly as the absolutist party get the upper hand in the councils of Helvetia, there will be *attempted*, at least, such a police

system, if not such a partition, as will prove infinitely disturbing to the pleasure-seekers, and will destroy the earliest and latest stronghold of Continental Freedom.

Everything, then, that tends to open our eyes to the designs of the church of Rome, and the hateful oppression which the realization of her hopes would entail upon this noblest and most inspiring of all lands, should command the attention of the English public, and it is not often that we can find, ready to hand, such formidable weapons as have been supplied us by the industry and ability of the gifted lady, whose work, not her first or only one, now makes its appearance in an English garb. Her design is to give such an account of the Italian, German, and French elements of the Swiss Confederation, as shall deepen the traveller's interest in the hills and valleys that have been the theatre of such romantic heroism, by enlisting his sympathies for a gallant people fighting against foreign oppression. In pursuance of this plan, the present instalment treats solely of the German element,* treating principally of the religious stand made by Switzerland, which, though it has not benefited Switzerland herself as it might have done, has yet spread from her borders to enlighten and improve mankind.

This object she attains by following a semicircular sweep from Schaffhausen to Bâle, including the principal cities of the Confederation, save Geneva, Neuchâtel, Lausanne, Lugano, and Fribourg, and noting the lesson to be derived from the history of each, or from biographical sketches of the illustrious men whose

* The remainder are on the eve of appearing.

birthplaces or residences she visits. A member herself of the Greek communion, she points out the many analogies between early Protestantism and that form of Christianity, and endeavours to awaken such a spirit of inquiry as shall unite all sects against the common foe. Resident in Russia from the time of her marriage till the outbreak of hostilities in her native country, the work is ostensibly cast in the form of letters, in reply to the remonstrances of those who would fain remain in the old jog-trot of traditionary manners and traditionary caste. The epistolary style, however, is merely a thread to hang the argument upon, nor are the descriptions of scenery, exquisite though many of them are, intended to occupy a prominent place in the work. When completed, by the publication of the two remaining portions, it will form an index to Swiss history and Swiss destiny, that must prove invaluable alike to the advocate of progress, and the merely intelligent visitor of the country it depicts.

H. G.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE distinguished authoress, who, under the “nom de plume” of COMTESSE DORA D’ISTRIA, has recently burst like a meteor above the literary horizon of continental Europe, was born at Bucharest, 22d January, 1829, and is a member of the illustrious Ghika family, who have long enjoyed almost a monopoly in the elections to the position of hospodar of Wallachia; and she is in fact niece of the present căimacan. Her father, proud of his Romaic origin, and of a highly cultivated mind, perceived that much, if not all, of the progress made of late years in literature, has been the result of blending masculine intelligence and vigour with a proper development of feminine tact and perception. These have reacted on each other, and, in our day, every new subject is handled with a breadth of treatment, combined with artistic detail, that admit not of being gainsaid.*

* And I may be permitted incidentally to remark that, between the cant of “woman’s rights,” and the cant of “keeping woman in her proper sphere,” the true philanthropists may find consolation in the fact, that women are beginning to see many subjects through the medium of reason rather than of feeling. Women, under the present social system, are the strongest of all conservatives, are invariably on the side of the priests, and as they make society, society always looks askance upon improvers or theorists of all sorts. Better days are surely in prospect, when not only ladies of mind, but ladies of long descended ancestry, are joining the ranks of freedom and republicanism!

Aware of this, Prince Michael Ghika, (minister of the Interior to his younger brother, the cǎimacan,) resolved that his daughter should not be educated in the enervating luxury and insipid ignorance generally so characteristic of Eastern ladies. In her infancy, the Princess Helen was placed under the care of an English "bonne," and when her period of instruction commenced, her tuition was confided to the admirable Professor Pappadopoulos, a gentleman animated by an enthusiastic love of country, who fondly loved to trace in the Canaris and Botzaris of his beloved Greece, a reflex of the ancient glories of Themistocles and Epaminondas. Greek, French, and Latin, formed the basis of the system of education pursued by the young princess, and in the first of these languages, she studied those ancient fathers, Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and others, the glory of the Greek church, while from Greek philosophy she culled those principles of political liberty which she has so persistently asserted and suffered for.

The body was not less cared for than the mind. From early youth the princess was accustomed to many of those exercises, which false notions of delicacy and usefulness usually confine to the rougher sex. And fortunate for at least one person, was her acquaintance with the noble art of swimming, as in 1854 it enabled her to save the valued life of her sister's instructress when no other help was near. With the fearless activity fostered by such an education, she, in June 1855, ascended *for the first time* the mountain of the Oberland chain known as the Mönch, 13,500 English feet in elevation, of which an admirable description will be found in these volumes.

Shortly preceding the revolution of 1842 in Wallachia, Prince Michael Ghika had removed his family to Dresden for the purpose of completing their education, and amid the enlightened German and English society of that delightful capital, the mind of the princess, already a most genial soil for receiving liberal impressions, became completely developed, and while here she perfected herself in German, and even English, feeling but little taste for the refinements of Slavonic idioms, while reading in their original tongue, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, &c.

On leaving Dresden, she passed a winter at Vienna, in the tone of whose society the Concordat has effected a marked and most unfavourable change. It was while at Venice, that the young princess first perceived the approach of the storm of 1848. Whilst occupied with her easel in the studio of Felix Schiavoni, she could not entirely close her ears to the portentous mutterings of the oppressed nationalities, nor was she anxious to do so, for was there not at least some hope for the emancipation of her beloved native land from her cruel dependent position? But no! Italy failed through an insane attempt to unite liberalism with Catholicism, a bargain in which the former must ever be the dupe. England, Holland, and Sweden, perceived this so far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and achieved their independence by rejecting the advance of the Jesuits. Whoever would attain an end, must be content to use the means. When Italy failed then, with her ill-judged cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" the Hungarians and their gallant allies felt the full fury of the despotism they had defied.

On the 5th February, 1849, the subject of our memoir was united to a prince of one of those ancient Muscovite families, descendants of the old vikings, (who entered Russia in the days of Vladimir, A. D. 988,) so much disliked by the comparatively modern dynasty of the imperial Romanoffs. But the true proverbial Wallachian superiority asserted itself in the princess, who, during her six years' residence at St. Petersburg, could never accustom herself to the traditionary ideas of that colossal empire, but strenuously persisted in condemning the invasion, in 1853-4, of her beloved native-land. This was a stretch of independence that was too much for a people exulting over the crushed and outraged Poles and Hungarians. But though an appeal was made to the supreme authority for so glaring a breach of Russian etiquette, no notice was taken, and her health requiring her to travel, no difficulty was made as to her passports, though the war was then raging. While residing at Lugano, she was subjected through the machinations of the Jesuits to much persecution, and, leaving that charming spot, she pitched her tent at Aarau, in the Swiss canton of Argovia, where resided till his death the illustrious Zschokke. She is now resident for the winter at the romantic little village of Veytaux, upper end of the Lake of Geneva, engaged on the productions of "La Suisse Française," and "La Suisse Italienne."

The various works of the princess have been extensively circulated in Europe, and have taxed the powers of the reviewers to express admiration or detestation, according to the respective views entertained by the parties. Ultramontanism has not a more bitter enemy

than this illustrious lady, nor true Liberty a more zealous, yet discreet friend.

For so much as it may be worth, the translator begs to certify the unvarying accuracy of Madame Dora d'Istria, in reference to the questions now agitating Switzerland, having frequently, while in that country, enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with all classes of the community. An attempt has been made by the translator to give the spirit of a few of the songs in somewhat similar metre.

H. G.

LONDON, 1st *February*, 1858.

*The principalities of Roumania & Moldavia & Wallachia two of the principalities
of Europe & Asia*

TO MY ROUMENIAN BRETHERN.

If deep feeling be superior to cold-hearted reason, if affection be more precious to those we love than talent and knowledge, these pages possess a merit that none will contest;—they are inspired by the sincerest devotion. There is not a single word, not a single sentence, that the heart, if I may say so, has not transcribed. Thence was derived the enthusiasm which has made me wield my inexperienced pen. That passionate love of country, which transcends all other passions, has guided and sustained me. Liberty and happiness for my native country:—such are the foremost aspirations which shall henceforth be the objects of my existence.

Separated by destiny from the beloved banks of the Dimbovitza, the scene of my youthful sojourn, I have never ceased to belong, as it were, to my native land, whose future destinies were the subject of my constant meditations. All my dreams have been for her, all the struggles in which I have been engaged, all the sufferings whose depressing influence I have resisted, have had one common origin: an ardent patriotism that must accompany me through life, and descend with me to the tomb. To struggle for my country is as joyful to me as was to the Christian martyrs to die for the holy cause of the Gospel.

Perhaps this love I have always entertained for my native country confers on me certain rights: by virtue

*... was an ancient pair, ...
... of the ...
... the ...*

of these I lift up my voice, I address my brothers, to whom my existence is consecrated. Depth of sentiment, such as it exists in woman, sometimes quickens into profound inspiration. Our Roman ancestors accorded them an influence, refused them by almost all other nations of antiquity. By the hearth of that kingly people from whom we proudly trace our descent, their voice was never despised. May not I, like them, bewail the sad condition of a nation that has not deserved the fetters that confine its noble energies?

No! the sons of the heroes of Christianity shall not for ever bow the head in the dust! The Roumenians are not slaves. Their ancestors, under the eagles of Trajan, were masters of the civilized world. If on one fatal occasion their strength failed them, be it remembered their strength was exhausted by terrible combats. Had they not given to the world a thousand proofs of valour? Heroism was a sacred heritage, bequeathed by an ancestry, whose noble blood had so often inundated in fierce carnage the land of the haughty Dacian. Forgotten of their entire race, they proved to the Eastern world, rapt in admiration, that the Roumenians thought not to count their foes, when, under the standards of Stephen the Great, and Michael, Bravest of the Brave, they repulsed the triumphant barbarian.

But the hour of defeat was inevitable, so unequal were the forces! But what people has never experienced a reverse? Israel saw razed to earth the battlements of the sacred city;—Athens and Sparta have succumbed into servitude;—Rome, herself, Queen of the world, has bent her conquest-laden head, and at this day the flag of the stranger waves on her hoar walls. But what need I of such examples? The Re-

deemer Himself permitted the enemies of truth and justice to trample him under foot! But on the morrow he rose from that tomb, which seemed as if sealed to all time.

After centuries of bitter trials shall not we too see better days? Everything leads to the conviction that we are not destined to perish! Nevertheless, manly examples strengthen those dear to us more than mere words can do. Not feeling myself capable of instructing my brethren, I have at least wished to indicate to them an example more impressive than any theories. I have seen in Switzerland, at the foot of the glorious Alps, a happy, a free nation. Her children are much less numerous than those of Roumenia: like them they are surrounded by powerful empires, which have ever coveted the noble country of the Confederation. Have I then done wrong in picturing for your future a happiness such as reigns among these mountains, in independence as complete as theirs? To induce you to attain likewise to the inestimable privileges they enjoy, I have endeavoured to depict their invincible energy, that courage which under no circumstances has ever abandoned them, that self-reliance, that trust in their rights, which gives to nations as to individuals the power to remove mountains. This splendid spectacle has seemed to me more worthy of your consideration than the history of great states, whose position differs from our own too widely, and which sometimes pay for the deceitful splendour which surrounds them, by the surrender of their most precious religious and civil liberties.

While contemplating the admirable fortitude of the Helvetic Confederation, we shall perhaps save ourselves from a discouragement, so little accordant with success.

Never let us forget that we are descended of that Latin race which must ever occupy the foremost rank. IF FRANCE HAS ILLUSTRATED IT BY ITS EXPLOITS, IF ITALY HAS MADE IT FAMOUS BY LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS, IF SARDINIA AND BELGIUM FURNISH IT WITH INSTANCES OF LIBERAL INSTITUTIONS, TO US ALONE, OF THE CHILDREN OF THE LATIN, BELONGS THE GLORY OF HAVING CONSTANTLY IN HISTORY REFUSED AND REPELLED THE ODIOUS YOKE OF THE PAPACY. Let us turn a deaf ear to the lying histories circulated from abroad, which aim at diminishing our self-esteem, only the easier to subjugate us. It does not do to vaunt without judgment, lest we become interpenetrated with the dangerous poison of vanity, but we must not permit our efforts to be undervalued by cunning enemies. It is time then to lift the head, and, lo! we can without fear look on the face of heaven! That heaven shines radiant on the much-loved land that bore us. Let all then tread with ardour the path traced for us by God himself.

Brothers! Turn your eyes to yonder Carpathian range, which has so often sheltered the defenders of our nationality. Let us inhale that breath of liberty which comes from our mountains, where our fathers unsheathed against their oppressors the mighty glaive of Trajan. Let the sheen of your scimitars, gleaming like the lightning, drive from your fertile valleys all who would bind them in slavery, whatever the colour of their flag, and the affectation of friendly interest in their addresses. Let but your church remain free, and your country independent, and your name will be respected among all peoples.

DORA D'ISTRIA.

LUGANO, *March*, 1856.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NATURE in Switzerland is so wondrously beautiful, or so overpoweringly sublime, that she causes us to forget the noble-minded people who inhabit it; that people who has so often successfully defended their native land against the formidable irruptions of the stranger. Yet is it not worthy of remark that this nation, counting but two and a half million souls, has, from the days of its liberators, maintained its independence, though surrounded by Austria, Burgundy, and France? Vainly have they striven to subjugate it to their laws. Switzerland has come out triumphant, thanks to a heroism worthy of the magnanimous victors of Marathon and Thermopylæ: as witness Morgarten, Morat, St. Jaques.* What glorious anniversaries in her military history! The names of Laupen, Sempach, Näfels, Grandson, Dornach, will ever recal the intrepid struggles maintained against the haughtiest representatives of feudal aristocracy. These struggles inaugurated that emancipation of the inferior classes, which results from the application of Gospel truths to political and social order.

* The unequal struggle of St. Jaques, (the Thermopylæ of Switzerland,) may be reckoned among her triumphs, since the conqueror, lost in admiration, renounced his projects.

Switzerland did not simply combat against despotic power or baronial privileges. Before even the days of Luther she had sounded that slogan of "*Reform*," which was destined, in the sixteenth century, to resound from the banks of the Thames to the shores of the Vistula. A member of the Oriental church, I cannot but warmly approve a movement to which Europe owes her civilization and her liberties, and which struck so strong a blow against the revolting tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, against which the Oriental church has ever so firmly protested: a tyranny that puts man-worship in the place of the authority of Christ's own word: a detestable idolatry that, even in those countries officially professing Romanism, is discountenanced by, if even it do not disgust, all enlightened minds and generous hearts.

The best title of Switzerland to glory is that of having powerfully contributed to that grand emancipation of the sixteenth century, which brings closer the Eastern and Western communions. Of the group of profound thinkers of this important era, Zuingli is the heir. Around him gather the austere Calvin, the impetuous Farel, the gentle Ecolampadius, the learned Theodore de Beza; while in the second rank figure Castalion, Bonnivard, Haller, Viret, Bullinger, and others. These do not all, it is true, belong by birth to Switzerland; but in adopting as her own the Reformers proscribed by the house of Valois, she has acquired in the eyes of history the right to consider them as her own children.

Whence comes it that a people, which, with small resources, has contributed so much to the progress of

Europe, should have found such an innumerable host of enemies? I should never have done were I to cite all the writers, through whose lucubrations in favour of despotism, and diatribes against Switzerland, I have patiently waded. To hear them, one would suppose that all the anti-Socialist passions find free scope by the shores of Lake Lemán, on the banks of the Aar and the Limmat; that the multitude are animated by perverse instincts, and that the men who are now at the helm in the various cantons, are the personification of the most extravagant systems of France and Germany.

A few months' residence in the cantons will readily explain these declamations and their cause. Of all the countries of the West that were civilized by the Latins, Switzerland alone has broken the papal yoke. This is an unpardonable crime in the eyes of men who, like M. Nicolas, regard as socialists all who do not recognize the tyrannical authority of Rome; who do not choose to be distrained for the sole benefit of the papal treasury.*

Switzerland not only refuses to recognize as legitimate the pretensions of the Pope, but she alone, among the nations of the West, has ventured to dispense with the Jesuits and those affiliated to them. Is it surprising that the numerous writers who seek their watchword in the confessional of the Company of Jesus, should represent the Swiss as revolutionaries of truly unexampled perversity?

* To cite but one example; every one knows what almost incredible sums Spain pays to Rome, notwithstanding her exhausted finances.

To religious prejudices are united political prepossessions. There are at this day in Europe many persons who accept the theory of Joseph de Maistre, of De Bonald, and of Donoso Cortes. From their point of view, every liberal idea leads of necessity to socialism, next to communism, thereafter to the state of the savage. If aristocratic England be on the road to communist anarchy, what shall be said of a republic where the most absolute equality (now) prevails? The only resource is to load it with anathemas, that all may be discouraged from imitating it.

As regards us Easterns, like our Protestant brethren of the West, our principles are too widely divergent from those of the ultramontane and absolutist school, that we should regard its sweeping decisions as the result of impartial appreciation.

Individually, as a member of that Eastern church, I am proud of having never attributed to a child of Adam, feeble and imperfect, the divine privilege of infallibility, and of having at all times put the Gospel above the court of Rome.

In the firm conviction that the future belongs to liberal ideas, we do not confound these ideas with the extravagances which certain Utopists enunciate, with the simple result of compromising, perhaps for long, the cause of European liberty. We respect all free governments, whatever their form.* *Are we to feel sur-*

* It is most important to recollect that republicanism by no means implies democracy. It emphatically means "the public weal," and is subject to modification by geographical distribution, by variety of production, and, above all, by different degrees of mental strength and elasticity.—*Trans.*

prise that England, Holland, Switzerland, and the United States should have such different constitutions, with traditions and customs so little resembling each other? I have lauded Switzerland for having embraced the democratic Republic, because I conceive it to be the natural result of her history and her social state: I should treat as a visionary whosoever should seek to impose an analogous political organization on aristocratic Prussia, or ultramontane Spain.

Let all who hope for the progress of the human race beware of building castles in the air! That would be to expose ourselves to irreparable catastrophes! Let not the terrible lessons of 1848–49 be lost on any one! Let us work to bestow upon the people just so much liberty as they can bear, without casting away our energies upon vain and dangerous chimeras. Above all, let us entertain the conviction that *atheism and scepticism pave the way not towards liberty but despotism*: the sole form of government utterly condemned of reason, because it delivers up the happiness, the conscience, the morality, the life, even of millions of human beings, to the caprices or ambition of a single man, whom the exercise of arbitrary power ordinarily corrupts, an inconvenience, (if it may be so lightly termed!) infinitely more grave than a few popular “*emeutes*.” But at the same time, fully impressed that the Christianity destined to regenerate the world is not that which basely grovels at the feet of fortune’s favourites, or the disposers of mere brute force. Such pretended Christianity is but an open Pharisaism, that in these latter days has not even taken the trouble of resorting to hypocrisy. Let us not be dupes of the

odious system that has but too often compelled diplomatists without heart or conviction to abuse names the most sacred.

Already, then, the reader will have divined the plan of this book. I have, it is true, endeavoured to give an idea of the magnificent scenery of Switzerland, but my paramount object has been to furnish information as to the Swiss people, its habits, intellectual and moral, its social state, its political organization, its religious opinions, the ideas it represents, the part it plays in the development of European civilization. As it is impossible to appreciate the intentions of a party without knowing its antecedent history, I have more than once been obliged to retrace my steps to the past, and to cast a rapid glance at the great struggles of which the Confederation was the theatre in the middle ages and in the 16th century. For these historic facts, I have confined myself to simply producing the documents which I have amassed in years of persevering study. The renowned personages of whom I have spoken, Huss especially, had already on many occasions attracted my attention. In the note book to which, as a young girl, I was accustomed to commit my thoughts and the theses that formed part of my studies, I discovered a sketch of the illustrious martyr's career. The sentence of Huss was the subject of a picture I had seen at an exhibition in Dresden, and it awoke my youthful imagination. I immediately set myself ardently to the study of that all but divine life and death. After many years, and much of what I may call disenchantment, I avow with pleasurable pride, that in retouching the incorrect sketches of those early years,

I again felt the enthusiasm which then animated me, but strengthened by strict examination, and purified by deep reflection.

Then came the idea that sentiments so persevered in might be done justice to by the pen of a woman. I have not, therefore, modified any of the leading ideas impressed on my mind and heart during those early researches.

With regard to the illustrious men of the countries I traversed, I do not pretend to give more than a sketch. I have principally noticed those individuals whose careers have seemed to me to give, each in his own line, the most correct idea of the Swiss character. The Confederation counts among its children so many minds of transcendent eminence, that I felt I should be undertaking a work beyond my strength in treating of all its celebrities. What I have said of them will, I trust, give a sufficient idea of the activity of a free people. Writers enough may be found in the present day, who, by decrying liberal institutions as troublesome and dangerous, justify the opposing to their arguments, not systems that any one can dispute, but FACTS patent as the sun at noon-day.

I have not sought to put these various subjects in other order than that of my own route of travel. On the spots themselves were the appreciatory remarks indited, in full view of the memorials which recall the great events of the past, or of the souvenirs of contemporary history. I have scarcely altered a word of the descriptions jotted down amid the mountain summits, or on the bosom of the lake. Truthfulness is perhaps the sole merit of these sketches of Helve-

tian scenery so difficult to describe, so majestic are its beauties. More than once have I mingled my personal sentiments with the reflections suggested by the country I was visiting. Albeit I have not entirely given up my attention to the contemplation of the external grandeur of nature, yet this book is a veritable journal of travel, in which may be traced not alone the objects of its author's observation, but also those which invited to meditation. I have not thought it necessary to recast the original work, as my object was not the observance of rules, but a truthful reproduction of all my impressions.

I cannot conclude this preface without acknowledging the obligations I am under to MM. the Professors, Hidber of Berne, Joël Cherbuliez of Geneva, de Boni of Zurich, and F. Scalini of Mendrisio. They have kindly supplied me with standard works and documents of every description, which, but for their thoughtfulness, might never have come to my knowledge. These have enabled me greatly to extend and correct my researches as to the history of the Confederation. Notwithstanding the care with which, I believe, I have examined myself the difficult questions treated of in this book, I have considered it a duty to avail myself of all possible information of such a nature as should enable me to display, in their true light, the facts and doctrines I had proposed to myself to consider.

SWITZERLAND

THE

PIONEER OF THE REFORMATION.

WHITHER wouldst thou wander, poor morbid heart? Dost thou seek perfect tranquillity in happiness alone? Dost thou hope in flight from us who have loved thee, to attain to forgetfulness? Is it a corpse yet ensanguined with a thousand wounds, that thou wouldst seek to clothe with the flowers of early spring? Dost thou propose to thyself to reanimate an exhausted vitality by the power of divine instincts?

Wouldst thou but believe me, my Naranda, thou wouldst set much higher store on the affections thou dost cast from thee; thou wouldst enlist our assistance again to revive all the sensations that formerly thrilled thy existence:—Thou wouldst not wander away, like the tormented souls which superstition sees stalking amid the darkness and silence of cemeteries!

How I commiserate thy lot! but alas, vainly! thy malady is of those that yield to no physician. Thou bearest it with thee, and it possesses thy whole being, like some subtle poison. And thinkest thou then to be rid of thy tormentor by fleeing—thy present abode? Far from these thy native snows, which even with their numbing influence cannot abate the volcanic energy of the passions, art thou sure to find repose?

I.

No! I no longer hope for happiness! But were every step to dash me against the rocks on my path, I should nevertheless depart. I feel a necessity on me to exchange the narrow confine of these grim walls for horizons without limit. It is my wish to substitute for the companionship of hearts selfish by education and narrowed by worldly prejudice, the contrast of free and noble aspirations.

I will seek to forget!—to forget, not my own sorrows, the remembrance of which an insatiable resentment renews without ceasing; but the restraint, the slavery of a social system without ideal as without freedom, which has made me feel its insupportable chain. These ties I must break, were I compelled even to snap the chords of my heart in the effort. I will see, if on this earth that bears the impress of the Almighty's handiwork, there is nought but febleness, false joys, impiety. I should be tempted to deny the Word of truth of Christ himself, if I should nowhere find a trace of the veritable disciples of His Gospel.

I have been told that amidst these mountains all glittering in glaciers, there lives a people free as the air that cools their lovely valleys. Alone among the nations of our continent, it has emancipated itself from the yoke of servitude, from arbitrary law, and insensate custom. There each man's right is his nobility. The soil may belong to any man, and from the humble artisan up to the inhabitant of the old feudal mansion, all the sons of Helvetia are equal before their fellowmen, as before the throne of the Eternal. They must have possessed the strength of giants to have at once subdued tyranny and superstition;—to have erected an inaccessible stronghold of liberty, amid yonder servile Europe of the middle ages. Indeed, here as in that country where I leave you, the lords formerly governed their slavish people by the *stick*. Masters of all degrees, spiritual and temporal, oppressed the conscience, and checked the expansion of the mind.—Human divinities arose

on all sides to induce forgetfulness of the true God, whilst the serf, with a grisly oath, cursed his unproductive labour.

I wish to consider this peaceful society which has displaced the old world of tortures and anarchy; to contemplate a race of men who maintain their independence, whilst other European nations still sigh for the dawn of liberty. If they are but a reflex of those who inhabit our capitals, if they have but a false greatness, a failing faith, I shall sadly retrace my steps, and the Alpine echoes shall repeat my last cry of despair!

II.

For an hour past, the wavelets of a magnificent lake have been gently rocking me. Thus far I have wandered without knowing either tranquillity or pleasure. But at last silence and solitude have soothed my thoughts. I feel as if for ever separated from the importunate tumult of crowds. Seated on the neatly coiled ropes of the boat which bears me, I give way to a revery without sadness, if without enthusiasm. For the first time, during a long period, I am face to face with *myself*; without sinking under ennui or lassitude. The air one breathes here is so pure! How consoling is the voice of nature which cradles one in her bosom, as in the protecting arms of a mother! All that surrounds me is tranquil as my own mind. This vast expanse of water has not a wrinkle on its fair face. Over its surface light shadows are dancing, the reflections of the clouds skimming swiftly overhead. A thread of golden light transpierces these tenebrous masses, and plays amid their insubstantial presentments below. The eye catches it, and long pursues it without heeding the lapse of the hours. From time to time one loses sight of the margin of the lake, and the isolation becomes complete. Presently a tuft of trees, or the glittering belfry of a church, are faintly seen in the distance, and then the recollection of life returns, but vaguely as though in a dream. At other times the bank is dotted with white houses, and towers with crenelated battlements, dark as the middle ages which they recall. In the extreme distance rise the snowy peaks of

the mountains, resembling giants clothed in white apparel. Frequently our boat grazes islets covered with lilac and sorb-apple. The mild atmosphere of the latter days of May reawakens one's slumbering hopes. Young life is everywhere serene yet vigorous. Festoons of vine interlace the meadows. The star-like daisy and the golden ranunculus glitter among the green slopes. Neat little summer houses, cool and coquettish, make their appearance, framed as it were in tufted garlands of fresh flowers. Well-tended gardens give these a smiling aspect, strangely contrasted by the colossal masses of the snowy mountains which I perceive over the opposite shore. It reminds me of youth in the presence of the majestic calm of ripe age: of the present which is in course of developement, as compared with the past which is unchanging: of life, face to face with death.

The Rhine seems to repose in this lake solely to show beyond it its entire power. It cleaves the rocks, it overwhelms the forests, in order to pursue its fixed and impetuous course. Thus the mind tranquillizes itself in order to nourish itself with new principles, till it soars with invincible energies. Has not man too, like Nature, his winters and his springs? The heart may become cold and benumbed as if dead. But like the blade of grass, it returns to existence when the first ray warms it again into life. O! Power of the mind! Thou givest strength to struggle against grief, and against the corrupting seductions of vice. Henceforth I will obey thy dictates! When abandoned of all else, hast not thou the power to rescue us from the abyss, and to raise us to heaven? I feel that a beneficent genius sends me amid these gigantic mountains, whose sunlit sides shine with roseate splendours, there to contemplate an unknown type of virtue. Shall I then find more evils, or a soil blessed of Providence? Little matters it! But this sun, now setting amid gold-edged vapours, cannot be the presage of a sad morrow. Happiness must be there where he shines so gorgeously. All he illumines must surely feel his blessed influence. I will advance then over these waters, which bathe a country, which all pronounce free and intelligent. I perceive on my

right, the massive towers and irregular plan of a silent city. It is Constance, which gazes at herself in her lake, musing on the mournful memories, which seem still to oppress her. Some poplars lazily swing to and fro in the breeze before the houses which line the river bank. Aquatic birds circle with sharp screams round these roofs blackened with age. One might take them for the inhabitants of their solitary walls.

III.

A keen and sharp breeze has risen from the lake, and moans among the hoary walls of a gloomy edifice. The trees which droop over the waters make a sad murmuring, while the rose bushes agitate their perfumed leaves. The sky above, lowering under the avant couriers of the approaching storm, reflects far and wide their sombre shadows. A wan sunbeam still lights up the green slope; but violet tints are shifting and flickering over the surface of the lake. The waves rise in close succession, broken, and black. As they culminate, a lucid silver tint shines for an instant, then vanishes. They lengthen out as they approach the flat sandy shore, where they are dissipated in a light transparent foam. On all sides sail-boats caught by the wind are careering rapidly before the blast. They lean over as if to meet the lashed-up waters, and hurry to seek shelter against the approaching tempest, whose advent is announced by a vague melancholy resonance, like the ocean heard at a distance. These plaintive sounds invite to revery, to a sad remembrance of past joys.

Nevertheless the worm-eaten gate of an ancient Town Hall stands invitingly open for my inspection. I ascend the steps of a wooden staircase, sorely battered and uneven, and I reach a vast apartment where the swallow builds her nest, and the bat skims noiselessly amid the woodwork of the ceiling. Amid heaped-up planks, ancient draperies, chests, and boxes, a venerable grey head gently advances, like a phantom evoked from among the rubbish. The old man approaches with tottering steps, and in a broken and trembling voice, that seems to issue

from amid the ruin around, "Here it is," says he, "that a celebrated council was presided over by the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope Martin V. In those days this chamber glittered with rich decoration. The walls, the ceiling, the very floor sparkled with gilding, with gay colours, and varied marbles. The gold and the jewels, the plumes of the knights, the mitres of bishops, and the sabres of the soldiery, were mingled in gay ostentation in these gaudy precincts. To-day I live alone within their devastated walls."

He then made me a sign to follow him, and I entered a narrower chamber. There a strange spectacle awaits me. A throne rises before me, and three puppets, dressed in dust-covered costumes, involuntarily recall the vanity of the greatness and the ambitions of this world. On the throne is Sigismund draped in tarnished purple; to the right John Huss, erect, in black habits; on his left Jerome of Prague in a brocade, which seems heavy notwithstanding its antiquity. Everywhere the bent of ordinary minds tends to strip great events of their dignity, and transform them into grotesque exhibitions. Moreover a certain effort of imagination is necessary to retrace their actual characteristics. When one finds, in digging the soil, a medal commemorating some remarkable occurrence of the past, it is impossible to discover its primitive features until the rust of ages has been rubbed off.

With a view to complete the illusion, there is placed, at the side of this singular group, a kind of box made of planks, in which a man can barely be seated. Within this narrow prison John Huss sighed, when confined in the convent of the Carmelites. A single small window lighted it. By its light he wrote letters signed with his blood, and breathing the heroic spirit with which his heart was inspired. Papacy delivered this great man to the executioner, because it was obliged, to maintain its very existence, to stifle all genius which might shed a dangerous light over its hypocritical splendour.

This power, modest in its origin, this hundred-headed Hydra had aggrandized itself, in proportion as disorder increased throughout Europe. Popular sentiment had eminently con-

tributed to elevate the bishop of Rome above all the powers of the earth.* The nations oppressed by imbecile princes, naturally turned towards an authority which addressed them, in the name of the Gospel, of the peace that is of Christ and of eternal justice. They hoped to find in him whom they considered the supreme pontiff of the Church, that spirit of compassion and sympathy which a priesthood should seek to preach. Some of the Popes, it is true, seemed to comprehend, at least in theory, the greatness of their part in the drama of history. Of these may be cited in the foremost rank, Gregory VII.† and Innocent III.‡ The former, aided by the powerful Countess Matilda (?), was enabled to achieve for the Papacy an importance which his predecessors had never dreamed of. He aimed at constituting Christian society with but one master, even as God alone governs the universe. In his eyes the civil arm was to be but the instrument of spiritual authority, even as the body obeys the mind. This conception was not devoid of poetic sublimity, but to realize it, angelic virtue would be necessary. Now Gregory VII. himself, notwithstanding the sincerity of his opinions, was far from being exempt from human frailties. He could see the inconvenience of absolutist theories, contrary, as they were, to the true spirit of the Gospel.—How many times was he not obliged to have recourse to brute force to ensure the triumph of his ideas! Torrents of blood were shed to establish among nations the unlimited authority of “the servant of the servants of God.” The same excesses reappeared in the reigns of his successors, who remained true to his dictatorial system. The intellect of Innocent III., fertile as it was in expedients, failed to triumph over the obstacles which everywhere reared themselves against the pretensions of the Papacy. The crusade against the Albigenses demonstrated that it was determined to proceed to the utmost extremities in order to defend these.§ SIXTY THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS were

* See Jean de Muller—Travels of the Popes.

† Voigt—History of Pope Gregory VII. from original documents.

‡ Hunter—History of Pope Innocent III., compared with the History of France by Michelet.

§ See Michelet's History of France.

massacred in the town of Beziers alone.* The south of France was transformed into a field of carnage, where thousands of human victims were offered to the human divinity who was worshipped in the Eternal city. An authority, whose maintenance depended on such sacrifices, was prejudged by the conscience of humanity at large.

Moreover despotic power EVERYWHERE AND AT ALL TIMES CORRUPTS those who wield it. The Popes, who could now domineer over society, were seized with the same vertigo which attacked the pagan Cæsars on the throne of the world.† They habituated themselves to the belief that their every caprice was but the expression of the will of the Most High, and to assert their infallibility. Even the Roman emperors had never carried their infatuation so far, for they attained their apotheosis (DIVUS), only after they had entered the portals of the next life.‡ The bishop of Rome, on the contrary, enjoyed during his own life a privilege which rendered him the *equal* of the Almighty; for, seated on his pontifical throne, he could not teach erroneous doctrine. Unfortunately facts most cruelly belied these audacious pretensions. When Boniface VIII. pushed to the extreme limit of extravagance this fixed idea of absolute power, the revolt became universal.§ Nevertheless the prestige of Papacy was not yet utterly gone, when the agents of Philippe the Fair at Anagni cuffed the political ears of the turbulent pontiff. Those monarchies which had most suffered from the imperious requisitions of the Popes were, even more than their people, ill-disposed against them. For the latter the time was not yet come to rise in insurrection. But ere long it came to their turn to rise against this authority, too long viewed as of God himself. When it was once seen as it really

* The Universal Dictionary of M. Bouillet, approved by the *Sacred* congregation of the Index, admits these facts:—vide article Albigeois.

† Vid. Suetonius—The Twelve Cæsars.

‡ The Romish church has had the naive assurance to give to its saints this singular title, which may everywhere be seen in Italian Switzerland. Thus over the portal of a church at Lugano, may be read the inscription:—"DIVO CARLO BORROMEIO DICATUM!"

§ Vid. Michelet—History of France.—Sismondi—History of the French.

existed, impotent and selfish, this illusion vanished. The Eternal, who makes even the errors of individuals subservient to the progress of nations, left the Papacy to tear itself in pieces with its own hands, and to cover itself with ignominy in the eyes of universal Christendom.

The great schism of 1378 was well calculated to bring about this result. Two Popes, one at Rome, the other at Avignon, mutually loaded each other with injurious epithets, and rivalled each other in vice and treachery.

Urban VI., the Roman Pope, had been, before his elevation, industrious and moderate. But in the elevated regions in which the pontifical throne was erected, the strongest heads were turned. Thierry de Niem, his secretary, shows him to us a prey without ceasing to the ever-renewed tortures of a pride without bounds. Furious at the consciousness of his weakness, he began by excommunicating Charles of Naples after electing him King; he throws into pestiferous dungeons the cardinals who had risen against his tyranny; he tortures them, he strangles them, and dies finally in transports of impotent rage.*

The celebrated Clémangis,† the historian of the Court of Avignon, gives us a portrait scarcely over-flattering of his Pope Clement VII. "When," says he, "did ever man exist more unhappy than our Clement while he lived? He had become so completely the servant of the servants of the French King, that scarcely would a vile slave have endured the indignities daily inflicted on him by the courtiers. . . . He paid court to flatterers and buffoons to gain the ear of princes and nobles. He bestowed bishoprics and the principal clerical dignities on the youthful sparks whose society he liked; he made large presents to gain, to keep, and to augment his interest with them, and he permitted them to make what exactions they pleased from the clergy."‡

* Vid. Thierry de Niem—De Schismate.

† Otherwise called Clémanges.—Those who dispute the necessity of a Reformation in the 16th century, have only to read this author's too little known work, 'De Statu Corrupto Ecclesie.'

‡ Clémangis—De Statu Ecclesie.

“Pope Clement,” says another historian, “sought to purchase the favour of the monarch, of the nobles, and the various princes, by complaisance and by bounties, in order that, like the deaf adder, they might be insensible to the remonstrances of the venerable University of Paris. . . . Setting aside all scruples of conscience, he bestowed favours and dispensations to all who would purchase in ready money.”*

Such were the fruits of this schism.

“The second epoch,” writes a cotemporary historian, “commences with Boniface IX.; but this second age has proved worse, more depraved, more desperately wicked than the first. It is under his pontificate that men saw flourish and increase simony, while other yet greater evils acquired additional vigour.”†

All manner of sins had each its own tariff at Rome, and absolution was openly put up at auction. The people paid their money with all resignation; and came to “the Holy City” to ask pardon of bishops who would have put to the blush the courts of Nero or Heliogabalus. So great still was the empire of superstition! Such excesses sooner or later were destined to induce a terrible reaction. Those of the clergy who had preserved some sentiments of probity, could not sufficiently regret the degradation of the chiefs of the religious world. Clémangis, in his eloquent treatise on the Corruption of the Church, avers that the Popes, after having squandered the patrimony of St. Peter, threw themselves headlong on the other folds, and despoiled the flock of their wool and their milk. “They sell,” he adds, “the benefices and dignities of the church, to draw into the coffers of the apostolic chambers the gold of entire Christendom.” Clémangis proceeds to give a vigorous sketch of the ignorance of the clergy, who passed their lives in gaming, drinking, and frequenting houses of ill-fame. As for the convents, a single expression amply denotes his opinion. “*Nowadays,*” he says, “*for a young girl to assume the veil, is to forfeit her honour!*”

* Chronicle of the Monk of St. Denis.

† Vrie, in Von der Hardt, vol. i.

The Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, the shining light of the Church of France, the friend of the celebrated Gerson, d'Ailly writes: "The corruption of the Church is so great that it is currently said, that it is only fit to be governed by reprobates."*

Gerson himself had the boldness to say, in speaking of the court of Rome, that it had become "worldly, diabolical, tyrannical, worse than any secular court." He complains that ecclesiastical dignities are bestowed on grooms, on muleteers, on assassins even, while they are refused to those who have any knowledge.†

It is thus that the most eminent doctors of Roman orthodoxy appreciated the morality of the church which they defended with so much ardour against what they were pleased to designate "the blasphemies of heresy." Thousands of times, in the publications inspired by the Romish clergy, have the Reformers been stigmatized as egotistical or narrow-minded revolutionists, who have with violent hands broken the magnificent unity of the Christian Church.‡ "The Church of God," they say with ridiculous emphasis, "had no need of the efforts of certain men with no special mission, to march freely in the paths of Truth and Virtue." What sounding phrases! But what little effect have these fine declamations on those who have the least knowledge of the facts of the case!

All the monuments—we challenge the Catholics to produce a single exception—of the sad epoch which preceded the martyrdom of John Huss, sufficiently prove that the church of Rome had become an abominable institution; which had richly merited the execration of its votaries, and the anathemas of its own Doctors. We can well understand that its apologists, oftentimes but too little disinterested, wished to throw a prudent veil over such scandals. What, indeed, in the face of such revelations, would become of the sanctity of the Infallible

* Pierre d'Ailly (Petrus de Alliaco), Canon. Reform. in Von der Hardt, vol. i. p. 421.

† Gerson—De modo uniendi et Reformandi Ecclesiam.

‡ It is thus that such gentlemen reason, as MM. Nicolas, Audin, Guido, Goerres, Balmès, Peronne, Milner, Lingard, Roman Catholic priests or laymen.

Church? What would be the fate of that marvellous edifice, if "pulled down by the axe of impiety, the blind instrument of the worst passions of our nature?" Weigh, in cool moments, the innumerable testimonies to be found in impartial history, and at the end of the analysis, it will be found that these pretended revolutionaries, for whom there are no anathemas too strong, only revolted against a power whose intolerable despotism was only equalled by its corruption. Can order and justice exist under a debased absolutism?

I am well aware that it is customary—in a certain section of society—to stigmatize as *anarchy* and *revolt*, every upheaval of the human conscience. This philosophy of history is stripped of all complication. It consists in *invariably* taking the part of the executioners against the noblest victims of tyranny, against those men of profound faith and deep conviction, who are the honour of humanity.* This science is worthy of the enthusiasm of spies and cut-purses. But it would be sufficiently difficult to explain by what process it is adopted as a dogma by those who proclaim themselves the disciples of the gospel, and who recognise that "it is better to obey God than man."† Such a maxim is most assuredly condemned, if religion is to be but an easy method of riveting the fetters by which the various peoples are curbed. From this point of view, the Son of Man is a blasphemer and a seditious one, as the Pharisees said, who likewise called themselves *Conservatives*; for he unsparingly reproached the chief men of Judea with their selfishness and corruption. He too did not fear to unmask the deceitfulness of an hypocritical and degraded priesthood, to invoke on the heads of the unworthy chiefs of the nation the contempt of the populace, and the anathema maranatha of posterity. What singular inconsistency! These men recognise as the Son of God, Him whose whole life was an ardent protest against the corrupt chiefs of the religious hierarchy, and they bind to the stake his faithful

* As a type of this system, vid. Rohrbucher, Universal History of the Church.

† *ἡσυχάζουσιν ὅτι θεῷ μᾶλλον ἢ ἀνθρώποις.* (Acts of the Apostles, chap. v. 32.)

disciples, who fear not to beard Kings and Popes, that they may protest in favour of the imprescriptible rights of Truth and Justice.

Among those who devoted themselves to this mournful and thankless ministration, none is more noble, more profoundly sincere, more holy than John Huss. The primitive church has never had in its fold a more magnanimous shepherd. To the bold heart of Paul he united the angelic mildness of John, and the burning zeal of Peter. The apostolic spirit seemed to have revived in this noble son of Bohemia. What an imposing spectacle does this man present to the world, who has no other support but his conscience in the presence of the rabble of Pharisees. Without advice, without defenders, exhausted by the tortures of a long imprisonment, overwhelmed with reproaches and menaces, harassed with questions and with calumnies renewed as fast as they were refuted, delivered up to the merciless fury of the princes and of the church, he resists in solitary strength, like a pillar of adamant, the power of earth and of the lower abyss. But one is wonderfully strengthened, when one sacrifices life in a grand and holy cause! This spirit of self-abnegation it is, which characterizes Huss even more than his genius. Calvin was more learned than he; Luther surpassed him in eloquence; Zwingli was versed in philosophical questions, of which he was utterly ignorant. His glory is entirely in his martyrdom. Like the early Christians, he has triumphed in death. The flames of his funeral pile have shone above the heads of succeeding generations, a consecrated light brighter than the sun. His ashes, scattered to the winds, have fertilized the soil of Europe, and Lefevre, Zwingli, and Luther were the offspring.

There exist certain minds even of a high order, who only believe in material forces. They have a tendency to turn into ridicule all actions purely intellectual. To believe them, "God always fights on the side of the heavy battalions." (It is the expression of Voltaire.*) Nevertheless when one comes to examine the history of the Christian world, one finds, that, it may

* Or of Napoleon?—*Tr.*

be a little sooner, it may be a little later, God is *always* on the side of progressive and enfranchising ideas. In the fifteenth century, the material element seemed to be the mainspring of all society. The new spirit, bestowed on the world by Christianity, seemed choked by the selfish instincts of flesh and blood. The very chiefs of the spiritual order flung up their mission with unbridled audacity. John XXIII.—who gave himself out as the vicar of Christ—used to swear, “by Satan!” But when all the germs of life disappear in the furrows, and under the ice and snow of winter, a breath of the creating Power suffices to renew their birth. Thus the Evangelical spirit began again to breathe, a century before the Reformers of Paris, Zurich, and Wittenberg.

Huss was the precursor of this great religious revival. We must not seek in his career for a fixed plan, and ideas reduced to a system, such as we find in Zwingli and Calvin. In this great man all is aspiration towards an ideal world, ardent wishes, prophetic enthusiasm. His language is not the philosophic language of Zurich and Geneva. He expresses himself like the *seers* of the Old Testament; he affects the bold metaphors of Ezekiel or the dramatic hopes of Isaiah. Like the messenger of Jehovah, his lips have been touched with live coals. His regards are directed towards the East. From thence must flash forth the light which shall dissipate the gloomy shadows in which the world is merged.

Yet, if by the form of his language, by his intuitive perception of the future, John Huss recalls the holy men of the old law, his individual character is essentially evangelical and modern. As his destiny develops itself, in proportion as he nears the limit of his glorious career, his beautiful spirit is filled with tenderness and pity. Never does an unkind word issue from his lips. Instead of cursing his gaolers, he teaches them the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Like Jesus, he prays for his executioners, and yet more cruel persecutors. It is no longer the vehement orator who thundered in the chapel of Bethlehem against the corruptions of the Roman church; it is the resigned victim who cares not to trouble the tranquillity with which he

completes the sacrifice, by any expression of bitterness. Surrounded by prevaricating priests who menace and insult him, who openly thirst after his blood, he lets escape not a single movement of anger. He appeals with energy to the throne of God, but without accusing human justice, notwithstanding its revolting partiality. To find a similar spectacle, one must go back to the days of Polycarp, of Ignatius, of Antioch, of Justin, of Lucien, in a word, to the tranquil and courageous martyrs of the primitive church. In the peaceful days of his youth, Huss, as if he had a presentiment of what was to come, held his hand near the fire to see if he could, like the deacon Lawrence, endure all the anguish of the flames. This predestined soul prepared itself thus for the vocation which Heaven had in store for it, a call at once magnificent and full of unutterable woe, like that of his Divine Master, who gave his life for the salvation of mankind.

And we find the example of the Son of God ever present to the mental vision of the martyr of Constance. He perpetually calls to mind those Pharisical hypocrites who, for personal motives, became the persecutors of Justice and Truth. Amid his desolation, he involuntarily thinks of his divine Redeemer given up to his implacable enemies, bowing his head to their buffetings, struck with the reed bestowed as a sceptre by derisive malignity. The Passion of Christ is the strength and the consolation of Huss. He reposes in his mental life, under the olive trees of Gethsemane; he lifts to his lips the cup of ineffable bitterness; he receives the kiss of betrayal; he hears sounding in his ears the howling of the ferocious crowd that call for his death, and would fain drink his blood; and from time to time he feels the involuntary sadness which Christ himself resignedly experienced. Then we see him again returning to the things of this life, to the well-beloved friends whom he leaves behind, to the chains which he must break.

The name of Wickliffe is inseparable from that of John Huss. Before the day of these two great men, a few generous spirits had risen against the doctrines of the Romish church; such were Arnould de Brescia, Bérenger, Valdo. But the times did

not admit of the success of their enterprise. Nevertheless these foes of the Papacy left fermenting in many minds the seeds of opposition. To them succeeded Wickliffe. He began by teaching that, according to the written authority of the Apostles, the bishop of Rome could not be the chief of the universal church. He was indignant that a wretched sinner, who was not himself sure of his own salvation, should give himself out as the *Infallible* teacher of the children of God. "If the bishop of Rome draws on himself condemnation, it is a demon from hell that is presented to the adoration of men."*

What is worthy of remark is, that Gerson, the oracle of the university of Paris, whom men regarded as the luminary of the Catholic world, Gerson, the pitiless adversary of heretics, who invoked against them the utmost rigour of the laws, spoke of the Papal power with almost as great a stretch of hardihood.

"The *universal church*," he says, "is the assembly of all Christians,—Greeks, barbarians, men, women, nobles, peasants, rich, and poor.† It is this church which, according to tradition, *can neither err nor be deceived*; it has for chief Jesus Christ alone. There is another church called *Apostolic* which *it is customary* to call the Romish church. *This latter,—which maintains, that the Pope is the head, and that the other ecclesiastics are the members; this latter may wander, may stumble; it may deceive and may be deceived, or fall into heresy and schism:—It is not the authority of the Pope which renders it holy, inasmuch as that authority may fall to the patronage of evil as well as good men; neither is it the papal seat, for it is the man who sanctifies the place, and not the place the man. . . .* What an absurdity would it be that a simple mortal, a child of perdition, a simonist, a miser, a fornicator, worse than a demon, *should pretend to bind or loose in Heaven!*"‡

Thus spoke "the most Christian Doctor,"§ one of the holy

* Vaughan—Life of Wickliffe, vol. ii. p. 270.

† A distinguished Catholic has vainly endeavoured to imbue his co-religionists with this idea. (See Bordas-Demoulin—Des pouvoirs constitutif de l'Eglise).

‡ Gerson—de modis uni. ac refer. Eccl. in conc., vol. ii.

§ Doctor Christianissimus.

men of the Gallic church,* to whom certain Catholic writers have ascribed the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," which is to them, after the Gospel, *the* book "par excellence."

Wickliffe, deducing consequences from principles, denies utterly the right of the Popes to dispose of kings. He advocates the amenability of priests to the civil law, in all that regards their persons and their effects.† Gerson also declares that the Pope is not greater than Jesus Christ and St. Peter, who both submitted to the secular arm, besides enjoining all men to submit themselves to it.‡

A fact not less worthy of remark, is that Gerson, a disciple, like Wickliffe and Calvin, of St. Augustin, professed the doctrine of justification by faith without works. "Man," says the Chancellor of the University of Paris, "can do nothing of his own proper volition to raise himself from his fallen position; *he deserves nothing in respect of his works.* Jesus Christ is alone the Saviour, *and he saves those alone who are predestined from all eternity.*" §

These are profoundly suggestive texts to those who will recall the history of the councils of Constance and Trent. One cannot help asking one's self, how this doctor of Paris has been considered one of the pillars of the church, while John Huss and Jerome of Prague were consigned to the flames, and Calvin treated as a heresiarch. These singular facts, far too little considered, furnish a very exact idea of the justice of the Roman Catholic church. Her interests alone influence her decisions; she absolves and anathematizes, time about, the same identical opinions. It is by this policy that she strenuously urged the fatalism of Augustin, of Prosper, and of Gerson, whilst even her vocabulary has not sufficient anathemas for the Reformers of Geneva and Wittenberg:

Et moi je erie, selon le temps
Vive le roi ! Vive la ligue !

* Vid. Fangère—Eloge de Gerson.

† Vaughan—Life of Wickliffe, vol. ii.

‡ Gerson—*di modis*, &c.

§ Gerson.—*De Consol. theol.* vol. i. p. 187. (Compare, Wickliffe "de verit. script. expos.")

As for Gerson, we may well believe, that had he possessed the logical power of Wickliffe, the resolute soul of Zwingli, the firm courage of Huss, he would have boldly attacked a church whose abuses and false deductions he reprov'd with so much eloquence. At least, he would have kept his hand free of the stain of the blood of John Huss, whose doctrines were, if anything, less advanced than his own. If by this line of conduct he has merited the good opinion of the official historians of the Papacy, sincere Christians will judge him in a very different light. In their eyes the contrast between the heroism of John Huss and the prudent reserve of the French theologian will do little honour to the latter. And history will imitate this wholesome severity. Her sacred mission is to brand those miserable resources of expediency, which it is the fashion to dignify with the sonorous titles of "prudence,"—"moderation,"—"love of unity, peace, and concord." Peace can never be secured by sacrificing the convictions of an entire life, or by stifling the appeals of conscience. Christ had in view the vain excuses of this miserable policy of expediency, when he said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword."* War against evil, war against tyranny, war against worldly hypocrisy; such is the teaching of the Gospel, such its scheme of morals made for *men* and not for slaves. The Saviour's word contains no protective clause for that apathy so pleasing to enervated minds, which makes them pity till they half sympathize with all and every abuse. Far from this, it rallies us to the fight against the worldly spirit which possesses the fatal secret of undermining the firmest courage.

It was in this sublime spirit that Huss viewed the Gospel. From early youth, he seriously devoted himself to it. The fraternal maxims of the sacred book were never a dead letter for him, as they are for so many Christians. Born amid the people, like Luther, who so nobly continued the great work, the son of simple peasants, he ever remained faithful to the modesty of his origin. "John Huss," says the Jesuit Balbinus, by no means

* St. Matt. x. 34.

disposed to flatter his victim, "was yet more *dexterous** than eloquent. But the modesty and simplicity of his manners, his austere and irreproachable life, his pale and sad visage, the extreme sweetness and affability of his address to all who approached him, even the humblest, these were more persuasive than the most sublime eloquence." †

When Huss was ordained a priest, the Empress, Queen of Bohemia, appointed him her confessor, in which position he forthwith made numerous and powerful friends. His reputation however dates only from 1414, in which year he was named chaplain of the chapelry of Bethlehem. ‡ In this chapel, name of good omen, Christ was destined to be again born within men's innermost souls, and the poor were again destined to hear the preaching of "the kingdom of God."

Although the books of Wickliffe had at first been perused by Huss with displeasure, a more careful consideration had ended by convincing him of the importance of the ideas they contained. Like the English Reformer, he regarded the Scriptures as the only *infallible* authority, a principle which subverted from the very foundation the fabric of the Roman hierarchy. He believed also that it was necessary to recall the clergy to their spiritual mission, and that prevaricating priests lost all the power pertaining to their office. The idea of compelling churchmen to occupy themselves solely with matters relating to eternity, was by no means new. Hildegarde, though canonized by Rome, had not hesitated to say, "The Almighty Father has well-allotted everything. He has given the heavenly kingdom to men of heavenly mind, and earth to men of terrestrial mould. So that, by this partition, the spiritual and the secular, possessing each what is best suited to them, do not cross each other's paths; for

* We shall see further on, by the fragments we shall cite from various letters and discourses of John Huss, if there is aught to remind us of certain scholastic subtleties.

† Balbinus.—Epit. rer. Boic. 431.

‡ Bethlehem was a small chapel on the Bethlem Platz in Prague, and nearly opposite is still shown the house inhabited by Huss, while the museum is full of memorials of Huss and the struggles of his followers.

God has not willed that any one of his children should have both the robe and the mantle. To the secular he has given the mantle, the robe to the spiritual, and whenever the robe and mantle are united on beneficiary, *we must strip off the mantle and give it to the poor.*"*

The difficulty was to make an avaricious and corrupt clergy comprehend these principles. Before undertaking this formidable task, Huss had to struggle against many saddening, disheartening influences. He himself recounts, with dramatic power, how the voice of heaven made itself intelligible to him. He first quotes the passage from Ezekiel, ". . . When I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here."† Huss adds, "And me too, God has roused me to pierce this wall, that men might discover the multitude of the abominations of the holy place. It has pleased the Lord to bring me forth from the place I filled, even as a brand snatched from the burning. Wretched slave of my passions, it was necessary, that like Lot, God should draw me from the destruction of Sodom, and I have but obeyed the voice which said to me: 'Dig in the wall.' Then saw I yet another door, and that door was the Holy Scripture, through which I beheld exposed the abominations of priesthood and monachism, represented under various emblems. Never have Jews or Pagans committed such horrible crimes during the presence on earth of Christ himself, as these false Christians, these hypocritical priests, are daily guilty of in the very sanctuary of the church."‡

To unveil with so much hardihood the depravity of the chiefs of this spiritual association, was, in the fifteenth century, to draw down on the bold utterer the most merciless persecution. In our own day, ay! in this our Europe, there exists more than one country, where one could not dare thus to do, without being exposed to the utmost danger.§ They began by interdicting to Huss the exercise of his religious functions, whilst on

* Huss.—Hist. et monum. vol. i. p. 155.

† Ezekiel viii. 8, 9.

‡ Hist. et monum. J. Huss, p. 503.

§ See the Austrian Concordat.

the look out for such circumstances as should enable them to adopt more rigorous measures against him. Very shortly he was cited before the archbishop of Prague, who reproached him with inculcating grievously erroneous doctrines in regard to the rite of Christian sepulture. The following Sabbath, the intrepid apostle mounted the pulpit. Far from being intimidated by such menaces, he addressed the people in his usual vigorous allocution:—"It is," said he, "something singular, my beloved Bohemian brethren, that it is forbidden to inculcate certain manifest truths, more especially those which are shining in all their splendour in England and elsewhere! These rites of sepulture, these wax tapers, and incense bells, serve but to fill the pockets of an avaricious priesthood, and what they call ORDER, is but immunity for confusion.* Trust me, they but seek to enchain you by such regulations.—As for you, break these chains!"

If this generous boldness of Huss procured him the enmity of many, he yet thereby enlisted the sympathies of those who felt the true Christian principle awakening in their soul. Within the very ken of Papacy, the University of Bologna declared against the archbishop. Strengthened by this assistance, Huss invoked it in his dispute with Alexander V. But already this pontiff had been replaced by Balthazar Cossa, who assumed the style of John XXIII.

Of this bishop contemporary historians of all shades have drawn portraits of the most gloomy nature. Thierry de Niem, his private secretary, as well as historian of the age, represents him as a monster of greed, of ambition, of debauchery, and of cruelty.† He had actually purchased the pontificate by ready money in specie.‡ A man of this stamp of course viewed with frenzied rage the success of such doctrines as those of Huss, and accordingly, ere long he summoned him to Rome. As Huss did not present himself, the Pope excommunicated him, and put Prague under an interdict. Huss protested with the grand

* This word has no other signification than the above in the mouths of many of our contemporary Conservatives.

† In Von der Hardt. ii. 14.

‡ Thierry de Niem—Invest. in Johannem XXIII. c. vii.

nobility of his nature. Judged of a Pope who disgraced the episcopal dignity, yet who dared to arrogate the title of vicar of Him who is without sin, Huss appealed to that Redeemer himself:—"Our Lord Jesus Christ, perfect God and perfect man, surrounded by high priests, by scribes, by Pharisees, by the officials of an exploded system of sacrifice, at once his judges and his jury, left to his disciples the sublime example of submitting their cause to the judgment of God, omniscient and omnipotent. Following this holy example, I appeal to God, since I now find myself oppressed by an iniquitous sentence, by this undue pretence of excommunication by pontiffs, scribes, Pharisees, and judges sitting in the judgment seat of Moses. I, John Huss, make mine appeal to Jesus Christ, my master and only judge, who knows and will protect the just cause of the humblest of his children."*

Such language admirably combines gentleness with firmness. Withdrawing to his native village, Huss there wrote a little treatise, intended to prove by the authority of reason, of the Fathers of the Church, of the Popes and Canons, that we must read and not burn heretical books. At the same time he addressed to his followers a letter which breathes the very spirit of the apostolic times. "Know," says he, "my dearly beloved, that it is in following the example, the admonition of Christ himself, that I have withdrawn myself from your midst, lest I should be to the evil-doers a snare to eternal condemnation, and to the just a source of sadness and mourning. I have fled away, that unjust priests might not forbid the preaching of God's word, and that ye may not for my sake be deprived of God's holy truth, for which, by God's grace, I willingly will court death."†

Amid all these agitating circumstances, the life of Christ and the apostles was ever the subject of his meditations:—"I have," he wrote to his beloved followers, "heard of your bitter trial:—I

* Hist. et monum. Huss. i. 27.

† Letters of John Huss, translated by Emile de Bonnechose,—1st series, Letter 3.—To Master Martin, and Master Nicholas de Myliczyn. I have given the substance of the letter, but not the exact expressions.

too, dear friends, have been tried, and I rejoice that for the Gospel's sake men call me heretic, and that I am excommunicated as an evil-doer and a rebel. That I might be strengthened in this tranquil peace of mind, I have recalled to myself the life and word of Christ himself, as also of his apostles.*

“I have considered how Annas the high priest, and Caiaphas, and John and Alexander, and the whole tribe of the priesthood, when they addressed the Apostles, ever forbade them to speak and teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them:—‘Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard.’† And when again these same priests had forbidden them to preach, they said:—‘We ought to obey God rather than men.’‡ St. Jerome too has said:—‘If the master or the bishop prescribe matters which are not contrary to the Faith nor to the Scriptures, the servitor is bound to obey. But if aught is commanded contrary thereto, we must obey the Ruler of the mind rather than the master of the body.’” Further on Huss adds:—“If the emperor order that which is right, let his will be done:—but if he command that which is evil,—answer him—‘We must obey God rather than men.’”—St. Augustin too, in his Sermon on the Words of our Lord, says:—“If earthly power recommend you to do that which is evil, contemn such power, and fear a hand above that rules all:—It is then our duty to resist the power of the devil and of men, when they suggest aught against God, and herein we do not resist, but rather observe and obey God's own injunction.” Thus speaks St. Augustin. St. Gregorius too, in his last Treatise on Morals, says:—“Know ye, that ye must at no time do evil, in following the doctrine of obedience.” St. Bernard writes in one of his letters,—“To do evil at the orders of any one whomsoever is not obedience but disobedience.”§

* Acts of the Apostles, chap. iv.

† Acts iv. 19, 20.

‡ Acts v. 29.

§ Letters of Huss—1st Series, 5th Letter. He likewise cites the doctrine of St. Isidore and the Venerable Bede.

Fortified by such meditations on the truth of the Gospel, Huss drew from his own heart those

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,”*

of charity and of unlimited devotion to man’s eternal interests and salvation. That heart was, as it were, an undying lamp of faith and love. His supreme consolation he found in the gentle words of the Saviour, in the contemplation of his humiliations and sufferings. “Dearly beloved,” he says in one of his most admirable letters, “let not yourselves be cast down with terror; be not panic-stricken because the Lord tries some of your number, permitting the servants of Antichrist to exercise their tyranny over them. God himself has said to his servant: ‘Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.’† And he hath said by the mouth of his prophet David: ‘Nevertheless . . . thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.’‡ Rest therefore firm in the truth which ye have known, and in all that ye do, act as the true children of God. Have faith, for Christ is victorious, and ye also shall conquer. Meditate on his fate who suffered such persecution for us sinners; falter not in your firm resolve, but, laying down each his own burden of sin, let us rush to the combat, our eyes fixed on Jesus, who hath established the faith which is in us, who to achieve his end, despising the ignominy of the cross, suffered the pangs of death, and is now seated at the right hand of God.—The Creator, the King, the Sovereign Master of the world, whose divine nature might have foregone that last agony, humiliated himself, despite his perfection, to the level of our humanity; he came to succour us, wretched sinners, and bore hunger and thirst, heat and cold, vigil, fasting, and sore fatigue; he suffered, while instructing us of the grievous crimes of the scribes and priests, to that point that they called him a blasphemers, one possessed of a

* Gray.

† Prov. iii. 25, 26.

‡ Psalm lxxiii. 23, 24.

devil, affirming that it was no God that they excommunicated as a heretic, that they expelled from their city, and crucified as an accursed one.—If then Christ endured such things at the hands of the priests, he who cured all diseases by his simple word, without reward of this world;—he who cast out devils, who raised the dead, and taught the Word of God;—he who never wrought evil against any man, yet who suffered at the hands of these men, solely because he exposed their backsliding; why be astonished that, in our day, the ministers of Antichrist, who are yet more greedy, more debauched, more cruel, more cunning than the Pharisees, why be astonished that they should persecute the servants of God? should load them with insults, should excommunicate, imprison, and kill them? But these men are but preparing the way for the same reaction that overtook the Jewish priests:—Those thought to stifle and subdue the truth, little knowing that the vital principle, the very essence of truth is, that the more men try to obscure it, the more brightly it shines, and the more they endeavour to repress it, the more it rises and expands. The pontiffs, the priests, the scribes and Pharisees, Herod and Pilate, yea, all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, of yore condemned the Truth; they crucified it, they buried it; but that grand Truth, emerging from the sepulchre, vanquished them all, and in their stead inspired twelve apostles of its Word.*

This latter passage is sublime. It would be difficult to find an argument more energetic, more profoundly imbued with the spirit of Christianity even among the doctors of the primitive church. Huss at the same time wrote to the principal of the university of Prague, assuring him, with touching simplicity, that he was quite prepared to undergo martyrdom.

“If I live and wish to live in Christian purity, it is necessary that I suffer persecution for the name of Christ; for if it was needful that Christ should suffer before he entered into his glory, it is yet more needful that we too should bear our cross, wretched that we are, and that we should imitate him in his

* Letters of John Huss—1st Series, Letter 6. To the Faithful at Prague.

passion.—Therefore, Venerable Principal, I protest that I have not been overcome in spirit by persecution; I can only falter when I contemplate my own sins, and see how the flock is led astray. What, in fact, are to me the riches of time? What affliction does their loss cause me? What reck I to lose the favour of this world which does but turn us aside from following after Christ? What kind of infamy is that which, submitted to with humility, tries, purifies, and illumines the children of God, till they shine with the radiance of the sun in their Father's kingdom? What finally is death, if they but wrest from me this miserable life? He who loses it here below, triumphs over death itself, for he finds the true life. . . . I will expose myself to death—I hope with the assistance of Christ, if in his mercy he comes to my aid, for I care not to live in this corrupt age.” Huss then proceeds to point out the prevarication of the Pope, and his dogmatic preachers, of his officials, and doctors, and adds with admirable force: “May all evil follow me, if I preach not against a similar abomination! Evil be thou mine, if I cry not aloud, if I write not! Will you anywhere point out a man, to whom such iniquities are not a positive calamity? Already the mighty angel has taken flight, and cries to us, ‘Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth.’”*

We see then that the sacrifice was already made in the depths of that mighty soul. But the hour set apart in the designs of Providence was not yet come. The people rose against the priestly oppression, and recalled to Prague their favourite pastor.

At this juncture an illustrious disciple presented himself to add his efforts to the high-souled Reformer. This was Jerome of Prague, whose courage, eloquence, and martyrdom have immortalized his memory. He was “Master of Arts (*Maitre ès arts*) in the renowned academies of Paris, Cologne, and Heidelberg.”† Of talent superior to those of him whom he nevertheless called Master, his discourse was eloquent, but vehement. At Paris, he had defended theses against Gerson himself. The ascendancy which John Huss exercised over his fellow-country-

* Revelation viii. 13.

† Jerome commences thus one of his letters.

men, was of such a nature that Jerome also submitted like the rest. A remarkable incident reveals the different characters of the two men. John XXIII. had fulminated a bull, and preached a crusade against Ladislas of Hungary, who claimed the throne of Naples. Jerome could not control his indignation, and made many enemies by the violence of his invectives against Rome. Huss considered it more worthy of the cause he served to refute the doctrine of the Pope* from Scripture and the Fathers. One would at first sight say that this work of the Reformer was composed for the present day.† Have we not seen in our own day, in this nineteenth century, the bishop of Rome, for worldly and temporal interests, preach a crusade against the Romans, and deliver to the sword of the stranger those whom he hypocritically calls HIS CHILDREN?

“I will assert nothing,” says Huss, “which is not in conformity with the Holy Scripture, and I by no means pretend to oppose myself to the power which God has bestowed on the Roman pontiff. I will simply oppose the abuse of that authority. Now warfare is not permitted to popes, bishops, nor men of the sacerdotal profession, especially for temporal interests. Indeed, if it was not permitted to the disciples of Jesus Christ to take up the sword in defence of Him who is the Head of the Church, against those who would seize him, if St. Peter himself was signally rebuked, by yet stronger analogy it cannot be per-

* It would be more accurate to say the doctrine of the Popes. We may, merely to cite a single instance, compare the bull of John XXIII. with that of Innocent VIII. for the *extermination* of the Vaudois: the Pope gives plenary authority to A. de Capitaneis over all archbishops, &c., “in order,” says he, “that all may along with you, and the before-named Inquisitor, take up arms against the foresaid Vaudois and other heretics, and by intelligent co-operation, CRUSH THEM OUT AS VENOMOUS SNAKES, AND THAT THEY MAY USE ALL THEIR ENDEAVOURS TO CARRY OUT SO HOLY AND NECESSARY AN EXTERMINATION!!” (Leger History of the Vaudois Churches, vol. i. c. 2.) This atrocious doctrine is, moreover, that of the various councils reputed by Catholics general and INFALLIBLE. (See Acts of the 4th Council of the Lateran in MANSI—Sac. Concil. Col.—and LABBE xi., part 1.)

† See Hist. and monum. of Huss, vol. i. p. 215—234.—All the fragments quoted in this chapter are translated by M. Emile de Bonnechose.

mitted to a bishop to wage war for temporal power and worldly wealth."

Huss then cites the authority of St. Jerome, of St. Augustin, of St. Ambrosius, of St. Bernard, of Gregory the Great. "I fear God," said the latter, "and that is why I refuse to take the life of any man."*

The words of St. Bernard, addressed to Pope Eugenius III., form a good subject of reflection to his successor Pio Nono. "Thou shalt conquer the wolves, but thou shalt not wantonly domineer over the flock: *for it was given thee to pasture not to oppress.* If thou find thy heart sacredly inclined, avail thyself of thy tongue, and gird on thy sword, even the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

But Huss reverts with genuine satisfaction to the supreme authority, that of the New Testament itself: "If the Pope and his cardinals had said to Christ:—'Lord, if thou wilt we will exhort the entire world to destroy Ladislas, Gregory, † and their accomplices,' the Saviour would doubtless have answered them as he did his apostles, who demanded of him to permit them to draw down the avenging fire of heaven on the Samaritans: 'The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.' ‡ Jesus did not strike the enemy who reviled him, the servant of the high priest, but cured him. Let any one therefore who chooses say that he must obey the bull, even TO THE EXTERMINATION OF LADISLAS AND HIS FOLLOWERS. § For myself I would not, without a revelation, without a positive order from God himself, stretch out my hand against Ladislas and his partisans; but I should address a humble prayer to God, that he would bring back into the path of truth those who have strayed; for He who is the Head of the entire Church, prayed for his persecutors, saying, 'Father, forgive them, for

* Gregory—Letter to the Emperor Valerius.

† Angelo Corrario, Gregory XII., rival of John XXIII., against whom he had launched a bull.

‡ Luke xx. 56.

§ This argument is in no respect exaggerated; for in his bull the Pope con-jures, *by the shedding of the blood of Christ*, all members of the church to pursue to the uttermost and *exterminate* Ladislas and his defenders.

they know not what they do;’* and I think that Christ, his mother and his disciples, were greater than the Pope and the cardinals.”

With equal vigour and biblical learning he attacks the indulgences, which formed such a prominent scandal of the time.

“No saint in Holy Writ,” says he, “has given indulgences to absolve from punishment and sin during a certain number of years and days; not one of our doctors has ventured to name any one of the Fathers as having instituted and published these indulgences, and if these indulgences, alleged to be so salutary to men, *have been dormant for more than a thousand years*, the reason may probably be found that, during that period, avarice had not, as in our day, reached its culminating point.”

He next educes, with rare good sense, the extravagant lengths to which the Romish doctrine leads.

“Of two men one shall be an evil-doer all his life; but provided only he gives money, he secures, at a very slight contrition, remission from punishment and from sin; the other shall be a man of decent life, who has only been guilty of the most venial sins, but if he give nothing he will receive no pardon. Now, according to the bull, when these two men die, the former, the criminal, will go to heaven, escaping the pains of purgatory; while the other, the man of upright life, will have to undergo these. If such indulgences are available in heaven, it would be our interest to pray to God that constant war might be waged against the Pope, that he might throw open the treasures of the church.”

This answer of Huss to the Bull of John XXIII. made a profound sensation. Luther himself has written nothing more conclusive against indulgences. Supported by the applause of the people, Huss preached against the worship of images, against auricular confession, against abstinence from meat. John XXIII., irritated at the success of Huss, stirred up princes and universities against him. Gerson, in the name of the University of Paris, responded to the appeal of the Pope.

* Luke xxiii. 34.

His reply, addressed to Archbishop Conrad, is one of the most melancholy monuments of even those sad times, and of Catholic fanaticism. It furnishes a just standard of the violence which theological discussion can inspire. After remarking that these heresies had been refuted by miracles and by the learning of the Doctors, he adds:—"In the end, however, the malady becoming desperate, *it has been necessary to have recourse to the secular arm, to the executioner's axe, in order to lop off these heretical teachings with their propounders, and to cast them into the fire.* It was by such *merciful** cruelty that a stop was put to the discourses of these persons, which could only have tended to their own destruction and that of others." If we are to believe Gerson, the *false teachers* who were disseminating their doctrines in Bohemia were inexcusable. "Not only have they Moses and the prophets, but also the apostles and the primitive Doctors with the sacred councils. They have moreover modern divines assembled in Universities, above all, in this our University of Paris, the alma mater of theological study, which has thus far been exempt from the hideous chimeras of heresy, and by God's aid will ever be so. All these things they have; let them believe therein; if they refuse, they would not believe were the dead to be raised to life;—if present remedies are ineffectual, there only remains to apply the axe of the secular arm to the root of this barren and accursed tree. It is your duty to use that arm, to invoke that mediation by all means in your power, and you are constrained thereto, for the weal of those souls † committed to your charge." ‡

The advice of "the most Christian Doctor" was adopted, and the Council of Constance took it as the basis of its conduct. But it will ever remain an indelible stain on the fame of the University of Paris, and the exponent of its dogmas, that they

* This sacrilegious phrase contains the true version of Romish Pharisaism.

† So, too, it was in the interest of the spiritual element, that the Pharisees persecuted the Gospel. O assassins! when will you act openly? When will you abandon sophistry, and openly seize the axe? You will then be at least less odious.

‡ Cochlée—History of Huss, p. 22.

first called for the blood of the upright. Moreover, men have allowed themselves to be overmuch hoodwinked by a few liberal maxims of the Gallican church. This church has, quite as much perhaps as that of Italy, the appetite for blood. Paris has seen more butchers than Rome itself. Bossuet, Fenelon himself, has no repugnance to "the secular arm," that is to the assistance and support of the headsman. Catholicism will ever believe itself obliged to have recourse to the blood-stained arms of the proconsuls of any Nero, "for the welfare of the souls committed to its charge." Logical deduction is more powerful than the best intentions of individuals.*

Huss was nowise appalled by this formidable opposition. In the solitude of his pastoral cure, whither he had again withdrawn himself, he was perfecting works destined to exercise a marvellous influence on men's minds. Among these were his "Treatise on the Church," "The Six Errors," "The Abominations of the Monks," and "The Limbs of Antichrist." In this latter work he speaks of the worship of the saints and of their adorers with his usual vehement eloquence. "This immoderate adoration of the saints, the genuine spawn of hypocrisy, is an inexhaustible well-spring of superstitions, prejudicial to true godliness. Men exalt the virtues of the dead whose example is distant and feeble: they inspire contempt for the upright lives of living men, whose example might prove more efficacious. This adoration is the result of pride, of cruelty, of avarice, of indolence; human vanity is flattered in exalting the dead; it in no way wounds one's own self-love; whereas envy, chagrined by living examples of virtue, makes the most strenuous endeavours to tarnish that brilliancy which is a reproach to its own shortcomings. Mankind is generously disposed towards the saints in heaven, because these latter are beyond the reach of their attacks, and are to be dreaded for their proximity to

* If any one doubt, let him read the book of a writer, a quasi-liberal though a sincere Catholic, "St. Pius V." by M. le Vicomte A. de Falloux. In this work the Inquisition is defended in honeyed phrase by the former minister of worship of Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, President of the French Republic, now the august Imperial ally of England.

Divine Justice ; it shows itself implacable towards the saints now inhabiting the earth, because it is its interest to oppress virtue;—men thirst after opportunities against them, and despoil them ; but they are prodigal towards the saints in glory, who need nothing ; on their dry bones are lavished silk, gold, silver, jewels ; nor is their lodging less magnificent : but they refuse clothing and hospitality to the suffering children of Jesus Christ, who are in our midst, at whose expense they grow fat, and intoxicated with luxury.”

After reproaching the bishops with their luxurious indolence, he continues : “ They love better to follow our blessed Lord to the Mount Tabor than to bear his cross ; it is to satisfy their vanity, that so many idle ceremonies are provided,* so many feasts and bodily postures destined, which are daily multiplied to dazzle the people’s eyes, and delude them with the vain hope of meriting eternal life by observing traditions. Better were it to practise charity, to multiply works of mercy and other Christian virtues, to administer the holy sacraments in the spirit of the Gospel ; to exercise a more strict discipline. But to these things the Scribes and Pharisees of our day attach but the slightest importance, for such works would in no respect redound to their worldly glory, or their temporal profit.†”

Do we not already recognise the mighty breath of the 16th century ? These words, re-echoing like the trumpets before Jericho, shook the battlements of the doomed city. When any human institution is examined with similar penetration ; when the vices of its defenders are thus made over to public indignation ; when fierce anger animates every generous spirit, a revolution is inevitable. It may be delayed by the manœuvres of political finesse ; but, becoming daily more necessary, it will end with a violence proportionately increased by the very obstacles opposed to it.

* See in the Abbé de Lamennais’ *Affairs of Rome*, certain curious details as to the ridiculous vanity of the Cardinal de Rohan :—compare with Bungener’s “ Rome at Paris, a Letter to the Archbishop of Paris.”

† History and Memorials of John Huss—“ De mysteriis iniqui Antichristi,”—translated by Emile de Bonnechose.

The convocation of the council of Constance was intended to give satisfaction to this general feeling. Sigismund, who was then on the imperial throne, was fully resolved on putting an end to the schism. He believed that the best means of achieving this object, was the calling a general council. Many sincere Christians believed that the Church could effect her own reforms under the authority of these great assemblies, which were, so to speak, the States General of the religious system. The council of Constance was destined to do justice to these pleasing illusions. There, however, Pope John XXIII.* disgraced the Papal throne by his scandalous intrigues; there the cardinals and bishops displayed their profound selfishness, and there, too, the interminable discussions and acrimonious dissensions of the learned professors, as fully alive to the calculations of worldly policy as they were insensible to the interests of Christ Jesus, inflicted a deadly blow to Catholic learning, and proved to demonstration that it possessed neither unity of doctrine nor charity of sentiment.

The lay portion of the council and the sovereigns who attended were destined to play a part not a whit more illustrious. Not to go further than the Emperor;—he was at first remarkable for the sincerest zeal, yet he covered himself with eternal hatred in sanctioning the violation of the safe-conduct he had himself given to Huss. The Imperial Majesty, notwithstanding the remorse and the struggles of Sigismund, succumbed before the fury of priests thirsting for blood. What a singular spectacle for the nations! The authorities which for so many centuries they had been taught to respect, seemed to have imposed on themselves the task of self-degradation. Their abject debasement formed a startling contrast to the calm dignity, the invincible firmness, the angelic meekness of those whom they denounced as seditious heretics. The fury and implacability of the judges brought out in strong relief the heaven-bestowed fortitude of the accused. When matters reach such a pass as here described; when public opinion, by the mere force of circumstances, is in its own despite compelled to side with

* This is the John XXII. of Muller. History of the Confederation.

those whom it is sought that it should proscribe, and to consider them as martyrs and saints, punishments only serve to render their inflictors odious, and to direct on their heads the full weight of execration without bounds. From the ashes of the victims arise avengers that are the more to be feared that outraged humanity has sanctified their mission, and called them to the work.

Exorare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!

Lefevre, Zwingli, Calvin, Luther, Knox, were but the instruments in God's hands to reverse the decrees of a system of justice, that was only another name for broken faith and treachery. The shades of the illustrious martyrs of Constance were as a shield to them in the final achievement of their task. But for the punishment of Huss and Jerome of Prague, Luther in all probability could not have presented himself with impunity at the diet of Worms. The feeling of horror, which the murderers of the Bohemian pastors had succeeded in inspiring, was his defence against the fury of the enemies of Reform. Moreover, was it not simply natural that Christianity, which had grown to its greatness by the blood of saints and martyrs, should be regenerated by the self-devotion of victims as illustrious as they were pure-minded? Is there not a something that appeals strongly to the feelings, in thus beholding the liberty of nations inaugurated by the sacrifice of beings without stain? The liberty of Rome was born beside the dead body of Lucretia,* and received its second baptism in the blood of Virginia. The independence of France springs gloriously from the funeral pile of Joan of Arc.† Thus does Providence perpetuate the glory of sacrifice. On that narrow way, which leads straight to our eternal goal, it shows to us numerous mounts for the sacrifice of blood, each crowned with its divine halo. Can anything be devised, better adapted to make men appreciate the majesty of the law of duty:—to detach the soul from the fleeting pleasures of this life, and fix its contemplation on the unseen and eternal?

* See universal tradition.—(Comp. Niebuhr—Hist. of Rome.)

† In Michelet's *Jeanne d'Arc*.

After the Emperor had made up his own mind to convoke a council, he experienced much difficulty in securing the concurrence of Pope John XXIII. That pontiff clearly saw the danger to which his own unworthiness exposed him. He well knew that by presenting himself before a general assembly of Christendom, he ran no slight risk of losing the throne he had so long disgraced. The most sinister auguries filled his mind. His carriage was overturned upon a hill of the Tyrol, whence could be discerned the town and lake of Constance. This accident seemed to him to presage the worst: "By Satan," he exclaimed, "here have I fallen down! Why did I not rather remain at Bologna?" Then looking sadly on the city and the valley: "Ay!" he remarked, "I see it all. This is the ditch where they trap the foxes."

John Huss, on his part, did not deceive himself. In the month of October 1414, in his chapel of Bethlem, surrounded by his friends and his disciples whom he was never again to see, he took the most touching adieu. The words addressed to him by Jerome were full of heroic courage. "Dear master," he said, "be firm, be constant. Endure intrepidly, sustain boldly, while leaning for support on holy writ, what you have preached against pride, avarice, and the other vices of the church. If that task be too much for you, if I learn that you are in danger, I shall immediately fly to your aid."*

Huss was provided with a safe-conduct. As much discussion has arisen as to the purport of that instrument, we subjoin it for the decision of all readers in whom the spirit of sectarianism, ever so powerful, has not utterly extinguished common sense.†

"Sigismond, by the grace of God, King of the Romans, &c. To all princes, ecclesiastic and secular, &c. &c., and to all our other subjects greeting:—We commend, in our full affection, to all of you generally, and to each individual of you, the honour-

* Theobaldus—*Bellum Hussiticum*, p. 25, trans. of E. de Bonnechose.

† See the text in Von der Hardt. iv. p. 12. We quote the translation of M. de Bonnechose, the learned and conscientious historian of the Council of Constance.

able master and teacher John Huss, bachelor in theology, and master of arts, bearer of these presents, going from Bohemia to the council of Constance, whom we have taken under our protection and safe-guard, as also under that of the Empire, desiring that you receive him courteously, and treat him with all favour, furnishing him with every needful thing for the expedition and prosecution of his journey, by water as by land, without charge to him or his, in their entrances and departures, for whatever reason, and calling ON YOU TO PERMIT HIM FREELY TO PASS, TO RESIDE, REMAIN OR RETURN, providing him if need be with passports duly in règle, for the honour and respect of the Imperial Majesty.

“Given at Spire, 18th October, 1414, the third of our reign as King of Hungary, and the 5th as King of the Romans.”

We are now in a position to judge of the good faith of those apologists of the Church of Rome, who venture to affirm, with Lhomond,* and Bishop Frayssinons,† that the safe-conduct had only been given to Huss to protect him on the road, and in no way to secure him from the funeral pile.‡ But it was necessary, no matter the cost, to vindicate the INFALLIBLE Council of Constance from the well-merited reproach of treachery and broken faith. Unfortunately for these apologists, it is but too evident that that great assembly trampled under foot all law human and divine, for Sigismond was the least culpable in this unhappy affair. He showed feebleness rather than rancour. It was with regret that he yielded up the Reformer to the fury of his assassins. The true criminals were the bloody-minded priests, who demanded the life of Huss with fiendish animosity. Reichenthal affirms that Sigismond would most willingly have restored him to liberty, as much for his own honour, he having given his safe-conduct, as through fear of irritating Wenceslas his brother and the Bohemians, but *that the Doctors, having*

* Lhomond—History of the Church.

† Frayssinons, bishop of Hermopolis. Defence of Christianity.—A conversation in which religion is vindicated from the reproach of fanaticism.

‡ Emile de Bonnechose, in note F. 1st vol., of the Reformers before the Reformation, castigates with much rigour these Romish falsifications.

given him to understand, that it is forbidden to give safe-conduct to a heretic, he bowed to that decision.*

To find consolation for the miserable spectacle presented by the feebleness and cowardice of the princes of this world, it needs but to turn our regards on the calm heroism of the victims,† “*firmare animam constantibus exemplis.*”

Huss, at the eve of his departure for that city whose name was prophetic of his invincible firmness, did not disguise from himself the dangers which awaited him at Constance. He spoke like St. Paul of the persecution in store for him.

“I, John Huss, in hope, a priest and servant of Jesus Christ, to all our well-beloved and faithful brothers and sisters, who by my mouth have heard the Word of God, and who have received the mercy and peace of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, earnestly pray that they may continue without stain, to walk by Jesus in all faithfulness. Think not, suppose not, that I confront evil entreatment for false doctrine—I set forth, I am now going to appear before my numerous enemies, under safe-conduct from the Emperor. My enemies in the council, more in number than even those of Christ, are to be found in the bishops and professors, as also among the princes of our time, and the Pharisees. But I confide wholly and solely in God the all-powerful, and in my Redeemer; I do therefore trust he will give ear to my ardent prayers, that he will make me to speak with prudence and wisdom, that I may prevail against them, and that he will give me his Holy Spirit to strengthen me in the truth; so that the gates of hell may not turn me aside, and that I may confront temptation, imprisonment, and the sufferings of an agonizing death. Christ has suffered for those whom he so loved; can we wonder that he should have left us his example, that we too should suffer with patience all things that are profitable to our salvation? He is God, we are but his servants; He is master of the world, we are but pitiful mortals; He has need of nothing, we are destitute of everything; He

* Lenfant—History of the Council of Constance, vol. i.

† Tacitus—Annal. XVI.

suffered; why should not we suffer, when, moreover, that suffering works our purification? Assuredly he cannot die who has faith in Christ, and who abides in his truth. Thus, then, beloved, pray to him without ceasing that he will bestow on me this Spirit, that I too may abide with him in truth, and that he may deliver me from all ill; and if my death is to contribute to his glory, pray that it may come quickly, and that he will grant me to bear my misfortunes with constancy. But if it be better in the interest of salvation, that I return among you, we shall pray God, that I may return blameless from this council, that is, that I trench not upon the Gospel of Christ, that thus we may with greater clearness behold him in the pure bright light, and leave to our brethren a noble example to follow. Perhaps you will never again see my face in Prague; but if the will of the all-powerful Jehovah deign to restore me among you, let us resolve to advance with yet greater courage, in the knowledge of His love, and the practice of His law. The Lord is just and merciful, and He gives peace to His people in this world and after death itself." *

It was in such an admirable frame of mind that Huss reached Constance.† Here he lodged ‡ with a poor widow, whom he loved to liken to the widow of Zarephath. Several days elapsed before they disturbed him. The Pope himself said to his friends:—"Had Huss killed my own brother, I would to the best of my ability prevent his being treated with any injustice." The pontiff became perjured like all the rest. Besides, how could any one depend on the good faith of John XXIII., when Sigismund himself, a prince of noble and vigorous character, could not restrain the priestly rage, and sacrificed to them his honour and that of his crown?

* Letters of Huss—Second series—Letter ii. To the Bohemians, on leaving for Constance.

† See his letter to Maître Martin—2d Series, 1st Letter.—Here he also descants on the cause of his suffering:—"Know that it is for having condemned the avarice and the mode of life of the priests, that I suffer this persecution, which will soon be extinguished with my life."

‡ In his letters he gives curious details of his journey.

Meanwhile the council had commenced its proceedings. There were, besides the cardinals and prelates, a multitude of abbés, of professors, and 1,800 priests. Several monarchs came thither with huge retinues of lords and gentlemen. "The chosen city," says the eminent historian of the Confederation, "saw arriving from Italy, from France, from Germany, from England, from Sweden, from Denmark, from Poland, from Hungary, from Bohemia, and even from Constantinople, deputies that represented emperors, kings, princes, cities, universities. The nobles vied with each other, at the expense of the riches slowly amassed by their ancestors, in dazzling Europe with the splendour of their armour, of their vestments, of their chargers, and their gaudy cortèges; the learned cardinals and prelates sought, by profound philosophical acumen, by wide and varied learning, and by vigorous eloquence, to acquire undying renown in the sight of all Christendom. Many flocked as to a spectacle, which neither they nor their ancestors had ever seen. All Europe was on the tiptoe of expectation; the friends of virtue among all nations offered their vows to heaven, some few setting their minds on a thorough reform of the church, others having recourse to subterfuge to avoid such a result, while by far the most numerous of the devotees were those who came to enjoy the various pleasures presented.

Amid this brilliant crowd, this imposing assembly of the whole of Europe, the head of the Holy Roman Empire attracted general attention. An intrepid warrior, a profound and resolute politician, speaking with fluency several languages, endowed with great natural dignity of bearing, he seemed as if born to preside over this reunion of European aristocracy. He had declared himself the protector of letters at a period when the sword was the sovereign law:—"I can in a day," he is reported to have said, "make a thousand gentlemen, but in a thousand years I cannot make one learned man."*

Sigismund was fortunate in finding at Constance so many writers of eminence; such as Poggio of Florence, Thierry de

* J. de Müller—History of the Swiss Confederation, vol. iii. ch. i.

Niem, Æneas Sylvius de Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., Manual Chrysoloras, the learned ambassador from the Greek empire. In the foremost rank were Gerson and Pierre d'Ailly, cardinal of Cambrai, surnamed "the eagle of France." Gerson, ambassador of Charles VI. of France, renowned for his character and talents, became the very soul of the council. A crowd of men of all professions likewise flocked to Constance. It is calculated that 100,000 persons were congregated there.

Thus was John Huss to appear in the great assizes of the world. The benevolent feelings at first manifested towards him did not endure long. On the twenty-sixth day after his arrival at Constance, he was summoned before the Pope and cardinals:—"Maître John Huss," said they, "we have learned respecting you many things which if true cannot be tolerated. It is told us that you teach errors of the gravest nature, utterly opposed to the doctrines of the true Church, and that you have already scattered them all through Bohemia. We have cited you before us to ascertain the truth hereof."

"Reverend Father, Know that I would sooner die than be guilty knowingly of a single error, and by parity of reasoning, yet more unwilling in view of numerous and grave errors, as announced by you. I have come of my own free will to this council, willing to receive whatever correction may be inflicted for error proved against me."

"It is well spoken," said the cardinals, who retired to deliberate, leaving Huss under guard of armed soldiers. Whilst these were assembled in consultation with the Pope, the more implacable of the Reformer's enemies, Paletz, Causis, and several others, took the opportunity to say to Huss,—“Mark, we have thee here, and thou shalt not escape till thou hast paid even to the uttermost farthing.”

This sacerdotal vindictiveness was manifested without the slightest shame. Before night, the provost of the Pontifical court came to announce to Huss that he was a prisoner. His friend, John de Chlum, a Bohemian gentleman, complained with great vehemence to the Pope of this breach of sworn faith by the Pontificate. John XXIII. responded by pointing to

the bishops and cardinals:—"What do you impute to me? Know you not that while here I am myself in their power?" The cowardly and perfidious John avowed later in the day, that he had thought it necessary to appease his own enemies, by sacrificing John Huss.* John de Chlum, having in vain endeavoured to call a blush to the pontiff's cheek for his disgraceful treachery, sought out the Emperor, who had not yet arrived. On learning this piece of intelligence, Sigismond showed a generous indignation: he immediately wrote to his representative at Constance:—"Restore Huss to freedom at once, and if there be any resistance break open the gates." Truly the enemies of the Reformer must have been powerful, for the favourable disposition of the Emperor proved of no avail. The intrepid John de Chlum showed himself to the last the defender of justice and innocence. To the gates of each of the churches he attached a protest against the violation of the Imperial safe-conduct. But one single veritable disciple of the Gospel in Constance ventured to brave the fury of the priesthood.

Meanwhile, John Huss, imprisoned at first in the house of the chant leader of the cathedral, was transferred to the dungeon of the Dominicans along the banks of the Rhine. His cell was situate near a sewer, and consequently he fell sick, till his life was in danger. God willed not that he should, by such an obscure death, lose the glory of martyrdom. Prague rose as one man, when she heard of the violence exercised on a minister of the Gospel. Many influential persons addressed to the Emperor most energetic remonstrances:—"John Huss," said the Bohemian barons, "set forth full of confidence in your majesty's letters of safe-conduct; yet we have learned that he has been seized with these on him, and not alone arrested, but cast into prison without even a hearing, without the semblance of a conviction, and this it is that has aroused the astonishment of all classes, princes, barons, rich, poor, all men:—People ask how the Holy Father has ventured to violate so shamelessly the sanctity of law, of truth, of your majesty's safe-conduct:—how,

* See Von der Hardt, vol. iv. part i. p. 26.

in fine, he has thrown into a prison, without cause, an innocent and upright man.—The Almighty, who sees our hearts, knows how intense would be our grief, if ever—which may God avert—we should learn ought to impair our respect for your majesty's authority or *dignity*.”*

This language could not fail to make an impression on the Emperor. The enemies of John Huss had recourse to that treacherous Pharisaic policy, which the Jesuits have so completely turned to their advantage. They persuaded Sigismund that he had not any power to contract obligations with a heretic, and that the council had moreover the power to absolve him from all engagements. The Infallible Omnipotence of the Church is a convenient system, when there is occasion to ride rough-shod over justice or even common sense. “Rome has spoken, the cause is at an end,” is uttered with a gravity strongly partaking of the grotesque.† But in how many instances have not reason and justice reversed their decrees of pretended infallibility? Rome has spoken in the cases of Huss, of Luther, of Galileo, in the case of the editors of the “*Avenir*,” and yet what enlightened mind would venture at this day to dispute the independence of the civil power, the earth's motion, liberty of conscience, and political liberty? Rome has just proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, yet where is the Christian, however slight his acquaintance with the teachings of the Bible and of the Fathers of the primitive church, who can speak without a smile of this extraordinary dogma?

But all the sophistry of the theologians of the council failed to stifle the pangs of remorse in the naturally upright soul of Sigismund. Two years after the judicial process, which has tarnished his name with an everlasting stain, he wrote, regarding Huss:—“Why did he not enter Constance in my company? God knows, though I cannot express, how much I have suffered through his evil fortune. All the world might see what exertions I made on his behalf, *even to leaving the council on several*

* Hist. and Souvenirs of John Huss, vol. i. p. 96.

† “*Roma locuta est—causa finita est.*” This is one of those saddening formulæ, so numerous in the writings of St. Augustin, parent of so many errors.

*occasions inflamed with resentment.** I had even quitted the city when the seniors of the council gave me to understand through one of their mouthpieces, *that if I arrested the course of justice,* they had nought to do at Constance. I therefore came to the resolution to absent myself: for had I interested myself further for Huss, the council had been dissolved.”†

The Emperor is obviously trying to reassure himself by a transparent sophistry. Had he forgotten the words of St. Paul: We must not do evil that good may come.‡ That simple reflection disposes of, by condemning, all the reasoning by which the politician spreads his illusions among Christ’s people.

Deprived of all communication from without, John Huss received the visitation of the members of the council. They found him a prey to violent fever, and it was amid these sufferings that he had to listen to the testimony of his accusers:—He demanded an advocate: with contempt the most shameless of the commonest rules of equity, this was refused him.

Tantæ ne animis cœlestibus iræ?

The heart of the people is however often found to be more just and compassionate than the heart of vindictive priests. While the clergy openly thirsted for the blood of the man who had lashed their hypocrisy, his guards, touched by his mildness, his resignation, his cheerful piety, instead of seeking the ministration of the haughty prelates of the council, consulted the poor prisoner on the duties of a Christian life. And the man who had to defend his life against clerical rancour, forgetful of his cruel position, found pleasure in composing for his gaolers little treatises§ addressed by name to Robert, Gregory, Stephen,

* This is one of those instances where we must recall the bon-mot of Tertulian, “Evidencing a temper of truly Christian fashioning.” “Testimonium animæ, naturaliter Christianæ.”

† Cochlée—Histoire Hussite, vol. iv.

‡ The exact words are, “And not rather, (as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say,) let us do evil that good may come? whose damnation is just.”—Romans iii. 8.

§ The principal of them are—*The Ten Commandments—Sunday morning worship—Marriage—The Three enemies of man.*

and others of his humble guards. While he abandoned himself to these simple occupations, fruits of a genuine piety, worthy of a martyr of the primitive church, he never deceived himself as to the intentions of his implacable enemies. "Beloved," he wrote to the Faithful at Prague, "I conjure you, from the prison where I am now writing you, to pray to God for me, who blush not to endure all for his sake:—pray that he may be my aid; for in Him and in your prayers is all my hope. Beseech him then that he will accord me the assistance of his Spirit, that I may confess his holy name even unto death. I commit me to his truth, to his mercy, and if at this time he wills to receive me himself, may his will be done. But if it please him that I live and be restored to you, be his holy will in like manner accomplished. I shall need his divine assistance, albeit I know and am assured that he will in nowise permit that I be tried beyond my strength, and exposed in peril which should not be the means of securing your salvation and mine: for the peculiar property of temptation, if we but remain firm in the truth, is to work out our salvation. Know, beloved, that the letters which I left with you, have been translated by my enemies, who have added thereto many falsehoods. They indite against me so many accusations and forgeries, that I have enough to do to respond to them from my prison. Their malice is only equalled by their violence."*

In truth, each day witnessed some new invention expressly intended to torment the august martyr. The bishop of Constance, to whose custody he had been consigned, had him transferred to the castle of Gottlieben, on the banks of the Rhine. There he was shut up in a tower, with irons on his legs, and at night he was attached to a chain built into the wall. But their hatred extended not less to the theology of Huss than to his person. Before they even commenced his trial, the doctrines of Wickliffe, from whom it was supposed he derived his opinions, were formally condemned. Among the propositions anathematized by the *Infallible* Council of Constance, occurs

* Letters of Jean Huss—2d series, 11th Letter—To the Faithful at Prague.

one which is no longer contested by any one: It is that which declares the Decretals apocryphal. This single decision suffices to convince any impartial mind as to the infallibility of the Roman Catholic church. But have her partisans the remotest notion of the history of an institution for which they profess a superstitious veneration? The council then ordered that the remains of Wickliffe should be disinterred and burnt. The priests who proposed to become the reformers of the church and to arouse the evangelical spirit, began their work by profaning the sanctuary of the grave, and like the hyenas that in the darkness of night despoil the ashes of the departed, they vented their animosity against a dead body.

Great meanwhile was the excitement at Prague regarding the captivity of John Huss. Jerome, his disciple, actuated by a devout enthusiasm, came to Constance without a safe-conduct. But as soon as he was aware of the sinister reports flying among the crowd, he took to precipitate flight. He stopped at Ueberlingen, whence he wrote to the members of the council as well as the Emperor, asking for a safe-conduct. The Emperor refused point-blank,* but the council gave him what was however scarcely of a nature to reassure him; "We give you," said the Fathers, "a full safe-conduct, subject always to the demands of justice, as far as in us lies, and the orthodox faith permits."† We may add that Jerome never received the document. He was arrested in a village of the Black Forest, and brought to Constance in a carriage, "bound with long clanking chains." He there underwent an interrogatory in which Gerson manifested against him a rancour little to his honour. One of the greatest sources of trouble to the Chancellor of the University of Paris was, that Jerome had posed that

* This refusal of Sigismond would seem to imply a determination in reference to those safe-conducts, to which (as he has been already seen to assert in his own justification), he had been forced by a priestly dogma. He is at least entitled to the benefit of the doubt.—*Tr.*

† The Jesuitical Rosweido has urged that these words were "understood" in the safe-conduct given to *Huss*. After that trust to the guarantees given by the Jesuits who leave clauses to be *understood*, which annul the benefit pretended to be conferred.

learned body by "emitting" certain "false propositions as to ideas and universal principles." In the fifteenth century a theologian ran a fair chance of being burned at the stake upon broaching such matters. Jerome defended himself, but his answers gave no satisfaction, and many voices cried out, "To the stake"—"To the stake!" It is the old cry of the pagan executioners—"Christianos ad leonem!" "If my death is what you wish," said Jerome, "Amen! Let God's will be done!" The cries of rage were redoubled at this, and he was conducted back to prison.

In the evening his friend, Peter Maldoinewicz, known to history as Pierre the Notary, approached the window of his cell, and called to him. "Welcome, brother," said Jerome. "Strengthen thy soul," replied his friend; "Remember that truth which thou didst so ably vindicate, when thy hands were free from the gyves. My friend, my master, fear not to confront danger for the truth's sake." "Ay!" said Jerome, "I have spoken many things touching the truth, and I shall confirm them now." Could we not suppose ourselves reading of the martyrs of the early church?

The priests of Rome, like the pagan pontiffs, became fastidious in their inventions to inflict torture. The archbishop of Riga, John von Wallendrod, had been charged with the safe custody of Jerome. He ordered his irons to be riveted to a high post, so that he could not sit, and that his hands, when in the fetters, pressed on his neck, so as to prevent his lifting his head.* He fell dangerously ill: then, and only then, they treated him with less severity. They had all the will to torture him; but it would never have suited their purpose, that he should, by dying, escape the horrors of the atrocious sufferings in store for him. The priests could not bate one iota of the enjoyment of the spectacle of their victim's agonies.

The justice of God fell heavily ere long on the perfidious John XXIII. The council put him on his trial. The list of charges which were gone into referred to seventy different crimes, *into*

* Von der Hardt, vol. iv p. 218.

the details of only fifty of which could the council enter. One may judge of the nature of the crimes that could not bear the light of day, by those which they ventured to publish. The *infallible* chief of the church of Rome was convicted of simony, of scandalous intrigues, of the most frightful tyranny. He was pronounced an oppressor of the poor, a suborner of justice, the mainstay of simonists of all sorts, a worshipper of the flesh, the enemy of all virtue, the mirror of all infamy, a hardened and incorrigible sinner. Three bishops, dispatched to the castle of Ratolful by the Fathers, made him their prisoner.—He was afterwards formally deposed at a solemn session of 29th May 1415.

By the unseen dispensation of Providence, the perfidious pontiff who had given up Huss to his butchers, was himself confined in the castle of Gottlieben, separated from his own people, and deprived of the services of his very domestics. Fallen from the very pinnacle of grandeur, *the vicar of God** betrayed the most marked cowardice.

What a contrast is presented by the two prisoners of Gottlieben! Huss, abandoned of the whole world, made the very bitterest of his enemies admire his invincible firmness. The pontiff, in his fallen state, occupied with low intrigue, and abandoned to the most poignant regrets, must have more than once envied him his serenity. But what is this church that pretends to open the gates of heaven? It has been compelled to put in irons, along with those whom it considered the worst of criminals, the princes themselves of the hierarchy. These severities employed in their case, constitute the best excuse for the Reformers it condemned to the stake. Huss clearly saw the consequences of this deposition of John XXIII., and expounded them with his wonted power:—

“Reflect, that they have pronounced the Pope, their chief, worthy of death for enormous crimes clearly proved to have

* All princes are put beneath his feet—his is the one name of this world—canonised by ordinance of the church, he becomes a saint.—Maxims of Gregory VII.

been committed. Courage! and to those preachers who tell you that the Pope is God on earth, that he can put up for sale the holy sacrament, as is alleged by the sticklers for the canon-law, that he is the supreme head of the church in ministering to it with purity, that he is the very heart of the church, since he vivifies it spiritually, that he is the spring whence gush forth all virtue and all goodness, that he is the sun of the whole church, the sure asylum, where all Christians must seek their refuge,—

“ANSWER, Lo! here is that head, as if severed by the sword; here is this terrestrial deity in chains, here are his crimes unveiled to the light of day, here is that well-spring dried up, this divine sun eclipsed; here has this revivifying heart been plucked out and trampled on, that none can find refuge! This council has condemned its chief, its own president, its actual living head—for what?—for simony—for having sold indulgences, for having taken money for bishoprics, for having amassed wealth no matter by what vile means.”

Huss next points out, that in deposing the Pope, the members of the council have pronounced their own condemnation. “Yet of these very men who pronounced his guilt were many venders and purchasers, who had at times indulged in this infamous traffic. Among these is Bishop John Litomyssel, who has twice been in the market for the diocese of Prague, which others have bought over his head. O corrupt men! Why have you not cast out the beam out of your own eyes? They have launched the anathema maranatha on the vender, they have condemned him, and they are themselves the purchasers, they have closed hands on the bargain, yet they escape unpunished! Here in Constance is one bishop who has bought, such another who has sold, and the Pope’s approval of the transaction has been obtained by bribes from both parties. If God had said to the members of the council, ‘Let him that is without this sin among you pronounce the sentence on Pope John,’ doubtless they had withdrawn one after the other. How came they formerly to bend the knee before him? Wherefore did they kiss his feet? How could they

call him '*most holy*,'* when they beheld in him a heretic, a homicide, a hardened sinner? For thus it is that men already have been speaking of him in public. How did the cardinals make him Pope, knowing that he had hastened the death of the Holy Father (his predecessor); and since his elevation, why did they suffer him to traffic in sacred things? Do not they constitute his council to instruct him in what is proper, and are not they as guilty as he of these crimes, since they tolerated in him the vices common among themselves? How came no one to oppose him prior to his flight from Constance? They then all feared him as their Most Holy Father: but when, with God's permission, the secular arm took possession of his person, they conspired, they resolved that he should die the death. . . .

"Ah! how much I should wish to have the opportunity of unveiling all the iniquities of which I am cognisant, that the faithful servants of God might keep guard against them. But I trust that God will send after me more vigorous champions, †—and there are some now—who will expose to the light of noonday all the evil dispositions of Antichrist, and who will expose their souls to death itself, for the truth of our Lord Jesus Christ. I indite this letter on the day of John the Baptist, in prison, in chains, . . . and I reflect that St. John was decapitated in prison for the word of God."

Elsewhere he says:—"You are aware what and who are these spiritual princes, who call themselves the true Vicars of Christ and of his Apostles, who arrogate to themselves the title of the *Holy Church*, and the *Most Holy Council*, which cannot be mistaken, yet has fallen into the mistake of adoring ‡ John XXIII. See, they have cut off the head of the church, they have plucked out the heart of the church, they have dried up

* *Beatissime Pater*, is the well-known title of the Pope.

† Not more vigorous, but favoured by the spirit of their age.

‡ It should be generally known that at Rome, the solemn homage rendered to the Pope is called "*the Adoration of the Pope*." Between Rome and Lhassa, between Italy and Thibet, between the pontiff enthroned on the Vatican and he who receives the worship of the Lamas, there is but a trifling difference.

the inexhaustible fountain of the church,—they have violated, they have destroyed utterly that imperishable refuge the church,—where every Christian was to find an asylum.—And now Christianity is without a Pope: it has Jesus Christ for the head that directs it, for the heart which is to revive it by his grace, for the fountain which waters the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, for the ever-sufficing and imperishable refuge, to which I fly for succour in the evil days that have fallen on me, and in the steadfast hope that there I shall ever find guidance, assistance, and renewal of a clean spirit, and that God will heap on me infinite joy when He shall deliver me from my sins, and from this miserable life.”

The concluding portion of this letter proves the audacity with which Rome secedes from the traditions of the Eastern Church, in maintaining aristocratic privileges during the administration of the Eucharist.

“O! what infatuation! to condemn as erroneous the Gospel of Christ and the Epistle of St. Paul, which confesses that it received the truth not of men, but of God, and to reject the example of Jesus himself, of his apostles, and of other saints, in condemning the right of universal communion in the cup of our Saviour’s blood, ordained for all adult believers! Do they not say that the permission accorded to lay believers of drinking with their own lips the chalice of the Saviour is an error? And if a priest present to them this chalice for them to drink from, he is reputed in fault; and if he persist, he is condemned as a heretic! O St. Paul! Thou hast said, ‘For as often as ye eat this bread, and *drink this cup*, ye do show the Lord’s death till he come,* that is to say, to the day of judgment when he shall come. And behold! already the custom of the Romish church opposes the accomplishment of thy word.”

Such peremptory reasoning was unanswerable. Nevertheless the council, after the deposition of John XXIII., condemned the promiscuous presentation of the cup. This was tantamount

* 1 Corinthians xi. 26.

to condemning the Bible itself. But what cares the *Infallible Church* for the authority of God's word?

One of Huss' friends, Jacobel, refuted with much power the doctrine of the Roman theologians.* "If, all impossible as it is," said the faithful disciple of the Oriental Church, "Christ presented himself amid the council of Constance, together with the members of the primitive church,—if he wished to celebrate there the sacrament such as he instituted it, think you that the assistants would permit its solemnization? They would accuse him of heresy: they would condemn him, affirming, '*what you wish to do is quite opposed to our customs.*'" †

Here is their mode of action:—first they circulate the slander—then they summon—next they excommunicate—and finally they degrade: so far as lies in their power, they consign the soul to the fiends, and the body to the secular arm, ‡ and even as of old the Jewish priests cried, "If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend," § so say they to this day to the temporal magistrate,—“This man is punishable by your tribunal, he should be punished by the secular arm.” || Damnable and dangerous hypocrisy! “They deceive themselves at their own peril,” said St. Augustin, “who imagine that those only are homicides who kill with their own hands. The Jews did not by their own hands put Jesus to death. ‘It is forbidden to us,’ said they, ‘to put any one to death;’—yet our Lord's death is justly imputed to them. For they killed him

* Jacobus de Misa—"Apologia pro Communione plebis sub utraque specie," (Von der Hardt. tom. iii. p. 591.)

† "Custom" is the last word inculcated by Rome, as it was the supreme and final argument of Pharisaism.

‡ One would imagine this a sketch of our own times. Unfortunately Ultramontaniam has not as yet everywhere the support of the secular arm. But may God grant long life to Francis Joseph and his abettors, and this *progress* may be realised.

§ John xix. 12.

|| The officers of Holy Church, innocent lambs! being incapable of punishing directly, but devolving on the laic brethren the infliction of corporal pains. So at the Inquisition, the grand Inquisitor begged no *blood* might be shed, so the victims were mercifully—*вѣрнѣ!* Charming lenity! superhuman scrupulosity! —*Trans.*

with the tongue, when they cried the more—‘Crucify him.’ Our Lord hath said, ‘Beware of men,’ &c.—O King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Father Eternal!—everywhere I see dangers—if I hear thy beloved Son, if I believe in his gospel, if I rule my conduct by the practice of the early Christians, I shall be excommunicated, declared a heretic; I shall be condemned, burnt at the stake, or in some other fashion, done to the death, by this Church of Rome, which no longer even knows the manners and customs of the primitive church. If I disobey the gospel, I have to expect eternal death.”

Gerson published an apology for the Western custom. The arguments he adduces are little worthy of so eminent a mind, and they furnish a key to the strange conceptions of the Eucharist adopted by the theologians of the middle ages, which differs so widely from the theories professed by Justin, the philosopher and martyr of the Eastern church, in his famous Apology.

Gerson enumerates the dangers on the indiscriminate use of the cup:—“The danger of the wine being spilt during transportation from place to place; the danger of its being congealed or exhausted; the danger of its becoming sour, in which case the blood of Jesus Christ would no longer be present, (*‘et ita desineret ibi esse sanguis Christi;’*)—the danger of its becoming decomposed, and lest the heat should engender flies; the danger lest it should remain upon the long beards of lay believers.” But what above all else makes our theologian of Paris anxious, is the fear lest the faithful should, in the communion service, conceive themselves equal with the priests. The entire spirit of the Church of Rome may be seen in this argument, to which a professor of the Eastern church would never have laid claim.

The council, after having pronounced the punishment reserved for heretics, who disbelieved the doctrine of double communion, and received the abdication of Gregory XII., one of the three Popes who had divided the Christian world, turned all its efforts against Huss. It dispatched deputies to Gottlieben to interrogate him. It was hoped that by this means a public hearing might be at least rendered unnecessary, for they greatly feared

the result. Huss himself gives in one of his letters curious details as to these inquisitorial interviews. "I was interrogated, the evening before I saw Jean Barbat, touching the 47 articles: I answered in accordance with my previous protest. I was asked, each article being taken separately, if I wished to defend the same:—I answered that I appealed to the decision of the full council, as I had done from the first, and I said upon each article as formerly:—'It is true, but only in such a sense.' 'Will you defend it?'—they asked me. I answered—'Nay, I refer to the decision of the council.'—I call God to witness that I saw not what better to answer, having previously recorded under my own hand, that I want to defend nothing through mere obstinacy; but am ready to receive instruction. These questions have been put to me, because they have been informed that I had said to the Emperor that I should defend two or three of the articles:—Thereupon they asked me what I had declared to the Emperor,—I replied, nothing of that imputed to me. Michael Causis was then holding in his hand a paper, and urging the patriarch to force a reply to his questions,—and meanwhile certain bishops entered. Michael then began upon a new track,—God permitted Paletz and him to raise their voices against me for my sins:—the latter scrutinizes my letters and papers, while Paletz recounts all the conversations that we had had together in years bygone.—The patriarchs insisted that I was *rich*. One of the archbishops said to me, 'Thou hast 70,000 florins.' Causis asked me before them all:—'Ho! where is this sackfull of florins? Tell us now, how much money the Bohemian barons keep in safe custody for you?'—Oh! truly I have suffered this day! One bishop addressing me said,—'Thou hast established a new law:' another, 'Thou didst preach all these articles;' and I, I answered by God's assistance somewhat roughly, asking them, 'Why do you overwhelm me with outrage?'"

The most implacable of the enemies of Huss were the professors from France. Consulted by the council as to 19 of the articles of accusation against Huss, their conclusions, signed by Gerson, were absolutely pitiless. This single fact shows what

we must think of the tolerance of the Gallic church. The opinions of the French theologians gave Huss great grief. However, he soon had to betake himself to preparing his defence, not before a few professors, but before the tribunal of the council itself, which had decided on giving him a public hearing. He was, therefore, transferred to the monastery of the Franciscans. As soon as he made his appearance before the assembly, a copy of his books was presented to him, and he was asked if he accepted the responsibility of their publication. On his replying in the affirmative, one of the articles of accusation was read. Huss having endeavoured to defend himself, there arose in the council so furious a clamour that it was impossible to hear him. The uproar being somewhat stilled, he appealed to God's own word, which evoked a general protest. Some insulted him, others laughed at him. The reformer, whose bearing was steadfast though sorrowful, looked around with a sad gaze of astonishment at that tumultuous assembly which professed to be the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost.

“If you had been at Constance,” wrote Huss to his friends, when giving them an account of this sitting, “you could have seen for yourselves the detestable abominations of this council, which calls itself *most holy* and *infallible*. When I appeared in the presence of this assembly to reply to my enemies, seeing that all was being done without the slightest semblance of order, and hearing a general uproar, I exclaimed at my full voice,— ‘I had thought there was in this council more politeness, more charity, more discipline!’ Then the foremost of the cardinals replied: ‘Is it thus you speak? You were more retiring in prison.’ ‘Yes,’ replied I, ‘for in prison no one vociferated against me, and ye now all clamour against me!’”

There was another audience on the 7th June. Huss was conducted by the soldiers into the Hall of the Franciscans, where the council was assembled. At this session, the Emperor was present. He was greatly embarrassed at the part he had to play, after having signed the safe-conduct. As to other feelings, he came with the design of saving him whom he had so slavishly delivered up.

Michael Causis read the indictment, which began as follows :

“ John Huss, in the chapel of Bethléem and in other parts of the city of Prague, has taught the people many errors, partly drawn from the books of Wickliffe, partly of his own invention : these he has defended with the utmost obstinacy. The first is, that after the consecration of the mass in the sacrament before the altar, the mere material bread is still present.”

Huss affirmed that he had never taught such a doctrine. Indeed, Bohemia had received from her apostles of the Greek church, the dogma of the real presence as then taught in the Oriental church, that church having, like the church of Rome, wandered from the primitive and profoundly symbolic interpretation that the most ancient Fathers of the Eastern church had given to the Eucharist.

The cardinal of Cambrai, Pierre d'Ailly, surnamed the “ Eagle of France” and the Hammer of heretics,* then took up the question. The queries he addressed to Huss will give some idea of the prodigious transformations which Rome had made in the Gospel, incomprehensible subtleties which replaced the popular teaching of the Saviour of mankind :

“ John Huss,” said the celebrated French Professor, “ do you admit that predicables *a parte rei*, appertain to the thing itself of which they are the predicables ?”

“ I admit that for the reason that Saint Anselm and other eminent doctors have done the like.”

“ If this be so,” rejoined the cardinal, “ we must conclude that after consecration, the simple bread remains, and I rehearse the steps of the argument.”

But we need not follow the Eagle of France through the labyrinth of his scholastic arguments. Such chicanery would wear its true aspect of puerility, were it not that we seem to see the executioner dimly shadowed behind the dialectician of the Church of Rome. After a discussion of but trifling interest as to the real presence and the respect due to Pope Gregory the Great,

* “ Aquila Franciæ, ac Malleus a veritate aberrantium indefessus.” — (Lannoy—Hist. of the College of Navarre, p. 476.)

he reproached Huss with having taught the doctrines of Wickliffe, and above all of being opposed to their condemnation.

“I have refused,” he said, “to recognize as false and scandalous all the articles extracted from the works of Wickliffe, because I believe many of them to be true, among others that which affirms that Pope Sylvester and the Emperor Constantine adopted a wrong policy in endowing the church as they did, as also that which seeks to establish that tithes are not leviabie by divine right, but are simple alms.”

He added that he had blamed the condemnation of the theses of Wickliffe because it was not justified by *reasons drawn from the Holy Scripture*. And when he was reproached with having doubted the damnation of the famous English Reformer:—“My words,” said Huss, “were these,—I cannot affirm whether Wickliffe be saved or lost;—*yet would I willingly that my soul now were where he is.*”^{*} Bitter mockery greeted this courageous answer.

He was again reproached with having appealed from the sentence of Popes Alexander V. and John XXIII. to Jesus Christ.

“I swear,” he replied, with an accent of the profoundest conviction, “that I know of no appeal more just or more sacred. Is not appeal according to law the having recourse to a more enlightened judge, as against the sentence of an inferior judge? Now, is there any judge superior to Christ? Can there be in any one more of justice than in him in whom one finds neither falsehood nor error? Is there anywhere a more certain asylum for the wretched and oppressed?”

This truly evangelical response was again hailed with bitter mockery.

After several questions of secondary importance, Huss was intrusted to the custody of the Archbishop of Riga, who was already the gaoler of Jerome of Prague. As the soldiers were leading him away, the cardinal of Cambrai had him called into the Emperor’s presence.

* Von der Hardt, iv. c. 311.

“John Huss,” said Pierre d’Ailly, “I have heard you say that had you not come to Constance of your own free will, neither the Emperor nor the King of Bohemia would have been able to compel you?”

“Reverend Father,” replied Huss, “I have said that there are in Bohemia many gentlemen, well-wishers of mine, who could have guarded me, and put me in such concealment, that no one could have compelled my presence at Constance, not even the Emperor, nor the King of Bohemia.”

“Do you mark this man’s audacity?” said d’Ailly.

John de Chlum did not hesitate to expose himself to the Emperor’s anger in his friend’s defence.

“John Huss,” said he, “has only said the truth. I am of little account in Bohemia as compared with many others, yet, had I undertaken so to do, I should have been able to defend him for a year against even these puissant sovereigns.”

“Enough,” retorted the Cardinal: “John Huss, I exhort you to submit yourself to the sentence of the council, as you promised to do: do so now;—it will be well for your person and for your honour.”

The Emperor now thought it proper to interfere. His object was to shake the constancy of Huss, and to justify himself in the victim’s eyes, for his revolting violation of plighted faith.

“Many assert,” he said, with a tone of evident sadness, “that you were a fortnight in prison before you got from me a safe-conduct: nevertheless, *it is the fact*, I myself avow it, and many know it, that this safe-conduct was granted to you before your departure from Prague; it guaranteed you the liberty of explaining frankly, as you have done, to this council, your doctrine and your faith. We thank the cardinals and bishops for the indulgence with which they have heard you: * but, *as we are assured*† that it is not permitted us to defend any man ‘attainted of heresy,’ we counsel you even as the Cardinal of Cam-

* How the puissant and energetic Sigismond cowers before the sacerdotal power!!

† The Emperor is not *convinced*, and his natural straightforwardness will not let him take advantage of the unblushing sophistry of the priests.

brai. Submit you then, and we shall see to it that you have liberty to withdraw in peace, after having undergone moderate correction. If you refuse, you will put arms in the hands of this council against yourself, and, *for my part, rest assured that I should better like to burn you with my own hands, than longer tolerate the obstinacy you have but too surely shown you are animated by.** Our advice to you is, therefore, that you submit yourself without reserve to the authority of the council."

"Most noble-minded Emperor," responded Huss, "I shall first render your majesty my thanks for the safe-conduct given to me —"

Jean de Chlum perceived that his friend was about to expose himself to the ire of Sigismond, and interrupted him by saying, "Confine yourself to the justification of that persistency, of which the Emperor accuses you under the name of obstinacy."

"I have not come hither, excellent prince," resumed Huss, "to support any thing with obstinacy. God be my witness: Let any one show me any thing better and holier than I have taught, and I am ready to recant."

At these words the assembly dispersed. At the third assize Huss was interrogated on a series of articles extracted from his "*Treatise on the Church.*" These related to predestination, the power of the Pope, and of the priesthood. Let us quote some of these propositions, which were cast up to him as crimes. They will give a correct idea of the doctrines of the Romish church in the fifteenth century, and will enable us to appreciate her claims to "*Infallibility.*" No heretic, after censure of the church, should be handed over to the secular arm for punishment in the flesh: † —The princes of this world ought to oblige the priests to observe the law of Christ—and they should not put prohibitions on the people, for Jesus Christ, the Sovereign Pontiff, put no excommunication on the Jews for their persecution of him.

* In the eyes of politicians, to hold to one's convictions and sacrifice one's life thereto,—this is obstinacy the most unpardonable!

† Gerson and his brethren from Paris condemned this doctrine as SCANDALOUS AND SUBVERSIVE. Such was French tolerance.

"Le plus doux a toujours des griffes en la patte."

While he was defending himself, one of the judges reproached him with having compared to the Pharisees and priests who had given up Christ, those who gave over to the secular arm an “*unconvincéd*” heretic. This accusation caused a great tumult among the priests, who readily felt the accuracy of the comparison.

“Whom do you compare to the Pharisees?” they cried.

“All those,” firmly answered Huss, “who deliver up an innocent man to the sword of the secular arm, as the scribes and Pharisees delivered up Jesus Christ.”

“Truly,” said the Cardinal de Cambrai in his rage, “those who extracted these articles have manifested great forbearance; there are to be found in this man’s writings much more horrible and detestable things than appear here.”

Finally they came to the question of the Papacy. Six counts of indictment were extracted from a treatise addressed by Huss to Znoïma. These are the expression of the faith of the Eastern church, the only one which has in all ages and consistently repelled the despotism of Rome. Some of these are subjoined:

“1st. There is no necessity that the church militant should *always** have a single visible head, which should guide it in spiritual matters.

“2d. The apostles and faithful ministers of Christ Jesus have exceedingly well governed the church in all things necessary to salvation, before the office of Pope was instituted, and they could again do the same to the day of judgment were there no Pope.

“3d. In short, Jesus Christ is the sole head of the church; he will govern it without interruption, revivifying it by his grace even to the day of judgment. The church subsisted without a head, and lived by the grace of Jesus Christ in the time of Agnes,† during two years and five months: could it not remain thus longer? Jesus Christ would govern it better by his faithful

* This word would not be made use of in the Eastern church.

† The pretended Pope Joan, a legend no longer believed.—(See Bouillet Dict. univers., article *Jeanne Papesse*.)

disciples spread abroad over the world than by these unnatural heads.”

“Yes,” ejaculated Huss with vehemence, as he repeated these words, while the prelates nodded an ironical approval, “Yes! I affirm that the church was much better governed in the time of the apostles than at this day. And who should hinder the Saviour from again governing it by his true disciples, without these preternatural heads? But what need to argue? The church is now without a visible head, and yet Jesus ceases not to govern it.”

After the reading of the articles constituting the grounds of indictment, the Cardinal de Cambrai said to Huss:—“You have heard of how many ATROCIOUS crimes you have been accused. Reflect, even now, and choose: if you humbly place yourself in the hands of the council that your case may be judged and decided, we shall act towards you in a humane spirit, for the sake more especially of the most gracious Emperor here present, and of the King of Bohemia, his brother; but if, contrary to the sentiments of so many wise and illustrious men, you wish to defend certain of these articles just read, you will do so at your own imminent peril.”

Huss repeated that his greatest desire was to know the truth: the cardinal resumed;—

“The council requires three things:—first, you must humbly confess that you have gone astray in ALL the articles, which are here presented to you: you must, in the second place, swear that you will cease to inculcate them; and lastly, you must abjure them ALL in public.”

Several members of the council addressed Huss in the same terms. His answer was full of steadfastness and of common sense.

“I repeat that I am ready to receive, with all due submission, instruction from the council. But in the name of Him who is the God of us all, I pray you, I conjure you, constrain me not to do that which my conscience forbids me, that which I could not do save at the peril of my eternal life;—force me not to abjure all the articles brought against me. I have read that in

Catholic doctrine to abjure is to renounce errors which one has held. Having at no time admitted or taught several of these articles, how can I possibly abjure them? As for those which I recognize and avow, if any one can teach me better, I will with all my heart do that which you require of me."

The Emperor, who viewed these questions from the purely Roman view-point, could not comprehend Huss' hesitation, and accordingly manifested in his demeanour towards him astonishment mingled with impatience.

"What can you have to fear," he asked, "in abjuring these articles? For my own part, I never hesitate to disavow all sorts of errors:—does it follow that I have maintained them?"

"Most gracious Prince,"* replied Huss, "to *disavow* is not to *abjure*.

"There will be presented to you an easy form of abjuration," said the Cardinal of Florence. "Will you obey?"

Huss repeated his answer: the Emperor insisted.

"You are a man of years," he said, "and should be able to understand me. If you are wise you will submit to what is required of you; if not, you will be judged by the law of the council."

As Huss persisted in his refusal to abjure, they consigned him to prison again. His resistance to the will of the haughty Emperor had so irritated the latter, that, utterly unmindful of the plighted oath, he expressed himself in these words:—"You have heard the errors which this man has taught, several of which are crimes deserving death. I therefore think, that, without he abjure *all*, he should be punished by fire. . . . And if any of his sect be found at Constance, these too should be reprimanded, above all, his disciple, Jerome."

Whereupon the meeting broke up.

When Huss re-entered his prison, his intrepid friend, de Chlum, ran to encourage him. "Oh!" exclaimed the Reformer, "how sweet it has been to clasp the hand of Messire John, who

* Poor Sigismund! It is the ass presiding over the council of wolves and foxes that met to judge the lamb!—*Trans.*

did not blush to offer it to me—to me, miserable, a declared heretic, despised, in chains, and loudly condemned of all men!”

On the morrow, by order of the council, the Cardinal of Viviers sent to Huss a formula of retraction. But his character waxed in greatness amid his persecutions. His language rose to its full height. “I cannot,” said he, “sign this formula, first, because it would imply the condemnation as impious of certain propositions which I hold to be true, and secondly, because I should thus become as a stumbling-block to the people of God, to whom I have taught these truths.”

He wrote to Jean Cardinal, who pressed him to abjure:—“Reverend Father, I feel grateful for the benevolent and paternal interest you take in me. I dare not submit to the council within the limits you have indicated to me. Better were it for me to die than fall into the hands of the living God while flying from a momentary pain, and thereafter perhaps be plunged into eternal fire, be covered with eternal opprobrium. Thus, then, as I have appealed to Jesus Christ, to the supremely powerful and upright judge, in confiding to him my cause, I bind myself by his decision, by his just and solemn decree, knowing that he will judge all men, not according to false witness or the errors of councils, but according to truth and our own merits.”*

However, the cardinals and bishops dreaded, and with reason, the effect which might be produced by the punishment of the Reformer, whose life presented such a contrast to their own. They employed all the subtleties of the Church of Rome to convince him. “The council,” said several, “is supreme arbiter in cases of conscience, and if that which they require of you be a perjury, it alone can be responsible before God.” Huss himself mentions a fact which proves what was then understood as the principle of the infallibility of the church. “A Doctor said to me:—‘In everything I would submit myself to the council:

* Letters of John Huss—2d Series, xli.—After this may be found an answer by Cardinal to this fine letter. On this letter of Cardinal, Luther justly remarks,—“Whosoever there are that shall read these pages, see how thoroughly this false title THE CHURCH may and does deceive.”

everything I then did would be right and legitimate.’” He added:—“If the council said ‘you have but one eye,’ though you have two, still would it be incumbent on you to affirm that the council cannot be wrong.’ ‘Were the whole world,’ replied I, ‘to affirm such a thing, so long as I have the use of my reason, I cannot subscribe to this doctrine without violating my conscience.’”

Wearied with such miserable quibbling, the martyr internally prepared his life for the sacrifice. While awaiting the hour of his punishment, he expanded his own soul in those of his friends:

“I, John Huss, a trusting servitor of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray that all the faithful of Bohemia who love the Lord, may live and die in his grace, and may obtain everlasting life. . . . I conjure you to obey God, to glorify his word, and to raise your own souls in listening to him. I implore you to attach yourselves to that divine word which I have preached after the law, and the testimony of the saints: I beg all to render most earnest thanks to those noble gentlemen, Wenceslas Duba, Jean Chlum, Henri Plumlovic, Wylem Zagec, and other Bohemian, Moravian, and Polish gentlemen, who, zealous defenders of God’s truth, have opposed this council with all their strength, struggling for my deliverance, and above all Wenceslas Duba and John de Chlum. Believe in all that they shall report to you, for they were present in the council on those days when I answered:—they can avouch how the entire assembly vociferated against me, whilst I answered all the questions put to me. I beg of you to pray for the King of the Romans.* I write this letter from my prison, with my hands in chains, expecting the day after to-morrow my sentence of death, and having confidence in God, that he will not abandon me, that he will not permit that I deny his word, or that I abjure errors which have been wickedly attributed to me by false witnesses. When we shall meet again in eternity, you shall know with what mercy the Lord deigns to strengthen me in my cruel trials. I know nought of Jerome, my faithful friend, except that he is detained in most severe imprisonment, like me in expectation of

* Sigismond, who, not being crowned, bore this title. He had given Huss up at this time, and had demanded his death.

death, for that faith which he preached so valiantly in Bohemia. But the Bohemians, our worst adversaries, have delivered us to other power, and to the chains of other and yet more inveterate enemies. Pray to God for them. And, oh! inhabitants of Prague! I conjure you, above all else, so to love my Chapel of Bethlehem that, God willing, His word may be preached therein."

From these his last letters, it is manifest that Huss united the tenderness of a true loving heart to a heroic resolution, capable of resisting the menaces of a council before whose authority the Emperor himself trembled, the courageous and haughty Sigismund. Thus too of all the sufferings to which he was exposed, none appeared to him more cruel than the recollection of friendship betrayed. He needed, to support this sore trial, to call to mind the predictions of the Saviour.

"You will be betrayed by your parents, your brothers, your kinsfolk, your friends, and they shall deliver you to death, &c., &c. The evils which we suffer at the hands of strangers are less cruel: our sufferings are the more bitter if we have hoped for better from those who inflict them; for we not only suffer in the body but in the soul, from broken confidence. So says St. Jerome; and as for me, it is from Paletz that my sorrow has come."

But he was to triumph over the rending of the affections, even as he had overcome bodily suffering and mental racking. A faithful imitator of Him who had prayed for his murderers, he found in the universality of his charity a sublime enthusiasm. Let the august martyr speak for himself:—"Paletz came at my request, for I wished to confess to him; I begged of the commissaries and of those who were exhorting me that they would let me have as confessor, either him, or if not, some other. And I said, 'Paletz is my principal opponent, and I wish to confess myself to him,* or else give me in his stead some man who is fit to understand me: I conjure you in our Lord's name.' This

* One sees here that Huss did not dispute auricular confession, any more than the real presence, which two articles of belief have for long been part of the ritual of the Oriental church, as Cyril and Methodius preached it in Bohemia.

last request was granted: I confessed to a monk who heard me reverentially and attentively: he gave me absolution and good counsel, but refrained from enjoining me to follow the opinions of the others. Paletz then came; he wept with me when I besought him to pardon me for having let fall some offensive words, and chiefly of having called him a 'forger of written documents.' And when I reminded him that in the public audience, when he heard me disprove the articles cited by the witnesses, he had risen, saying: 'This man does not believe in God:—he denied having done so;—but, *certes*, he said it, and perhaps you yourselves heard it. I reminded him, how he said to me while in prison, before the commissaries, 'Since the birth of Christ no heretic has written more dangerously than Wickliffe and thou.' Also that he had held that all those who had heard our endeavours are infected with false doctrine touching the sacrament at the altar:—he denied it, adding, 'I said, not *all*, but a great number.' Yet it was thus that he spoke. And when I replied, 'Ah! Master Paletz, what injustice thou didst me in accusing my flock of heresy!' he answered me nothing.*

"Health, in Jesus Christ, O friend! Learn, dear friend, that Paletz, when endeavouring to persuade me, said that I should not fear the shame of abjuration, but should think solely of the good that will result therefrom. I answered: 'The disgrace of being condemned and burnt is greater than that of sincere abjuration. What shame should I fear in abjuring? But tell me, Paletz, what shouldst thou do, if errors were falsely imputed to thee? Would you be willing to abjure them?' 'That,' said he, 'is hard indeed.'"

What a grand scene! How the ideal of Christian charity appears here in all its majesty. Thus does the history of humanity present, beside the types of violence and perfidy of John XXIII. and Alexander VI., figures full of faith and purity, crowned with the effulgent "glory" of a martyr! Such were Stephen, crushed under the stones hurled by the synagogue, Perpetua and Felicitas before their pagan murderers, the slave

* Letters to certain friends.

Blandina in the amphitheatre of Lyons, Huss before the council of Constance, Bailly and Madam Roland on the Place de la Revolution. What, in comparison with these sublime souls, are princes with their selfish scheming, those dreaded chiefs of triumphant aristocracies?

This reflection naturally presents itself if, on quitting the prison of Huss, the eye glance at the imperial throne. Sigismond was then receiving the homage of assembled Europe, who beheld in him the keystone of the feudal hierarchy. But if, in his narrow prison, Huss knew not agitation and remorse, it was far otherwise with the king of the Romans. Once his anger was appeased, his natural instincts of good faith and generosity awoke from their slumber. He could not forget that Huss had come to the council, under the Imperial guarantee. Moreover, his well-evinced political foresight made him dread the just anger of the Bohemians, enraged at the persecutions with which their apostle was overwhelmed. On the other hand, he dreaded lest, in shielding Huss, he should expose himself to the sacerdotal revenge, from which his predecessors Henry IV., Henry VI., Frederick Barbarossa, and Frederick II. had so much suffered. Did it not need the blood of Conradin, sacrificed at sixteen years of age, to calm the rage of the Popish priesthood against the rebellious blood of the Hohenstaufen? Sigismond had great reluctance to give up Huss to the sanguinary passions of the priests. The Reformer's abjuration was the only clew to this labyrinth of embarrassment. To obtain that, he spared neither pressing, nor temptation, nor menace. Huss's only answer was a pity not altogether unmingled with contempt. "I have always," he writes to his friends, "present to me that word, 'Put not thy trust in princes,' and this other, 'Cursed is he who trusts himself to other men, and who leans upon arm of flesh.'"

The Emperor begged the friends of Huss, Jean de Chlum and Wenceslas Duba, to accompany four bishops, whom he had instructed to induce him to recant. But his friends resembled Huss himself. Sincere and steadfast Christians, intrepid disciples of a crucified Saviour, they were incapable of requiring him whom they regarded as their master to betray

the truth. When the bishops and the Bohemian gentlemen entered the refectory of the Franciscans, whither Huss was brought, de Chlum said to him:—"My dear Master, I am in no wise a learned man, I cannot aid you by my advice; it is for you, therefore, to know what you have to do, and if you are capable of committing these crimes whereof the council accuses you. If convinced of error, hesitate not, have no false shame as to giving way; but if, in your own conscience, you feel yourself to be innocent, beware lest while you calumniate yourself, you become perjured before God, through quitting the path of truth for any fear of death."

Huss was worthy of these manly counsels, and of such truly Christian affection. "Generous Sirs, O, my noble friend!" said he, shedding a torrent of tears, "I call Almighty God to witness, that if I knew that I had taught or written anything contrary to law, or the orthodox doctrine of the church, I should with all my heart recant: at this moment even, I earnestly wish to be better informed as to holy matters. If then any one will teach me better doctrine than that I have myself inculcated, let him do so, I am ready:—and abandoning my own, I will with ardour embrace his."

The bishops manifested great indignation at what they called the obstinacy of Huss, and he was recommitted to prison. But de Chlum remained faithful to the Reformer who had previously written to him:

"My Lord John, my generous and faithful friend, may God be your reward! I beseech of you not to leave till you have seen all consummated. Ah! why am I not led at once to the stake rather than be thus perfidiously stifled!"

The day for the sentence approached. Huss fortified himself in his courageous resolutions by holy thoughts. The more he reflected, the more he deemed it impossible for him to abjure the errors imputed to him.

"I should, in so doing, give great scandal to those of God's people who have listened to my ministrations, and better were it for me that a millstone were tied round my neck, and I were plunged into the sea: in fine, were I to act thus, to flee a

momentary feeling of shame and a short agony, I should fall into disgrace and suffering far more terrible, nay, only to be solaced by penitence till death: therefore, to fortify myself, I have thought of the seven Maccabee martyrs, who preferred being hewn in pieces to eating viands forbidden of God: I reflected on the holy Eleazar, who, as it is written, would not declare that he had eaten forbidden meat, lest he should leave to posterity an evil example, but preferred martyrdom. So then, having before my eyes the examples of many saints of both sexes under the new law, who have accepted martyrdom rather than consent to sin, how can I, who in my ministry have exhorted others to patience and fortitude, fall into perjury and vile falsehood, and scandalize by my defection, many children of Jesus? Be it far from me! Be it far from me! Our Lord Jesus Christ will plenteously recompense me, and will in my trial give me the aid of patience."

Not altogether, however, was he occupied with the care of his soul. He would make his adieus to all who have loved him, to the humblest as to the most influential:—

"May God be with you," he said to his protectors. "Permit not my Lord (John de Chlun), that loyal and faithful knight, my best friend, my second self, to expose himself to danger for his love of me. Finally, I conjure you to live according to God's word, and to obey his precepts, even as I have taught you. Return my thanks to his Majesty, for all the benefits I have received at his hands."

He also writes to the priest Martin, one of his disciples:—"You will salute in my name all my well-beloved brethren in Christ, the doctors, the writers, the cordwainers, the tailors, recommending them to be zealous for Christ, to advance humbly to wisdom."

Huss had pardoned his bitterest enemies. He wished to pray for Causis, that compatriot who had so greatly contributed to his misfortunes!

"Michael de Causis, that pitiable man, came sometimes into my prison with the deputies of the council, and while I was with them, he said to the guards,—*With God's blessing, we shall*

soon burn that heretic for whom I have expended many florins. Know, nevertheless, my friend, that in this letter I express no wish for vengeance; that I leave to God, and from the bottom of my heart do I pray for that man."

Whatever the charity of Huss for his executioners, and despite the sincerity of his resignation, he felt murmuring within him that instinct which attaches us to life, and he needed to recall to mind the agony of the Saviour in Gethsemane, and His submission to the will of the Father.

Assuredly it is by no means easy to regard all trials as so many subjects of congratulation:—it is easy to say, but difficult to feel. He who was the most patient and intrepid, who knew that he should rise again on the third day, that he should conquer his enemies by his death, and redeem the condemnation of his elect, even He was troubled in spirit after the Last Supper, even He said, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."* The Gospel informs us that he trembled, that he groaned, that an angel strengthened Him in his agony, and that a sweat as of great drops of blood fell from his body. As he himself said, it was necessary that he should suffer, and it is necessary in like manner that we who are his members, should suffer with Him who is our head:—for he hath said, "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come take up the cross and follow me."† "O blessed Jesus! Draw us after thee, feeble as we are; for if thou drawest us not, we shall not be able to follow thee. Strengthen my mind, that it may be steadfast and resolute. The flesh is weak, but may thy grace prevent us,—assist us and save us! For without thee we can do nothing; and above all, we are incapable for thy sake of facing an agonising death. Bestow on us a resolute spirit, an intrepid heart, a pure faith, a lively hope, a perfect charity, that we may expose for thee our life with patience and joy. Amen! Amen!—Written in prison, in fetters, on the evening of the day of St. John the Baptist,‡ who was beheaded for having raised his voice against the corruptions

* Mark xiv. 34.

† Mark x. 21.

‡ 23d June (1415).

of wicked men. May Jesus our Lord and Intercessor pray for us!"

After his interrogatory before the council, Huss remained thirty days in prison. At the fifteenth general session he appeared to hear his sentence. The cardinal de Viviers presided. The Emperor and all the princes of the Holy Roman Empire were present at the sitting. An immense crowd had gathered to enjoy the spectacle which the priests had prepared for them. In the middle of the Cathedral of Constance was erected a lofty table, on which were placed the sacerdotal ornaments necessary for the ceremony of degradation. In front of this table was a footstool, destined for the *heresiarch*. It was indispensable that the misled rabble should lose nothing of his humiliations. The Romish church has ever had the most singular appreciation of stage effect. It was hoped that Huss, thus exposed to the gloating eyes of an insolent multitude, would betray some signs of embarrassment and confusion. Such expectations were doomed to disappointment. The expression of the martyr was steadfast as well as modest. As soon as he arrived, he in a low voice delivered a long prayer, imploring on his own head the benediction of Him who was also made over to "the machinations of the wicked." At the same time the Bishop of Lodi mounted the pulpit. Habituated like all the Romish theologians to the most extraordinary abuses of sacred texts, he made a most atrocious commentary on the passage in St. Paul,—“Let the body of sin be destroyed.” After delivering his abominable requisition, he addressed Sigismond:—

“Destroy heresies and errors, and above all this self-willed heretic. It is a *holy work*,* most noble prince, and it is reserved for accomplishment by you, to whom has been given the au-

* All the world knows that the Romish Church has always given pious names to those human holocausts which cover her with indelible disgrace. In Spain they are named *autos da fé* (acts of faith).

Quant à l'Espagne sainte il rendit son droix roi,
Ses moines, sa misère, et ses *actes de foi!*"

says a contemporary poet, Méry, speaking of the Duc d'Angoulême, 1820-1.

thority of justice. Strike then these prominent foes of the faith, 'that your praise may be in the mouth of babes and sucklings,'* and your glory eternal. May our ever blessed Lord Jesus Christ deign to accord you this *work of grace*."

After the sermon, he read a decree prescribing silence to all men, "whatever their dignity, *Imperial, Royal, or Episcopal*." Did they fear some late wakening of the Emperor's conscience? The Judge-advocate of the council next demanded the condemnation of John Huss and of his writings. Then sixty dogmas were read, extracted from the writings of Wickliffe, which were again anathematized: then were read thirty propositions drawn from the works of Huss, which had never yet been read. Huss wished to defend himself, but the Cardinal of Cambrai opposed this, and the Cardinal of Florence said to him, "You are infatuated." The Reformer then cried with a loud voice, and raising his eyes to heaven, "In the name of Almighty God, I implore you in justice to lend me your attention, that I may, in presence of those now around me, purge me of the reproach of these errors. Grant me this favour, and then work your will on me." But as they persisted in their refusal to hear him, he fell on his knees in prayer.

After this affecting scene, the council passed to the depositions of the witnesses. One of these persons, a doctor, imputed to him that he had given himself out as the fourth person in the Trinity. † Evidently the object was to render him odious in the eyes of the ignorant and fanatical multitude. Such has always been the revolting policy of the Church of Rome. It is impossible to attack, without being accused of atheism or scepticism! Huss answered by reciting in a loud voice the

* Same abuse of Scripture.

† Perhaps poor Huss was merely as earnest as a celebrated popular preacher of the day, whom the translator has heard gravely accused of a similar arrogation, for certain imaginary conversations. Huss, had he lived in our day, would have imitated Mr. Spurgeon's peculiar style, had it been necessary thereby to save souls. And conversely, people are beginning to find out that it is the times that have compelled the latter gentleman to make those startling appeals, which appal the pharisaism of *staid middle-class respectability*, and is only enjoyed by the *extremes* of society.—*Trans.*

creed of Athanasius. As people still reproached him with his appeal to Jesus Christ,* he folded his hands, and burst forth with admirable energy:—

“Behold, O gentle Saviour! how this thy council condemns what thou hast prescribed and practised, when, oppressed by thine enemies, thou hast left thy cause in God’s hands, leaving us that thy example, that we may have ourselves recourse to the judgment of God, our most just Judge, against all manner of oppression! Yes,” he continued, turning full on the assembly, “I have maintained, and still maintain, that no appeal can be more surely made than to Jesus Christ, for he cannot be corrupted by gifts, nor deceived by false witnesses, nor surprised by tricks.” And when accused of treating with contempt the excommunication of the Pope: “I did not believe it to be legitimate,” he said, “I therefore continued the functions of my priestly office. I sent my advocates to Rome, where they were imprisoned, persecuted, and maltreated. This it was which brought me of my own will to Constance to this council, UNDER THE PUBLIC ASSURANCE OF THE EMPEROR HERE PRESENT.”

As he pronounced these words with a steadfast mien, the martyr turned with a stern gaze on the Emperor. Sigismund blushed with shame. This incident became proverbial in Germany. When, at the Diet of Worms, they pressed Charles V. to violate the safe-conduct accorded to Luther, “No!” he exclaimed, “I have no wish to blush like Sigismund!”

Huss’ refusal to abjure was next read, and thereafter two sentences, one condemning his works to the flames, the other ordering his degradation from his sacerdotal functions. Huss fell on his knees, and like Stephen, the first martyr, cried aloud, “Lord Jesus! pardon my enemies. Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me; that against me they have had recourse to false witness and calumny—pardon them by thy infinite mercy!”

This sublime prayer was treated with raillery by the priests and prelates. Did not the Jews, too, at the foot of the cross,

* See ante, p. 22.

wag their heads in derisive mockery? So, too, the pharisees of the 15th century conducted themselves towards a true disciple of the Redeemer!

Huss quite understood that all the insults endured by the Son of Man were to be heaped on him also. When they clothed him in the alb, in order to proceed to the ceremony of degradation, he cried, "They put on a white robe on our Lord to mock him, when Herod sent him to Pilate." Next they put on him the sacerdotal garments, and gave him the cup in his hand: and yet again was he summoned to retract. But he declared with unflinching courage, that he would not give to christian men the spectacle of such a scandal.

"How," exclaimed he, "could I after this lift up my face to heaven? How could I meet the looks of those whom I have instructed, if through my falling away, those things which they now hold for certain truths should become matters of grave doubt: if, by my example, I brought disgust into so many souls, so many consciences, which I have filled with the pure doctrine of Christ's gospel, and which I have fortified against the snares of the evil one? No! No! It shall not be said that I preferred the saving of this miserable body, destined at any time to death, to their eternal salvation."

The bishops next made him descend from his seat, and wrenching the cup from his hands, addressed him: "O accursed Judas, who, having abandoned the counsels of peace,* art now of the same mind with the Jews, we take from you this cup filled with our Lord's blood."

"My hope is in God's mercy," responded Huss, "that from this very day I shall drink of his cup in his kingdom, and ere one hundred years, ye shall answer for this day before God. Yea! even in *my* presence!!" †

* Counsels of Peace! This from a church governed by a John XXIII., which had accepted his sanguinary edicts against his enemies! O Pharisees! Ye are indeed heirs of those who proclaimed themselves *preservers of the law*, and who blushed neither for perfidious violence, nor homicide.

† This prophecy was struck in Bohemia on a medal in 1415, immediately after the death of Huss—(see Abbé Bizot's History of Metals and Coins in Holland).

A hundred years had barely elapsed, when the son of a shepherd in Toggenbourg, a priest of the diocese of Constance,* overturned in Switzerland the domination of the Romish clergy.† The ashes of Huss had not remained unfruitful in the soil of liberty. “*The blood of martyrs is the living seed of Christians.*”‡

The vestments of Huss were taken off him one after the other, whilst the bishops pronounced the anathema over each article. The object of this sacrilegious farce was to impress the credulous imagination of the masses. This is one of the master-strokes of the Church of Rome. When it became necessary to remove all trace of his tonsure, his mitred executioners had much difficulty in agreeing. One party wished to use scissors, the other the razor. The formalism of genuine Pharisaism reappears amid these funereal scenes. “Look at them!” said Huss, turning towards the Emperor, “they are all equally cruel, yet they cannot agree as to the manner of exercising their cruelty!”

Next was placed on his head a crown shaped like a sugar-loaf, on which were painted demons of all sorts, with the inscription, “*The heresiarch:*”—and the bishops solemnly pronounced these truly *evangelical* words, “*Animam tuam diabolicis commendamus;*” “We commend thy soul to all the devils.” But Huss, who believed that Heaven holds at small account the maledictions of persecuting priests, commended his soul to God, and said, “I wear this crown of disgrace with joy for the love of Him, who bore one of thorns.”

Become once more a layman, the Reformer was handed over to the secular arm. The Emperor sent him to the Elector Palatine, he to the magistrates of Constance, and these abandoned him to the executioners. He was conducted to his punishment, surrounded by an imposing procession. Four men-at-arms of the city marched by his side, and he was followed by the princes, by 800 armed men, and an innumerable multitude. As

* Zwingli belonged to this diocese.

† Zwingli preached the Reformation, 1516.

‡ “*Sanguis Martyrum, semen Christianorum.*”—(Tertullian.)

they passed in front of the bishop's palace, Huss saw a large fire, where they were burning his books, and he smiled. **BOOKS PERISH, BUT THEIR THOUGHTS ARE ETERNAL!**

They left Constance by the gate of Gottlieben, on the west side of the town. The stake was erected in the meadow near the gardens of the faubourg. On arriving there, Huss showed no symptoms of want of fortitude, but as he knew that the saints themselves are not pure in the sight of the Holy of Holies, he recited with much fervour some of the penitential psalms. The heart of the multitude was not so hardened as that of the prelates. Many of the bystanders, hearing him, and understanding nothing of sacerdotal vengeance, cried out loudly, "We know nothing of this man's crime; he addresses most excellent prayers to God!" Thus did the poor women of Jerusalem bewail the Saviour as he went to Calvary.

When he came up to the stake, he was again pressed to confess. It was but one more pitfall. The priest they brought to him, renowned for his knowledge, required him first to abjure his errors. "A heretic," said he, "can neither give nor receive holy offices." Huss answered, "I do not feel myself guilty of any mortal sin, and being prepared to appear before God, I will not purchase absolution by a perjury!"

He then wished to address a few words to the people, but the Elector Palatine opposed this. "Lord Jesus," cried Huss, "I would endure with humility this fearful death for the cause of thy Holy Gospel; pardon all my enemies."

He was however allowed to speak to the guard, who had treated him gently. "My brethren," said he, "know that I firmly believe in my Saviour, for his name I this day suffer, and shall this day go hence to reign with him!" A martyr may without presumption express himself in such language.

He was then bound to a post, which was afterwards sunk into the ground. But as he had his head directed towards that east whence had come Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of Bohemia, some of them felt shocked, and turned him towards the west, and attached his head to the post by a chain soiled with soot. This refinement of priestly cruelty did but inspire

him with pious reflections on the affronts which Christ had endured for love of us.

Next the fagots were ranged under his feet, and he was built up in wood and straw.

Then the Elector Palatine, followed by the Grand Marshal of the Empire, approached, and for the last time summoned him to renounce his errors. Huss lifted his eyes to Heaven and responded with a loud voice:—

“I call God to witness that I never either taught or wrote those things whereof false witnesses accuse me; my discourses, my books, my manuscripts, all have I composed with but one single thought, with one sole object, to rescue souls from the tyranny of sin:—Therefore it is that I shall this day joyfully seal with my blood that truth I have taught, that I have written, that I have published, and which is confirmed by divine law and by the holy Fathers.”

Then the flames were kindled. “Jesus, thou Son of the living God,” cried Huss, “have pity on me!” He still prayed, and even sung a hymn amid the torments of that atrocious punishment, but soon the wind rose, and his voice was stifled in the flames. From time to time, athwart the fierce glow of the flames, his head and lips might be seen moving, as if he were still absorbed in a last prayer;—at last he gave up the ghost. The miserable wreck of his body was torn in pieces, and thrown by the executioners into the flames again, and thereafter his ashes were consigned to the Rhine. These cannibals’ orgies were well worthy of a church which had shed in torrents the blood of the Albigenses!

Thus perished, at the age of 45, one of the men who reflect the highest honour on the church and on humanity, the victim of the rage of an assembly of priests. The clergy were triumphant; but such victories are more disastrous than certain defeat; for sooner or later they arouse the protests of the conscience. Those who approved the massacre of St. Bartholomew, who provoked the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the dragonnades (of the Cevennes), were the victims of the massacres of September, (1792). “Whoso draweth the sword shall perish by the sword.”

In view of the universal sympathy which the martyrdom of Huss excites, the apologists of Catholicism hardly venture to insult his memory: "It is deplorable," say they in a semi-whining tone, "that such a man should have met so disastrous a fate, and so terrible a death, who was inflamed with so great love for Christ and for his doctrine, who showed by the integrity of his life, by the sincerity of his heart, by the ardour of his mind, by eloquence and other excellent gifts, in so eminent a degree, that he would have been an illustrious Reformer, if, following the example of certain illustrious men, such as Gerson, Pierre d'Ailly, or N. de Clemangis, he had employed his talents and all his energy to reforming the church herself, instead of working out of the pale of her bosom."

The history, unabridged, of the 15th century, is the best refutation of this reproach.

Did Gerson,* or Pierre d'Ailly succeed in rendering corruption rampant? Did the councils of Constance or of Bâle produce the slightest result? Were the depravity of the clergy and the brutality of the masses less apparent in 1515, than when just one century previous the flames that consumed Huss shone over the waters of the Boden See? The reform of the Romish Church is the very shallowest of Utopias; for abuses are never remedied by those who through their continuance attain to opulence and position. Generous agitations do not work out a Reformation.—True some French gentlemen were found who burnt before the constituent assembly their letters of nobility, and proclaimed the law of equality;—but for all that the French nobility went "en masse" to the frontier, there to range themselves under foreign colours, in order, along with their own odious abuses, to defend all the worst excesses of tyranny. Joseph II. made a strenuous effort to withdraw his people from sacerdotal tyranny, but Francis-Joseph better understands the interests of absolute power. As bishop of Imola, Pio IX. applauded liberal ideas:—seated in the pontifical chair of Gregory XVI., he renders himself yet

* Gerson, whom they so inopportunately cite as an authority, himself experienced considerable difficulty in avoiding the charge of heresy while at Constance. Pierre d'Ailly, being a cardinal, was incapable of being attacked.

more odious than his predecessor. To dream of progress under despotism, whether spiritual or temporal, is to seek what is impossible. Huss had fully perceived this, and the flames of his martyrdom have become the light that points out to the West the road which it must traverse.

The council of Constance was not long of being made aware of the futility of the odious measures to which it had had recourse. Hardly had they received at Prague the news of the punishment of Huss, than the angry multitude rushed to the chapel of Bethlehem. To the victim were accorded the honours customary to saints and martyrs. Nor were the populace alone in displaying their resentment. The nobles of Bohemia swore upon their swords that they would avenge the apostle of their native land. The university of Prague appealed from a sentence dictated by self-interest,* to the judgment of Christian Europe:—

“Amid our many and most poignant subjects of lament, it is to us an imperious necessity to defend the insulted good name of our university; and to the other motives that influence us, we have to add the remembrance of the uprightness, of the virtue of that man who is dead from among us:—and we further will that the great name of one of our children, of John Hussinetz, surnamed Huss, shall not be lessened but shine yet more and more in the eyes of all men. . . . We the more earnestly wish our words to sink into the hearts of the faithful, because the presence of so great a man in our midst has produced such great benefit before God and man;—for his life was passed before our eyes, from his earliest youth, and has been so holy and pure that none can point him out as guilty of a single fault. O veritable and humble-minded saint! who didst shine by the splendour of such deep piety, who didst set no store by wealth, but lovedst the poor more than thyself, who on thy knees didst watch the sick couch of the desolate, who by thy tears didst

* Gerson, one of Huss' immolators, said after his death, when he perceived the turn affairs had taken at Constance:—“I HAD RATHER HAVE JEWS AND PAGANS AS JUDGES IN CASES OF FAITH, THAN THE DEPUTIES OF THE COUNCIL.”—(E. de Bonnehose—*Les Réformateurs avant la Réforme*,” Book iii. c. 8.)

recall to penitence the most hardened of hearts, who didst soothe these rebellious spirits by the inexhaustible mildness of thy demeanour and language:—thou, who from all hearts, yea! even from the inmost soul of a rich, a covetous, and a domineering clergy, didst pluck out vices by the roots, by the application of that olden remedy of scriptural discipline, which appeared new from thy lips; thou, in a word, who, following the footsteps of the apostles, didst re-establish in the clergy, as in their flocks, the morals of the primitive church! . . . Ah! assuredly, Nature had bestowed on this man her best gifts, and divine grace was so richly poured out on him that not alone was he virtuous, but he might almost be said to be the impersonation of virtue. But of what avail words when his actions speak for him. A frightful death inflicted by his enemies, and encountered with calm fortitude, testifies that his support was divinely founded. It is indeed a divine thing, it is the characteristic of courage derived from God alone, to endure so many outrages, such torments, to brave such infamy for divine truth, to bear all these woes with a mien calm and unruffled, to pass, in the very face of his tyrants, resplendent with grace from an irreproachable life, to a death the most agonizing.”

This important document is an eloquent testimony to Huss from those who had witnessed him in youth, who had seen his works, his struggles, his unvarying devotion to the interests of the truth. Nor were the Bohemian barons less loud in their eulogiums, but it was with an accent yet more energetic.

“Inasmuch by the natural law no one should do to others as he would not that they should do in return, and as it is written, ‘Love thy neighbour as thyself,’ we wish to apply this divine precept to our very dear and venerable teacher John Huss, bachelor of theology, preacher of the Gospel, who, lately in the council of Constance, inspired by we know not what spirit, but to the disgrace of our most Christian kingdom of Bohemia, and of the illustrious marquisate of Moravia, you have condemned to a cruel and degrading death, as an obstinate heretic, without having convicted him of a single error, and solely upon the false accusation of his personal enemies and of certain traitors.”

The protest concludes with the following *strong* declaration:

“We moreover declare, that notwithstanding all human ordinances, we will support all humble, devoted, and faithful preachers, who shall announce to us the word of our divine Lord Jesus Christ; we will defend them and protect them without fear and even to the effusion of blood.”*

This letter caused a most unprecedented commotion in the council. The Fathers became quite undecided as to how they should comport themselves towards Jerome of Prague. Had they only listened to the dictates of hatred, they would have at once handed him over to the executioner; but they feared for the supremacy of the Romish church in Bohemia, which this fresh assassination might endanger. They therefore resolved to take such measures as should compel him to sign his abjuration.

During six months Jerome had languished under all sorts of suffering in the depths of an infected prison. Already an incurable ulcer was devouring his feet! It was hoped that all might be wrung from a man broken down by torture and by prolonged anguish of mind. He was therefore summoned, under pain of fire, to abjure, and also to subscribe the sentence of condemnation on John Huss. Jerome was unable to resist. But his retractation appeared far too incomplete. They required of him a fresh one, which he read in the nineteenth general session. Still the hatred of his enemies had to be sated, for sacerdotal rage is greedy for blood. In vain did the cardinals of Cambrai, of the Ursines, of Aquileia, and of Florence advise moderation to the council. As it was no longer thought possible to prevent an outbreak in Bohemia, nothing was done by halves, and Doctor Nason did not hesitate to say to the cardinals:—“It is to us matter of astonishment, Reverend Fathers, that you should intercede for this plague-stricken heretic, who has wrought us such harm in Bohemia. Can you have been gained over by the bribes of the King of Bohemia or by the

* Datum in pleno concilio magnatum, baronum, procerum et nobilium regni Bohemiarum, et marchionatus Moraviarum.—J. Huss. Mon. et hist. i. p. 99. Translated by E. de Bonnechose.

heretics? Have they purchased of you the freedom of this man?"

Another set of commissioners were intrusted with the matter as to Jerome. The indignation with which the perfidy of the council inspired him revived his courage. He begged a public audience, which it was decided should be accorded him. After listening in silence to the reading of the indictment, he demanded permission to explain himself at large.

"Confine yourself to answering," they cried to him, "ay! and answer at once."

"God of all goodness," said Jerome, "what injustice! what cruelty! You have kept me confined these three hundred and forty days amid filth and villanous odours, in the extremest need of all things, you listen to all my worst enemies allege against me, and then you refuse to listen to me. Is it surprising that they should have convinced you that I am the worst heretic that ever lived, an enemy of the faith, a persecutor of the priesthood? I have been unable, by the most abject prayers, to obtain a single moment to justify myself, and before having made research as to what I am, you have treated me as an impious man. And yet you are but men, not gods; you may be deceived, and you are deceived. If you be in truth wise men, luminaries of the world, take heed that you sin not against justice. As for me, I am but a feeble mortal; my life is but of little consequence, and when I exhort you not to give an iniquitous sentence, I speak less for myself than for you."

This appeal made a profound sensation. However they consented that Jerome should explain himself as to each article, and the sittings of 23d and 26th May were devoted to this examination. In this laborious discussion Jerome excited general admiration by his intelligence and his marvellous calmness. Says the celebrated Poggio of Florence, himself an eye-witness: "how many reasons and authorities he quoted in support of his opinions. Notwithstanding his sufferings, he at times confounded his judges by the vigour of his arguments, and at times made them smile."

In the sitting of 26th May, wherein the general scope of the

case was reviewed, he boldly cited "all the excellent men who have at various times been oppressed by false-witnesses, and condemned by perverse judges," Socrates, Plato, Anaxagoras, Zeno, the prophets of the Old Testament, our Saviour himself. "It is abominable," he said, "for a priest to condemn a priest; but it is the height of iniquity that a priest should be condemned by a council of priests:—yet has that been seen and done." He then spoke of the little value of the allegations against him. He so clearly showed that hatred had inspired these allegations, that he all but persuaded the assembly. He contrasted, greatly to their advantage, the earlier times of christian freedom, with the servitude which weighed as he spoke over all minds. "In the ancient church," said he, "the most learned Doctors and the most holy were divided as to doctrine, and these dissensions did not tend to the ruin of the faith but to its progress."

It was believed that he would solicit his pardon, or that he would retract by abandoning the doctrine of Huss. He did neither. He spoke of his godly master with a saintly enthusiasm. "I have known him from infancy, and there never was any ill in him: he was an excellent man, just and holy; despite his innocence he was condemned; like Elias he mounted to heaven from amid the flames, and he will thence summon his judges to the awful tribunal of Christ. I too, I am ready to die: I shall never falter before the punishment prepared by my enemies and by impostors, who will one day account for their falsehoods to God whom nought can deceive." The agitation was universal. Many members of the council could not bring themselves to deliver up to the stake so eminent a man; but he appeared wearied of contemplating the triumph of cowardice and hypocrisy, and he made no attempt to conceal from his judges those truths which were all but certain to ensure his condemnation:—

"Of all the sins," said he, "of which I have been guilty from my youth up, none weighs on me more heavily, nor causes me such poignant remorse, as that which I committed in this fatal place, when I approved the iniquitous sentence pro-

nounced against Wickliffe,* and against that holy martyr John Huss, my teacher and friend. Yes! from my heart, with my lips I avow it, I say it as a debt of honour, I have shamefully backslidden, when through fear of death I condemned their doctrine.† I pray then to God, and conjure him the Almighty that he will deign to pardon my sins, and above all this the gravest of all; according to the promise he has made us: ‘I desire not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.’ You have condemned Wickliffe and Huss, not as having shaken the doctrine of the church, but solely because they have exposed the vices of the clergy, the pomp, the pride, and the other manifold vices of the prelates and priests. The things which they have alleged, and which have as yet, through sheer inability to answer them, remained unrefuted—these I believe with them—with them I enunciate them.”

The council indignantly cried out that Jerome condemned himself. This outburst seemed neither to surprise nor to disquiet him.

“What!” he exclaimed, “think you that I fear death? You have detained me a whole year in irons, in a dungeon more horrible than death itself: you have treated me more rigorously than a Turk, or Jew, or Pagan, and my flesh has rotted off my bones. Yet I complain not, for the language of complaint sits ill upon a man of courage, but I do wonder at such barbarity towards a Christian.”

Threatening cries resounded from all parts of the chamber. Jerome waited till peace was established, and then resumed with such haughty resolution, that one would have said he had ceased to remember it was his own case. Poggio records that his voice

* Born 1324—died 1384, in the pulpit, in harness. It is, to say the least, singular that fierce as then was the English character, and severe as were the sufferings of the Lollards, a century and a half later, the *first Reformer* ended his days by the visitation of God, rather than the assassination of a monkish tribunal.—*Tr.*

† Jerome, while subscribing to the other doctrines of Wickliffe, made a reservation regarding the Eucharist, in which he believed that there was *real presence*.

was tender, clear and sonorous, his gestures full of eloquence and dignity. Surrounded by implacable enemies, he answered all with rare aptitude, and though pallid, and exhausted with sufferings and fatigue, he undauntedly confronted the furious clamour of that assembly of vindictive priests.

When he had finished speaking he was reconducted to prison, but not to remain long alone. The bishops and cardinals crowded to his prison. He had so roused their admiration by his eloquence, and their respect by his firmness, that all eagerly pressed him to save himself from a horrible death by abjuring his doctrine.

“I will,” said he, “abjure it if out of Holy Scripture ye will prove to me that it is false.” “Can you continue thus to be your own enemy?” said the prelates. “How,” replied Jerome, “think you life is so dear to me that I shrink from surrendering it for truth’s sake, or for Him who gave his life for me? Are not you cardinals? Are not you bishops? Do ye then not know that Christ has said—‘He who renounces not himself for me, is not worthy of me?’”

The cardinal of Florence likewise came to Jerome. He informed him that his great talents inspired the council with the most lively interest, and promised him “great honour, and the utmost favour,” if he would be converted “even as St. Peter and St. Paul.”

Jerome replied that he was quite ready to be convinced, “not by human arguments” but “those holy epistles which are a torch of flame to us.”

“What,” cried the cardinal, “shall we prop all things by the Epistles? Who shall pretend to understand them? Should we not need to revert to the elder Fathers to interpret them?”

“What do I hear?” answered Jerome:—“Is the word of God declared to be a falsehood? Is it never again to be listened to? Are human traditions more worthy of belief than the holy gospel of our Saviour? Paul nowhere exhorted the priests to hearken to the old men:—but he has said: ‘The Scriptures shall instruct you.’ Ah! sacred writings, inspired by the Holy Spirit himself, already men esteem you less than what they

themselves forge from day to day : I have lived long enough ! Great God ! receive my life, thou who canst give it me again."

"Heretic," said the cardinal, darting a look of rage at him, "I repent me of having pleaded here so long for thee : Satan is in thy heart !"

Jerome appeared again before the 21st general session. The bishop of Riga summoned him anew to retract. Jerome protested his orthodoxy :—"But," he added, "I do refuse to subscribe the condemnation of those just and holy men, whom you have unjustly condemned, because they have denounced the excesses of your life : and it is for this I am about to die."

The bishop of Lodi then pronounced a discourse, whose length, much to our regret, precludes us from giving it in full. It is a model of Pharisaical hypocrisy. Among other passages of mark, one is struck by the contempt he manifests for the labouring classes ! "What temerity, what insolent presumption in these men of obscure extraction, of base birth, *in these plebeians*, to dare to agitate the noble kingdom of Bohemia ! How many the evils that have been caused by the pride of these *two peasants*." Does not one seem to hear a Celsus or a Hierocles speaking of the fishermen of Galilee ? The aristocracies will ever cherish the bitterest rancour against the people for having in the first century of the Christian era been foremost to understand and receive the good tidings, and for having so loved it as to shed for it the purest of its blood.

After the bishop's discourse, Jerome for the last time took up his testimony. After again protesting his attachment to the Catholic faith, and upbraiding his own weakness in condemning Wickliffe and Huss, he addressed his mitred executioners :—

"As for you, you seek my death because I honour upright men who have exposed the pride and avarice of the priests ;—yet is that cause sufficient to put me to death ? Before ye had found aught evil in me, ye had compassed my death ! Be bold then ! But believe me, I shall in dying leave a sting in your hearts, and a gnawing worm in your consciences ;—I make mine appeal to the sacred tribunal of Jesus Christ, and ye shall be answering a hundred years hence !"

The Roman patriarch of Constantinople then read the sentence, and Jerome was immediately delivered to the secular authorities, and conducted to the stake. He walked to his martyrdom, his eyes raised to heaven, his look radiant, reciting or chanting divers prayers. Arrived at the fatal spot, he knelt before the figure of Huss, cut on the post, and then, prostrate on the ground consecrated by the blood of his heroic master, he prayed to that God that bestows his strength on those who testify to his truth. While they were fastening him, he chanted the hymn "*Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo,*" and then repeated the Creed.

He now addressed the people, telling them that he died for having borne his testimony to the innocence of Huss, and noticing a poor working man who was carrying a fagot, he smiled sadly:—"O holy simplicity! a thousand fold more culpable is he who is abusing thee!" As the executioner was applying the fire behind, he perceived him: "Come boldly forward," he exclaimed, "and light the fire before my face; had I feared it I had not been here!" When the pile was fairly lighted, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" At the moment the flames reached him, he cried, "O all-powerful Father, have pity on me, pardon my sins, for thou knowest I have ever loved thy truth."

They next burnt his bed, his cap, his shoes, and his ashes were cast into the Rhine. But the church of Rome will vainly seek to tear that blood-stained page from her dishonoured history. In John Huss and Jerome of Prague, virtue and science had appeared before her tribunal solemnly to warn her. Infatuated with self-glorification, she refused to listen to the heaven-sent messengers. They sought to save her, they felt for her a sincere and sacred love. Had she regenerated herself by the power of the gospel, had she renounced the exercise of her cruel despotism, had she condemned the superstitions which were stifling the sentiment of religion, she would have spared Christian society the most cruel sundering. But her clergy preferred their own temporal concerns to the most sacred interests of the souls committed to them. They refused Reform, and

the Revolution* became inevitable. It was the working of God's justice. Lefevre, Zwingli, Luther, and Calvin, were soon to appear.†

The great events which we have narrated, show sufficiently plainly that Luther was not, as has been so often repeated, the true founder of the reformed churches. Even in the sixteenth century, Lefevre d'Étaples had in the Sorbonne raised the standard against Rome, and Zwingli had followed his lead at Zurich, before Luther had published his famous theses. But in the fifteenth century, and in the very earliest years of it, we see the church of Bohemia separate itself entirely from Rome, and commence against the papacy the struggle which modern principles are still waging against her. Was this celebrated insurrection solely provoked among the Bohemians by the influence of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, or must it be considered as the result of the old antipathy of the nation to Roman tyranny? When we examine facts with a certain attention, we do not fail to perceive that this latter hypothesis is the only probable one, and that it is but the puissant traditions of the Oriental Church in Bohemia which nourished this antipathy against the institutions of Rome, and thus prepared the way for the establishment of the Reformation. As a general rule the history of our church is ill understood in the West: people appreciate too lightly the influence which the always independent position of the Papacy has enabled it to exercise over the entire Christian world. It needs, however, but to instance Bohemia to show the extent of the subject. That country has not been evangelized by preachers

* D'Aubigné's admirable definition of Revolution, will greatly help us to understand this sequence of cause and effect:—"Revolution . . . is a something *new* which unrolls itself from the bosom of humanity."—(D'Aubigné—Hist. of Ref. Pref. p. 4.)—*Trans.*

† Of the many admirable works in which the Council of Constance is fully treated, none can compare for impartiality and research with the work of M. E. de Bonnechose—" *Les Réformateurs avant la Réforme*," in which the author soars by his intelligence above all sectarianism. The *letters of Huss*, published in Latin by Luther and translated by Bonnechose, also offer a rich mine to the student of history as to the profound thinker. These admirable letters are a veritable chapter of the *Acts of the Martyrs*.

from Rome, but by the Greek monks Cyril and Methodius, who, even while accepting the authority of the Pope, introduced among the Bohemians the liturgy of the Eastern church along with its spirit of independence. Cyril and Methodius, whose ideas were far from fashionable at Rome, were cited before the tribunal of Nicholas I. That pontiff having died before their arrival, they had to justify themselves before Adrian II. for having established the use of the popular language in divine service. They replied, "Paul the apostle of the Gentiles hath said, 'Hinder not the gift of tongues.' If this be so, why should not our Slaves praise God in their own tongue?" Adrian answered:—"Although the Apostle may have recommended the use of tongues, he has nevertheless not chosen to prescribe that the divine service should be sung in the language of which you speak."

John VIII., in 879, wrote to Cyril:—"We are informed that you celebrate the mass in a barbarous tongue, to wit, the Slave language:—therefore, we, by Paul bishop of Ancona, forbid you to celebrate the sacrament in that tongue."

Thus, from its very origin, the Bohemian church was engaged in a struggle with Rome. But the Pope drew back when he found that the Bulgarians and Moravians, converted by the apostles of Bohemia, acknowledged the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople. When fortune showed more in favour of the pretensions of the Romish church, the concessions of John VIII. were revoked, and the nobility, unsuccessfully, demanded that the holy office should be celebrated in the vulgar tongue. Gregory VII. was indignant at this causeless temerity.

Rome, however, could not thoroughly eradicate all trace of oriental traditions from the heart of the people,* who remained faithful to the Greek ritual, and kept the Bible in Slavonic. The arrival among them, in the twelfth century, of certain Vaudois † families gave additional solidity to the resistance to

* Romanism only made head among *the upper classes*.

† M. Bost—(*Hist. of the Bohemian Brothers*)—seems to believe that Waïdo actually ended his days in Bohemia.

Popery. The question of the cup was a fresh subject of complaint against Rome. The Bohemian nation could not understand why the laics were deprived of the communion, as granted by the Oriental church, and why, even in the reception of the sacrament, there were introduced injurious distinctions unknown of old. The policy of the Emperor Charles IV., King of Bohemia, in the fourteenth century, was vainly strained to break all resistance to Romish despotism. Three intrepid men, animated by the noble spirit of independence of the Eastern church, struggled energetically against these lamentable tendencies. Posterity will name with reverence as the forerunners of Huss, Conrad Scykna, John Milicz, and Mathias de Jannaw. The two latter were exiled by the influence of Gregory XI. Then Roman supremacy seemed confirmed. Latin prevailed everywhere, and the communion of both elements was only administered in private houses or in the solitude of the woods. But the triumph of the Romans was not lasting. The reaction against them, after the death of Charles IV., and which terminated in the preachings of Huss, revived in Bohemia all the traditions of the Oriental church. The writings of Wickliffe, which were sown broadcast through the kingdom, likewise contributed to bring into discredit the Romish beliefs. Although this Reformer had not so directly as Huss acknowledged the influence of the Eastern dogmas, it is easy to prove that he did not remain a stranger to those ideas which had struck strong root in the soil of Great Britain.

Christianity was preached to the Britons, the first inhabitants of England, by travellers from Asia Minor, Greece, Alexandria, or the Greek colonies of Gallia. So too the church of that country remained long independent of the yoke of Rome.* At Iona, that celebrated sanctuary, the supremacy of the Pope was not recognised: Easter was celebrated another day than in Italy,† and the cup was not withdrawn in the holy supper. By dint of cunning and ceaseless activity, the Papacy ended by subjugating these countries; but the old traditions of the

* Buchanan v. 36.

† Bede iii. 4. (? What day.—*Trans.*)

East were preserved always in certain souls destined to work out Christian freedom. In the fourteenth century Wickliffe did for his country what Huss was, in the early part of the next century, to try to do for his country, namely, recall to his compatriots the spirit of independence which had been transmitted from the East. We must not then be surprised, if the awakening of the churches of England and Bohemia was more prompt than that of other Western churches. Their Greek origin gives the most satisfactory explanation of this fact. It is a perfectly understood truth, that this great reform, which began in England in the fourteenth century, in Bohemia in the fifteenth, in the Sorbonne, Zurich, and Wittenberg in the sixteenth, is due to the influence exercised by the missionaries of our church, and the preservation of her noble traditions of freedom.

Happy for the Reformers of the West if, trusting to the guidance of our older teachers, they had not but too often, as Wickliffe and Calvin did, preferred the fatalist theories of Augustin, Prosper, or Gerson to the comforting and reasonable theology of the Holy Fathers of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, to the doctrines of these illustrious churches, lighted by the living lamp of rising Christianity. Their work had been less mingled with heterogeneous elements, they had not encountered so many obstacles, and perhaps one half Europe had thrown off the Papal yoke.

I descend the steps from the room, where I have found such awful souvenirs. The old man remains motionless behind me, like a vision of those long past ages. Without, the night wind sighs hoarsely. Dense clouds envelope the sky, and conceal the unstained snows of the distant mountains. As the waters of the river rush madly past, one seems to hear a struggling as of giants in the death-grapple. All colour is lost in the blank uniformity of dusk. The storm-fiend, unchained, roots up the trees and ravages the vineyards, till from wave to wave, on either bank, a mere wreck is being madly driven about. The very birds swoop hurriedly down, graze the river, and disappear amid the gloom.

How imposing are those voices of nature, that rise like

“ The bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,”

above the silent habitations into which man at such times cowers for concealment! It would seem almost as if everything was about to be swallowed up in the bosom of nothingness. This silence of the city offers a striking contrast to the tempest which is lashing the surface of the lake, and which will endure till after midnight. The noise of the surf, the howlings of the north wind, and the gentle sounds of the church clock intermingle and answer each other. These singular noises excite my imagination. In those gigantic rocks, in these frenzied waters,—in yonder precinct haunted by such mournful memories, may there not be in these, mysterious powers that mock our weak nature?

Blow, ye impetuous winds! Surge, ye chafing waters, unceasingly against the unchanging rock! Is not this our earth one vast arena, in which man and the elements struggle perpetually? Let nature then continue her storms, and the human soul profit by its own agonies:—even as Imagination craves after scenes of deep emotion, the heart feels a strange sad pleasure in suffering. Ye storm-borne hymns, I love to hear your threatening notes, to catch the untaught charm of your rude cadences.

IV.

The engine of the smoke-begrimed steamer announced with many a convulsive whistle our departure in the calm of a fine afternoon. Light clouds scarcely veiled the blue ethereal vault in which they floated. The limpid waters murmured softly past the sandy shore, and diffused that peculiar aroma which exhales from them when the sun's heat covers them with a warm vapour, just as the exquisite scents rise from a meadow after a warm morning. For a moment upheaved by the passing steamer, the waves died down behind us. A long white train

stretched far behind us, the fugitive track of our bark. Constance was robed in golden tints. The gardens impregnated the air with their balmy odours. I cast back one last lingering look on those waters, called by those who love them the "Sea of Suabia:" and the expression is scarce an exaggeration, for I could no longer distinguish the banks of the lake, which bathes five different countries.* Soon the lake, and the gardens, and Constance itself, disappeared from our gaze. The black chimney of the vessel was lowered, and the steam rushed loudly forth, and behold! we shot under a bridge, whose ancient planks we can hear crackling overhead.† When we have passed this bridge, we are borne along by the impetuous current of the Rhine. It is confined or dilated according to the contour of the shores. Nowhere could a more smiling scene, or a more "living landscape" be conjured up to charm the imagination. The steep slopes which dip into the water are tapestried with a moist and glancing herbage. Their summits are wooded like some hanging garden, or levelled like the Italian terraces. Villages and country-houses appear on all sides in the gorge of the small valleys, or on the wild steeps. Below, as if in an abyss, the river gurgles along, bluer than the azure of heaven.

Two sombre Gothic towers rear their heads amid an island, which rises in a gentle slope. Soon the chateau comes in view, an aged edifice with antique traditions. On its walls may be distinguished a large cross, one of those with which the Teutonic order of old adorned itself, when its members, those haughty conquerors, went about like knight-errants of the church, imposing the Word of Christ as one imposes fetters on a slave.

What a singular creation were those military orders of the middle ages! Can anything be more incompatible than the

* 1. Switzerland—port, Constance. 2. Baden—port, Meersburg. 3. Wurtemberg—port, Friedrichshafen, with railway. 4. Bavaria—port, Lindau. 5. Austria—port, Bregenz.—*Trans.*

† To wit, the bridge of Stein, and unless, since 1850, the arches have been raised and widened, or the boat diminished in size, the latter a bare possibility, the same shooting of the bridge at Stein is a decidedly nice piece of steering!—*Trans.*

life of a soldier and that of a monk? How different is such an existence from the ideal of the first Christians, who had such a horror of violence! All know what efforts they made to avoid military service!

Barbarian invasion induced a mighty change in these opinions. Forthwith bishops were seen warring at the head of their vassals, and chiefs of monasteries preferring the casque to the hood, the cuirass to the woollen frock. When once such a confusion of ideas had been reached, the institution of military orders had no longer anything incongruous. Since the churchmen might carry arms, was it not natural that they should avail themselves of it in defence of the faith? But matters did not rest there! Having assumed that religious truth must be protected by carnal arms, it was but a step to propose that the sword might also serve to propagate it. To convert souls by patience, by mildness, by teachings like those of the apostles, seemed too complicated a proceeding to violent men, who looked on the sword as an instrument of God's judgment. Preaching was therefore abandoned for conquest. The vanquished infidel might choose between death and the white robe of the catechumen. In this singular fashion did Charlemagne actually convert the Saxons.

When Europe undertook the crusades, her principal aim undoubtedly was to deliver the sepulchre of Christ. However, she had also in view to bring about the triumph of the cross by the swords of her valiant knights. The world knows the resistance offered by the East to this mode of propagandism. Christian fanaticism crashed against Mahometan fanaticism. The military orders were the chief instruments in this struggle. The Teutonic order founded by the Germans then signalized itself by its zeal in combating the infidels.

Hunted out of Asia, after the crusades, these knights established themselves in Europe. They acquired immense possessions in Germany, in Italy, in Hungary, and in Transylvania. The Emperor, Frederick II., granted their Grand Master the dignity of Prince of the Empire. In 1230, they flew to Prussia, there to subjugate and convert the idolatrous inhabitants.

Their power extended from Prussia into Esthonia, Livonia, Courland: in short, over almost the whole sea-coast of the Baltic. But like the other military orders, the knights fell into such disorders, that they lost much of their influence and consideration. Two centuries later, in 1446, they had to abandon to Poland the province of Western Prussia. Shortly after, Albert, Margraf or Marquis of Brandenburg, the then Grand Master, embraced Reform, married, and became the stock whence descends the royal house of Prussia. Those of the knights who did not adopt Protestantism, elected another Grand Master. The seat of the order thereafter was established above the magnificent ravines of the Marien-Thal. There remained nothing to the knights but some property in Germany, Hungary, and Italy, when Napoleon finally suppressed the Teutonic order. The King of Prussia, however, re-established it under the title of the order of St. John the Evangelist. Nothing, however, can be less evangelical than an institution whose primary aim was to propagatè Christianity by the sword. Moreover, the conquests of this nature made by the Church of Rome have rarely been durable. Among those Saxons, whom terror had thrown into the arms of Catholicism, arose one fine morning LUTHER. In that Prussia, subjected by these Teutonic knights, and other sword-bearers, was established that Prussian monarchy, which became in Germany the principal bulwark against papal encroachments. The countries converted by the dragoons of Louis XIV. were the first to witness the massacre of the priests, at the beginning of the French Revolution: Paris, that witnessed the horrors of St. Bartholomew, and the licentious excesses of the League, was, two centuries later, the scene of the September horrors, when the clergy perished in crowds. "God," says St. Augustin, "IS PATIENT, BECAUSE HE IS ETERNAL." He occasionally leaves a free field for violence and the hypocritical passions of men, but the time surely comes when cruel chastisement is reserved for those who, under the cloak of religion, put in the hands of Christ's disciples the sword and the poignard. Wide have been the complaints over certain monks, who, at the be-

ginning of the reign of Isabella II., lost their lives in Spain. How came they, in that identical Spain, to forget that the religious orders **HAVE SHED THE BLOOD OF 3,000,000 PERSONS?*** The writers of the Romish church have spoken with indignant horror of the cruelties of Elizabeth towards their co-religionists. Let them think of the funeral piles, lighted in her day, by Bloody Mary!

Soon we lost sight of the island of Meinau, which had been the seat of one of the commendatories of the Teutonic order. The two towers soon seemed in the distance but two lengthened shadows, in strong relief against the snows of the far mountains, veiled in blue vapours.

Ever as we advanced, Nature, now smiling, now savage, displayed to our dazzled eyes her fairy-like splendours. On a hill, amid lofty tufts of trees, I perceived the white walls of the villa of Queen Hortense. Amid these solitary woodlands, I seemed to hear her harmonious voice mingling in the concert of the airy songsters, and telling lovingly of the glory of the most heroic of the Cæsars. I tried to fix on one of these closed windows, whence fancy might picture the exile looking sadly forth, whose misfortunes gained her such deep sympathy. The stream bore me forward, and I saw now nothing but rough pyramidal rocks, here and there shattered like breached bastions. A few ruins of a castle or a tower, like vulture's eyries, seemed tottering on these inaccessible heights, on their black granite pedestals. On the wooded bends in the opposite shore were blended the most diverse tints, from the saffron of the beech trees, to the dark green of the pines. The forget-me-nots expanded their petals at the edge of the water, while the ivy stretched its metalustrous leaves up the steep face of the rock. From time to time we seemed enclosed in an amphitheatre of mountains; then the river, like some gigantic serpent, unfolded its cyclopean coils, and the horizon, delicately empurpled, re-appeared in all its extent.

* Lecerf—on Protestantism.

How beautiful are they, the river, and the hillocks; these rocks and ruins! Why cannot I, like the bird that built its nest in yonder old tower, live there, gazing on the skies, and lulled by this murmuring harmony of the rushing waters?

V.

My friend,—I am inhaling a refreshing atmosphere!

“It is an eager and a nipping air,”—

I am standing on a soil full of new interest for me. In the age we are living in, its aspect necessarily appears marvellous to me. Is not our epoch one of doubt and discouragement? Yet this country, albeit the country of progress and of liberty, is ancient by its traditions, by the origin of its noble people, and above all by its institutions, which seem but the result of the natural laws of creation, even as the primitive forests and lakes which adorn it. I have traversed many countries, many barren plains, and have visited many splendid cities before coming hither. Like a storm-tossed castaway, pursued by the tempest, but who perceives a ray of hope, I have seated me on the first eminence on this shore, sorely shattered, but with a bounding heart.

Could I tell you what of inspiration and of accord with nature are blended in the mountain breeze, you would also yearn to ascend like me these sublime heights, and breathe forth, in peace of soul, wild hymns of adoration. But why teach you this? If you are to remain all your life in that icy country—that country of artificial enjoyments and of cloudy skies—try to love the poetry of your monotonous and melancholy songs—admire your steppes, the abode of the howling wolf and the savage steed. The prisoner whose heart has never bounded at the happiness of being once more free—the inhabitant of Lapland, to whom the sun is all but unknown—the blind from birth, who have never, even for a moment, beheld the blessed light, may calmly support their miseries. They know not the most terrible of evils—the memory of past joys amidst present sufferings!

Indulge not, then, in the desire to feel the ardour of those southern suns which scorch like love;—think not to wander, during the delicious summer nights, under an azure sky, studded with stars. Beware of musing in dream-like languor under the shade of plane trees, on the banks of murmuring rivers. Nought of this must you know if you would be happy in that Northern land in which you have to live. For you, born in its borders, it may be full of charms, but its cold north wind, its vast plains of snow, its wild grandeur, and its untameable pride, chill and terrify me, for an eastern sun warmed my youthful days.*

I had, nevertheless, endeavoured to inure both body and soul to hardship. I wished to become, like you, hardened to climate,—to show myself superior to nature—to prove that my energy was capable of conquering all obstacles. My sufferings brought me to the brink of the grave, and such was the prostration in which I was plunged, that I should have continued vegetating for many years without sufficient strength to escape the boundary of the tomb. Then it was that I embraced the image of liberty. From her, so great is her power, I derived new strength and new life!

The Creator has endowed us all with irresistible tendencies, an untameable spirit, and an active will, just as he has given wings to the denizens of the woods, majesty to the lion, impetuosity to the torrent, and to the air that wild freshness which nothing can enchain.

To repress those ardent faculties within us, the chains of slavery have been riveted on our hands and feet. But the heart is unassailable. In its sullen spirit of revolt, it will always have ardour and strength enough to rouse up dormant justice, and summon it to the struggle for emancipation.

Let tyrants continue their task! Let the world, their docile instrument, give birth only to inaction and death! In vain do luxury and prosperity stifle us in their golden embrace.—At the first signal, we spring up again like a courser shaking his mane before speeding on his career. Children of God, we

* Made d'Istria's health suffered during her residence in Russia.—*Tr.*

claim freedom to act, and the recognition of those essential rights which no one is justified in wresting from us.

When, plunged in the depth of the valleys, or borne along the bosom of the waters, I felt restored to that tranquillity which I had ceased to find amidst cities, I said to myself, surely we all have innate instincts of independence. I could understand then the life of the *Zingari*, who plant their tents wherever the sun appears to them most beautiful,—to-day amidst the half-heard mysteries of forest concerts—to-morrow on some vast plain with a boundless horizon. Children of Asia, that singular people have had energy enough to resist every effort to subdue their spirit of wandering. Less resolute than they, we have bowed our heads beneath the very least legitimate form of tyranny. Hence our restlessness even in the most tranquil path of life—hence our unsated desires which become more imperious when we have once inhaled the breeze of a sea hitherto untraversed by us, or of mountains we never before beheld. If we are born for society, we were none the less made for any thing but repression and servitude.

Freedom is the natural law of our being. May it be for ever blessed! May we, if necessary, shed our blood to the last drop in its defence! How grandly our human nature stands forth even while pronouncing that inspiring name! How conscious it makes us of our celestial origin! how heroic the sentiments it inspires us with! Happy they who released Liberty from her swaddling-clothes. Theirs was the magnanimity of prophets, and like the prophets they were united to the Eternal—to our God. May Liberty reign wherever happiness is not a chimera! May those who are worthy of it weave for her immortal crowns, and protect her with the rampart of their hearts! May Heaven with its invincible force defend her, crown her with the fruit of success, and perpetuate her reign on earth! May Liberty, like a kind and impartial mother, press all her children to her heart! May the Roumenian on the banks of the Ister, may the sons of Italy worship her on bended knee, and draw inspiration from her eyes—those eyes whose regard reveals the glorious future! May she bend her steps in all directions, to become the all-potent guide of mankind towards gospel perfection!

VI.

Whiter than the flickering stars, paler than the melancholy light of the moon, purer than the foam of the stormy waves, more blustering than the wind groaning amidst the tempest, more resonant than thunder, than the sharp roar of panthers in the desert, the terrible yet glorious cataract leaps crashingly downwards. Not far from Schaffhausen, the Rhine, wedged in by gloomy rocks, rages impetuously down the depths of the abyss, and then flows, half lost in the valley, like a gigantic spectre rushing forth from a subterraneous world. Is there some voice that speaks to us in such a spectacle of nature? Captivated by that fantasy, I listen to the long-drawn moans of the river, which shines alone in its splendour in the obscurity of night. The skies are overcast, and awful shadows seem to stalk in space. I delight in the majestic roar of these waters, in this imposing darkness, amidst which life appears extinct. Nature, under her holy veil, conceals mysteries which are only visible to the soul. In vain would we seek to understand them thoroughly. The secrets of the universe are hidden in celestial tabernacles.

For hours my eyes and thoughts have been fixed on this vast torrent, that thunders along, and to which nought can bring repose. Admiration and terror hold me spell-bound. Not a star illumines the firmament. Soon a reddish glimmer hovers around the cataract, and myriads of sparkles play over it. The clouds, those electric furnaces, glow like fiery mouths. Flames glide along the waters, like the luminous vapours in churchyards, whilst long streaks of lightning dispel at intervals the obscurity on the confines of the horizon, disclosing to view snowy peaks, high in air. A supernatural power seems to produce the jets of dusky light which taper above the water, and those which pierce asunder the clouds. The solemn majestic sound still holds its even tenor. One would think the surging waves were about to engulf the houses, the fields, and the woods!

In the dead of night, when the silence becomes still more majestic, and a sort of vague restlessness pervades man himself, as well as creation, the moon issues languidly from out a thick cloud. All nature then grows motionless, as if the better to receive the tender caressing of her trembling rays. The lightnings have paled by degrees; now they disappear to give way to the stars, whose virgin disks peep forth timidly from the skies. Luminous tracks of light furrow the sombre rocks. Like aerial nymphs they blend in fantastic dances with the flashes that play over the waters. Night alone, with its darkness and its silence, night alone can produce such scenes. Then do we with Ossian answer with our tears to the roar of the north wind, in the wild ravines where we fancy we see wandering the shades of a glorious ancestry. Presently, like Byron, we are harassed by sceptical anxieties, and by a conscience disquieted by the mysteries of life and death. At the last, when sinking exhausted after such terrible anguishes, we pursue, like Wieland, the graceful phantoms of love—that purified essence of the soul aspiring to its native skies.

The cataract is more dazzling than even the snow of the eternal mountains; than the milky way, which grows dim like a tarnished ribbon. The nebulous groups now appear like slight spots on the point of vanishing away before the breeze. The ever-radiant morning star, and Saturn, king of planets, sparkle but feebly. The double stars scarcely shed their rays—varied as precious stones of the East. Yet a little later and the ethereal vault is veiled—the celestial fires are extinguished. No longer an eloquent silence, but a solitude, sad as the desert, reigns throughout space. Imagination no longer dreams, nature no longer appeals through the charm of scenery. I can no longer listen, except in melancholy abstraction, to the monotonous sound of the waters. By degrees the azure sky is slowly revealed again. The light mist, scattered in the atmosphere, envelops the cataract, soon to be dissipated by the eager breath of morn. The horizon has grown white, and the outlines of the mountains, but lately so indistinct, now break forth to view in a golden atmosphere—their base still concealed by thick vapours,

which are rapidly ascending towards heaven. A new life circulates everywhere, and everywhere is felt an undefinable whispering vibration. Purple streaks cross each other on the gigantic summits of the distant mountains, whilst the northern line of the St. Gothard is dotted with bluish tints, and the distant Eigher, Wetterhorn, and Titlis, dazzle the eyes with the reflection of their glaciers. A slight pearl-like tinge borders their outlines. The cataract is now decked out in all its splendour—its waters gaily sparkling around the black rocks, as they foam up in eddies, and roll thundering down the precipice. Humid columns spring up from the gulf, in the midst of a liquid dust, moistening the skies. But behold the sun! All is now life—water, mountain, hill, and the meadow. Every prismatic tint colours the waters; light-hued rainbows, like scarfs abandoned to the winds, melt into each other, intertwine, then disappear. The castle of Laufen, on the summit of yon verdant hill, overlooks the waterfall—its terraces, battlements, and turrets glittering in the early sunlight. The birds have begun their melodies in the foliage, and the majestic river hawk laves his wings in the frigid waters. On the rock which rises in the middle of the Rhine, stands the statue of William Tell—federal banner in hand—the personification, amidst the tumult of those waters, of that intrepid nation which, in its isolation, first upreared, during those stormy middle ages, the glorious standard of freedom.

As a territorial power, Switzerland is of no great importance, and, moreover, its soil is greatly cut up by lakes and mountains. Yet, notwithstanding its limited extent, it has exercised at times as much influence as the first-rate powers—an influence due to the union of democratic rigour and Christian principles. In my eyes, real true democracy is an essentially evangelical form of society. Nothing of the kind exists anywhere in antiquity. I am aware that the ancient democracies have been the objects of much eulogy; but that enthusiasm can only be attributed to ignorance of the various institutes of society previously to Christianity. Mankind believed then in the existence of celestial and terrestrial races. In the celebrated Indian poem, the *Mahabharata*, we read of the combat between the children of the sun

and the children of the moon—celestial dynasties disputing the empire of the world. The Pharaohs, like the Incas, were born of the sun. In the origin of the Roman republic, the patricians were regarded as a sacred race, alone entitled to a religion, a family, and a home—the plebeians being considered as unworthy of all those privileges, in fact, as non-existent in the eyes of the immortal gods and of men.

In those few cities of the ancient world where the plebeian element had, after a long struggle, obtained a share of civic rights, democracy only nominally existed. **IN FACT, SLAVERY WAS EVERYWHERE THE BASIS OF SOCIAL ORDER.** Each citizen formed, in reality, part of an aristocracy, which asserted itself, with pitiless rigour, over a multitude of slaves, condemned to the severest labours.* The organization of the people of Attica† and Palestine‡ was in nowise different. Moses, whose laws are impressed with such a thorough democratic feeling, did not essay to suppress the old institution of slavery. That great man contented himself with mitigating it, in a way unknown to the legislators of the Greeks and the Romans. The prophet of Sinai knew that an organization, in conformity with his profoundly republican convictions, was an impossibility, fifteen centuries before Christ.

But human intelligence could not remain stationary. At the time that the Saviour commenced his preaching, the world, fatigued with its excesses, and sated with crimes and servitude, yearned after social reform. The Son of David, the descendant of kings, desired to restore to their former rights all the victims of ancient civilization. He did not rest satisfied with promising them the first place in the kingdom of his Father; he lived their life, shared their labours, and endured their poverty, and compassionated every kind of misery. How eloquent such an assertion of, such an apology for, equality! The chief priests and the grandees of the Jewish nation, who had long been unfaithful to the Mosaic traditions, became alarmed. They accused Jesus of se-

* See Wallon—History of Slavery. † See Barthelemy—Voyage of Anacharsis.

‡ See Salvador—Institutions of Moses.

dition, of exciting the people against their authority. The Redeemer, however, never heeded their objections, but continued his work with a firmness equal to his meekness.

The apostles, animated by his spirit, organized the first Christian communities in so truly liberal a spirit that certain peevish persons have not feared to accuse them of communism. The *Acts* of the apostles furnish us with a remarkable picture of the church of Jerusalem, as governed by Christ's disciples. Each member of that church deposited his effects at the feet of the chiefs of the community, and the deacons divided them according to each one's wants. In that blessed association, there were neither rich nor poor, neither masters nor slaves, neither Greeks nor Barbarians. "All," to use the beautiful words of the sacred volume, "were of one heart and one soul." It is true that, as Christianity spread in the world, that equality was considerably modified, but the principle remained the same, during the first few happy centuries of the primitive church. The doctrine of equality was strenuously upheld by the pastors who, in the Epistles of the Apostles, received instructions so energetic as never to have been surpassed.

The faithful were long docile to these admirable precepts. The church was the city of the poor, the bishop the *overlooker* of their interests, the deacon their *servant*.* The entire organization was one conducive to their well-being on this earth, and their salvation in eternity. The rich and the powerful were, so to speak, only tolerated on account of the services they could render to the suffering members of Jesus Christ.† Those who count for nothing in this age were, in those times, the judges of all. Their suffrage was necessary in the nomination of pastors, and nothing serious was undertaken without their approbation. Such was the profoundly democratic character of the first Christian communities.‡ The church which sprung from the

* Fleury—"Manners of the Christians."

† Bossuet, absolutist as he was, acknowledges these facts in his admirable sermon "On the dignity of the poor in the Church."

‡ M. Guizot and M. Leroux, who so seldom agree, are in accord on that

people, and which was founded by the boatmen of Genesareth, leaned on the *people* for support; and whilst it regenerated them, it received from them, in turn, its power of action over a decrepid world. And that development of Christian society took place in the midst of terrible and sanguinary struggles. All the conquests effected by human kind become definitive only after long efforts and combats without end.

Unfortunately, the conversion of the emperors soon introduced into the church principles the very opposite to those of its divine founder. The bishops, loaded with honours and privileges by the Christian Cæsars, readily forgot their noble character as modest overlookers of the evangelical community. They surrounded themselves with the luxury and the worldly pomp which civil functionaries so much delighted in. They became avid of enjoyments and distinctions, and did not disdain even the ridiculous titles assumed by the great in the decline of Byzantium and Rome.* Not content with the internal signs of absolute power, they were ambitious of a more positive realization thereof, and therefore endeavoured, with all their might, to diminish the importance of the democratic element in the church. Circumstances favoured the successful carrying out of these projects. The spirit alike of the Roman and Byzantine government was supremely averse to the ideas of equality, propagated by the gospel. An immense social revolution facilitated the attempts to effect a transformation of the Christian church.

The barbarians destroyed the empire, and organized on its ruins the domination of the conquerors, under the form of a military aristocracy. In that new society the bishops became feudal barons. They put on the helmet, substituted the lance for the crosier, the coat of mail for pontifical vestments, and saw in their flocks only vassals "liable to the land-tax and to husbandry service at the pleasure of their lords." The Chris-

point. (See Guizot—"History of Modern Civilization," and P. Leroux—"On Christianity and its democratic origin.")

* Thence the titles, "Your Grace," "Most Illustrious," "Most Reverend," grotesque titles in themselves, but singularly intolerable when applied to those who took the place of the fishermen of Galilee.

tian democracy had become an aristocracy, with the pope at their head, just as in the feudal monarchy the lords depended on the king. In course of time, the pope and the king succeeded in substituting their authority for that of the bishops and the barons. Nevertheless, it would be incorrect to assume that the submission of the democracy was complete in the middle ages. Democracy owns an immortality in the very lifeblood of Christianity, for of all political forms it is the one which best reconciles itself to evangelical ideas, as well as to those of the Old Testament, all the holy personages of which, Moses, Samuel, and the prophets, were constantly hostile to monarchy and aristocracy.*

In the feudal period, liberty, which had preserved more than one memento of the precepts of Moses and the apostles, found an asylum in the corporations.† The citizens, protected by the walls of their cities, braved both the barons and the bishops. Often vanquished, and that with much difficulty, taking constant advantage of the faults and incapacity of their adversaries, and leaning on royalty whilst combating the barons, the township form of democracy exercised considerable influence. They gave the church an excellent opportunity of reasserting the liberal principles of the first ages. Disposing, as it did, of so many resources, it was capable, by forming an alliance with the corporations, of changing the face of the feudal world; but such a grand idea, whilst it was appreciated by some of the members of the clergy, was not of a nature to find much favour with the bishops. Having absolutely no sympathies with the popular cause, given up to all the enjoyments of earth, and proud of their exorbitant privileges, they bestowed no attention on the sufferings of the people, and took no interest in their future destinies. It was only at rare intervals they sided with the commons against the aristocracy. More taken up with the preservation of their pomp and their material comforts than caring for the

* All doubt on that subject will be dispelled by reading the celebrated discourse of Samuel to the Israelites, when they clamoured for a king.

† See A. Thierry's "Letters on the history of France."

triumph of evangelical ideas, they dug the abyss, (still subsisting —*Tr.*,) between the clergy and the democracy. Accordingly we see, in the 16th century, all those who could forecast the future coming to an open rupture with the clergy, for they had a conviction,—and the last councils of Constance and Basle furnished but too conclusive proof,—that the Romish church would constantly resist even the most legitimate demands.

The township movement, which acquired so much importance in Europe in the middle ages, spread extensively in Switzerland. The organization of that country, freed as it was from the domination of the Austrian *baillis*, was more favourable than any other to the development of democratic ideas. The federal republic had no need to dread the invasions of royalty, which, in the rest of Europe, after being more or less well-disposed towards the corporations, ended by turning against them. On the other hand, the pastoral habits of the inhabitants of the magnificent Alpine valleys inspired them with an ardent passion for independence, unknown in the plains of Germany and of France. Accustomed to a frugal life, their wants were few,—and the very foremost of these was, that they might never find their every movement shackled by tyrannical laws. The spirit of liberty was inhaled with the air of their mountains. They beheld, delighted, the unrestricted flight of their eagles,—the expression of their own free existence,—those eagles which vigorously winged their way to the very summits of the icy Alps.* The rude huntsmen, who pursued the chamois on the heights, would have preferred death to slavery. Did they not face it every day amongst those sheer precipices? Their mountains, moreover, were held by them to be natural strongholds, erected by Providence as asylums for liberty, in the very heart of Europe. The immense chain of the Alps commences at the spot where the Rhone, offspring of the glaciers of the Valais, flows into the Mediterranean. It gradually stretches northward, its peaks increase in elevation, till, quitting France, it extends east-

* See the curious details regarding those eagles in Tschudi's "Animal life in the Alps."

ward along the northern frontiers of Italy, and grows still more colossal,—raising to the skies its numberless peaks, covered with eternal ice,—till it penetrates into the interior of Hungary, where it terminates in a series of modest hills. The name of Helvetia has been given to the country which is enclosed by the mountains of that region, where inaccessible peaks tower far above the habitations of man, and even above the clouds. On leaving the High Alps, amidst which rise the magnificent peaks of Mont-Blanc, the group of the Great Saint Bernard, Mount Cervin, Monte-Rosa, the many-headed St. Gothard, and the Bernardin, one sees the country extending, northwards, in valleys now charming, now of savage sublimity, progressively expanding until they reach the feet of the calcareous mountains of the Jura. That chain forms an immense crescent between the two lakes of Constance and of Geneva. From Schaffhausen to Basle the Rhine, like an immense ditch dug at the base of a rampart, foams impetuously past forest-clad hills, the continuation of the Jura. Thus Switzerland is defended on all sides by the inaccessible walls of its mountains, and by the deep waters of the Rhine. It resembles a gigantic citadel, placed amidst the great nations which have hitherto swayed the destinies of Europe, on the frontiers of France, Germany, and Italy.

In these inextricable defiles the shepherd's sling has easily annihilated an entire army. Who could, in fact, without shuddering, advance into the heart of those wild solitudes, where every herdsman is a soldier, and where an intrepid population scoff at all dangers? Switzerland was, therefore, reserved by Providence for a peculiar destiny in the history of mankind, for a warlike vocation, for a contest with that tyranny which, in the middle ages, crushed all the rest of Europe. More than once,—at the price, too, of its best and bravest blood—it proved itself faithful to that sublime vocation. Did it not daringly resist the proudest chivalry of the world, and that too at an epoch when elsewhere thousands of serfs were grovelling in the dust, under the clubs of feudal tyrants? This it is that constitutes the exceptional grandeur of Swiss history, but it has not been sufficiently understood by historians, who perceive the dramatic

character of the events that mark it, without endeavouring to demonstrate their mysterious connexion.

Every one knows that the Switzerland of old was delivered from the Austrian yoke by the intrepidity of a few mountaineers of the three cantons of Schwytz,* Uri, and Unterwalden. Scarcely was it thus freed, when the young confederation was obliged to struggle against all the forces of the nobility. Leopold, duke of Austria, the second son of the Emperor Albert, attempted to reduce the confederates, menacing their country at the head of a formidable army. All historians agree in stating that he talked of trampling his enemies under foot; that he set them down as mere rustics, and that he ordered a large quantity of cords to be transported by his soldiers, in order to bind or even hang the Swiss leaders.† He never doubted but that he should be able to crush those peasants so soon as they dared to encounter the shock of his army. Will the great of this earth ever learn that a people combating for liberty, and to whom oppression is more odious than death, is ever full of strength? As for the Swiss, they calmly said: "If the duke comes and attacks us, we shall await him with a firm foot, placing our confidence in the Lord." Nothing is so fatal to nations as faint-heartedness—a feeling unknown to the men of older Switzerland. They placed entire faith in the justice of the Eternal, who would never abandon those who fought in defence of their homes.

Leopold had resolved on invading the country at three different points. He himself directed two columns upon Zug, marching at the head of a haughty and intrepid aristocracy. The nobles of *Habsburg*,‡ Lenzburg, and Kyburg had flocked

* This canton has given its name to the entire confederation, because at Brunn, in that canton, the eternal alliance was sworn, on the 19th of Dec. 1315.

† See Tschudi, Müller, Zschokke, Daguët, &c.

‡ Habsburg, or Habensburg, was a district on the lake of Kussnacht, a branch of Lake Lucerne, under the very shadow of the Righi. Except Rodolph, first emperor of the family, and often affectionately called "Father Rodolph," the history of the house of Habsburg is one unbroken struggle against liberty, from the period of his death (1291). Francis Joseph I. has most undoubted ancestral precedent to put down *democracy*, or even constitutional liberty, by the aid of concordats and foreign bayonets. The hatred of freedom is at least five and a half centuries old in his blood.—*Trans.*

to the banks of the Thur and the Aar; as did all, in fine, who were terrified by the name of Austria, or animated by an inveterate hatred of the peasantry. The lord of Urikon led on the vassals of the abbey of Einsiedeln, always ready to take up arms against the oppressed. Fifty burghers of Zurich, in white and blue costumes, ranged themselves also under the banners of Leopold.

The mountaineers of Schwytz were not terrified by the greatness of the danger. Entrenched behind the natural ramparts which opposed the invasion of their country, they quietly awaited the arrival of their confederates. Four hundred men of Uri and three hundred of Unterwalden hastened to their aid, crossing the meadows to reach the town of Schwytz. There was to be seen the aged Rodolph Reding of Biberegg, so bent by years that he could no longer make use of his limbs. His wisdom, however, was profound, his patriotism ardent, and his military talents were known to all the mountaineers. Accordingly, they eagerly crowded around him to seek his advice. "Dear and faithful confederates," said he, "you must first of all make yourselves masters of the open country, so as to deprive your enemies of the choice of the time, place, and mode of attack. That advantage you will obtain by securing for yourselves a favourable position. As you are less numerous, you must take steps for rendering the enemy's superiority in numbers unavailing, and to prevent your men risking their lives except in decisive movements—and, *never uselessly*. The duke will not go from Zug to Arth, because he is separated from it by a mountain* on one side, and by the lake on the other, the distance being several leagues. The two passages are nearly of the same nature, but there is less danger by marching on the banks of Lake Egeri. Here moments are everything. You know that the heights of Morgarten are natural ramparts. The Alte-Matte forms there an extensive plain, which becomes imperceptibly part of Mont Sattel. From the summit of the Sattel more than one game of battle may be successfully offered: either you

* To wit, the well-known Rossberg, which fell in September 1806.—*Tr.*

can pass from the Alte-Matte to Morgarten, in order to disconcert the enemy in the defile, take him in flank and throw him into disorder, or rush down on him in the valley, when he is routed, or, at the least, obstruct and break up all his movements. All that will be easy enough, because the foe holds you in contempt, and because, moreover, a defensive war is better carried on, the better the communications of the country are known."

It was thus the venerable Reding spoke, and all present cordially thanked him. Then, in conformity with the custom of their ancestors, the troops of the Wald states implored, on their knees, the assistance of the Eternal, "their only God." Profiting by the counsels of Reding, they set off, to the number of 1,300, directing their steps towards the slopes of the Sattel. There, trusting to their own courage and the justice of their cause, they awaited with calm fortitude the arrival of the formidable army of the aristocrats.

It was then that a scene occurred which gives a high idea of their firmness, and also of their respect for the laws. Fifty exiles of Schwytz, learning the danger in which the confederates stood, solicited the honour of combating in the ranks of their brethren. The latter, however, notwithstanding the paucity of their numbers, did not think the law should be swayed by the mere force of events. They declined, therefore, the proffered succour of the exiles, who, resolved as they were on dying for the defence of their native soil, advanced towards Morgarten, in the canton of Zug.

The memorable day of the 15th of November 1315 at last dawned: and soon the helmets and armour of the mailed knights glittered in the first rays of the sun. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but a moving forest of lances was visible. It was the first time the free land of the Wald states was invaded. Montfort de Tettwang, whose pride made him the implacable enemy of the peasant order, led the heavily armed cavalry into the defile. In a few minutes, the road between the mountain and the lake was filled with nobles hurrying forward. Suddenly, a formidable clamour arose, and was re-echoed by the

rocks around. From the heights of Morgarten, the fifty exiles rolled down enormous pieces of rock, crushing men and horses beneath. From all sides came terrible cries—cries of death and despair. Terror spread amongst the Austrians. Shut up as they were between the lake and the mountain, the knights could neither advance nor recede. The 1,300 Swiss, who were encamped on the heights of the Sattel, seeing the confusion of the enemy, descended in good order, and attacked the flank, cutting down the barons with two-edged swords and long halberts, or stunning them with “morning stars.”* The horses of the nobles, pressed for space, could not stand firmly on the half-frozen soil, and taking fright at the tumult, leaped in numbers into the lake. The Swiss, on the contrary, having frost-spikes in their shoes, were not inconvenienced by the slippery nature of the ground. At last, the horsemen attempted to retreat, but as the infantry could not open a passage for them, a frightful confusion ensued,—the foot soldiers being trampled under the feet of the horses, or felled by the terrible clubs of the confederates. All the Zurich men perished at their post. Fifteen hundred gentlemen, together with the flower of the militia, (*flos militiae*, says a chronicler),† Rodolph of Habsburg-Lauffenburg, three barons of Bonstetten, two of Halwyl, three of Urikon, and four of Toggenburg, expired on the battle-field. A man who was acquainted with the country having led away Leopold through lonely paths, the latter fled to Winterthur, where he arrived sad at heart and pale in aspect.‡

In one hour and a half the brilliant army of the Duke was annihilated, and a new Marathon inscribed in the annals of mankind. An annual festival was established in commemoration of that glorious day—a festival of equal solemnity with that in honour of an apostle, “for,” said the Swiss, “the Lord has visited his people, and delivered them from their enemies.”

Immense were the results of the battle of Morgarten. It was

* Morgenstern, clubs with iron knobs.

† Johann Von Winterthur.

‡ We are indebted for these details to Johann Von Winterthur, who saw him the same evening the battle was fought.

the first encounter wherein the aristocracy—who alone were taken into account in reckoning armies—were vanquished by the militia of the mountaineers, and the hitherto despised infantry of the peasantry. The flower of the Austrian nobility had fallen, and they were destined to other defeats on the Helvetic soil. Between the Confederation, which has represented democratic power in Europe, and the house of Austria, which has, from that day to this, persistently personified arbitrary power, the struggle was unceasing, but the power of liberty is such, that that formidable empire combated in vain, during several centuries, a little nation of the Alps, and exhausted against it all the resources of cunning and violence.

The nobility yearned to be avenged for Morgarten. The prosperity of Berne was particularly offensive to the barons, who, moreover, had not forgotten the victory gained over them by the Bernese at Donnerbühl, under the command of Ulrich von Erlach (1292).

Founded by an enlightened and truly patriotic member of the nobility, Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen,* Berne saw its prosperity daily increasing. At the epoch we are treating of, the city was nearly as extensive as it is now. A multitude of noble families, or families equal to nobles, lived within its walls. The Emperors of Germany felt but too happy when it recognised their authority. Unshaken amidst its numerous enemies, it resembled Rome in the best days of liberty, by its virtues, its principles, and the success of its arms. The warlike youth of the flourishing city were proud of its renown, awaiting impatiently the sounding of the tocsin and the unfolding of the Bear banner in the streets. Then would they gaily march along, under the conduct of the *avooyer* † and of the bannerets, ‡ making the air resound with songs celebrating the triumphs of the Bernese, and giving much umbrage to the aristocracy whom Berne had humbled by its successes and victories. It had pur-

* The grateful Bernese have erected a statue in his honour on the fine square situated near the ancient cathedral overlooking the Aar.

† *Advocatus*, the title of the first magistrate of the city.

‡ The banneret bore the standard of the city.

chased the Hasli district* and the towns of Laupen and Thun, made its arms respected in all the Oberland, and destroyed more than one castle belonging to the Counts of Kyburg-Berthold. As Berne would not admit the money which Count Eberhardt von Kyburg had coined, by imperial license, nor recognize Louis of Bavaria as emperor, the German lords and Imperial barons gladly embraced the opportunity of annihilating its power, odious as it was in the eyes of the entire aristocracy. The castle of Nidau, † belonging to Count Rodolph, of the house of Neufchatel, became the centre of the league, which was composed of seven hundred nobles with coronetted crests, and twelve hundred cuirassed knights—the entire allied army being fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse. The people of Fribourg, ‡ formerly allies of Berne, formed the nucleus of the army of nobles, just as we saw them, in 1847, combating in the ranks of the enemies of Helvetic nationality and liberty.

The barons declared “that the numerous offences against them had a common origin;—that Berne desired to strip the nobles of their superiority, and reduce them to the level of the people; that it was vain to hope to repel its audacity by isolated attacks; and that it was necessary, by means of a large force, to *destroy that city from ceiling to flagstone.*” When Berne heard of the projects of the nobles, and saw itself under the necessity of resisting, single-handed, both the empire and the confederacy of nobles of the neighbouring countries, a general anxiety was manifested. The immense preparations against them did not, however, excite any terror in their minds. The council, presided over by the *avooyer*, John von Bubenbergh, declared, with a dignity reminding us of the Roman senate, “that it was disposed to satisfy all just demands, but that it would repel force by force.” All negotiations having failed, they resolved to conquer their independence or die.

* The valley of the Oberland, from Brienz by Meyringen to the Grimsel.—*Tr.*

† Nidau is at the north-east end of lake Bieme, near the entrance of the celebrated Val Montiers or Munsterthal.—*Trans.*

‡ Fribourg is now the stronghold of Catholicism among the Cantons, and was the last refuge of the Jesuits, expelled in 1847.—*Trans.*

When the allies menaced Laupen, the governor of that place, Antony von Blankenburg, asked for reinforcements. The senate was convoked, the *avooyer*, von Bubenbergh, rose up, and, with hands stretched towards heaven, swore "to sacrifice life and property for the defence of Laupen." This solemn oath was taken in turn by all present. It was next decreed that "every father who had two sons should send one to Laupen, and that one of every two brothers should also go there, even if the father were dead." Six hundred men accordingly set off under the command of the younger von Bubenbergh, formerly *avooyer*—the banner being borne by Rodolph von Muhlenen. The Bernese aristocracy heroically acquitted themselves of their duty, under these difficult circumstances, acting, in that respect, very differently from the French aristocracy at the end of the eighteenth century, for the former preferred their country to the interests of their caste.

The intelligence that the nobles were marching on Berne soon reached that city, which was speedily invested. Every day a new troop, conducted by a count or a baron, arrived before its walls. The nobles exercised themselves in tournaments, apparently despising the burghers they were about to combat. The ecclesiastical lords did not omit that opportunity of manifesting all their antipathy to the popular cause. Under the ramparts of Laupen, were seen John Senn von Mussingen, bishop of Basle, John Rossillon, bishop of Lausanne, Philip de Gaston, bishop of Sion, and several others. But while the prelates, like the barons, were conspiring the ruin of the free city, the son of the conqueror of Donnerbühl was preparing to die for it. It was thus that, at the epoch of the French revolution, whilst the aristocracy, in unison with Austria and Prussia, turned their parricidal hands against their country, Louis Philippe (afterwards king) of Orleans, Lafayette, Custine, La Tour d'Auvergne, Rochambeau, Macdonald, and Victor-Claude de Broglie, distinguished themselves, under the tricolour flag, amongst the most intrepid defenders of their native land. All who are conscious of their true duties towards their country never hesitate when its safety and independence are concerned.

Whilst the *avoyer*, von Bubenberg, and the senate were deliberating on the choice of a general to conduct the Bernese to victory, Rodolph, the châtelain of Erlach, was seen entering the city on horseback. Rodolph, whose father, Ulrich, had annihilated, forty-seven years before, the aristocratic league, was one of those generous characters that place the rights of justice above all personal considerations. God has, in every age, raised up men from amongst the higher classes to be the defenders and advocates of the oppressed—a task well befitting noble minds and magnanimous hearts, but one as difficult as it is magnificent. Seldom is any one found willing to sacrifice, together with his own interests, the privileges of those who are dear to him, or firm enough to abandon prejudices imbibed, as it were, at the breast. But Rodolph von Erlach had learned heroic virtues from his father. Being “vavasseur” of the Count of Nidau, as well as a citizen of Berne, he asked the count’s permission to fight in the ranks of the Bernese. “I care not if you do,” replied the haughty lord, “I have two hundred helmeted nobles and one hundred and forty knights, and *a man* is of no account in my eyes.” “You have said that I am *a man*,” rejoined von Erlach, “I shall prove myself worthy of that name.”

The arrival of the noble chevalier in Berne was regarded as a good omen, awakening, as it did, all the glorious reminiscences of Donnerbühl. He was proclaimed general by acclamation,—the *avoyer* himself placing in his hands the banner of the city. Skilfully turning to account the enthusiasm he had inspired, he exhorted the townsfolk to subordination, in the following terms:—“I have been present with you at six battles, in which the smaller number always proved successful. Discipline is the sure means of conquering. As a multitude is of no avail against well-devised plans, so bravery is useless without discipline. You, artisans, do not obey very willingly; you are free men, but you will not be able to remain so, unless you learn to obey where as well as when obedience is due. I fear not our adversaries. With God’s aid and yours, I shall repel their attack. We shall drive them away as we did in my father’s lifetime, but

I will not be your general unless you confer upon me absolute authority."

All this time, the town of Laupen was sorely pressed. Berne made an appeal to its subjects and allies. Already the inhabitants of the Lower Simmenthal in the west were preparing to march, and the peasants of Hasli in the east to quit their valleys. A former avoyer, Baron John von Kramberg, crossed the Brünig, in order to implore the aid of the Wald states. The people of Unterwalden were convoked by their landammans.* Kramberg represented to them that "the liberty of their *friends*,† the citizens of Berne, depended on a single day, when all the troops of their republic would give a decisive battle to the enemy, whose forces greatly outnumbered theirs."—"Dear lord of Kramberg," said the people of Unterwalden to him, "it is in times of danger that true friendship is manifested. Return to Berne and tell your fellow-citizens that the people of the Wald states will let them see what their sentiments are." Bernese messengers crossed also the lake to proceed to Schwytz and Uri. The Wald states armed immediately nine hundred of their bravest mountaineers, who passed over the heights of the Brünig, and encamped at the gates of Berne. Soleure sent also eighty well-armed horsemen.

When all the troops were assembled, a priest, Diebold Baselwind, delivered a stirring harangue. This true servant of the Gospel better understood his duties than the bishops who, in the camp of the nobles, plotted the oppression of the humble. "The foe," said Baselwind, "is proud of his numbers, but God chastises pride, and bestows his blessing on courage. Saint Vincent and Saint Ours ‡ obtained eternal felicity by exposing their lives in a just cause. In a war such as ours, waged in defence of our native land, victory is the portion of her faithful children, inasmuch as heaven is gained by those who die, and God preserves to liberty and glory those whose days are spared."

* "Baillis of the country." chief magistrates.

† Berne was not at that time a member of the Confederation.

‡ Patrons of Soleure and Berne.

Whilst the Bernese were prostrated before their altars, imploring the divine assistance or undertaking solemn processions, Von Erlach made preparations for setting out. The march was commenced on the 20th of June (1339), just as the city bells struck midnight—the pale rays of the moon being reflected on the helmets and armour. Baselwind, holding the eucharist in his hands, was at the head of the troops. From the top of the ramparts, the women and children followed, with tearful gaze, their husbands and fathers, as they marched proudly forth for the defence of their city. All day they remained praying in the churches and chapels. The *avooyer*, Bubenberg, and some of the elders of the city watched over its safety, as it was feared the Austrians might attack it from the Argovian side.

Von Erlach arrived towards noon on the Bromberg, with his army in good order, his rear being covered by a wood. Thence, without being seen, he could take in, with a glance, the brilliant troops of the nobles, haughty and confident. Several knights left the ranks, and, on their prancing steeds, drew near the enemy, with some of whom, as in the days of Homer's heroes, they entered into conversation, indulging at times in provoking raillery. During those acts of defiance, Baselwind, standing on a hillock, promised heaven to those who should die for their country. Von Erlach, before giving the signal, selected a number of chosen men from amongst the tanners and butchers. "Where now," he exclaimed, with heroic gaiety, "are the young men so full of ardour who, every day in Berne, decked out in nose-gays and waving plumes, are the first in all the dances? The honour of the republic is, this day, in your hands. Keep your eyes on our banner and on Von Erlach." "Here we are," said they, "and by your side will we this day do our devoir valiantly."

The action was commenced by the slingers, who, after three discharges, seemed to break their ranks, and fall back, still fighting as they retreated. Immediately afterwards, heavy iron chariots descended on the already wavering ranks of the nobles. The manœuvre of the slingers, however, deceived the rear-guard of the Bernese, who took it for the beginning of a flight, and

accordingly, they hastily fled to the wood. "Friends," cried out Von Erlach, who preserved all his presence of mind at that critical moment, "the victory is ours, only the cowards have abandoned us." Then seizing the banner, he rushed furiously on the enemy's infantry, who were speedily driven back. At "vespers,"* the Bernese hastened to support the men of Schwytz and Soleure against the cavalry, who were beginning to waver. Amongst the nobles who perished in that encounter were Rodolph von Nidau, Gerard de Valangin, and three Counts of the house of Gruyères. When Baron von Blumenberg heard how disastrous was the defeat, and was told the names of the dead, he said to his squire, "God forbid that Blumenberg should survive such men;" and, saying so, he sprung with his horse into the ranks of the troops of the Wald states, and soon met his death. All the country in the vicinity of Oberwyl and Wyden was covered with broken armour, horses, and dead bodies, amongst which were those of eighty nobles, with coroneted helmets, and twenty-seven knights banneret and seigneurs.

The Bernese army, after having pursued the fugitives, assembled again on the field of battle, and returned thanks to heaven for having blessed the prudence and courage of Rodolph von Erlach, who displayed as much modesty in victory as he did intrepidity in the heat of battle:—"I shall never forget," said he, "that I am indebted for this victory to the confidence placed in me by my fellow-citizens, as well as to your attachment. Dear and faithful friends and allies from the Wald states and Soleure, when our descendants shall hear of this battle, they will attach special value, as we do now, to this reciprocal friendship. Amidst their dangers and their wars, they will recall the bravery and singleness of purpose of their ancestors."

Thus was the city of Berne delivered on the 21st of June, 1339. The Bernese seized the opportunity of their victory to make expeditions against the seignorial castles and against Fribourg, which had abetted the aristocracy. The terror of their arms spread throughout western Helvetia. The affrighted

* *Horâ Vesperarum*, says the chronicle of Berne.

nobles were wont to exclaim, in deep melancholy, "God has become a citizen of Berne," (*Gott ist Bürger worden zu Bern*).

Nevertheless, the house of Austria had not forgotten its defeat at Morgarten. "The nobility, as always happens, nourished an implacable hatred against the liberty of the people, oppressed the peasants subjected to them, treated the confederates with great haughtiness, and thought they were free to act as they pleased, proud as they were of the support of the Duke of Austria, who introduced new tolls into his hereditary states, in order to injure Swiss commerce."*

Duke Leopold II. shared the confidence of the aristocracy. He had just dissolved the league formed by fifty towns of the Rhine, and considered it a favourable moment, therefore, to act against the Swiss confederates. He betook himself to his possessions in Argovia, declaring that he "would chastise the insolence of the Swiss." All the unbridled fury of the lords was then let loose on the burghers and peasantry—not less than fifty-three declarations of war having been sent to the confederates, in the space of a few weeks, and in twelve days, one hundred and sixty-seven lay or ecclesiastical lords declared against them.† All burned with the desire of avenging the defeats of Donnerbühl, Morgarten, Laupen, and Tætowl. Knights who had grown grey in their helmets wished to obliterate, once for all, the troublesome glory of "that herd of villeins," whilst their sons regretted that the victory offered to them was such an easy one, and manifested their regret at having to combat mere burghers and peasants.

The confederates had little to rely upon in their contest with this formidable league. Berne, forgetting, with unpardonable selfishness, the services rendered her at Laupen by the Wald states, refused all succour, under the plea that she was bound by a truce with Duke Leopold: "There will ever be wanting to

* Zschokke—"History of the Swiss nation."

† The list will be found in Tschudi and in Bullinger, amongst others, even ecclesiastics of second order, such as Hans von Randegh, canon of Constance. The feudatories and arriere vassals of the church marched with the aristocracy against the people. Are matters altered now in that respect?

Berne," observes John Muller, "the glory of having taken part in the battle of Sempach."* The other confederates displayed the most marvellous energy, being so little dismayed that they took the initiative in the campaign, by destroying several castles. On their side, the knights having taken Mayenberg, by treason, burned the town. Reichensee experienced the same fate—the nobles, moreover, slaughtering all who escaped from the flames, old men, children, and women. How often have pretended *conservatives* acted in like manner, under the pretence of re-establishing or maintaining *order*!

The duke also soon bestirred himself. Leaving Baden, he crossed the Reuss, and passing through the free bailiwicks and Argovia, reached Sempach. That little place is within three Swiss leagues of Lucerne, at the upper (or southern) extremity of a lake, two leagues in length. The town is situated in the midst of wooded hills. The people of the Wald states encamped on the heights, in a forest whence they could see over the battle-field of Buttisholz, where the peasantry had formerly triumphed over the *Gügler*, those ferocious bands of Enguerrand (or Ingelram) de Coucy. †

On the 9th of June 1386, the confederates perceived the enemy, whose cavalry was numerous and superbly equipped. Each baron marched at the head of his vassals, and each *avoyer* conducted his militia. In the midst of that formidable army shone Duke Leopold, ‡—handsome, haughty, and ardent, and impatient to avenge his house, so proud of its victories. His soldiers set fire to the harvest crops, and the knights rode under the walls of Sempach, insulting the townfolk, exclaiming that

* Von Muller—History of the Swiss Confederation.

† "The conquerors, mounted on the horses of the knights whom they had killed, and decked with their cuirasses, returned in triumph to their villages. The lords grew sad at that spectacle, and Peter von Dorrenberg cried out: 'O noble lords of such noble blood, must we behold your armour in such low ranks!' 'Eh, my fine gentleman,' replied a man of the Entlibuch, 'the peasants fought vigorously, and routed both blood of chivalry and blood of nobles.'"—(Zschokke—"History of the Swiss nation. Defeat of the English and the nobles.")

‡ He was the son of Leopold I. who was vanquished at Morgarten.

they alone, without the aid of their infantry, would be able to chastise those "base clowns" of Switzerland.

The duke was imprudent enough to be led away by their presumptuous ardour. As the enemy had possession of the heights, he ordered the cavalry to dismount, but John, baron of Hasenburg, who had grown old in combats, saw all the dangers to which the duke's troops were being so foolishly exposed. "Pride is good for nothing," said the veteran, and he advised that the lord of Bonstetten should be ordered to advance. The nobles indulged in much pleasantry at the expense of that "hare's heart."* Similar advice was given by others to the duke, who considered it as dictated by a spirit of timidity. Some one said to him "that on the field of battle accidents are frequent; that it was the duty of the prince to watch for all, and the duty of his subjects to combat for the common interests; inasmuch as the loss of their chief would be more prejudicial to the army than that of a few soldiers." "What," cried out the duke with much warmth, "mean you that I am to gaze from afar on these knights who are sacrificing themselves for me? No; I will either conquer on this soil, which belongs to me, or I will perish with you, for the interest of my subjects." That reply sheds the lustre of self-devotion on the fate of Leopold, and it was not forgotten by a poet who assisted at the battle, and composed a celebrated song on the occasion.

When the Swiss saw the nobles alighting from horseback, they came out of the wood and descended impetuously into the plain, ranging themselves in form of a wedge. Their weapons were short and their numbers insignificant, being composed of only 400 men of Lucerne, 900 of the Wald states, and 100 from various parts. Several of them had only, for defensive arms, a little board attached to the left arm; but the halberds of Morgarten glittered in their hands. They halted, and, as was their olden custom, fell on their knees. Meantime, the lords put on their helmets, and the duke armed some of his knights.

* Hasenherz.—Hasenburg signifies "Hare's castle." The ancients were accustomed to such raillery. (See Homer's *Iliad*.)

The sun had already risen above the horizon and the heat was stifling.

The confederates, on rising up, rushed towards the enemy, uttering warlike cries, but they struck as it were against a wall of iron. With the aid of long lances which protruded from the fourth rank of his troops, Leopold had formed an impenetrable and murderous front. Soon the confederates saw fall the banner of Lucerne, which was borne by the *avoyer* of the canton. A number of brave men perished without having carried the brazen rampart. The moment was critical. Suddenly a knight of the canton of Unterwalden, Arnold Strutthan von Winkelried, sprung forth from the foremost ranks: "Dear confederates," he exclaimed, "I will open a passage for you; take care of my wife and children." So saying, he rushed on the enemy, seized with his robust arms as many lances as he could lay hold of, plunged them into his breast, and dragged them away as he fell. The Swiss advanced over his bleeding body.* The enemy, taken by surprise, vainly endeavoured to fill up the void. Amidst the pressure many barons were suffocated under the weight of their armour, without being even wounded. The great banner of Austria fell from the hands of its dying custodian. The chevalier Ulrich von Aarburg took it up, but he too fell mortally wounded, exclaiming: "Save Austria, save!" Hearing the cry, the duke ran up and seized the standard, which he raised high above the combatants. "Since so many lords have died at my side," said the prince, "I will die like them with glory," and he darted forthwith into the enemy's ranks. Oppressed by his ponderous armour, he was soon felled to the ground, where he was found by a man of Schwytz. "I am the duke of Austria," he cried out, and an instant afterwards he was mortally wounded by the soldier he had addressed. The entire mass of

* That heroic trait has been transmitted to posterity by the "Song of Sem-pach," edited a few years ago by Herr Ettmüller, in the "*Antiquarische Mittheilungen*:" by Herr Uhland at Tübingen, and by the German translator of M. J. J. Porchat's drama of *Arnold de Winkelried*. That song is the only production extant of Halbsuter, and it will be found in the most complete form in Tschudi's *Chronicle*. The fragments reveal superior dramatic talent.

the Austrians then took to flight. In vain the nobles clamoured for their horses, which their attendants had taken away. Loaded with their heavy cuirasses, faint with heat and dying of thirst, they had nought left to them but to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The number of counts, lords and knights who remained lifeless on the field of battle was 606. That melancholy event long dimmed the splendour of the Austrian court, and the people said: "God has ascended his tribunal, in order to chastise the pride of the nobles." No doubt, many barons regretted the death of Duke Leopold, and attributed it to the fury of the peasants, but Halbsuter, in the "Song of Sempach," has replied to those calumnies: "It is wrongly said that the duke was killed amongst his own men and for them. Had he remained at home, nothing would have happened to him. Would to God he had not committed any injustice, that he was not possessed of so much pride, and that the nobles had remained each in his own domain. But they went too far, and thence that sanguinary day."

Such was the issue of the celebrated battle of Sempach. The martyr,* Arnold von Winkelried, had saved his country from the greatest danger.† As at Donnerbühl and Laupen, the victory was partly due to the circumstance of a member of the aristocracy combating for the popular cause.

There is not, in all antiquity, anything more admirable than the sublime devotion of Winkelried. Nothing could show better the spirit which animated the Swiss soldiers. What power could possibly resist such heroic self-abnegation? The multitude braved death in every shape, and when the country was in special danger, there were found men of unequalled intrepidity to give the example of unbounded self-sacrifice. In such a country, despotism must vainly look for a single success. If, throughout Europe, liberty had had such defenders, the emancipation of the peoples would not have required such long and

* Such is the expression of Zschokke.

† A chapel now stands on the spot where Duke Leopold fell; over the door is a rude picture representing the death of Winkelried, and written in pencil are the words of the celebrated song of Sempach. Every year the anniversary is celebrated with great pomp.

such painful efforts. What was, in fact, the spectacle presented by European society beyond the frontiers of Switzerland? Sanguinary and unprofitable struggles for the cause of humanity, a monotonous succession of feudal wars, a sad series of murders, incendiarism, and all kinds of violence.

Nevertheless, Austria could still count partisans in many places.

Although the little town of Wesen was governed in the mildest manner by the authorities of Glaris, its inhabitants still deeply regretted the cessation of the Austrian domination. They came, therefore, to an understanding with the nobles of the environs, and introduced within their town a number of the duke's soldiers, disguised or shut up in large barrels. On the eve of St. Matthew's day, 1388, the Swiss garrison was massacred, together with Conrad of Uri, the governor of the place.

The situation of the inhabitants of Glaris was critical, and they appeared on the eve of falling under the detested yoke of the Austrian baillis, or of engaging in the most unequal contest that could be imagined. A thousand freemen in a defenceless valley had to make head against all the power of Leopold III., yearning to avenge the defeats of his father and grandfather. The people of Glaris, with an intrepidity that reminds one of the Spartans at Thermopylæ, remained, during three weeks, under arms at the entrance of their valley. The pathways of the upper Alps were covered with snow, and they could not expect any aid from the confederates. Reduced to extremity, they asked for an honourable peace, and the Austrians made propositions to the following effect:—"You shall return to your *hereditary servitude* with reference to your natural lord, the duke of Austria, as every liege man is bound to his lord. You shall afford him armed assistance against each and every one, particularly against the Swiss. You shall have no laws other than such as are given by the duke, your lord. You shall make atonement for your former insubordination, until such time as the clemency of the duke terminates your chastisement."

As the people of Glaris would not give up their alliance with

the confederates, the Austrians marched on Næfels, the bulwark of the Glaris country, where Captain Matthew Am-Buel was posted with two hundred men. The women and children took refuge in the mountains, and the young men sought assistance in Schwytz, and in the cantons of Unterwalden, Uri, and Lucerne. Schwytz immediately despatched fifty of its most intrepid soldiers.

On Sunday, the 9th of April, 1388, towards four in the morning, the Austrians began moving. After a vigorous resistance, Am-Buel abandoned the entrenchments of Næfels and beat a retreat towards Mount Ruti, with five hundred men, who still kept back the enemy. That position was an excellent one, for it could not be turned, and in front there was rock-covered ground, over which the Austrian cavalry would find much difficulty in advancing. Meanwhile the sound of the tocsin in the Alps summoned the people of Glaris to the defence of their banner, which Henry Am-Buel had borne in safety amidst a thousand dangers. The reinforcements which their general received made him resolve to commence the attack himself. The men of Glaris are remarkable for their agility and dexterity. Eleven times broken up, they eleven times rallied. Suddenly the war-cries of the soldiers of Schwytz resounded in the mountains, responded to by the joyous exclamations of those of Glaris. Terror spread in the ranks of the Austrians. Those formidable shouts, repeated by the mountain echoes, the wild aspect of the Alps which surmounted the field of battle, and the well-known intrepidity of those heroic shepherds—all contributed to fill their hearts with irresistible dread, as if the shade of Walther von Stadion who, thirty-seven years before, had perished in the same defile, whilst combating those mountaineers, had infused into them a supernatural fear. The cavalry broke their ranks, and the infantry followed the example. The Swiss, eagerly pursuing them, vigorously employed their clubs and their halberds. The Austrian lords rushed in crowds on the bridge of Wesen, which gave way under the mass of fugitives, and the heavily accoutred knights were engulfed in the lake of Wallenstadt. One hundred and eighty-three knights or nobles per-

ished that day, the total loss being more than two thousand eight hundred.

After the victory, the men of Glaris recollected the words of the Landammann, Vogel;—"Invoke God; he is merciful; he is the protector of the forlorn; he can resuscitate the dead, much more can he save you." They gave thanks to God, to the Virgin, to Saint Fridolin, "their lord," and to St. Hilary; and they decreed "that, every year, on the first Sunday of April, the head of each house in the district, able to undertake a journey, should be sent to Näfels, and that those deputies should visit the roads and defiles where their fathers, at the like time of year, were exposed to all kinds of fatigues and dangers, and should pray for the souls of those who had perished, and give praise to the Eternal." That festival is still celebrated under the name of the *Näfelserfahrt* or Näfels pilgrimage, which is at once a religious and a patriotic ceremony. At the post marking the sixth attack,* are inscribed the accounts of the battle of Sempach and of the victory of Näfels, as well as the names of the men of Glaris killed in the latter fight, and of all those who, under the orders of Am Buel, exposed their lives in their country's defence.

The mountaineers of Appenzell soon heard of the exploits of the confederates, and then gazed indignantly on the abbey of Saint Gall, which oppressed them with a yoke of iron.

The lay-lords did not at that time comprise all who reckoned on the support of the Austrians to oppress the peasantry. But the men who had conquered the formidable aristocracy of the barons were not disposed to give way before the menaces of the monks. Amongst the contests to which monastic intrigues gave rise, there are scarcely any so dramatic as those engaged in by the intrepid men of Appenzell against the abbot, Cuno Stoffeln. History has inscribed the names of Speicher, Wolfshalden, and Hauptlisberg, alongside of those of Donnerbühl and Näfels, and narrates how, in less than five months, the peasants gained four

* In the plain of Näfels are still seen the eleven posts erected in memory of the eleven attacks by the enemy

great battles, took numerous standards, five towns, and sixty-five castles, and spread consternation from Kyburg to the valley of the Adige.

The monastery of Saint Gall, founded by the King of the Franks, Pepin the Short (le Bref), no longer retained its primitive fervour—its monks had long ceased to be the pious disciples of Gall, cultivating the waste lands, or else austere recluses, proficient in divine and human learning, and burning with the desire of propagating their faith in those wild districts. Idleness, and the possession of power and wealth, had worked a speedy transformation. Such is ever the history of monastic corporations; originating in enthusiasm, they grow up in idle apathy and end in corruption. The abbey of St. Gall had rights of sovereignty, and the abbot held the title and rank, and possessed all the vices of a feudal aristocrat. Although Cuno Stoffeln lived at a time when liberty was aroused in Switzerland, he ever manifested the most insolent contempt for the labouring classes. The men he employed showed still greater harshness towards the peasantry. The principal *bailli*, who resided at Schwändi, imposed an extra duty on milk, butter, and cheese, and let loose two enormous dogs on those who sought to escape that vexations impost. Not satisfied with "*meilleur catel*," by virtue of which he was entitled to the best coat of any person deceased, he, one day, ordered the grave of a serf to be opened, in order to remove the winding-sheet in which, thanks to filial piety, the body was enveloped. Such was the government of the ecclesiastical lords, whose gentle courtesy and paternal spirit certain writers have made it their task to assert at all times and places. Such apologists must reckon strangely on the forgetfulness or ignorance of their cotemporaries.

The men of Appenzell resolved, in general assembly, to imitate those of the Wald states. They rose up in insurrection, drove away the *baillis*, and set fire to the castle of Schwändi. The abbot implored succour from the imperial towns, and the peasants from the cantons. Schwytz and Glaris alone responded to the appeal of the latter—Glaris issuing a proclamation "that all the friends of liberty willing to give aid to the men of Appen-

zell, were at liberty to do so." The war commenced in May 1403.—The abbot and his allies crossed the Lisenbühl early in the morning, and gained Vœglinseck by the hollow road. On the 15th May, a combat ensued in the village of Speicher. The victory of the men of Appenzell was complete—six hundred mailed knights perishing on the spot, and the troops of the imperial towns and of the abbot fleeing in utter disarray before the standard of the black bear.

The abbot solicited the aid of Duke Frederick of Austria—a request seconded by the nobles of the district:—"Appenzell," said they, "is following the example of Schwytz, and displays even greater audacity, as if to surpass its model." They added "that it was not difficult to repress the weak beginnings of Appenzell's power, but that if that district were allowed to become a part of the Helvetic Confederation, the ruin of all the nobility of the Alps would be the result; and that, as the head of chivalry, the duke should not allow of its destruction, which would be followed by his own." Frederick promised to chastise the *insolence* of the Appenzell peasants.

Whilst the aristocracy in Thurgovia were congratulating each other on the near advent of the day of vengeance, Rodolph, count of Werdenberg, proceeded to Appenzell, and, appearing before the general assembly, spoke as follows:—

"You know, brave men of Appenzell, who it is who now addresses you, a descendant of the Montforts, who are second to none in noble and ancient descent. But what is nobler than to live in liberty and to defend it? It was an evil day when any difference between men was established, but your warlike arms will repair that injustice. Thus it is that men resume their natural rights, and that brave men are brothers, as are you and I. Amidst these rocks is Werdenberg, which I inherited from my ancestors. You are aware that they, as well as my father and myself, held sway over the Rheinthal, that valley which stretches out beneath these heights. The insatiable cupidity of the dukes of Austria has deprived my brother and me of all. Thus have they recompensed long years of services; but who is silly enough to expect gratitude from princes, or to look for

justice where there is no other rule but authority? I know the dukes well, those pretended supporters of the nobles. They confer the honour of serving them on those who blindly combat under their banners, who remain silent in their diets, and who know nothing more glorious than to be dependent on them. They detest the true ancient nobility,* who cherish liberty as much as those dukes cherish power. They assume that our castles are the haunts of robbers, and, under the pretence of preserving order, they seize upon those castles and keep them for themselves. The time will shortly come when no one will dare to complain even to that Authority, against which nought is of avail. Ask your neighbours who are subjects of the house of Austria, whether they fare better now than they did under their old masters, and if they have reason to be satisfied with their lot! I have learned that the duke is making preparations in the Tyrol to attack you. Brave men and brothers, all who are oppressed should act in common. Such a bond of union is approved of by God and man. Have confidence in me. A Montfort never betrayed his word. Receive me as one of yourselves, a freeman of Appenzell. I devote to your service whatever knowledge I possess of the enemy's tactics, as well as the courage which I have inherited from my ancestors, my sword and my blood. It is all that injustice has left me. Your interests are mine. Let me live and die as one of your countrymen."

Saying this, he stripped himself of his brilliant armour and put on the frock of a peasant. That simple proceeding pleased the mountaineers, who intrusted him with the command of their troops. Fortifications were immediately constructed in the defiles, and the alliance with the town of Saint Gall was renewed.

On the 17th of June 1405, the main body of the army of

* Switzerland and England have, in the lives of several noble minded as well as nobly born of their sons, the realization of this magnificent ideal. In Switzerland may be cited the two Erlachs, Bubenberg, Arnold von Winkelried, Rodolph of Werdenberg, &c.

Duke Frederick advanced against the frontiers of Appenzell, climbing up the acclivities of the Am-Stoss. The road was slippery and the march difficult, up a slope covered with moist and short grass. The soil seemed in fact to combat also against the foe, like its heroic inhabitants. Moreover, 400 men of Appenzell and some soldiers of Schwytz and Glaris rolled large pieces of rocks and trunks of trees on the enemy; all those, however, who were not struck, continued to scale the mountain in disorder, assisting themselves both with hand and foot. They had scarcely reached half way, when, at a signal given by Rodolph von Werdenberg, the men of Appenzell rushed down on them. The general and his soldiers, who were bare-foot, readily manœuvred along the wet grass, whilst the Austrians, whose movements were very slow, could not even avail themselves of their cross-bows which the rain had relaxed. They fought, therefore, lance to lance, sword to sword. An Appenzell hero, Uly Rotach, resting against a *châlet*, fought twelve Austrians, single-handed, although he was armed only with a halberd. He killed five of the number, but the others penetrated into the *châlet* and set it on fire. Not able to resist the flames, Uly preferred being burned alive to surrendering. The heroism of the men inspired the women also with intrepidity. Whilst the soldiers of Frederick were combating with all the rage of despair, they perceived on a neighbouring height a detachment clad in white armour, whose intention appeared to be to take them in flank. That 'detachment' was formed of the women of Appenzell, who had drawn shirts over their household dresses. The enemy, terrified, hastily descended the mountain, the sides of which were deluged with blood and rain. The fight, which had lasted six hours, terminated with the utter rout of the Austrians. The conquerors then returned to the battle-field, fell on their knees and returned thanks to the God of battles and of liberty.

Thus were the troops of Duke Frederick, who had made a bootless attempt on St. Gall, defeated, at the foot of the Hauptlisberg, by four hundred townsmen of that city. It was in vain he sought to be avenged on the men of Appenzell. He was

completely defeated, at the sanguinary battle of Wolfshalden. Cursing the war, he repassed the Rhine.*

As Austria had not been able to conquer the confederates by violence, it endeavoured to divide them by enkindling every bad passion in their hearts—cupidity, ambition, and the desire of revenge. Zurich became inadvertently the instrument of Austria's flagitious designs. War had broken out between that active and warlike city and the canton of Schwytz, on account of the inheritance of the count of Toggenburg. The confederates compelled Zurich not only to renounce that inheritance, but to give up a portion of her territory to Schwytz and her ally Glarus, in payment of the expenses of the war. The emperor, Frederick III. of Austria, took advantage of the exasperation of the people of Zurich, on account of these hard conditions, and the latter, forgetful of their duties towards the Confederation, concluded with the Austrians the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1442). The emperor, who was received in triumph within the walls of Zurich, had at last the satisfaction of seeing the golden eagle waving over the Grand-Moûtier, and the majority of the citizens wearing in their caps the peacock's feather and the red cross of Austria. The partisans of the Swiss no longer durst set up the white cross of the Confederation. Soon afterwards an Austrian garrison was placed in Zurich, which became the docile tool of foreign intrigue.

It does not enter into our plan to narrate all the incidents of the war between the men of Zurich and the confederates. The latter at last laid siege to that city and closely straitened it. The emperor, occupied in distant wars, could not come to its rescue; and it was then that Austrian policy, having no other expedients, drew upon Helvetia the most formidable of scourges.

Frederick III. addressed himself to the King of France. Charles VII., whose territories were at that time covered by undisciplined and ferocious bands, composed of adventurers of all nations, and resembling those which had invaded Switzer-

* From the year 1426 to 1436 the Grisons also supported an heroic contest in order to free themselves from the tyranny of their lords. We shall narrate elsewhere that dramatic episode of the history of the Confederation.

land under the command of Enguerrand de Coucy. The King assembled those bands, who were known by the name of *Armagnacs*, appointed their leaders, and sent them to the assistance of Zurich, under the orders of the Dauphin Louis.* The Armagnacs, who were 30,000 in number, reached Basle whilst the troops of the confederates were besieging Farnsburg. The camp before Zurich was asked to lend assistance, but the besiegers replied to the messengers from Farnsburg; "They are only poor fellows," ("Armen Jæken,") and contented themselves with sending a reinforcement of 600 men. On the 26th of August, 1444, 1,500 Swiss, who were advancing towards Basle, fell in with 4,000 Armagnacs at the village of Prattelen, forced them into the Birs and crossed the river, notwithstanding the terrible discharges of the enemy, whose entire forces were ranged on the opposite bank. Then, like veritable angels of death they penetrated amongst those numerous hordes;—but they were too soon separated, and 900 were left to combat in the plain, whilst the remainder retrenched themselves behind the wall of the hospital garden near Saint Jacques. Terrible as lions, those who were in the plain fought furiously, until they fell dead under heaps of slain. Even in death, their ranks were as close serried as during the battle. The dauphin was desirous of proposing a capitulation to those who occupied the garden, but Pierre de Morimont besought Marshal de Dammartin to spare no one, so irritated were the nobles against the burghers and the peasantry.

Thrice did the Swiss repel the dauphin's troops; twice did they make vigorous sorties, spreading on all sides consternation and death. The chiefs of the Armagnacs experienced much difficulty in inducing their soldiers to renew the assault. At last, the artillery broke down the wall; and the hospital and chapel were set on fire. The confederates died like heroes in that combat of giants. With the exception of ten men, who had been cut off from the main body, at the passage of the Birse, all the Swiss remained lifeless on the field of battle:—

* Afterwards Louis XI.

“ On dit qu'en les voyant couchés sur la poussière,
 D'un respect douloureux saisi pour tant d'exploits,
 L'ennemi, l'œil fixé sur leur face guerrière,
 Les regarda sans peur pour la première fois.” *

The French, on their side, lost eleven hundred knights and 8,000 others in that Swiss Thermopylæ. Notwithstanding those cruel losses, they testified unanimous admiration for those brave men who had equalled the soldiers of Leonidas. Louis had the last honours paid to them, swore that he never had seen such men before, and appeared disposed to treat with the Confederation. Whilst the dauphin and his knights were manifesting so much veneration for unsuccessful courage, the Austrian party celebrated in Zurich the defeat of the Swiss with all kinds of rejoicings,—rejoicings which, under those circumstances, will be an eternal blot on the history of that city. Shame to those who exult over the disasters of their country! However, having been vanquished at Wolrau, (December 16th, 1445,) and the Austrians, their allies, having experienced a still more sanguinary defeat at Ragatz, (March 6th, 1446,) the inhabitants of Zurich resolved to renounce their criminal alliance, and to re-enter the Confederation, of which they became thenceforward the chief glory.

Austria and the nobles had inundated the soil of Helvetia with blood, without being able to triumph over the heroism of a people, resolved either to die or to remain free. Since the time of the contest of the Greeks with the king of kings, the world never beheld a grander spectacle than that presented by the shepherds of the Alps for the admiration of mankind.†

The wars between the Confederation and Burgundy are

* Casimir Delavigne: *Messéniennes*.

† There have, nevertheless, been found in Switzerland writers who take the part of their enemies. “It is to be regretted that M. Kopp (of Lucerne,) and M. de Gingins-la-Sarraz (of Lausanne,) misled by a spirit of routine, should have applied themselves with a perseverance worthy of a better cause,—one to *idealize* the rights of Burgundy, and the other those of Austria, and to represent their countrymen as barbarians and as rebels.” (Daguet—“History of the Swiss Nation.”)

even more celebrated than those with the house of Austria. Who has not heard of the names of Grandson and Morat? Nevertheless, some writers have in our days essayed to make the Swiss themselves undervalue the glory acquired by their ancestors on those battle-fields. The Swiss, in fact, are told that it would have been better for them to have in their neighbourhood the successors of Charles the Bold than the heirs of Louis XI., whose ambition is a perpetual menace for their liberty.* Unfortunately for their theory, one cannot find that the dukes of Burgundy were a whit more moderate in their pretensions than the most Christian kings. "We cannot admit," observes a learned and patriotic writer, "with the Vaudois historian, M. de Gingins, the perfect innocence of Charles the Bold, or pity the fate of that prince, who was one of the most tyrannical potentates mentioned in history."†

Moreover, in energetically combating Charles the Bold, the cantons fulfilled a mission superior to all purely national considerations. In triumphing over the duke of Burgundy, they overthrew one of the most formidable and most enterprising chiefs of the feudal aristocracy. Is it not that circumstance which excites the regret of a writer so hostile to democracy as M. Gingins-la-Sarraz? For our part, we wish to consider this question with all impartiality. We believe that the defeats of Morgarten, of Laupen, of Sempach, and of Næfels, had not sufficiently humiliated the pride of the barons. The Swiss, justly proud of their success, were bound to prove that their republic of citizens and of peasants, after having resisted both France and Austria, could also make head against that haughty Burgundian aristocracy, which, at that time, made the west tremble. Can it be imagined that the rude lesson they taught was lost for the other nations? Would not the Dutch‡ of the 16th century, whilst sustaining their gigantic struggle with

* The great Haller, even last century, said in one of his letters: "Our ancestors committed great faults by assisting in the destruction of the house of Burgundy, which defended them against the dangerous proximity of France."

† Daguët—"History of the Swiss." M. Daguët is a native of Friburg.

‡ Holland was at that time a portion of the States of Charles the Bold.

the heirs of the dukes of Burgundy, call more than once to mind the names of Grandson and Morat? The heroic "*gueux*," who, in their weakness and isolation, resisted the most formidable of monarchies, had before their eyes the proud herdsmen who had lowered the ferocious pride of the grandfather of King Philip. When Geneva, after the reformation, so energetically withstood the conspiracies and violence of the duke of Savoy and his gentlemen, * she thought more than once, no doubt, of the shameful defeat of Charles the Bold. In point of fact, the *prestige* of the aristocratic armies, already much weakened by the victories of the confederates, was completely destroyed at Grandson and Morat. Even the narrowest minds began to perceive on what side were strength and future prosperity, and that energetic resolution could triumph over a military organisation, hitherto deemed invincible.

Duke Charles of Burgundy had conceived vast plans. After having all but overthrown, at Moulherly, the authority of the King of France, chastised with implacable cruelty the townsmen of Ghent and Liege, who began to manifest impatience under his tyrannical power, he concluded that his powerful house might give its ambition full scope. He took counsel only of himself, regarded his own will as special law, and in order to make it respected, he lived "sword in hand," as Olivier de la Marche said. No prince of that epoch displayed so much magnificence. His dress, on solemn occasions, was so adorned with precious stones, that it was valued at one hundred thousand gold florins; his repasts were worthy of Lucullus; his plate and carpets were of immense value, and he did not dispense with them even during his wars. His army was admirably organised, and accompanied by three hundred pieces of artillery and two thousand baggage waggons. He was able to recruit numerous troops in his vast states, which extended from the northern frontiers of Switzerland, from the Jura and the Rhine, between that river and France, to the North Sea. He deemed himself secure against the strokes of fortune, but the citizens

* See Gaberel's "History of the church of Geneva."

of Berne and the shepherds of the Alps avenged the victims of Liege and Ghent.

A prince of such a character would naturally be represented by men of despotic tendencies. Accordingly, Peter de Hagenbach, one of his lieutenants, who resided alternately at Brisach and Ferrette, towns near the Swiss frontiers, omitted no opportunity of acting vexatiously towards the traders of that nation. Gessler of Alsace also greatly oppressed the population of his district. The confederates had also to complain of the severities of James of Savoy, grand marshal of the armies of Charles the Bold, on whom his brother, the Duke of Savoy, Amedée IX., had bestowed the country of Vaud, with the title of Baron of Vaud and Count of Romont. Berne sent two deputies to Thann in Alsace to complain to the Duke of Hagenbach's conduct. Conformably to the ceremonial of the court of Burgundy, they knelt down whilst speaking to Charles :—

“Most high and most dread lord,” said they, “the city of Berne and its confederates, accustomed at all times to the alliance of your illustrious fathers, rejoice to see you arrive on this territory, affording thereby the opportunity of laying their grievances before you, and of obtaining reparation. Your servants have redoubled their acts of violence, and committed many acts, only justified by a state of war. The bailli, Hagenbach, has deprived the people of Mulhausen of their rights, and of their liberty of commerce. Convinced that our remonstrances have been represented to you, lord duke, in an unfavourable point of view, we commend to your goodness a city which is our ally, begging of you to forbid your bailli to commit any further outrages, or to indulge in any further menaces against Switzerland.”

Charles coldly replied :—

“You shall have my answer at Dijon. Follow me to that city.”

Arrived at Dijon, the ambassadors in vain awaited a reply. The duke did not dissemble his insolent contempt for the confederates, and that contempt was changed into furious hatred through the violent death of Hagenbach. The towns of

Alsace having risen up against the Burgundian tyrant, Hagenbach was seized, judged, and executed by night, at Brisach, with the co-operation of the Swiss allies of Mulhausen.

Charles swore to sacrifice his life rather than his vengeance; but circumstances obliged him to dissemble. He wished to re-establish the elector of Cologne, and France caused him much anxiety. But Berne, knowing that the duke never pardoned, took advantage of his embarrassments to induce the confederates to declare war against him. The declaration, which was brought to the duke at his camp, at Nuys, was simply and nobly conceived. When Charles heard the herald who had announced hostilities, "Berne! Berne!" cried he in fury, and he gnashed his teeth.

The Swiss, allies of France and the Empire, commenced the war with extraordinary animation. The country of Vaud, in particular, suffered much from their incursions. In three weeks they seized, with unequalled intrepidity, on sixteen small towns and forty-three castles, situated on the Vaud territory. Unfortunately, they were not faithful during these expeditions, to their ancient reputation for magnanimity. History, to be impartial, must declare the truth to peoples as well as to kings, and it cannot blink the fact that the Bernese government was obliged to remind its soldiers of the noble sentiments which had dictated the code of Sempach: "Those unheard of cruelties," said they, "are contrary to our usages, and might well draw on us the wrath of God and of the saints."

Charles prepared to take a terrible revenge: "I am profoundly at peace," said he at Nancy to the lords of his court, "with the kings my neighbours, but not with the Swiss, who have openly outraged my cousin of Romont. But I will be avenged presently." The situation of the confederates was the more critical, that the emperor of Germany and the king of France, after having urged them to the war, had with cowardly perfidy abandoned them. They proffered, therefore, terms of peace to the duke, which he haughtily rejected: then crossing the Jura,*

* Before his arrival, Guillaume de la Sarraz surprised Yverduin, and slaughtered

with 60,000 men, he marched on Grandson, resolved to immolate the Swiss to his vengeance. It was then the month of March, 1476.

Charles began the campaign by seizing the castle of Grandson. The 1,300 men who composed the garrison were drowned in the lake or hanged. "That was," says M. de Golbery, "the last day of Charles' honour, the last of his good fortune." The Swiss died with an heroic calmness which appeared terrible to the Burgundians, and the latter soon found that their *presentiments* had not deceived them.

On learning the massacre of Grandson the confederates uttered one universal shout of vengeance, and although they only had 20,000 men to oppose to an army thrice more numerous, they marched without hesitation to encounter the duke. The Burgundians and the Swiss met at Grandson on the 2d of March 1476.

As soon as Charles heard of the enemy's approach, he said to his nobles: "Let us march towards those villains; they are not people fit to cope with us." At daybreak, the advanced guard of the Swiss, composed of the soldiers of Lucerne, Schwytz, and the Bernese Oberland, appeared among the vineyards, between the lake of Neufchatel and the Jura, and, after having invoked God, they commenced the attack. As soon as the engagement had begun, Berne and Friburg, under the orders of two experienced chiefs, John von Hallwyl and Nicholas von Scharnachtal, advanced with a firm step. The enemy, who were not acquainted with the custom of the Swiss, thought on seeing them on their knees that they were asking pardon, and a loud shout of laughter arose along the Burgundian line. "By St. George," cried the duke, "those rascals cry our mercy; gunners, fire on the villains." "All such words," says a chronicler, "availed him nought. The leaguers came down like hail on his men, cutting these galliards to pieces on all hands. In such numbers and so well were these wretched

the confederates who were lodged in the city. It will be seen, therefore, that the affection of the Sarraz family for the Burgundians dates from old. We need not be astonished, therefore, at the sympathy expressed by M. Gingsins-la-Sarraz.

Burgundians scattered up and down the road, that they looked like smoke driven about by the north wind." * The advance guard of the confederates had been performing prodigies of valour, during several hours, when suddenly the hoarse sounds of the horn of Unterwalden and the terrible roar of the *bull* † of Uri resounded near. The sun broke forth splendidly at the same time on the helms and armour of the Swiss who covered the heights of Bonvillars and Champigny: "What is yonder?" asked the duke of Brandolf von Stein, his prisoner: "It is," replied the latter, "the true Swiss, the mountaineers who defeated the Austrians. It is also the burgomasters of Zurich and of Schaffhausen, and Tschudi and his troops." "Woe to us!" cried out Charles, losing heart for the first time. "A handful of men has withstood us from day-break up to this hour, and what can we now do against a multitude?" The strange sounds of those horns and the unexpected attack spread consternation amidst the ranks of the Burgundian army. In vain the duke endeavoured to arrest the fugitives, in vain he went so far in his fury as even to strike his soldiers. The rout was complete. Casting a wistful glance at the four hundred pieces of cannon he was obliged to abandon, he turned his horse, and, followed by five knights, did not stop till he had passed the Jura. "All the rest fled," says Commines, "but their persons alone were saved, for all the magnificent treasure ‡ of the said duke was lost, and the Germans § gained possession of his camp, his artillery, and all his tents and pavilions, as well as those of his followers, who were numerous. It was the first evil fortune the duke ever had in his life. What a loss to him that day for having taken counsel of his own head alone and not of others! Numbers who the day before had feigned to be his friends, now declared against him."

* Chroniele of Neufchatel.

† A species of Alpine horn imitating the bellowing of the bull,—the arms of Uri.

‡ "Toutes les grandes bagues," in the original.

§ The confederates, for the Italian cantons did not yet belong to the Confederation.

The war, however, was not likely to be terminated so suddenly, for the resources of Charles the Bold were still immense. He raised extraordinary land-taxes, levied one man out of every six in his states, enrolled Italian *condottieri*, converted into cannon the bells of the churches and the boilers in the Burgundian houses. Very shortly he made his appearance at Lausanne, and on the hills overlooking the town he passed his levies in review, intending thereby to show his numerous enemies that his power was not yet annihilated.

The plateau which is situated near the Signal, (4 miles from Lausanne,) and extends as far as the forest of Sauvabelin, is one of the most delightful spots in Switzerland. Thence one perceives in its entire extent the mirror-like lake of Geneva, surmounted towards the south-west by vine-covered slopes. In the far distance, at the southern extremity of the Lemane, rise the twin Salève, which crown the city of Calvin, and yet farther Mont-Blanc, which towers above the sombre rocks of the Chablais,* whose perpendicular sides plunge into the lake;—an immense wall, opening out here and there to make room for Saint-Gingoulph, Meillerie, Evian, and Thonon, whilst on the north-west side, the Jura recedes from the bank and leaves a rich plain at the service of the agriculturist. Nothing is more imposing than those Savoyard Alps, when their serried peaks are sharply defined against the azure vault.

Charles, however, paid but little attentive to the majestic scene before him. He was sombre and pensive—casting from time to time a casual glance on those defiles of the Jura which he had traversed as a fugitive after the battle of Grandson. “Yes,” said he to his soldiers, “fortune was one day unfaithful to us. But you, before whom France has trembled,—you, who tamed the Liégeois and destroyed Lorraine, you will surely avenge

* The Chablais is the northernmost province of the kingdom of Savoy, and forms the southern shore of the lake of Geneva from Hermance, near Geneva, to St. Gingoulph, near the embouchure of the Upper Rhone. The Dent d'Oche, opposite Lausanne, rises abruptly to a height of 7,980 feet, directly over the classic rocks of Meillerie, (destroyed in the construction of the Simplon route); the whole district, little visited by tourists, abounds in primitive customs and traditions, some of the latter of great beauty and dramatic effect.—*Tr.*

your master on these peasants. What have I done to Switzerland? Who killed my governor Hagenbach? Who forced me to war? Who carried devastation into my provinces? Shall the pride of these miscreants efface the honour of Burgundy and the memory of my father? No: I swear it shall not! I give up to you all the booty. Yours shall be the dwellings, the cities, the wealth of the Swiss,—be mine, vengeance alone! Yes, by Saint George, we shall be avenged.” An enthusiastic cry of *Vive Bourgogne!* resounded amongst the ranks from the forest of Sauvabelin to the shores of Lake Leman.

But Berne was as energetical as in the glorious day of Laupen—all her acts were inspired by dauntless resolution. She summoned her citizens and her confederates to the defence of Morat, which she regarded as the advanced work of the city. We have more than once given proof of the generous resolutions with which a sense of national danger inspired some members of the aristocracy. To the names we have cited must be now added that of Adrian von Bubenberg, who was one of the heads of the Burgundian party, and who lived in retirement in the country. As soon as an appeal was made to his patriotism, he renounced all personal feelings, and only thought of the dangers which menaced the Confederation. Proclaimed generalissimo, he undertook, in the face of heaven, to save Morat or to perish, and quitted Berne with 1,500 soldiers and the contingent furnished by the confederates and their allies,—and it was time he did so, for Charles was already at Lausanne, and his troops were ravaging the Pays de Vaud, without respect for age or sex.

Charles proceeded at first towards the lake of Neufchâtel, but borne away by his usual impatience he resolved to march by way of Morat on Friburg and Berne. Informed of his movements, the heroic Bubenberg wrote to the Bernese:—“Summon the confederates, fear nothing, do nothing too hastily.” He then received the oaths of the soldiers and of the inhabitants of the city, who swore to kill any one on the spot—be he who he may, rich or poor, general or soldier—who should give a timid counsel, or utter any words unworthy of Helvetic valour. “Comrades,” exclaimed Bubenberg, with sublime enthusiasm,

“comrades, be vigilant! In Morat is the safety of the country. Be watchful! Switzerland has but one bulwark—your valour, your firmness!”

On learning the danger to which Morat was exposed, all Helvetia was in motion from the summits of the Alps to the mouth of the Aar;—night and day soldiers were on the march to occupy the bridges over the Sarine, at Laupen and at Gummnen. Those bridges they would not destroy, nor even shut the gates of Morat—the Swiss being desirous of proving that their lances were the best ramparts of their country. The Burgundians were astonished at such lofty confidence, and at the intrepid attitude of the garrison of Morat. Letters were thrown into the town, in order to intimidate them. “Peasants,” it was written, “surrender. The gold could not be coined that should ransom you. We shall soon come and hang you all up. Confess you.” But neither menaces nor assaults produced the slightest effect on those brave men. The heroic spirit of Bubenbergh animated them all:—“So long as there is a drop of blood in our veins,” wrote he to Berne, after having sustained during ten days and ten nights the shock of sixty thousand troops, “not one of us will yield.” John Waldmann of Zurich, the commander of the Swiss reinforcements, urged them to march to the succour of the heroic garrison of Morat. He displayed not less firmness than Bubenbergh. “The enemy,” said he to the Bernese, “is three times more numerous than at Grandson, but he belongs to us—he shall not escape the sword.” Waldmann was, at last, enabled to give the impatiently expected signal for the departure of the confederates, which took place in the depth of the night. The Bernese illuminated their city, and placed tables in front of their houses for the refreshment of the soldiers, whose fiery ardour found its expression in their songs of battle, eagerly caught up by the townsfolk till the last accents had died away in the distance. Berne felt reminded of the departure of her army for Laupen, on the same day and month, one hundred and thirty-seven years previous.

The day of battle dawned—it was the 22d of June, 1476. The sky wore a mournful hue and the rain fell in torrents.

The Burgundians ranged in order of battle their lines, that seemed immeasurable, to the Swiss, who did not number more than thirty-four thousand combatants. John von Hallwyl, a citizen of Berne, and a noble of Argovia, an experienced warrior, commanded the advance guard. When the dogs which preceded it perceived those of the Burgundians, they sprung upon them and put them to flight—an omen which alarmed the soldiers of Duke Charles. At the sight of the enemy, Hallwyl ordered a halt. “Dear friends and faithful confederates,” said he, “behold before you the murderers of your brethren at Grandson and at Brie. You have thirsted for vengeance; but they are numerous. Think of that, but reflect likewise that, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, your ancestors, at greater odds, overthrew their numerous enemies at Laupen. The same God governs the earth, the like courage exists in you. Let each one combat, as if the salvation of the country, the success of this day depended on him alone. Brothers, in order that He who saved our ancestors may be also with us, meditate awhile and pray.” At the moment the Swiss fell on their knees, the brilliant sun of June pierced the clouds. “My brave companions,” cried out Hallwyl, “rise up and think of your wives and children. God lights up our path—let us forward!”

Then the silence was suddenly broken by the clash of arms. The Swiss rushed forward, and the battle raged from the banks of the lake up to the heights.* Hallwyl combated on the left, Waldmann on the right with the main body of the Swiss army, and Adrian von Bubenberg under the trees near the lake. Hallwyl sustained the terrible shock, until the general of the men of Lucerne, Gaspard von Hertenstein, a grey-headed warrior, whose age had not diminished his ardour, appeared on the rear of the enemy, after having marched by cross-roads. Death rushed then upon the ranks of the Burgundians. Charles, fore-

* The fierceness of the battle is sung in a German poem by a soldier who fought at Grandson and Morat, Weit-Weber, author of the *Song of Morat*:—“My heart is all full of joy. I can sing and write verses again. At last is that cruel affront avenged—that affront the remembrance of which allowed me no peace by day or night.” There is also a *Song of Morat* by Hanz Viol.

seeing the issue, fled away at full speed, fleeing night and day, and reaching the banks of the lake of Geneva with only thirty horsemen. Fifteen thousand of his men lay prostrate on the plain between the lake of Morat and the town of Avenches, and a great number perished in the waters of the lake or in the morasses whilst seeking for safety:*

“Zwei Meilen lang war eine Schlacht!
Zwei Meilen lang war seine Maecht
Zerhauen und zerstoehen!
Zu Grandson wurde zwei Meilen roth
Und blutigroth geroehen!

The dead were thrown into a pit of burning lime. A few years after, the citizens of Morat erected an ossuary, which they filled with the bones and skulls of the Burgundians, as a dreadful warning to foreigners not to molest the confederates when united. Who can believe that that monument of the triumph of a free people over a feudal aristocracy would be overthrown by a republican army, and that there should be French generals ignorant enough to avenge the memory of the greatest enemy of France?

The Latin inscription was a beautiful and simple one:—

D. O. M.
CAROLI INCLYTI ET FORTISSIMI
BURGUNDIE DUCIS EXERCITUS MORATUM
OBSIDENS;
AB HELVETIIS CÆSUS,
HOC SUI MOMUMENTUM RELIQUIT.

* What cruel irony in the terrible strains of the Tyrtæus of that battle, Weit-Weber:—

“They were seen fleeing here and there, above, beneath, in the tilled fields and in the vines. Some hid themselves in the coppice-wood—yet they were not deer; others sprung into the lake—yet they were not fish, and they drank not, although they plunged up to their ehins.

“We fired on them as if they had been wild ducks, but those poor birds had no wings, and we chased them in our barks. The waters of the lake are red with blood—and red were the barks of the hunters.

“Others climbed up the trees, but those poor birds had no wings, and they were brought down like crows. They were pierced with lances and made to fall, yet we did not hurt their plumage or fear to see them flying away.”

Since 1822 the monument, which, as above mentioned, was destroyed by the French, has been replaced by a quadrilateral obelisk, bearing this inscription:—

VICTORIAM
 XXII JUN. MCCCCLXXVI.
 PATRUM CONCORDIA
 PARTAM
 NOVO SIGNAT LAPIDE
 RESPUBLICA FRIBURG.
 MDCCCXXII.

The Confederation incurred new dangers when the marriage of Mary, the daughter of Charles the Bold, with the Emperor Maximilian I., united under the same sceptre the states of the dukes of Burgundy and of the house of Austria. Faithful to the baneful policy of his family, Maximilian had to avenge at one and the same time the defeats of the Austrians and those of the Burgundians. The sympathy manifested by the Swiss for France, when Charles VIII. waged war in Italy, raised to the highest pitch the discontent of the Germanic Cæsar. He felt bound, however, to attach them more closely to the Holy Empire, on which they only nominally depended. Convoked to the diet of Worms they refused to attend it—the Bernese alone showing themselves favourable to the imperial pretensions and appearing at the diet. Neither did the Swiss accept the offer made to them by the emperor to enter into the Swabian league. The excommunications of the infamous Alexander VI., the pope of Rome, and the menaces of the imperial dignitaries, did not terrify the confederates. “My lord,” said Ammann, a Zurich councillor of state, to one of those dignitaries, “we have not feared your halberds; we do not fear your goose quills.”

War broke out in the Grisons in the month of February, 1499. The imperialists penetrated into the Münsterthal and into the Engadine. The Germans, after losing eight hundred men at Mayenfeld, were brilliantly defeated near Treisen. They were not more fortunate in the vicinity of the lake of

Constance ; for, on the 20th of February, the battle of Hard * added a new *prestige* to the arms of Switzerland. In the Hegau ten thousand confederates carried fire and sword into the castles. The imperialists, making a sortie by night from Constance, slaughtered the little Swiss garrison of Ermatingen, during their sleep, but they cruelly expiated that easy victory in the wood of Schwaderloch, where eighteen thousand of them were vanquished by two thousand Swiss. In the Vorarlberg, the intrepidity of the latter was not less conspicuous. On the 20th of April they dislodged fourteen thousand Tyrolese and Swabians from a formidable position at Frastenz, and drove them into the Ill. The battle of Frastenz immortalized the name—one too much forgotten in our day—of Henry Wolleb, of Uri, the Winkelried of that war. Remaining upstanding in the midst of his soldiers, whom he ordered to lie down in order to preserve themselves from the discharges of artillery, he became the victim of his patriotic self-devotion. “Then,” says Zschokke, the eloquent and warm-hearted historian of the Swiss nation, “each Swiss combated as if the victory depended on his arm alone ; every one joyfully faced perils and death for the sake of country and of glory, seeking the foes, not counting them. Wherever a Swiss standard floated was found more than one warrior, a worthy companion of John Wala of Glaris † who, single-handed, contended near Gams, in the Rheinthal, with thirty horsemen. ‡

The Grisons did not combat less gloriously. At the Malsershaide, eight thousand of their soldiers attacked fifteen thousand Austrians, and defeated them, killing five thousand of their number. Benedict Fontana proved himself, in that affair, worthy of the Winkelrieds and the Wollebs. Rushing foremost to the assault of the entrenchments he received a large wound which laid open his abdomen. Keeping in his entrails

* Between Bregenz and Fussach. Bregenz is near the lake of Constance.

† A Swiss poet, Richard, has written a ballad on that subject, commencing : —“ Hail, king of the brave, O Wala of Glaris !”

‡ M. Lugardon, a distinguished painter of the Swiss school, has taken Wala for the subject of one of his pictures.

with his left hand, and brandishing his sword in his right, he cried out:—"Now to the work, confederates! Let not my fall delay you! What matters one man less? Save this day your independent leagues and the liberty of your mountains. If you fall conquered, you bequeath slavery to your children." With these words he expired. That day the heath was covered with the dead bodies of the Austrians—more than five thousand biting the dust.

When the intelligence of so many defeats reached the ears of Maximilian, he returned to Germany in a state of fury difficult to describe, overwhelming his generals with reproaches, and saying to the German princes, "Send me assistance against the Swiss who have been audacious enough to attack the empire. Those coarse peasants possess neither virtue, nor nobleness of birth, nor moderation, all is coarseness, pride, perfidy, and hatred of our nation. But they have seduced into their ranks a great number of subjects of the empire who have remained faithful up to this day."

But the German princes were in no great haste to comply with the will of the emperor, and the intelligence he received was scarcely of a nature to pacify him. The imperial army, first beaten at Bruderholz, near Basle (March 22), soon experienced a still more humiliating defeat in the same district, at the justly celebrated battle of Dornach. The confederates, who mustered only 6,000 men, overcame 15,000 Austrians, killing 3,000 of their number, including their general, Henry von Furstenberg. The name of Erlach, already rendered illustrious at the beginning of the contests of the confederates with the aristocracy, aided by Austria, in the fields of Donnerbühl and Laupen, reappears here gloriously, at an epoch when the middle ages terminate, and when those contests were about to assume another character. Rodolph von Erlach, who was created a knight on the field of battle at Grandson, was the commander of the Bernese at Dornach.*

* It was at first thought that the Austrians had triumphed, and already the cannons and nobles of Bâle had celebrated it by a festival on the terrace of the cathedral.

The emperor was much dejected by so many reverses—he having been defeated by the Swiss in not less than EIGHT BATTLES in the course of as many months. He resolved, therefore, on making peace at Basle (Sept. 22). From that treaty dates, properly speaking, the complete independence of Switzerland,* which ceased to be subjected to the suzerainty of the empire—a state of things which was sanctioned by the peace of Westphalia in 1648.

The struggle of the Greeks against the Persians has been much and justly lauded, for Greece defended western liberty against Asiatic despotism. Why, then, has so little attention been bestowed on the intrepid resistance of a few mountaineers of the Alps to the absolute power which weighed so heavily on all the rest of Europe? Men admire only what is at a distance from them,† and are insensible to the greatest events when occurring at the frontier of their own country. Moreover, Switzerland never had the good fortune to have its glory sung by such inspired men as have immortalized the genius of Greece—that happy country which was as rich in poets as in warlike heroes. The intrepid soldiery, in whose honour one or two of their number composed the songs of Sempach and Morat, boasted neither a Homer nor an Æschylus; and their battle-hymns, although springing from a true and generous feeling, could have no chance of exciting the enthusiasm of posterity, like the *Iliad* and the *Persæ*.‡ But Clio, the impartial muse of history, has, in the absence of her sister, woven a crown worthy of them on the brows of the heroes of Morgarten, Sempach, Grandson, and Dornach.

I felt on me a strong necessity, a physical want, as it were, of inhaling the free breeze of the fields. I was desirous of calming

* That is the reason M. Joanne, in his "Itinerary of Switzerland," calls Dornach "the last victory."

† "Majore loquūō reverentiā," says Livy. Byron beautifully describes this as "the undefinable but impressive halo, which the lapse of ages throws round a celebrated spot."—*Trans.*

‡ Respecting the profoundly national character of that piece, see Patin's "Studies on the Greek Tragedies."—*Æschylus*.

the mind by fatiguing the body. I went out, therefore, and after descending a steep slope, I saw a boat rocking near the bank of the river. It was a long narrow skiff, of primitive form. I entered it alone, and gazed along the blue current which laved the gold-hued and carmine pebbles of the beach. Soon a man who was sawing wood not far from the spot, quitted his work and taking up the oar: "It is pleasant," said he, "to descend the Rhine. If you have confidence in my arm, I will row you more rapidly than the wind." We set off and floated down the current. How beautiful that limpid stream and those wooded hills, the long grass of which trailed in the water! The sun bathed in light the heights which, crowned with white villages, rise in the direction of the city. The shadows extended on the other side where nought was to be perceived but a few fishermen's huts, some nets attached to the beechen boughs, wild forest and bare rock.

"The weather is favourable," said the boatman, who, like me, appeared to admire these waters so often traversed. "Are you quite sure?" I asked: "do you not perceive the clouds rising to the horizon and climbing up the mountains?" "That is of no consequence," he replied, "*our* infallible thermometer is the Rhine. When the waters of the cataract rise, we can fearlessly venture into the shelves and windings of the river, for we have never been deceived by such a sign. It is not like war," he gaily added, "for there, events daily contradict all predictions."

He continued in a jovial tone, mingled with good nature and pleasing intelligence, to criticize, in a piquant manner, the journals and the confused nature of the intelligence they communicated, as well as the war itself, the cause of which he could not easily understand: "But you Swiss," said I, "will soon go to assist in taking the impregnable fortress—will you not?"

"Perhaps so," he replied pensively, whilst resting on his oars. "Our militia are being exercised, our children play at soldiers. Last Sunday, after worship, we all came to the river bank, where a representation of Sebastopol had been constructed. The confederates divided themselves into friends and enemies—some entering the boats and forming a flotilla, ranged like the

great fleet of the allies. Those who occupied the fortress fought like Cossacks."

"And on which side was the victory?"

"Well, it was long disputed. It was a fête strangely compounded of emotion, joy and fear. At last, the fleet triumphed. Shouts of hurrah arose, and soon friends and enemies shared the glory of the conquerors. As for going so far to fight, however, why, methinks, we have other duties to fulfil. It would be better for us to concentrate our force within than to go, like adventurers, in search of adversaries at the extremity of the world. What does all this booming of cannon matter to us? Victory is of no use to us, except when we are called upon to defend our frontiers, our laws and our families. Switzerland does not possess over many arms for the defence of its institutions and its liberty, ever odious in the eyes of despotic governments."

Those words, and others not less remarkable, pronounced in a firm tone and with a spirit of deep conviction, made a profound impression on me. By a spontaneous movement I held out my hand to him, and he took it with unaffected simplicity. It was the first time I had heard a peasant speak of liberty and of man's rights. His language was often eloquent, and his reasoning was that of an enlightened statesman, inspired by an ardent love of country. I was so surprised that I concluded that my boatman was a comfortable citizen of the republic, who had taken it into his head to put on the *blouse* of the working man: "Have you a family," I enquired, "a house, or a manufactory in the town of Schaffhausen?" "I have a poor hut," he replied, "on yonder hillock, and I live by fishing when I have no other work. I have to support my good wife and my five children who are still young. I had some money, at one time, and I was the owner of a boat near the fall, wherein tourists were conveyed to the other side. One day I sprained my foot in taking over an English lord. I was then obliged to give up this work, which requires much strength, and I spent my money during the six months I could not labour. But God in his goodness never abandons any one. So long as a man has arms and a head he should not be discouraged." Whilst we were thus con-

versing, the boat was frequently abandoned to the current, tossed here and there, at one time near a rock, at another against the bank. On ascending the river, we shot over the water with scarcely any perception of the movement which hurried us on. We returned towards the cataract, and a humid moisture soon fell on my face. I felt delighted when we approached the torrent, an irresistible attraction urging me towards the frightful gulf, lashed by the waters. The boatman perceived my feelings, and pulling a few strokes, said: "If you have no vain fears let us advance. I have often ventured near the brink of the abyss, but then I was alone. You perceive how many persons are attracted by curiosity to the bank. Courage is a noble and grand virtue." Those words inspired me with a hitherto unfelt intrepidity; but I shall never forget my emotions, or that din, or the motion of the boat which tossed in all directions. Thrice we passed through the foam which seemed to fall from the skies; thrice I lost breath and consciousness of life.

After this foolhardy expedition, I disembarked, and wandered through narrow pathways in the midst of the thick pine wood. The roaring of the Rhine was still audible, the sands I trode upon were still humid. At my approach, insects, shining with a paly glow, took refuge under the rocks which were covered with moss and ivy. The song of the birds was full of languor and mystery. Often two were heard in passionate dialogue, growing silent at times, and then resuming the interrupted strophe as if their accents had been momentarily suppressed by the sighs and ecstasies of love. I seated myself beside an aspen-tree which waved in the breeze. Then, wearied with reveries, I set out again on my ramble. I reached at last a wooden gallery, and then a pavilion, the black planks of which shook around me. The noise was appalling—the cataract rose into the air like a colossus. Volumes of spray spread on all sides and inundated the summer-house, which trembled as if beneath the breath of a tempest.

I avoided entering the castle of Laufen, which is a few paces farther up, for there were thinking beings there, and for my part, I was desirous of being isolate. Moreover, I should not

have found the Artist who had there, as it were, erected a studio wherein might be re-produced at His will the marvellous forms and undefinable tints of the waters and the clouds. I slowly returned through tortuous paths, which I quitted with regret. Amidst those solitary shades my troubled soul found a peaceful asylum. Why not have remained there?

VII.

The furniture and the walls of the apartment are covered with nosegays of a thousand colours, and with long and thick garlands. It is a holiday, and an anniversary I had forgotten is thus brought to my recollection. These beautiful flowers, where the dew is still imperaled, and this refreshed verdure, are displeasing to me, just as the too vivid rays of the sun are painful to weak eyes. The heart swells when it alone is suffering amidst a scene of joy. Oh, how bitter are inward tears when the lips are forced to smile! I hasten, therefore, to take up my guitar, which I place on the large round table near the heliotrope and the white jasmine. Long do I play on it, forgetful of the present, forgetful of the future. I sing of grief—that grief which vibrates in us as the chords resound under our fingers. The harmony becomes at last sweeter, like the balmy breathings of our Eastern night. I sing the love of country—the land of my fathers—the garden where my ashes will repose. How heart-rending still those hymns, exhaled from my soul! When wearied, my hand droops over the sonorous chords—I stop—and the sound vibrates for an instant. My elbow reclines on the roses which it crushes. My thoughts soon dart from the banks of the Ister to the summit of the glaciers. Suddenly I seem to hear a name murmured which arouses my dormant intelligence. The remembrance of Muller flashes across my mind. Did not he also extol the love of country? Did he not also ardently desire a new life for his native land? Did not he relate its glories to the many-voiced echoes of the Alps?

This great historian * was born in 1752 at Schaffhausen, in the college of which town his father, a clergyman, taught Hebrew. The latter was held in general estimation on account of his virtues and profound learning. The somewhat solemn gravity of the pastor was mitigated by the indulgent and graceful goodness of his wife.† Several eminent personages of Switzerland have experienced the happy influence of their mothers. The women of that country are distinguished by elevation of thought, and by a decided taste for imparting instruction. They attach less importance to the frivolous successes of refined society than to the legitimate consideration manifested for a cultivated mind, superior to the trifles which absorb the idle activity ‡ of drawing-rooms. Muller's mother was endowed with a lively intellect, which, with whose proper development, her assiduous attention to her household in no way interfered. Her two sons proved themselves worthy of her. Although George Muller did not possess the eminent talents of the illustrious historian of the Confederation, he filled a distinguished place amongst the celebrated personages of his epoch.

The vocation of John Muller was revealed at an early hour.§ His maternal grandfather, a pastor at Schaffhausen, possessed some valuable documents relating to Swiss history, which he often showed to him, and, at the same time, gave him an ex-

* In giving the biography of great men we have followed the method recommended by the *Debats*, when reviewing M. de Loménie's work on Beaumarchais: "This book possesses another merit, one which gives it another great chance of success. It is, as the author himself says in his preface, 'one of those detailed and minute biographies, after the English fashion, in which quotations are blended with the recital in order to render it clear and authentic,'—a fashion already old in England, and which we would do well to borrow, amongst other things, from our neighbours and allies."—(Guillaume Guizot, *Debats*, January 1856).

† "J. G. Muller married Anna Maria Schoop, a woman distinguished by mind and excellency of character, and who had the *principal* and the most beneficent influence over the moral and intellectual development of her son."—(Life of Muller, written by himself, in "Selbstbiographien jetzt lebender Berliner Gelehrten."—Berlin, 1806).

‡ *Gratis anhelans*, says Phædrus in one of his fables.

§ The taste for history was all but born with Muller.—(Life of Muller, written by himself).

planation of a collection of engravings. There was something simple and affecting in the relations between the old man and the boy.* Muller passed in his grandfather's house the happiest moments of his childhood, and was indebted to him for his invincible disposition to be happy and good-humoured, which the sad experience of a more mature age did not destroy.†

When he was brought to his grandfather, the latter used to lead him into the library, and show him all kinds of dusty tomes. "John," said he, "I have written all that for you. I give it all to you; take great care of it, and read it attentively." "Grandpapa," replied the child, "I will write such a book." How great would have been the joy of the old man had he been able to foresee that that artless resolve actually heralded the eloquent historian of old Helvetia!

An attentive eye, moreover, could not fail to remark in Muller the spontaneous glimmerings of a remarkable intellect. When only five years of age, whilst assisting at the marriage of one of his relatives, he mounted a chair, and related an historical event in so dramatic a manner, that all the guests came in groups around him, and listened to him with the greatest delight. At nine years, "he attempted to write the history of his native city."‡ The biblical episodes made as deep an impression on him as on Zwingli. Is there, in fact, any thing more striking than the magnificent drama which commences with the Creation, and only ends with Time in the bosom of Eternity? Those great events made on the child's mind an impression which was never effaced. Between twelve and fourteen, whilst seated by the stove, between his brother and his sister, Marie Madeleine, he often explained to them the

* "Muller was not less indebted to his maternal grandfather, John Schoop, an ecclesiastic who, to virtues worthy of the ancient times, added a most pleasing gaiety of disposition, and the most amiable goodness of heart. He had made a very voluminous collection of documents and chronicles relating to the history of Switzerland, and he infused into his grandson an early taste for his favourite study."—(Life of Muller, written by himself.)

† Life of Muller, written by himself.

‡ Muller's autobiography—"He next read clearly, and with proper emphasis, Hübner's work on the Four Monarchies, and soon had it by heart."

sublime passages in the Old and New Testament. It was thus that the study of the most poetical and the most life-fraught of all books imbued him with that deep sense of the real, which breathes everywhere in his noble descriptions of primitive Switzerland, as in those prose epics wherein he recites the battles between the confederates and the formidable armies of the Austrian aristocracy. How many minds of the first order have drawn inspiration from Scripture sources! Without speaking of the early fathers, did not Dante, Milton, Bossuet, Zwingli, Pascal, Calvin, and John von Muller, all partake of this education?

When at the age of seven, young Muller went to college, he preferred the gospel to the Heidelberg catechism. The years which succeeded early boyhood were passed less happily, he being under the ferule of a severe master, who rigorously obliged him to learn by heart the Heidelberg catechism, the Latin vocabulary of Cellarius, and Baumeister's work on the definitions of Wolf, which no one took the trouble to explain to him. Accordingly, the master bitterly complained of want of application and insubordination on the part of his pupil, who had no taste for any study except history.* His sole recreation, very different from that of other boys, was the relating to his young friends the beautiful traditions of the desert, or the good deeds and sufferings of the Redeemer. He applied himself with like ardour to the study of profane history, reading, sometimes ten times over, long and dry historical works. His memory was so prodigious that he retained the dates of the advent to the throne and of the death of all the sovereigns of the four great universal monarchies and of the European states, as well as the names of the burgomasters and heads of the church of Schaffhausen. "But it was only at the age of thirteen, at the most painful period of his college life, that he became more particularly acquainted with the Roman classics. He understood them quickly, and it was that reading, to which he gave himself up passionately, and in secrecy, which became, as it were, the

* Muller's Autobiography.

electric spark that kindled in his soul an ardent—a religious enthusiasm for great men and liberty.”*

After leaving college, he entered the gymnasium,† where youths prepare for the university. By a fortunate chance, he had the advantage of receiving singly, during two years, the lessons of several skilful masters. In order to derive full benefit therefrom, he studied from four in the morning till a late hour at night.

His parents destined him to the ecclesiastical profession. “He felt no repugnance towards accepting his father’s plan. He was attracted towards theology by the intrinsic attractiveness and sublimity of the sacred writings, which are its basis, by the vast erudition required for interpreting and defending those ancient books, by the great names introduced in the history of the church, and finally, by the example of Mosheim, an excellent and deeply learned man, whom he proposed to himself as his model.”‡

It was with such dispositions that he set off for the university of Göttingen, where, at that time, there were professors of European celebrity, such as Heyne and John David Michaelis. While here, he attempted an abridged history of the martyrs, of whom the primitive church is so justly proud. It was an attractive labour for one who, to a natural bent for the picturesque and dramatic, added that wonderful patience so necessary to profound researches. But the great number of evidently mythological documents, however, which came under his eye, disgusted him with the pursuit. “For my part,” wrote he to his brother, “I could never consent, for all the gold in the world, to indite a falsehood, or *support propositions which are put forth, not because they are true, but because they are ancient and generally admitted.* Never shall my pen uphold a falsehood, for thus does the author lose all credit, strengthen

* Muller’s Autobiography.

† This was the *classical* school, and not, as its name would imply, a mathematical or practical school.—*Trans.*

‡ Muller’s Autobiography.

the prejudices which are rooted in the world, retard the reign of truth, and, after all, act simply a dishonest and fraudulent part." *

More than one literary man of our own day would do well to ponder on those noble maxims.

Whilst Muller was studying at Göttingen, a certain person who had gained a great ascendancy over him, but who was very hostile to democratic principles, endeavoured to detach his heart from his country. But his father fortunately combated the sentiments which had begun to take root, and his patriotism soon glowed with renewed ardour. "If Providence does not otherwise ordain," wrote he to his parents, "I shall pass my days with you in the bosom of our country, tranquil, happy, upright, beloved by virtuous friends. I prefer eating black bread steeped in water to committing a single action unworthy of the noble nature of our souls."† A man with such ardour of acquisition could not fail to find devoted friends in his professors. Accordingly, we find him speaking of them in the warmest terms:—"Miller possesses all my heart, and I his. I pass these warm pleasant days, almost continually in his beautiful garden near his house, situated on the banks of the murmuring Leine, in a romantic spot amidst fruit trees, or in charmingly shaded retreats. Here I learn from him the philosophy of life, that sublime art concerning which so much has been written, and which is so little understood. And how replete with instruction are my intimate communications with Walch and Schlözer! As for the incomparable chancellor Mosheim, my veneration for him is as ardent as ever."‡

It was towards the end of the year 1770 that Muller began his career as an author. He had finished his "Sketches of Ecclesiastical History" up to the ninth century, and his "History of the Monastic orders,"—works, however, which were never pub-

* See Letter of 11th March, 1770, translated by Charles Monnard. The letters of Muller to his family are to be found in vols. 4, 5, 6, and 7 of his collected works.

† Letters—23d December, 1770.

‡ 7th October, 1770.

lished. He had lost his enthusiasm for theological studies. He tells us himself that the progress of the venturesome system of interpretation which Semler had brought so much into vogue, contributed to the change in the direction of his ideas.

That transformation he candidly describes: *—"People began to give up the delusions of the argumentative method of Wolf, and to adopt, with regard to theological dogmas, a new point of view as well as a new basis. That new method was as yet used with circumspection, but how discouraging for a young officer of engineers charged with the defence of a place, to have all the breaches pointed out, and then hear brother professionals coolly discuss whether it would not be better to demolish all its fortifications! Add to all this the lessons of John David Michaelis, a man of talent and learning, but who, by his burlesque mode of translating and commenting on the poems of the seers and inspired writers of the Hebrew people, rendered their writings intolerable for a time to his disciple. At last, Schlözer brought back the latter to that Muse to whom he was dedicated by Nature." †

Müller bade adieu to theology by publishing a dissertation, in which he proved that "the Church had nothing to fear," ‡ "but resolved to remain, so far as he was concerned, a stranger to its affairs." §

As his course of university studies finished with the autumn of 1771, and as he manifested the intention to prolong it,—an intention which his parents did not approve of—he wrote them as follows: "My motives for wishing to remain longer at Göttingen were the consciousness of the heavy duty imposed on the administrator of talents confided by nature; the unbounded desire to extend the sphere of my activity, in order to serve

* See in a letter of 16th June, 1771, a curiously appreciative criticism on the works of Semler, whom he calls "an immortal man, but eccentric and prone to innovation."

† Müller's Life, written by himself.

‡ "Christo rege, nihil esse Ecclesiæ metuendum," is the title of this pamphlet, published at Göttingen 1770.

§ Müller's Life, &c.

God to whom I owe all. Besides the duties of my profession, I should like to accomplish one of another order—to serve the church, humanity, and future generations by my writings.” After having enumerated the great works of the celebrated professors which Germany then possessed, he adds, that amongst the eminent men of Switzerland there are models whom he should be happy to imitate.*

On his return to Schaffhausen, Müller completed his work on the War of the Cimbri,† began collecting the materials for the History of Switzerland, and became the active fellow-labourer of the literary men who published at Berlin the “Universal German Library.” The government of Schaffhausen, desirous of rewarding his zeal and talents, appointed him professor of Greek at the age of twenty years. If he was the object of some petty persecutions on the part of certain envious persons in his native city, he was amply indemnified by the esteem of the most distinguished men in Switzerland, such as Bodmer, Gessner, Haller, and Lavater. The last-named wrote, one day, to his friend Spalding:—“Müller is a *monstrum eruditionis* at twenty years of age. He has the best of hearts, but he is trenchant and bold with pen in hand. He possesses the requisite genius for history. . . . His memory appears almost superhuman.”

Müller employed his great faculties in the exclusive study of the annals of his country. His little study was covered with chronicles, manuscripts, maps, and all sorts of references. At that time he communicated in a letter to a friend the plan of a “History of Switzerland,” which a bookseller, named Gebauer, had requested him to write. That letter contains vast projects and a patriotic feeling which cannot be too much admired. “No one that I know of,” says he, “has comprised in an abridgment of our history that of its civilization, its commerce, its agriculture, and its arts.‡ The first who shall attempt one will commit

* Letter of 14th April, 1771.

† Zurich 1772.

‡ To Müller (since the days of Tacitus) belongs the credit of having restored to history perhaps her most useful attribute, viz., a knowledge of the actual position attained by any nation at the epoch treated of by its historian in the above branches of the great law of development. The Chronicles of Froissart, and the

many errors, and leave much untold. All I desire, in writing a history of such a kind, is to originate new ideas in the minds of the friends of our Helvetic annals, and to excite some of them to compose a thoroughly practical history of our country, in spite of innumerable difficulties, all tending to bury in obscurity the whole of her ancient annals, as also this of mine. I should also like to narrate what each ignorant Swiss, or, at least one but little instructed in history, ought as a duty to know of the actions of his fathers. I should wish to revive in many hearts that patriotism which appears extinct, to inspire actions worthy of William Tell, and to raise in the breasts of my countrymen an enthusiasm for great ideas.* The reflections which he added will become one day the starting point of a new historical method, to be employed when some truly Christian and truly liberal mind shall have completely liberated human intelligence from prejudices of the middle ages.

“The great mass of historians,” says he, “attach importance only to striking deeds, massacres, devastations, and, in general, the excesses of human nature. Can this be from sympathy?—It should seem that to drag modest merit into the sunlight should tend to exalt patriotism, and make public virtue estimable among our fellow-citizens. The founder of the first school in a country, is greater than its material conqueror.”†

The contemplation of the imposing scenes of history excited more and more the ardour of the writer.

“The spectacle of the great movements of society delights me, and inflame me with the desire of describing them, of living, as it were, in distant ages in the company of the shades

dramatic sketches of so many mediæval historians, even after the days of chivalry had gone by, serve a beneficial purpose by keeping alive the chivalric virtues. But these virtues belong to the few: they exist not for the great mass of mankind, even in our own day of comparative comfort for the masses; how much less in those rude days of license. The progress of a nation is not measured by individual instances of self-denial and public virtue, but by its position in reference to these evidences of material development, progress in which our own Macaulay has followed Müller, in proving to be a most important element of true history.—*Trans.*

* Letter 20th December 1770.

† Letter 6th January 1771.

of heroes and poets who have sung heroic deeds: the thought makes me forget every personal consideration—titles and revenues. He who is not called to a life worthy of history, should at least write history in a manner worthy of his readers.”*

The *Helvetic Society*, founded in 1761, assembled annually at Schinznach near Habsburg. It was there that Müller met, on the 9th of May, 1773, Charles Victor von Bonstetten, who, to a brilliant imagination, joined extensive knowledge, elevation of character, and sensibility of heart. They soon became intimate. The *Letters of a young “savant” to his friend*, published in 1802, are a noble monument to their friendship. One finds therein that youthful fire which court-life, alas, was too soon to cool. “I have long,” wrote Müller, “desired to be in communication with a wise friend who, about the same age as myself, should pursue the same career, and in whose bosom I could pour out unrestrictedly all my projects and all my reflections regarding country, science, and humanity. The Arab wandering in the deserts of Irak yearns less ardently after a refreshing spring of water than I did, O my friend, after a being who resembles you. Let our letters, known to none but ourselves, present to each other the faithful image of our hearts; let us trace therein our virtues and our defects, our thoughts still obscure, our projects yet incomplete.”

Müller, anxious to execute his plan, consulted his friend with regard to the study of the French language. “That language,” said he, “is the one I prefer. If I knew French well, it would become for me what it is for Frederick the Great. The energetic conciseness of the English language, and the harmony of the Italian have less charms for me than that language which is universally spoken from Normandy to Focchiani,† which has become that of the civilized world, and which so well accords with the bent of my character.” Müller had a predilection for France, and he would willingly have occupied a post there, but the savage intolerance which, at that time, characterized the spirit of French laws, left no career open to him. He established

* Letters to Gleim.

† A city of Wallachia.

himself, therefore, at Bonstetten's country-house, situated at Valleyres, near Orbe, in the canton of Vaud, where he gave himself up enthusiastically to his love of nature. That ennobling study did not, however, make him abandon the projects he was desirous of realizing in the interests of Switzerland and humanity. Few studies are so attractive as the interior development of this great writer. He raised himself more and more every day towards the ideal, so thoroughly did he live for his country. The generous and free instincts of Helvetia expanded in his soul. He was conscious of the great duties he had to perform, of which he could not escape the responsibility. He had no thought but for his vocation, and for the means of attaining the goal pointed out to him by a sublime intuition. "I do not aspire," wrote he to his sister, "to the vulgar happiness of the crowd, but to that which is real, which consists in moral perfection, in friendship, and in good deeds. If God allows us both to live long enough, you shall have a brother who will endeavour to rise above ordinary men, by wise conduct and by merit, to confer happiness on posterity and attain honour for himself. I am too much aware of my deficiencies to be proud, but I rejoice that I am conscious of them, and that I know how to remedy them."*

In order the better to pursue his vocation of an historian, he was anxious to acquire a more complete experience of men and things, and to visit, therefore, those towns of Helvetia where scientific and literary activity was most developed. He tendered, accordingly, his resignation to the minor council of Schaffhausen, on the 14th of January 1774, expressing his unalterable intention to devote himself to the history of his country. "A book of history," said he, "written without a profound knowledge of what is right is only a political gazette; a history based on juridical views, but without a knowledge of the general rights of humanity, is only a *species facti*; it is impossible to form a just and rigorous appreciation of politics and rights without a knowledge of mankind, of their motives of action, and of their pas-

* Letter of October 1773.

sions. Books which may be replete with all those qualities, but which are written without skill, and without liveliness and beauty of style, are a hidden treasure, so far as the majority of readers are concerned. To say nothing about other writers, I should never dare, without an exact acquaintance with men, their rights, their manners, and their language, to think myself capable of rendering, as I could wish, eminent service to my country and foreign nations." Müller obtained the approbation of the magistrates of his native city, who accorded him a flattering mark of their esteem, by not depriving him of his professorship, and by appointing a substitute.

He set off, therefore, for Geneva, where he became tutor to the sons of M. Tronchin-Calandrini, councillor of state,—“a man equally estimable by character and talents.” His house was the resort of men of learning and letters, strangers of distinction and gifted ladies, who are so numerous in that studious city. It was there, too, that Müller made the acquaintance of the celebrated de Saussure, so well known by his excursions in the Alps; and Charles Bonnet, who cultivated equally successfully theology, philosophy, and the natural sciences. He often passed entire days at Bonnet’s country-house, at Genthod. Here he busied himself with natural history and philosophy, under the direction of the illustrious author of ‘*Considerations on Christianity.*’

“*Mon lac est le premier,*” * he writes, “and on the opposite bank there dwells one who, perhaps, better than any other philosopher adds kindness and amenity of manners to rare sagacity. And he, the author of the *Analytical Essay*, is so well acquainted with our history that he appears desirous of writing it. He treats me as a son.” †

Müller’s great progress in knowledge did not diminish his attachment to republican equality: “Our servants love me affectionately, accustomed as I am to despise no one, and the humbler classes least of all. That is the reason I find myself

* A line of Voltaire’s, on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva, from the contemplation of which he studiously debarred himself at Fernex.—*Trans.*

† Letter to Füssli, 15th May, 1774.

so much at home in the little cantons. . . . We are the children of the same God, and I consider pride as one of the greatest scourges of humanity." * Need we be surprised, therefore, that with such sentiments, Müller should speak in worthy accents of free Helvetia:—"To-day, I am twenty-four years of age," wrote he to his parents, "and I feel that an eloquent appeal is made to me to increase two-fold my application to study and my labours, in order to render myself useful to my country. When one has daily in view, in the history of mankind, the great and brilliant actions of noble and virtuous minds, the soul must be base indeed, vile indeed, without a single worthy aspiration, that does not burn to be led to the imitation of those great deeds. I must frankly admit that, for some time past, I regarded with indifference the dangers incurred by republics, and that I should have preferred serving some prince to serving a feeble and sickly country. But the spectacle of perfidy and injustice is a revolting one to me; when I ponder on the lessons and examples of the Greeks and the Romans, and particularly of the English, I deem it more honourable and more glorious to remain faithful to truth, virtue, and liberty, even in these days when they are banished from Europe; and to serve our country as long as we can—in fact, so long as it lives and is worthy—with our counsels and our life.—I consider it, I repeat, more creditable to do so than to seek liberty on foreign shores. The annals of Switzerland have for me an interest that may produce fruit for the public welfare; history and philosophy alike teach me the prerogatives of virtue and of liberty, and indicate the true path to happiness." †

Müller "admits that he never had much taste or talent for the post of teacher." He was soon tired, therefore, of his functions as a teacher, and in the month of April 1775, withdrew to the house of an American, named Francis Kinloch: "The two friends fixed their abode on the hill of Chambézy, in a modest country-house, but which commanded a magnificent view of the Alps, of Lake Lemán, and of its richly cultivated banks. In that de-

* Letter of 31st August, 1774.

† Letter of 3d January, 1775.

lightful situation they passed nearly a year and a half, enjoying the master-works of human intellect, the daily society of Bonnet, and often that of Voltaire.* His leisure moments were employed by Müller in compiling the history of the Helvetic nation, and in perusing the numerous documents which he received from all sides:—"Never," said he, "did I work more ardently or more successfully, five or six hours running, than when I was engaged on the history of Switzerland. I compare the origin of the independence and the revolutions of that free nation with the manners, constitutions, and revolutions of other peoples, the origin of the independence and of the revolutions of this free nation,—I essay to relate its history in a clear, correct, and dispassionate manner, so as at once to interest foreigners and instruct posterity, as well as prove conducive to the honour and consolation of mankind and of our nation, so that its name may be still held in honour when its constitution, like those of other republics, is swallowed up in the despotism which threatens all alike." † "My Helvetic history," he writes a little later, "is rapidly progressing. My heart is becoming susceptible of noble sentiments, the result of knowledge, which inflame me with the desire of being of service to my country, or to whomsoever will furnish me with the best opportunity of being useful; so that my life may not evaporate in misty vapours, like the Staubbach, or in the sands like the Rhine, but may fertilize the field of science by good principles, and that of history by good examples." ‡

The commotions in America separated the two friends, and Müller passed the winter in Bonnet's house: "equally happy, whether devoting himself entirely to his history of Switzerland, or when interrupted by Bonnet in order to associate with him in his researches and experiments in natural history, in his sublime theories and his poetical contemplations." § In one of his letters, he enters more fully into details respecting his mode of life; nothing is so interesting as to study great men in their

* Life of Müller, written by himself.

† Letter of December, 1775.

‡ Letter of May 15th, 1774.

§ Life of Müller, written by himself.

intimate correspondence, in which their whole soul is poured forth, without any concern for their contemporaries or for posterity. "As the first moments after awakening from sleep are not those in which the mind is most vivacious, I employ them in making extracts from various authors who have written on history. After breakfast, I shut up all my books, walk in the garden, or in my room when it rains, and meditate on history. —In all my extracts I attach myself to the principles of liberty and of public welfare, and I endeavour to express them with becoming gravity. . . . My only object and desire are to transmit an honourable name to posterity, and to deserve it by propagating virtue and truth. That labour daily ennobles my soul, renders me indifferent to the objects generally sought after, and strengthens my contempt for whatever removes me from that goal. I only ask for independence, the greatest of all blessings."*

His studies left him such little leisure, that, notwithstanding the proximity of Geneva, he did not go there for several months.† Those studies were not purely scientific.—He was aware that an accomplished historian should unite perfection of form to profound researches, and that style alone can render a work one of lasting influence.—“One thing I ought and wish to learn, is the grand art of speaking and writing which attracts all, subdues all, and persuades all; which none can resist, and which man may dispose of at will like Jupiter of his thunder?”‡ Rousseau teaches one a single but a great truth, one on which I have too little reflected, viz., the importance and omnipotence of speech.—Does he not behold all Europe, (*with the exception of his fellow § citizens,*) prostrate before him, listening to him with delight, and admiring him almost to adoration,—and why? Because eloquence is in his hands what the thunderbolt was in those of Jove. Cannot I also grasp that magic instrument? From the time of the irruption of the Barbarians to that of Erasmus, people have been only stuttering;

* Letter of October 24th, 1776.

† Letter of December 1775.

‡ Letter of March 11th, 1777.

§ A prophet, &c.—*Trans.*

from the time of the latter to that of Leibnitz, they have been writing; from that of Leibnitz and Voltaire to the present they have been reasoning well; then for my part I shall *speak*! How eloquent is nature in our Alps? thunders reverberate amongst their vast summits, till at the dread voice, a whole canton trembles. The Rhine and the Rhone spring forth from the recesses of the mountains, and rushing precipitously over our rocks, bathe Germania and Belgium; and we, my friend—we—who are surrounded by those imposing scenes, employ a language—(and the same may be said even of our most celebrated writers)—that resembles, what?—a glitter which, like the brilliant foam of the cascade of Staubbach, dazzles without exciting any noble feeling. Not far from my native city, the Rhine passes over rocks 80 feet high, and falls in a volume from their summits. At sunrise its waters spreading out in foam, shine with all the hues of the rainbow. Nought can resist their violence—fishes, boats, and whatever approaches them are hurried away,—the astonished traveller advances in terror, and growing dizzy, withdraws. O waterfall of Laufen! may the remembrance of thee be one of the benefits conferred on me by my country!—teach me by intuition, as Cicero and Quintilian have essayed, to teach me by their precepts, in what true eloquence consists.”*

Having been reproached by his brother for the slow progress he made in his history, he made him this reply,—one worthy of being pondered upon by living writers:—“As this book will on its first appearance make a sensation on account of certain chapters, it is necessary I should be acquainted with it on all sides. There is not a chapter I have not re-touched five or six times, nor a single phrase which has not cost me several tours of my room.”† It must not be thought that labour was in any way painful for him. One is, in fact, happy at being able to quit the regions of vulgar life, in order to breathe on the heights, in the serene atmosphere of philosophy:

“Edita doctrinâ sapientium templa serena.”‡

* Letters of Bonstetten, December 1775.

† Letter of June 10th, 1777.

‡ Lucretius, De naturâ rerum.

“The love of learning,” said he, “renders me more happy than could all the gold in the world, and to the end of my life I shall base my happiness on study.* . . . I prefer my beloved knowledge to everything, for it is delicious food for the mind, both in solitude and in society, and it is the ever agreeable company of all that was beautiful, good, and great. . . . Add to all that, the hope of acquiring by one’s writings the esteem of the wisest and most respected. . . . I would remind you of the great Haller, not as a comparison, but as an example of one who obtained public consideration on account of his learning.”†

We cannot better form an idea of the immense study required for a true historian, than by looking into the details of Müller’s life. He saw that even a profound knowledge of books was not sufficient to understand thoroughly the great movements of mankind. It is difficult to conceive how wonderful is the difference which is discovered in the different varieties of our species by an attentive examination. Man is deeply influenced by early associations. Our first impressions from external objects act in such a way upon us as to become inseparable from our moral constitution. That fact explains why the imagination of the peoples of the north so little resembles that of southern nations. The poetry of the latter reflects as it were the light of their own skies. The man of the north, on the contrary, views life on its stern and sombre side. Is there in Grecian literature aught resembling Shakspeare or Byron? The poets of the northern

* Hear what another

“Departed spirit of the mighty dead”

has written in reference to this. M. Augustin Thierry, who died May 1856, was during the last twenty years of life blind, and paralyzed of one side. Shortly before his death, he wrote in reference to his infirmities, the result of intense study; “If I had to recommence my career, I would do what I have done. Blind and suffering without hope, and almost without intermission, I can bear impartial witness that there is something in this world of more value than material enjoyment, better than fortune, better than health itself, and that is devotion to knowledge.” How sublime is this heroic devotion to knowledge, so grudged by the Catholic church!—*Trans.*

† Letter of July 10th, 1778.

region are not conscious of that expansion of life, that bliss of existence which characterize the Hellenic muse. Those profound differences necessarily exist between nations, separated by great distances. But in a country like Switzerland, the influence of the various climates is manifested in a circuit of a few leagues, the variety proceeding from the greater or lesser elevation of the soil, or from the remoteness or proximity of a chain of mountains, and from a number of other local circumstances. Thus in a walk of eight or ten hours one passes from a Spanish to a Lapland climate, and in half a day you may gather plants which grow from 40 to 80 degrees of latitude. An historian, therefore, desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Helvetic population, is obliged to undertake *minute* studies. But such studies possess infinite charms, carried on, as they are, in the midst of splendid scenery, and producing constant excitement. Müller was too poetical not to seize all those beauties; accordingly he loved an Alpine life, one so full of agreeable emotions; he delighted to ascend the cloud-capped mountains, to plunge into the depths of sombre valleys, and to contemplate on the banks of azure lakes, the cheerful landscapes which are mirrored in their limpid waters. In 1775 he made a tour through the Confederation, in the company of Kentvels, and in 1777 "he accompanied Bonstetten on the Jura in the Alps, through unknown valleys and cantons which have escaped the eye of the observer, but where one may make an extended series of observations, likely to throw much light on the primitive features of national character, and even on the history of nations."*

A month later the two friends went to the Borromean isles. "All my travels in Switzerland," wrote Müller, "enter into my book." †

The following year he paid another visit to Lucerne and the primitive cantons. "I must confess," said he on that occasion, "that I never feel happier or freer than amongst the inhabitants

* Life of Müller, written by himself.—Compare it with a letter of September 1st, 1777.

† Letter of October 7th, 1777.

of the Alps, who know *nature* only."* "Nevertheless, as one cannot live on ideas only, Müller felt the necessity of taking some steps for securing an income,"† and gave public lectures in Geneva on natural history, which lectures became the basis of the noble work subsequently published under that title. The success he met with encouraged him to give himself up entirely to historical works. He himself exposes, in a very interesting manner, the principles which guided him in his appreciation of events. "To revere in religion whatever is pure, affecting and sublime; to uphold firmly all the rights which from the olden time were guarantees of public tranquillity and safety; to tend unceasingly to the great object of humanity and its progressive perfection; to be convinced that the sole means of effecting it, is to grant the greatest possible amount of liberty, in harmony with order and justice; to work unceasingly in the cause of public enlightenment; in a prudent and wise manner to ameliorate the laws, and the system of their administration, and to combat with all one's might the *three monster enemies of liberty*, viz., ANARCHY, which, being the absence of order, cannot long endure; DESPOTISM, which tramples on all law and which bears in itself the germs of destruction; and above all the EXCESSIVE PREPONDERANCE IN EUROPE OF ANY ONE POWER,‡ a species

* Letter of September 4th, 1778.

† Life of Müller written by himself.

‡ Or the possible destruction of that mysterious blessing called the "*Balance of power*." Müller wrote this before the French Revolution, whose object was to destroy *nationality*. Now nationality has done yeoman's service in its day, for the end has been that each nation has a certain distinguishing characteristic, which has been developed by the principle we speak of. The balance of power is therefore necessary to avoid chaos. But suppose the leading principle of any one nation is taken as our guide, all men, if they will adopt that principle, will become as brothers, and this is the real struggle between despotism and republicanism, the former seeking to impose the principle of coercion, the latter that of instruction and persuasion. The ideas common to the latter, commerce, free trade, education, individual religious independence, &c., &c., are common to all human nature. The idea embodied in the former is the domination of a single *will*, to the implicit carrying out of whose behests, the ideas of republicanism are thoroughly and diametrically opposed. England can never preponderate, therefore, but by her ideas, and their spread will soon render the BALANCE OF POWER a bugbear of the past!—*Trans.*

of tyranny which would be the ruin of every republic, the death of all the hopes of mankind, and the establishing of which presupposes, or leads to, the complete degradation of peoples, and the oppression of all who are endowed with genius and courage.”*

In conformity with these views, Müller proposed to write the history of the last three centuries: “My only object,” said he, “is to benefit posterity. Now that the fall of the Republics and the formation of large armies† have compromised and ruined everything in Europe, it is worth while to determine by what accidents and faults we have fallen into such a state, in order to enkindle the love of liberty, wherever there are hearts susceptible of such a feeling, so that in the old world those peoples who were once free may fall with honour, and in the new world liberty be better defended.”‡

Ten years later, on the 14th of July 1789,§ Müller was destined to hail the new birth of liberty, of which he had spoken in such disheartening terms. In Christian society, liberty may be vanquished, but can never be annihilated! The words by which Müller terminated his course of lectures are much more consoling, being an exhortation to that manly energy which comes to the rescue of a good cause, even in the midst of apparently insurmountable difficulties. “What results from this course of lectures? What may Venice and Berne learn from the virtues of Sparta and Rome, from the strength of maxims in the Catholic hierarchy, from the kings of France, and from the English nation? THAT THE CONSTANT DIRECTING OF ALL THE POWERS OF THE SOUL TOWARDS ONE GREAT OBJECT, IS THE INFALLIBLE AND ONLY MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHING GREAT DEEDS.”

After having concluded his second course of lectures, Müller went to Berne to pass a portion of the summer of 1780, and

* Life of Müller written by himself.

† Müller points out here the incompatibility of large armies with liberty. The freest countries in the world, Switzerland, the United States, and England, have either only militia or a small regular force.—*Trans.*

‡ Letter of July 12, 1779.

§ The allusion is to the taking of the Bastille.—*Trans.*

to superintend the printing of the first part of his "History of the Swiss Confederation." Will it be believed that the censors of the Bernese aristocracy betrayed much anxiety with regard to the publication of a work destined to celebrate the ancient glory of the country, and that the author was obliged to put on the title-page, the word "Boston" instead of Berne?" Such a fact proves that Condorcet was guilty of no exaggeration, when, in his '*Eloge D'Euler*,' he drew the following portrait of the aristocratic governments of degenerated Helvetia:—"M. Euler was born in a country where all the governments preserve the appearances and language of the ancient republics; where, in spite of distinctions more real than those which separate the first slaves of a despot from the lowest of his subjects, all the *forms* of equality have been carefully maintained."

But whilst the Bernese Government seemed to dread the publication of Müller's book, that work met with the greatest sympathy amongst the free mountaineers of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden. Five years after the appearance of the "History of the Confederation," Müller undertook a pedestrian tour in the small cantons, and entering a peasant's house, in order to procure some milk, made inquiries respecting a neighbouring ruin which had attracted his attention. The herdsman replied with so much intelligence, that the historian was desirous of knowing how he became so well informed. "Oh! is not all that found in the book of Müller of Schaffhausen?" was the reply. The editions of his work circulated in fact, quite as much in the hamlets as in the cities.*

In the month of October 1780, Müller set off for Berlin, in order to "study close at hand the monarchy which the great Frederick had taught to excel itself."† The historian of the Confederation, dazzled by the glory of Frederick, did not seem to perceive either his faults or his despotic tendencies. Whilst at Berlin he manifested for the first time a failing which became more and more developed in his character. His lively imagination was, like Gibbon's, greatly struck by the spectacle of mate-

* Works of Müller, vol. v. 23.

† Life of Müller, written by himself.

rial greatness, and his heart was touched by the puerile testimonies of esteem he received from princes. He was unable to perceive the selfishness and bad passions of arbitrary monarchs, and he became in time, so thoroughly influenced by the marks of esteem conferred by crowned heads, that the noble impulses of his youth were replaced by miserable vanity. Let those take to heart this salutary lesson, who, without possessing his vast intelligence, deem themselves proof against courtly seductions! The atmosphere of servility penetrates at last into the most independent and the proudest characters. How many minds of the first order have preferred vain titles, or trivial decorations to their duties towards humanity and truth? Those who are conscious of the obligations imposed by extraordinary mental gifts, and who live solely for the sake of learning, and the fulfilment of duty, have always been very scarce. Vastness of intellect is not always accompanied by firmness of character. The history of mankind presents us with many imitations of Erasmus, and very few, who, like Chrysostom, Huss, Jerome of Pragne, Zuinglius and Cyril Lucar, sacrificed every consideration to their convictions. Switzerland, however, is a country where, more than in any other part of Europe, its sons have lived in uniformity with their principles. It suffices to cite the names of Zuinglius, Farel, Viret, Calvin, Lavater, Pestalozzi, Escher von der Linth and Zschokke.* But, unlike them, Müller did not know how to preserve his unity of life to the end; and, in perpetual contact with the petty passions and incurable vanity of the Germanic courts, he found extraordinary difficulty in reconciling his liberal ideas with the service of princes. We gave, designedly, long fragments of his correspondence, in order to show the grandeur and fervour of the inspiration he derived from the soil of his native land, and we dwelt with involuntary complacency on those eloquent confessions of youth, animated with a holy love of learning, justice, and liberty. Our remaining task is of a less agreeable nature, but we derive as much instruction from the foibles, as from the virtues of great men, history being

* All the above were not born in Switzerland, but at least they resided there.

not an idle phantasmagoria, but a perpetual lesson afforded by the past. Let us keep before our eyes the example of our fathers, without participating in their errors or their irregularities.

More than once, in studying the second part of the life of Müller, we thought of another historian, whose writings and indefatigable activity have rendered him also justly celebrated. Henry Zschokke, although born in a monarchical country, grew stronger with age, in his noble feeling of independence. He was at one and the same time an eminent writer, and a worthy citizen of free Helvetia, and he despised and declined those frivolous distinctions which so much captivated Müller. His deeds were as instructive as his writings, and posterity will discover more real greatness in the proud life of the "citizen of Argovia" than in the almost servile dependence of the "Aulic Councillor." Time in its impartiality places everything in its true position. Happy the man who, rising above the prejudices of those who surround him, knows how to estimate the ways of life at their true value.

The letter in which Müller relates his interview with Frederick the Great is so far curious that it is the first symptom of the fascination exercised by the master of the world on the celebrated historian.

"I was summoned to his presence at two in the afternoon. Imagine my feelings on entering his ante-chamber, on the point of beholding that illustrious hero whose sword had put Frenchmen, Russians, and Austrians not less than fourteen times to flight, who has had no equal since the time of Julius Cæsar, whose glance makes kingdoms tremble, and who, from the closet before which I was stationed, exercises an ascendancy over all Europe."

Müller might have said much more briefly:

"Je chante le vainqueur, des vainqueurs de la terre."

"I was delighted:" he adds, "for I had long desired to see with my own eyes Frederick the Great, him, with whose name

history is filled.* When the hussar of the closet opened the closet door, I entered *courageously and without any embarrassment*.† The king was seated in a morning dress at his writing-table. I remained standing near him. He spoke during an hour with ease, goodness, and *infinite* knowledge, on a multitude of learned and political subjects, and inquired after my family. *Were I to live a hundred years*, I should never forget the sudden brilliancy of his glance.‡ I have never seen, *and probably I never shall see*, such intelligent features, so much wit and so much soul, and so sparkling an eye. I shall *always* recall the kind tone with which in dismissing me he said, ‘I shall give some orders respecting you.’”§

Müller would, in all probability, have been for *one hundred years*; for *ever*—sick of princely courtesies, had he been able to read over the shoulders of “the conqueror of the French, the Russians, and the Austrians, the equal of Cæsar,” the remarkably disdainful letter in which he related that interview to D’Alembert, the protector of the young historian:—

“That M. *Mayer*” (he did not even retain his name, he who was curious enough to learn something about Müller’s family) “that M. Mayer has been here. I must confess to you that I found him to be one who stands upon trifles. He has made researches respecting the Cimbric and the Teutonic, for which I give him no credit. He has moreover written an analysis of universal history, in which he has studiously *repeated* what has been already *written and said better than he has done*, &c.”¶

* Here Müller takes a completely epic tone :

“Sum pius Æneas, famâ super æthera notus.”

† Je suis donc un foudre de guerre—says the Hare in La Fontaine’s fable.

‡ Frederick was then 71 years of age.—*Trans.*

§ Letter of February 20th, 1781.

¶ D’Alembert had written to Frederick that Müller was “the author of an excellent history of Switzerland, full of philosophy and courageous truths.” A strange recommendation in the eyes of a despot who had upheld the Jesuits when suppressed by the Pope.

¶ See *Correspondence of Frederick and D’Alembert*. The whole letter should be read, as the whole German nation is treated as cavalierly as the illustrious historian.

Somewhat later, when Müller wrote his autobiography, he had lost a little of his enthusiasm, so he described without any epic flourish, his interview with the conqueror of Rosbach: "The great king received him with that grace with which, at times, he softened his majesty. . . . He neither asked for nor obtained anything more."

Happily for Müller, the Landgrave of Hesse was better acquainted with his works than was the King of Prussia. He appointed him professor of history, with a modest salary of sixteen hundred francs.* Subsequently, Müller exchanged that position for one of under-librarian of the Grand Library, and received at the same time the title of "Councillor." He wrote at Cassel his "*History of the temporal establishment and Domination of the Pope in the latter half of the Eighth Century*," a dissertation which is often quoted by Ultramontanists,† and which was enthusiastically received at Rome. It was concluded that Müller had a leaning towards Catholicism, although he was in fact strongly attached to the Protestant church. It is true that he had too profoundly studied the middle ages, to adopt the superficial opinions of the French Encyclopedists. The temporal power of the papacy was deemed by him a salutary counterpoise to the violence of the tyrants who then governed the world. That point of view might be accepted without recognising the spiritual authority arrogated by the Bishop of Rome over men's consciences. Even those Roman Emperors, of whom Tacitus and Suetonius have drawn such sombre portraits, were not deserving of universal censure. The aristocracy they decimated with such merciless rigour, were not in a measure more virtuous, or more disposed to self-sacrifice, than the Cæsars who treated them with so much severity. In like manner, if the Popes be compared with the temporal chiefs of feudal society, the comparison will redound at times to the advantage of the former. They possessed at least some notions of order and government, notions completely foreign to the barons and

* About £64 sterling.

† See Cardinal Wiseman's Apology of St. Gregory VII.

princes of the middle ages.* Such was Muller's idea, and we willingly admit that, in his kindly disposition, he judged indulgently of the Roman Pontiffs. He was in fact as much inoffensive as Voltaire was aggressive—even the friends of the former being at times surprised at the mildness of his remarks. Accordingly, we find Gleim writing to him as follows with reference to his "Travels of the Popes:"

"Your 'Travels of the Popes' is a book replete with extensive views, which enable us to recognise the work of our dear Muller. . . . I could only wish you had not advanced certain propositions too easily capable of refutation by every reader; for example—'their paternal hands raised the edifice of the hierarchy.' Would to God they had raised it with a *paternal* hand. But where is there any honest man who is not reminded by that word *paternal* of all the crimes of the Papacy? 'Without a hierarchy,' you say, 'there would be no longer in Europe any society watching over the general weal.' But was there such a society amongst the Greeks and Romans? Is there such a one amongst us Protestants? I must confess that I do not believe that the religion of the Pope, such as it is, which lately distributed indulgences at Vienna, is likely to repress the power of despots or to convert a bad prince into a good one—I think in fact quite the contrary."

This criticism of Gleim's is as profound as it is moderate. It will not do to repeat, with every possible inflexion of the voice, that certain Popes in the middle ages espoused the cause of the peoples. That is not the practical question. What ought to be known is that the Papacy is, at this present moment, the firmest support in Europe of temporal and spiritual despotism, and the greatest obstacle to the progress of nations in liberty and equality. That such a writer as Joseph le Maistre should grow enthusiastic with reference to the "paternal hands which raised the edifice of the hierarchy" † may be easily conceived,

* The great principle of election, the very bulwark of Freedom, is due to the convocations of the early church, the Pope himself being *elected* by delegated authority.—*Trans.*

† See Joseph le Maistre—(*Du Pape*).

but should not the historian who so eloquently described the taking of the oath at Grütli have brought new stones to a monument which his tergiversations were destined to leave unfinished? *

It was only with a certain degree of embarrassment that Muller, in his reply to Gleim, observed that he was far from claiming at present for the Roman hierarchy the part it played in the middle ages—quite the contrary. “It is well that the clergy should in turn feel the yoke. . . . As oppressed men they will, I hope, † make common cause with the other classes against him who threatens to oppress all.” ‡ As for the Pope, Muller thinks § that “he has been useful to religion;—not that I am unacquainted with the means employed by the Popes on many occasions:—but what matters that?” It *does* matter, though, for Saint Paul says that “evil must not be done that good may come of it;” such is the evangelical exclamation, very different indeed from the inspirations of worldly wisdom.

The Gospel, in its truly liberal spirit, forbids us to seek excuses for tyranny, which, we may rest assured, will find accomplices and flatterers enough amongst the slaves of worldly opinions. One would be inclined to say that those who have imposed an iron yoke on the nations, possess the magical power of impressing the same dread on posterity as on their contemporaries, for one does not, it seems, apply to their acts those inflexible rules of Christian morality before which the highest foreheads should bow. We ask ourselves “whether genius was not one of the virtues of those scourges of God?” But has not the time come to shake off the yoke of prejudices and of the old world habits of servility? What idea will be entertained of justice, if its voice be not heard even at the impartial tribunal of history? What would become of impartial equity,

* On the 2d of December 1782, he wrote to Gleim:—“I shall employ the *remainder* of my time in completing the history of Switzerland.” That patriotic labour had already become a secondary thought!

† This world can tell if that hope has been realized!

‡ To wit, *temporal despotism*.—*Trans.*

§ Letter to Gleim, May 15th, 1782.

if the victims who, in their lifetime, have had their names dishonoured by the decrees of despotism, are not restored to their high reputation by posterity? Who knows but that the heads of nations would concern themselves a little more about the verdict of future generations, if influential writers displayed greater independence; if they did not, by their cowardly complacency, sanction the decrees of fortune, and if they did not, like Brennus, declare that "the conqueror is always right."* Unfortunately, the former know only too well how far they may reckon on the effeminate indifference of that multitude of historians, who bow down before the triumphs of brute force, and who appear most particularly to dread becoming suspected persons, in the eyes of the despots of the day. It would almost seem that baseness and servility are inherent to our miserable nature. How many writers have, perhaps unconsciously, become the courtiers of arbitrary power? Scarcely dare they speak with any degree of frankness of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, of the dragonades and human sacrifices of the Inquisition, for fear of bringing odium on "the principle of authority." It would be said that, in denouncing, with all the energy of a Christian conscience, those ever-execrable acts, a man was violating the law of "propriety" and "respect for others." I should never have done were I to enumerate all the sophisms inspired by moral cowardice. How great the difference between the noble pride of the historians of free Greece, and the timid precautions of our contemporaries!

That difference could not possibly remain unperceived by Muller, in the course of his profound study of Hellenic literature at Cassel:—"I have just closed my Demosthenes," wrote he to his brother. . . "Of all the orators I am acquainted with he is the greatest; † and after him comes Thucydides. I prefer, in general, the ancients to the moderns, ‡ but amongst the latter

* *Væ Victis!*—Compare Cousin's "Introduction to the History of Philosophy."

† Why? Because he makes the chains which the tyrant is bringing to resound afar.

‡ They were certainly superior by their courage, and that does not diminish their intellectual superiority.

I find elsewhere greater men than amongst the Germans.* I have just finished Plato. What a man! How many silent chords of the soul does his eloquence set vibrating, after the lapse of so many centuries! He will create an epoch in the history of my mind. No one has spoken more wisely of things spiritual.† His vast mind comprehended that sensible things cannot explain or prove what does not fall under the senses.”—“Since my last letter I have read Aristotle. His eloquence is of a highly reasoning character, and the principal models of it are found in his book on the Universe, and in the others which are dedicated to Alexander, wherein he does not speak as a preceptor to a pupil, but, as he says, ‘to a hero.’ So, too, he displays his inner self, when he professes to find on the whole *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (nothing in excess). A philosopher of the time of Aristotle was too much in advance for the 16th century. He was not understood at that time, and we are scarcely ripe enough for him now.”‡

Muller studied also those sacred books on which we should meditate day and night.

“Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.”§

Instead of discovering in the Bible, like certain ignorant Christians, or some theologians devoted to despotic power, a code of odious servility, he regarded it, and rightly, as *the eternal palladium of liberal ideas*. “I have proposed to myself, in all my writings, to defend liberty—WHAT GOD HAS SO OFTEN DONE FOR IT PROVES THAT HE LOVES IT.”|| But Muller saw, too, that no one truly loves liberty if not disposed to make the greatest sacrifices for it, and to renounce for it that vulgar repose which is the *beau-ideal* of the idle and the craven-hearted. “It is good,” said he, “that there should be disturbances, although I detest the authors of them. It is impossible for

* Letter of December 13th, 1781.

† He might have added, “and more boldly for his time.” Any one doubting on that score has only to read the ‘*Entyphron*.’ He also defended Socrates against his executioners in an admirable apology.

‡ Letter of January 26th, 1782.

§ Horace.

|| Letter of May 14th, 1782.

Europe to remain long in its present state.* By continuing in our apathy, we should but grow accustomed to the yoke. Action rouses in us the ancient fire: the man worthy of living free is not chained to a rock like Prometheus." †

During his extensive reading, Muller contrived to compose several works, amongst others his "Travels of the Popes," of like tendency to that of the "History of their temporal domination." Muller did not know how to regulate or concentrate his scientific ardour;—every historical question successively attracting him. Livy, Thucydides, and Tacitus had devoted their entire lives to the history of their respective countries, but Muller, who had at first taken them as models, forgot more and more every day the generous and wise resolutions of his youth.

His situation at Cassel was not an enviable one. His salary was so insufficient that he contracted debts. Moreover the society of learned Germans did not please him.‡ The remembrances of his native land, which he ought never to have quitted, (seeing what his character was,) became passionately aroused:—"Beloved air of my paternal hills," he exclaims, "when shall I inhale thee?" § He besought, therefore, the Landgrave of Hesse to accept his resignation, left Cassel, and established himself at Geneva, where he filled the post of Lecturer, in the house of "the respectable Tronchin, the friend of his youth." ||

Muller affirms that the narrowness of his pecuniary means could alone make him resolve to quit his country again, in order to fill the post of librarian, proposed to him by the Archbishop-Elector of Mayence. Whilst there, he was diverted again from his labours, which should have absorbed all his mind, by considerations of secondary importance, and by political questions of no great interest for a citizen of Helvetia. He had even the weakness to undertake, in April 1787, a diplomatic mission to

* Muller wrote this seven years before the taking of the Bastille.—*Trans.*

† Letter of May 14th, 1782.

‡ "The majority of them," he said, "are neither gay nor lively."—(Letter of February 22d, 1782).

§ Letter of September 23d, 1782.

|| Life of Muller, written by himself.

Rome. He engaged more and more in that career, when he received from the Prince-Elector, the title and post of "active and privy councillor of legation." Who would believe that the honour of figuring in the official Almanack of that principality, after the names of the Prime Minister and the three Councillors of State, flattered his self-love? Men gain but rarely by growing old. The experience and reflection which should detach them more and more every day from the pleasures of vanity by showing them all its frivolity, appears to render them on the contrary more accessible to its bad counsels. Such men end by treating as "dreams and delusions," all the generous aspirations of their youth, and by despairing of effecting the triumph, in a selfish world, of the great ideas to which they had, at first, vowed all their love. Instead of labouring to place their fellow-creatures on a level with themselves, they find it more convenient to descend to theirs, and to crawl on this miserable earth, in order to dispute a few grains of dust, which they call "honours and dignities." It is, assuredly, one of the saddest spectacles presented by the study of humanity. But how much the more affecting is it, when presented in the life of men whom their high intellect should preserve from such petty failings! Muller possessed too much elevation of ideas to abandon himself unreservedly to the enjoyment of his new position. In a letter to his brother of the 23d of April 1788, he betrays his dissatisfaction at his diplomatic functions—a dissatisfaction which years did not diminish.

Although his connexion with that little German court became every day more and more intimate, it did not altogether destroy his love of liberty. Whilst he was seriously ill in 1789, the French Revolution broke out, and he hailed it with enthusiasm,* dictating the following reflections:

"The 14th of July is the noblest day since the fall of Romish domination.† The last century imitated the frivolity of the

* See Klopstock's *Kennet euch selbst*.

† The Reformation. It will be seen by this phrase that Muller, notwithstanding his sympathy for Gregory VII. and Innocent III., knew how to render justice to Zuinglius and Luther.

French—the next one will learn courage from them. The price paid for liberty is not too high, being only the destruction of the *chateaux* of some rich barons, and the beheading of a few *grandeess*, who for the most part were culpable. It will endow the French character with an energy which will render the political power of France formidable again. Let them fall therefore—they who are trembling—those unjust judges, those insolent despots! It is good that kings and their counsellors should perceive that they are only men.”*

Muller, who followed with much interest the various phases of the French Revolution, soon perceived the causes of its failure. Those two causes are precisely the same which have been fatal to the liberty of that country ever since the commencement of the century—the Utopian spirit, and contempt for Christianity. The former by its inventions, at one time ridiculous, at another menacing, has always frightened timid minds, which sought eagerly for refuge in the arms of despotism; and the latter has discredited liberal ideas in the estimation of all who consider a religious symbol necessary for every political organization.—Those who affect to despise every belief founded on Christian traditions, which, when well understood, are perfectly reconcilable with liberty, prepare the way for ultramontane reaction, the progress of which justly terrifies those who do not desire to see mankind fall under a brutalizing yoke. Muller placed the Revolution of England in 1688 above that of France, in a practical point of view, and he admired the prudence with which the statesmen of Great Britain sought support in Gospel ideas.

They, who, like the French democrats at the end of the eighteenth century, wish to improvise everything, expose themselves to the retaliation of despotism. The countries which definitively triumphed over arbitrary power,—Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, England, the United States—followed a policy very different from that of the National Convention. They did not undertake to remodel society on the basis of Greek philosophy, but relied on that truly Christian

* Letter of August 14, 1789.

spirit which is inspired by the Gospel, wherever men are not the slaves of the spiritual despotism of the Romish church. Unfortunately the faults of France are never without influence in the Latin countries, for too often have the French found imitators in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and even on the banks of the Danube amongst the Roumains. Thus, whilst the triumph of liberty is definitively assured in the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon nations, the Latin countries are either on the point of relapsing under the yoke of absolute power, or already permanently endure it.

Muller's profound study of the history of his country had taught him how a people may conquer and maintain its independence. Accordingly he loved to turn his eyes towards his country, after having narrated the state of things in Europe in general. "With all its faults," said he, "I regard Zurich as the model of Swiss cities, for public spirit, domestic virtues, and national energy; and when I look on the other portion of *non-Frenchified* Switzerland, including Rhetia, I look with renewed pleasure on my native land, and hope there may ten just men be found therein."*

A short time before the entry of the French into Mayence, Muller, "who was a privy councillor and referendary," received a sudden invitation to go to Vienna.—The ultramontane party had for a long time kept him in view. "A very zealous Catholic, who had been a witness of Muller's respect for the Roman Catholic religion, and of his just estimation of certain practices in its form of worship, deemed him sufficiently prepared for a change of religion, and, for that purpose, greatly contributed to have him summoned to Vienna."† Muller, however, was too enlightened and too conscientious to lend himself to such a manœuvre. That men who have a profound antipathy for liberal ideas should embrace Catholicism is not to be wondered at, they only act consistently inasmuch as their secret inclinations render them admirers of arbitrary power. We can readily account, therefore, for certain conversions of which the

* Letter of November 9, 1789.

† Life of Muller written by himself.

Romish church so loudly boasts. One may be really learned, and a man of extraordinary acquirements, yet not be possessed of sufficient force of soul or character to support free examination, and such a one may well repose his liberty at the feet of the worm-eaten throne of the Papacy. *There*, will be found "that repose," of which a contemporary writer* speaks—the repose in death, and in the abnegation of all that constitutes the dignity of human nature. Muller was nowise willing to accept such tranquillity, although all kinds of seductions were thrown in his way. The Emperor had given him letters of nobility, and the title of Knight,—distinctions which caused him no slight embarrassment, and which he at first resolutely refused, as incompatible with the simplicity of his manners.† At last he consented to call himself, "John *von* Muller, nobleman, of Sylveden, knight of the Holy Roman Empire," ‡ blushing however at times at such a transformation of the free citizen of Old Helvetia. Accordingly, we find him writing, as follows, from Mayence at the time he was acting as the representative of the Elector at the coronation of the Emperor: - "I am ashamed of myself; all my delight is to see myself surrounded with greater fools than myself,—willing fools moreover." A sad consolation for a man like Muller! Was he not made to show the vulgar the path they ought to pursue, and not to follow them in their errors?

[Pity that such men as Muller and Macaulay have been unable to perceive that the simple individuality of all workers in the great branches of mental culture is so deeply impressed on the heart of the masses, that the glare and glitter and tinsel of human titles and human decorations are lost sight of in the lifetime even of their earthly tenement. Who ever speaks of *Lord* Byron, of *Lord* Bacon, of *Baron* Humboldt, of *Sir* Walter

* The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn—"From Babylon to Jerusalem," a singular title, signifying from Berlin to Rome.

† Letter of October 28, 1790.

‡ Letter of May 10, 1791.

Scott, of *Sir* Isaac Newton, of *Sir* William Herschell, of *Sir* Humphrey Davy, of *Sir* David Wilkie? As the "Times" well asked, who would know Florence Nightingale were she called Countess of Scutari? These names partake of the glorious untitled immortality of Shakspeare, of Galileo, of Burns, of Michael Angelo, of Luther, of Watt, "et hoc genus omne." Men speak their names as Peers sign only their titles. They are the occupants of the VALHALLA OF THE WHOLE WORLD. There, as in that noble monument of German gratitude, all alike find a place, who have conferred lustre upon the human mind, who have stricken down tyranny, who have substituted innocent and instructive amusement for ignorant and vicious enjoyments, who have rejected with scorn the loathsome priestly offering of material indulgence, and clung to their mental superiority, who have raised and purified the taste and perceptions, who have striven to "make straight in the desert a highway for our God!" No diadem, in that grand temple whose base is washed by "the dark-rolling Danube," encircles the eloquent marble that presents the features of the two great bulwarks of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange; no rags, grander though they be than a monarch's robe, detract from the placid yet majestic countenance of Gutemberg, its expression venerable at once by consciousness, by years, and by suffering. So no false halo of the title of *King*, adds to the reverence felt by all readers of history for the name of Alfred:—no squalid poverty, no dissipation, the result of neglect of a keenly sensitive nature, by our absurd social system, can dim our affection for the memory of Robert Burns. The Heldenbuch records the names alone of heroes:—an imperfect type of that other Book which shall record deeds as well as names, which will admit no immunity by position, no palliation by pleas of expediency, and which shall not leave to imperfect tradition the register of virtues and of crimes.—*Trans.*]

Frivolous honours may suffice for those who are swayed by the prejudices and vanities of the world, but as for the great historian, they were only a source of trouble and uncertainty to

him. Appointed a referendary of State in July 1791, he only aspired to studious leisure. He recalled to mind that at Geneva the learned and virtuous Abauzit, the only one of his contemporaries whom J. J. Rousseau eulogised, lived entirely for the sake of learning up to his eighty-eighth year, and on an income of twenty-five Louis d'ors. Zurich, which has always been a centre of intellectual activity, had great attractions for Muller, on account of its valuable libraries and delightful scenery. There he would willingly have given up all his titles and decorations, "in order to be plain John Muller, and to write his Swiss history and his universal one."* He wept at the thought that he should leave unfinished the annals of his glorious Fatherland. His presentiments did not deceive him, but that misfortune could have been avoided by a little energy on his part.

Meantime the Austrian government did not despair of bringing him over to its views. The French seized Mayence, and deposed the Archbishop-Elector, so that Muller, on his return from Vienna, found the former city in the hands of the republican troops. He declined all the propositions made to him by General Custine, rejoined the Elector at Eichfeld, and soon afterwards, being sent on a mission to the Emperor, he accepted, on the 12th of February 1793, the title of Aulic councillor, conferred upon him by the head of the Holy Roman Empire.

Notwithstanding the distraction of so many changes in his life, Muller continued to follow with the liveliest interest the development of the French Revolution. The judgment pronounced by so eminent a man deserves to be reproduced at an epoch like the present, which takes such pains to seize the true character of those great events.†

"If the French," said he, "were imbued with religious sentiments, and if they based their cause on God and morality, I should believe in their success; but their edifice is built on sand; a single wind from heaven will overthrow it."‡

* Letter of August 29, 1791.

† How great the difference in the opinions on that subject of Thiers, de Conny, Gabourd, Mignet, Granier de Cassagnac, Lamartine, and Buchez?

‡ Letter of July 22, 1791.

It was thus that, in 1791, Muller foretold the 18th Brumaire. "I confess that I find much that is good in the French Revolution; but the French have, none the less for all that, entered on a fatal course. They sacrifice every thing to abstract theories."

. . . "I do not think they will attain their object without God. Although their cause, such as they have worked it out, appears to me a bad one, I certainly do not desire the restoration of despotism, (Heaven preserve us from it!) but an equipoised constitution."

But whilst Muller severely condemned the faults of the popular party, he was indignant at the infamous conduct of the aristocracy, who conspired with foreigners for the oppression of France.

"The French aristocrats," said he, "commit many follies, but their designs will be frustrated."*

At the commencement of his sojourn in Vienna, Muller, who was of a confiding nature, did not perceive in any way the difficulties of his new position. He became almost necessarily the dupe of the affected mildness of the despotism of the house of Austria. Absolute governments parade at times the force at their disposal, and the terror they inspire appears to them to be the best means of defending themselves against any encroachments on the part of the spirit of the age; but the Court of Vienna has always preferred an infinitely more skilful policy, ever endeavouring to impart "paternal forms" to arbitrary power. Accordingly, superficial minds—and their number is great—seduced by the pompous declarations of which that court is never sparing, have been more than once simple enough to allude to its "liberal intentions." It is not astonishing, therefore, that Muller, naturally confiding, as already observed, was taken in at the first by such fine words. Moreover, the Emperor was particularly gracious towards him. The Archbishop of Vienna, too, invited Muller to dinner, "heretic" as the latter was; but when it was seen that he remained both Protestant

* Letter of November 29, 1791.

and liberal, his position changed; and the difficulties of that position are best shown in the following curious passage in his autobiography:

“Muller found himself settled at Vienna at a time when the abuse of the name of Liberty had brought into discredit the advocates of the most legitimate freedom, the first authors of the Helvetic Confederation, and the salutary doctrine by which Luther had severed a portion of Europe from superstition and irreligion.* He was at Vienna at a time when the extravagances and passions of a few men of great talents nearly brought about the proscription of everything in the shape of enlightenment and mental cultivation. . . . Under such circumstances, the writer, who did not repent of having faithfully retraced the history of his country, such as that history is, and who, moreover, wished to remain in the church in which his fathers were born, could not assuredly pretend either to much influence or to many distinctions.”† In course of time Muller found out that not only would he never acquire “influence,” but that, in despotic countries, one cannot even reckon on the necessary toleration for such historical works as are not inspired by a spirit of complete servility. His correspondence on that point enters into details which present a vivid picture of the countries subjected to arbitrary power. He was first attacked in the journals which were sold to the government: “In one of the numbers of the *Minerva*, I am reproached on account of some passages in the first volumes of the ‘History of Switzerland,’ which no doubt one should write now in a manner different from that of 1785.”‡ The illustrious historian, we perceive, already begins to waver. He seeks to justify himself in his own eyes, by affirming that there is “an essential difference between the old Swiss revolution and that of France.” The Austrian inquisitors, rightly enough, did not deem that apology a very specious one. The Helvetic, like the French Revolution, was directed against the

* See Charles Villers’ “Influence of Luther’s Reformation,” and Guizot’s “History of Civilization in Europe.”

† Life of Muller, written by himself.

‡ Letter of November 16, 1796.

aristocratic principle. Those revolutions may have followed a different career, but their starting point was identical, as Muller himself well knew, when he applauded the taking of the Bastille. The atmosphere of Vienna, however, had, unconsciously on his part, weakened his political convictions. The concessions he made did not, however, satisfy those who had reckoned on his *conversion*. The importance attached to his opinions was a source of perpetual annoyance to him, his sayings, his writings, and his most intimate letters, being made the subjects of the bitterest comments.

The opportunity of reconquering his liberty presented itself. On the 6th of April, 1798, the electoral assembly of Schaffhausen almost unanimously nominated him a member of the supreme tribunal of the Helvetic republic. During several days, he struggled against his youthful reminiscences, and at last refused the post, on somewhat frivolous pretences. At the same epoch, another historian of the Confederation, Henry Zschokke, was rendering all kinds of services to Switzerland; but the author of the "Evenings at Aarau" was of a resolute character, very different in that respect from Muller. However, the latter suffered much in mind through his false position, and the weakening of his generous ideas. A portion of his correspondence with Bonstetten had been published without his authority, and that publication flung him back upon himself, awakening many a regret. "I find that I have not fulfilled what my correspondence promised;—the fault must be attributed to my position. I have never been able to devote myself entirely to literature, and even now I am still *amphibious*."*

His transformation, however, was not considered complete enough. He was urged, by one on whom, rightly or wrongly, he had bestowed his confidence, to become a convert. "I should not be surprised," observed Muller with unaffected simplicity, "if some grand personages are not concealed behind him."† Amidst those agitations, his uncertainty was redoubled, for he did not know in what direction to bend his course for the

* Letter of June 27, 1798.

† Letter of October 13, 1798.

future. "Shall I continue the history of Switzerland, or, as I am advised by others, finish the universal history? . . . I am attracted towards the latter, but I should grieve were I unfaithful to the history of Switzerland. The shades of our heroes present themselves before me.—Shall our old Switzerland lose her monument?"*

Muller felt every day more and more the inconveniences of his political situation.—The superiority of his intelligence, the liberal ideas contained in his writings, and his plebeian origin rendered him odious to the old nobility. He demanded and obtained the post of chief librarian of the imperial library. With his customary single-mindedness, he believed he was now secure from vexations: "I enjoy a *reasonable* liberty, and every one deems me to be in the right place. O heavens! who would have said in my youth, that one day I should be, *amidst great honours*, and with a good income, placed at the head of the vast and magnificent 'Bibliotheca Augusta?'"

He took advantage of the leisure he enjoyed, in his new position, to go and inhale the air of his native country. From Schaffhausen he proceeded to the Netherlands, and to France. He had been often enough told that France was ruined and devastated by the Revolution, so he was not a little surprised. "This is the country," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "which next to ancient Rome long reigned, with the greatest power and order, over the majority of trans-alpine nations, this is the country which was the first strong bulwark against the Arabs, the inheritance of Charlemagne, the model of legislation under Saint Louis,† the promoter of the civilization of Europe, by popularizing learning;—a country chosen in our days to (repair and) set in motion the worn-out wheels of society in old Europe, and perhaps in the world. Nothing elevates the mind so much as contemplating a people, so often destined, in the course of fifteen centuries, to exercise a mighty influence, and now more so than ever.—I entered France with the firm determination to see

* Letter of December 28, 1799.

† Saint only in the monkish acceptance. He was a violator of woman, and a monster of persecution! Such was Louis IX.—*Trans.*

everything in an impartial point of view, in fact as if I had never heard the word "party." And what did I see? The contrary of almost everything I had heard tell of,—a careful agricultural cultivation,* the defects of which were not the results of the Revolution, but of an imperfect knowledge of the theory; new habitations in many villages, a scarcely perceptible diminution of the population, an incredible number of youths and children, a greater division of property, the decay of a few useful institutions, but, on the other hand, an increase of national resources, . . . the joy of national pride, enhanced by triumphs over foes. The multitude appears to have gained much, above all in the *old parts* of France, and the inconveniences which have arisen can only be justly regarded as the inevitable consequences of the commotions of war, and therefore, as only transitory."†

All the foreigners who visited France‡ were equally astonished. The amelioration of the condition of the peasantry, so wretched under the old *régime*,§ had in reality changed the face of the country. Accordingly the agricultural class manifests still a profound antipathy for the social order so gloriously overthrown in 1789. That class has not to reproach itself, like certain members of the citizen-class, with having forgotten the benefits of the Revolution;—the latter class, however, have had pointed out to them, in M. Loménie's excellent work, the many vexations to which they were formerly exposed.||

* The *subdivision of land* was then only in its commencement, and *conscription* had not weakened France. Let any one pass through France now, in 1857, and remark the miserable small patches of produce, *evidently grown for home consumption, and none for interchange*, and say what benefit the agrarian law has conferred on France;—then let him reflect that that miserable pittance will be further subdivided at the death of the present occupancy, and, coupling all this with the strictly prohibitive dogmas of French commerce, let him, if he have the hardihood, predict the future of France! Like all others, Muller could only see the *present*.—*Trans.*

† Letter of May 27th, 1801.

‡ See Ch. de Remusat's article "Fox," in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1856.

§ Their wretchedness is attested by Fenelon, Vauban, La Bruyère, and see also Lavallée's, Martin's, and Michelet's histories of France.

|| Louis de Loménie, "Beaumarchais and his times." In the compilation of this noble work, the author drew from sources the most authentic although but little known.

Muller, on his return to Vienna, was soon plunged again in anxieties, although he took every precaution against giving offence to Austria and to despotism. His prudence had even something puerile about it:—"I endeavour," he wrote to his brother in August, 1803, "to sever by degrees even my most *innocent* relations with other countries, so soon as I perceive they are disapproved of here. My first desire is to *serve* the emperor to the best of my ability, and quietly to devote my time to the good of posterity." This singular docility, so strongly in contrast with the proud and noble independence of Muller's youth, did not disarm those ignoble passions which he had irritated by remaining faithful to the Reformed church, and to liberal ideas. Some powerful friends essayed, but in vain, to protect so inoffensive a man. "Nevertheless, he would have remained in Vienna if some of those men of mediocre talents who wish to be important, no matter at what cost, had not, by falsifying public opinion, given rise to those ordinances regarding books, which led to such extraordinary prohibitions,—amongst others, one which put a stop to the continuation by Muller of the publication, even beyond the frontier, of his history of Switzerland. At the same time he was refused a post he asked for in the court-library, and for which no one in Vienna or elsewhere could deem him unfit. These repulses had their effect, and severed his connexion with a dynasty, a monarch, and a nation which he truly loved, as well as brought about his removal from a situation which suited him in many respects."* These persecutions soured the naturally good temper of Muller. "I shall soon," he wrote, "pardon Rousseau for his misanthropy."†

He was restored to serenity by a journey in Protestant Germany. "What is it that revived me on touching the Prussian soil? It appeared to me that I was returning to the paternal house, like a son after journeying in foreign lands. Without reasoning with myself, I saw my own cause in that of Prussia—that of the faith of my fathers, and the cherished one of literature, here so free and so honoured. I felt a new life within me,

* Life of Muller, written by himself.

† Letter of December 21st, 1803.

when I could openly avow myself a Protestant, and a man of letters. Add to this the tendency of the king, (Frederick William III.,) to make Berlin the asylum and centre of German nationality, of art, and of all reasonable liberty—and I have not perceived that any inconvenience arises from such liberty.”*

At Berlin, Muller received brilliant offers from the Prussian government, at which Vienna became troubled, and offered him a considerable augmentation of salary; but the illustrious historian was tired of the servitude in which intellect was held by the Austrian government; so he decided in favour of Prussia.

All these various sources of agitation had not prevented Muller from studying profoundly the fathers of the Church, a study of the highest interest, that has been too much neglected by our contemporaries. It is evident by his correspondence that he preferred the *Oriental* fathers to the *Western*, and nothing is more remarkable than his opinions respecting the polemical dispute between Jerome and Origen: “I have read the reproaches made by Jerome to Origen, and I confess that I am often on the side of the latter. Origen was assuredly a man of genius, fertile in conjectures and in felicitous interpretations; but Jerome and the dominant party, who were led by him, wished to arrest every bold flight, and would not allow of any meditative wandering out of the highway.”† He was not more pleased with the enthusiasm of the hermit of Bethlehem for monastic life. “I have read the life of St. Paula without exactly approving of her self-ruin. There is a *frightful exaggeration* in all that. I have lately seen living examples amongst the Trappists. I was less edified by them, than inspired with sentiments of disgust and pity.”‡ He returned the following year to the works of Origen. “At Christmas I felt an irresistible desire for some great religious enjoyment, so I devoted to that object the time between the 29th of December and the 3d of January, and I made choice of Origen. Amongst the fathers, there is none who has *thought* so much about Christianity, or sounded all its recesses in order to discover if there be anything in it or not

* Letter of March 12, 1804.

† Letter of June 5th, 1798.

‡ Letter of July 28th, 1798.

Such he shows himself in his book ‘*De principiis*,’ of which unfortunately, we have only the translation of Rufinus. I was, nevertheless, much pleased with it:—The vast mind which conceived the *Apocatastis*, the final reduction of all the divergencies to purity, truth, and primitive felicity, has, further than any other, and more entirely, penetrated into the depths of divinity and of humanity.

“How he elevates the soul above all the storms and the scandals of those times! O ye miserable creatures of 553! * ye condemned a man whose shoes you were unworthy to loosen. How different would be Christianity now, if *His* path had been followed, if what he says drily, had been vividly brought before the imagination and addressed to the heart; and if people had kept to the heights of immensity, instead of shutting up religion in the chamber of torture, or in a hall devoted to disputations.” †
 “I have read Origen’s ‘*De principiis*,’ which contains his secret doctrine,—his ‘wisdom for the perfect,’—and I am pleased with it, without, however, entirely adopting his views.” ‡

He was not less delighted with Saint John Chrysostom: “I cannot express the pure and divine pleasure afforded me by that true Cicero of the Christians, that great scrutinizer of all the depths of the human heart.” §—“The more I study him, the more I discover of wisdom, beauty, and humanity in all the sacred writings, but particularly in the doctrines of Christ. No sacred book of any nation,—no philosophical system is so adapted as the Gospel to the heart of man, and all the requirements of humanity.” ||

Notwithstanding his inclination for the East, he complains elsewhere of the facility with which it adopted “the theology of the schools, which, even thus early, ¶ the Greek church had so much disfigured.” He does not even hesitate to say that “it had already received many germs of polytheism.” ** But that great church will have a brilliant future before it, so soon

* The Fifth Council of Constantinople.

† Letter of December 28th, 1799.

‡ Letter of January 11th, 1800.

§ Letter of June 2d, 1803.

|| Letter of June 29th, 1803.

¶ In Mahomet’s time.

** Letter of April 10th, 1793.

as it energetically frees itself from all such foreign elements, to announce anew to the nations the faith of Justin Martyr, and of Clement of Alexandria. Muller, for his part, did not doubt of the destinies of the East, and at a time, too, when even the most sagacious observers appeared to despair of it.—“*When Turkey shall be civilized,* we shall be quite surprised at the resurrection of the old world.*”† May the prophecy of the illustrious writer be speedily realized, and our Roumenian brethren prove by their energy, their intellectual activity, and their love of progress, that they are the eldest sons of Christian civilization,—that civilization which has been momentarily impeded by the tyranny of their oppressors!

Before settling in Berlin, Muller undertook a journey to Switzerland, and stayed two days at Madame de Stael's house at Coppet. At Geneva he met with Kinloch, the devoted friend of his youth. On his beloved native soil all his generous sentiments, all his grand ideas, returned to him. After having lived so long in courts, he could better appreciate the cordiality and simplicity of the habits of his own country, and his heart swelled within him when the time arrived for quitting Berne. “Oh that I could only find a pretext,” he exclaimed, “for stopping one day longer here!” At Basle, he could not refrain from tears on bidding adieu to Switzerland. He was destined never to behold his native land again.

His sympathetic reception at Berlin was of a nature to afford him some consolation, for he found there a position conformable with his tastes; and one, moreover, which, however agreeable it might be, did not diminish his ardour for study. He was animated more than ever with the holy love of labour and progress. “Many talk now of retiring, of giving up their pursuits, of reposing. Thoughts of withdrawing from the world, and of renouncing even my literary occupations, have passed also through my head, and I have had some idea of living apart, as people did in the middle ages, for the sole sake of contemplation,

* Which, however, is impossible without the regeneration of the Christian races of that vast empire.

† Letter of February 20th, 1801.

unknown and detached from the earth. But within me resounds the word, 'Work whilst it is yet day, before the long night comes, in which working ceases.'"* Those beautiful and noble words were not for Muller a mere formula. He composed at Berlin a "Memoir on the Spirit of the History of Frederick the Second," and some historical dissertations for the Academy of Sciences; and he published also the works of Herder, as well as his own autobiography, (several fragments of which we have given), and a great number of critical articles, inserted in the learned Journals of Germany. The battle of Jena,† and the apparent ruin of the Prussian monarchy, unfortunately tore him from his favourite studies. Those catastrophes made Muller very downcast. The conqueror, however, was not wanting in respect to the illustrious historian of the Confederation. After having spoken of the kindness shown him by the French generals, Muller said, "All the proceedings of the Emperor towards me authorize the most sanguine hopes for the future. . . . I have received honourable and most enticing offers. It remains to be seen whether the Emperor will sanction them. If any difficulties arise respecting the carrying out of those propositions, I shall seek my livelihood at Heidelberg or elsewhere; but I should prefer Paris to all, for I am accustomed to large cities, and Paris is, now-a-days, like Rome formerly, the capital of the civilized world."

That letter was written on the 8th of November; on the 19th, Maret wrote to him to come to Napoleon the next evening at seven o'clock. It was thus the lot of the historian of Switzerland to converse familiarly with the two greatest warriors of the 18th and 19th centuries—the conqueror at Rosbach, and the conqueror at Jena. "The Emperor," wrote Muller, "commenced by speaking to me of the 'History of Switzerland,' and advised me to finish it,‡ on the ground that posterior times furnished

* Letter of December 24, 1805.

† October 14, 1806.

‡ An excellent advice, by which Muller should have profited, and in which one recognizes the practical spirit of Napoleon.

many subjects of interest.* He came to the Act of Mediation,† and appeared well disposed towards us, but required that we should not mix ourselves up with foreign affairs, and should remain internally tranquil. From Switzerland we passed to the constitution and history of Greece, to the theory of constitutions, to the fundamental differences between those of Europe and Asia—differences arising from climate, polygamy, &c.—and to the strongly contrasted characters of the Arabs and the Tartars, the Emperor eulogizing the former. That led us to the irruptions which, on the part of the latter, constantly menace civilization, and the necessity of a bulwark against them. He pointed out the true value of European cultivation, and the progress of liberty, public security, enlightenment, and morality, since the fifteenth century. He drew a brilliant picture of the ages that followed, of the concatenation of all things, and of their mysterious direction by an invisible hand. He attributed his own greatness to his enemies, and spoke of the general confederation of peoples. . . . The conversation turned for a long time on almost every country and every nation. . . . I made several objections, and he did not disdain to discuss them. I must declare sincerely, and with thorough impartiality, as in the presence of God, that the variety of his knowledge, the pointedness of his observations, his close reasoning (not mere sparkles of wit), and his vast intelligence, filled me with admiration, whilst the way in which he conversed with me inspired me with affection. After an hour and a half, he gave orders to begin the concert, and—I know not whether by chance, or through a kind feeling—he called for songs which recalled pastoral life, and the ‘*Ranz des vaches*,’ and when he quitted the apartment he bowed gracefully. Since my audience with Frederick in 1782, I never had so varied a conversation, at least with a

* Well might he say so. The history of the Reformation, the lives of Zuinglius and Cappel, the sermons of Farel at Neufchatel, the settling of Calvin in Geneva, his struggles there, the punishment of Servet, &c., present much interest!

† Act by which the Emperor took the supreme management of Swiss affairs as *mediator*.

prince. If my memory does not betray my judgment, the Emperor, as compared with the King, carries all before him, by the depth and extent of his ideas. Frederick was somewhat Voltairian. The Emperor's voice is remarkable for firmness and energy, but his mouth, like Frederick's, has a captivating grace. This day has been one of the most memorable of my life. By his genius and unaffected kindness he also has conquered me."*

The relations of Muller with the French were displeasing to some literary men and ladies of Berlin. Göthe defended him in the *Morgenblatt*, and Muller warmly thanked him, at the same time explaining his motives. "My principles," said he, "are still the same, but the world is altered: is that our fault? *My opinion is, that the Germans would do better to work out their own liberty, than to be always expecting it from the Cossacks.* So long as Germany has no great man to place at the head of the nation, and that no others than Kalmucs or Frenchmen set up as its guardians, it appears to me that the wiser plan—for everything has its day—is to conciliate the more civilized of the two, and to sow the seeds of a better future."†

The kind intentions of Napoleon were not left unrealized. Muller was named, in 1807, Minister-Secretary of State in the kingdom of Westphalia, which one of the Emperor's brothers, Prince Jerome, then governed. That prince gave him the most gracious reception, and, at their first interview, conferred on him the order of the Dutch Lion.

Muller was thus thrown again into politics. The tribulations which awaited him were all the greater, that it was very difficult at Cassel to make the Germans and French agree. Accordingly, his health soon began to decline. Fatigued with the absorbing functions of government, he hastened to tender his resignation, and received the post of Director-General of Education, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. Those functions were the last he filled. He died at Cassel, aged fifty-seven years and some months. "Whatever is, is of God, and all comes from God," were his last words. One of his friends wrote as follows

* Letter of November 19, 1806.

† Letter of March 16, 1807.

to Muller's brother: "His end was as peaceful as his noble heart. No remorse troubled his passage into eternity. He is therefore before us, without any alteration in his features, and a smile is still on his face, as an expression of repose and happiness."*

The firm and resolute character of Zschokke presents a striking contrast to that of Muller. Whilst the life of the author of the "Universal History" was a constant struggle between discordant principles, very different was that of the popular writer, to whom the Confederation is indebted for so many good examples, and such excellent works, amongst which the "History of the Swiss Nation" holds a distinguished place. Unshakable in his convictions, and a sincere republican, he listened neither to the seductive voice of the great, nor to the fatal counsels of vanity. Not only did he merit general esteem and admiration, but he acquired them by dint of all kinds of labours, and by the services he rendered to learning, reason, and liberty.

Henry Zschokke was born at Magdeburg in 1770, where his father was a cloth merchant, who took no trouble in the development of his son's intelligence; accordingly, the child, who lost his mother at an early age, could see nothing in books except "white and black."† The future historian of Switzerland passed his time in climbing up walnut and apple trees, destroying flower-pots, running on the roofs of houses, and waging terrible war with the cats on the tiles. Such battles

* The importance of Muller's labours has directed the attention of a great number of writers to his life, which was composed in Latin by Schütz, *Memoria J. Mulleri*; and by the celebrated Heine, *Memoria J. de Muller*; in German by Rommel—*Rede zur Gedachtnissfeier*, "J. von Muller, An. 14, Juni 1809;" by Wachler, "J. von Muller;" Siebelis, "J. von Muller;" and by Döring, "Leben, J. von Muller." The most recent and the most complete work was published in 1839 by Dr. C. Monnard, a distinguished Swiss writer, who has added his own researches to those of former biographers of the illustrious historian. That work, and Muller's "Selbst biographie," are the best that can be consulted on the subject.

† Expression of Father André, author of the "Essai sur le beau."

did not suffice for his bellicose disposition. Armed with a wooden sword, he spread terror in the vicinity of his father's house. The death of his parent did not appear to change his tastes. In vain his brother Andrew, whose mind was not devoid of cultivation, endeavoured to make him studious;—the youthful Henry remained sullen and inactive before his book, which he left unread. He seemed only to be moved when his brother played on the flute. Music, in fact, threw him into a species of ecstasy.

Andrew, despairing of overcoming his brother's idleness, confided him to the care of his eldest sister. The intellect of Henry was at last aroused, for he was full of ardour at the primary school, and at the gymnasium. Not finding sufficient means to acquire fresh knowledge, he soon wished to go to the university, but that project was not of easy accomplishment in his position in life. All obstacles, however, only served as stimulants for his enterprising character. He set off for the ducal residence of Schwerin, on a cold morning in January 1788. There he met, by chance, with an inhabitant of the city, who procured for him the place of teacher. He was so active, that he added to his occupations that of university student and corrector of the press. He found also time for writing, and thus giving expression to all the ideas which fermented in his head. It might be thought that such a regular and busy mode of life would be of a nature to satisfy a mind avid of knowledge, but his imagination involuntarily escaped from the narrow circle in which it was confined. He would willingly have said with Victor Hugo—

“J'ai des rêves de guerre en mon âme inquiète.”

Zschokke dreamed of those glorious combats which led to renown, his ambition tending, above all else, towards dramatic triumphs. So pre-occupied was he with this idea, that he accepted the post of secretary and poet of a company of actors. The example of Shakspeare and Molière made him, probably, believe that he could acquire in that situation a greater experience of the theatre. Unfortunately, his functions were scarcely of a nature to contribute much to the cultivation of

his talents, being confined to the adapting of some old piece to the caprices and talents of the company; and the conducting the correspondence with the authorities of small towns. But youth imparts a singular charm to everything. At that age one is of the opinion of Beranger's gipsies:—

“La vie errante
Est chose éniivrante.”

So Zschokke found a charm in this kind of life. Being, however, of an essentially quiet disposition, he was soon disgusted with the quarrels of those strolling players. In a more serious mood, he left them, and went to complete his studies in the university of Frankfort on the Oder.

Zschokke began, during his stay in Frankfort, to study theology; this however but little interested him. On the other hand, his aptitude for the sciences was so great, that the study of only one did not satisfy him. He took a serious view of his new duties, and completely forgot the agitations of his former nomadic life. He knew how much time, tranquillity, and perseverance are necessary to give to intellect all the development of which it is capable. He lived therefore, in absolute isolation, without seeking any of the amusements of which German students are so fond, during their turbulent academical career. One day he pronounced over the tomb of a friend, a discourse which brought him into notice and drew him from obscurity. His fame had spread beyond the limits of that somewhat narrow circle, when he composed his drama of *Abellino*, which was completely successful in several large theatres of Germany. As a dramatic conception, there was much wanting in that piece, but it displayed great facility, *verve*, and felicity of style. Those essays did not divert Zschokke from his university studies. He was received as Doctor of Philosophy, and Master of Arts. He even set up at Frankfort, as private teacher, and the numerous subjects he taught indicated the variety of his acquirements, being a Professor of history, natural law, scripture interpretation, æsthetics, and moral philosophy. His lessons were so successful that it was expected he would be appointed Professor

extraordinary at the university. But he did not possess the pliancy of Muller. He refused to pay a visit to the Minister of State, who arrived at Frankfort, and the consequence was that the government resolved on deferring his nomination for two years. He determined, in the meantime, on travelling, so he set out for Berlin and Leipsig in 1795: thence he went to Switzerland and afterwards to Paris. He arrived in that city at the epoch of the conspiracy of Babeuf, and followed with interest all the details of the revolutionary drama. His aimless existence proved wearisome to him. He began to feel an antipathy for the literary career, and resolved to go to Rome to study painting. Nevertheless his heart was secretly attracted towards Switzerland. He wished to revisit that grand scenery which had so much charmed him. After passing some weeks at Berne, he proceeded to the delicious valleys of the Oberland, and thence to Coire in the Grisons, traversing the mountains of the Wald States. Arrived in that capital, he found he had lost his trunk, and that circumstance, apparently so trifling, decided the whole of his future life. Not knowing how to spend his time, during his forced stay at Coire, he paid a visit to Dr. Nesemann, who conducted a boarding school in the Chateau de Reichenau, —the one where the Duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, found an asylum in 1793. The two sovereigns who have successively governed France, one as king and the other as emperor, lived on this land of liberty, in the modest position of a professor and a federal captain. And it may be affirmed that no sovereign of France was less docile than Louis Philippe to the advice of the retrograde party. He knew how to uphold liberty of thought and religious liberty, to restrain the monks, and to neutralize the intrigues of the Jesuits and the clergy, (who were destroyed after his reign,) to seize on the most important positions. It is true, that that prince, with all his enlightenment, did not perceive that the time had come to give the peasantry and the working classes a legal position in the country. That want of penetration was the cause of his fall; but posterity will think all the better of him for having made head against the encroachments of "*obscurantism*" and ultramon-

tanism. The way in which he has been outraged by certain persons,* is in itself a proof that he rendered much service to his country. *There is no other example of any one having, during eighteen years, maintained in a Catholic country triumph of constitutional principles.* In fact, every attentive observer must have remarked that, from the beginning of this century, liberal institutions are not embraced in countries subjected to Romish domination, a fact easily explained;—where intellect is enslaved—how can there be free citizens? to reconcile Roman Catholicism with liberty, as the *correspondents* of Paris essay to do, in imitation of the *Avenir* of de Lamennais, is simply to seek the quadrature of the circle.

Zschokke visited the institution where the Duke of Chartres had found an asylum, as one profoundly versed in pedagogical questions, and Nesemann was so charmed with the extent of Zschokke's learning, that he urged him to take the management of the establishment, to which he acceded, and Reichenau soon became celebrated throughout all Switzerland.—In the opinion of Zschokke teaching did not consist solely in the developing of intellect. He was, above all, desirous of forming *citizens*, capable of perpetuating the great traditions of the Swiss nation, and nothing appeared to him more likely to realize that project than the study of the heroic actions, in which the history of Helvetia abounds. He wished to recall to his contemporaries the magnificent scenes of the past, in order to preserve them from selfishness and apathy, the true dangers to which refined civilization is exposed. No one understood better than he the grand part played by history in the drama of human progress. I do not speak here of history such as it exists in absolute countries, where it appears destined to be the mere apologist of the vices and crimes of despots, but of that which courageously rises above the prejudices of courts, aristocratic calculations and the passing interests of dynasties.—Its mission is to teach men that they never fall without having merited such a fate. *Those*

* See Cretineau Joly's "Histoire du Sonderbund" *passim*; and Michaud's "Biographie de Louis Philippe."

nations which are worthy to exist never lose their nationality. In vain foreign armies trample on them, in vain tyranny seeks to destroy their language, and to efface even their very name,—and in vain does political craft and cowardly treason endeavour to perpetuate their defeat. So long as they still have faith in their rights, hope in the future, and manliness of heart, the triumph of iniquity cannot be a definitive one.—It has been said that “God is on the side of the heavy battalions;” that is a blasphemy against the preserver of the imperishable laws of order and justice. He may allow nations, like individuals, to have their days of trial and desolation, but he never gives up to death those countries which despair not either of themselves, or of the sacred cause of patriotism and liberty.

Such were the sentiments that animated Zschokke, and, consistently with them, he wrote the history of the Grisons, which contains so many heroic facts.* The success of that book surpassed all his hopes, and made him conceive the idea of working out, by a series of publications, the moral education of the people, amongst whom he was desirous of passing the remainder of his life. No one better understood than he the true interests of democracy, for he saw that for a nation to remain free, its ideas must be elevated and extended; that it must be imbued with the sentiment of its dignity, and be taught its duties simultaneously with its rights. He was not one of those who, under the pretext of labouring for the emancipation of the multitude, inspire them with hatred and all bad passions. It is not solely by lowering the higher classes that the others can be elevated, for the vanquished of yesterday easily become the conquerors of to-day. For a class to attain to a social position and to maintain it, it requires not only energy but enlightenment, moderation, discipline, and that political aptitude which is not acquired without labour and difficulty. Zschokke was thoroughly penetrated with those great truths. Settled amongst the savage mountains of Rhetia, where education was very backward, he laid all personal con-

* The complete title of the work is “History of the three leagues in Upper Rhetia.”

siderations aside, in order to devote himself ardently to his establishment, and to spread instruction in the canton of the Grisons. Borne down by labour and devoid of pecuniary resources as he was, he was still anxious to form citizens worthy of liberty. There are in our age writers superior to the popular historian of the Swiss nation, but he was more than an eminent man—he was *a character*. Unlike so many others, he did not rest satisfied with a speculative admiration of what was beautiful and good, but he was desirous that every one, even the humblest peasant, should love truth, justice, and liberty. That task was his leading thought through life, and it will procure for him the admiration of ages to come. Posterity will regard in him a true Christian, for whom the Gospel was never a dead letter, or a code of servility, but that fraternal law from which the emancipation of mankind will yet spring.

May the day soon dawn when they who are endowed by Heaven with superior qualities of mind shall comprehend, like the author of “Evenings at Aarau,” their duty towards the multitude. Instead of thinking only of attaining greatness and wealth, instead of eringing in the courts of princes, or the palaces of the great, they should be the guides of the people, show them a good example whilst imparting sublime instructions, teach them a hatred of servitude, and inspire them with a holy patriotism. Their noble profession will then become a true priesthood. Disdaining to be the adorers of art, and the courtiers of fortune, they should march at the head of humanity like that “fiery column” which, in the desert, preceded Jehovah’s faithful nation. The majority of them have even no idea of their elevated vocation. Several, it is true, have affected to devote themselves to the cause of the people, but, as seen afterwards, their only object was to turn them to account. After having grasped the colours of democracy when triumphant, they became, after its humiliation, its most merciless and most cowardly adversaries.

Very different was the writer whose life we are relating. He always despised the frivolous distinctions of vanity, and preferred the title of “Citizen of Argovia” to the aristocratic

favours proffered him by the court of Bavaria. After he became celebrated, he was still the modest, energetic, and devoted servant of the laborious classes. Is it surprising, therefore, that his name lives in the heart of the Swiss nation as that of a friend? That unsullied glory was acquired by a life of labour, of political probity, and of sincere self-denial. How noble a model for all who are desirous of labouring for the progress of humanity!

After publishing his "History of the Three Leagues,"* Zschokke conceived the idea of a book more specially destined for the unlettered classes of the Grisons. That work contained an abridgment of religious doctrine, with special reference to practical morality, some notions of geography, and an analysis of national history.—It was very successful, and was even translated into the Romansch language. Zschokke received the only recompense worthy of him, the gratuitous gift of the freedom of citizenship in the Grisons.

Certain events seriously interfered with his mode of life. The French entered Switzerland, and replaced the old Confederation by the Helvetic republic, "one and indivisible." The Grisons were summoned to join it, but the majority of the people were indisposed towards it, and sought the protection of Austria. The friends of Zschokke were of the French party, and, compromised with them, he was obliged to retire to Aarau. The Swiss government did not suffer him to remain idle there, but intrusted him with several pacific missions in different cantons, of which he acquitted himself as became a man zealous for the happiness of his adopted country. The desire to serve it in every possible way urged him to publish the *Schweizer-Bote*, a popular journal, in which he sought to arouse the national sentiment, to enlighten every citizen with regard to the true interests of the country, and to show him that liberty was an

* The Grisons formed three leagues. (It is a pity that most travellers content themselves with cursorily visiting the Via Mala, instead of spending weeks in the canton Grisons, which presents less than any other in the Confederation of the characteristics and luxuries of an advanced state of civilization, such as English energy loves to leave behind for a few weeks each year.—*Trans.*)

impossibility without the *love of labour* and the *practice of social virtues*. Zschokke possessed the talent of expressing those elevated truths in a simple and original style, consequently the *Bote*, (messenger,) soon found its way into the humblest cots. No journal in Switzerland ever met with such success, and never did the daily press appear so apt to serve the cause of popular education and the progress of liberal ideas. The government duly estimated the services he rendered the country, and, after he had been charged with numerous missions, appointed him governor of the canton of Basle. In the midst of those laborious functions, he still found means to render Swiss history a national study, publishing, in that view, the "History of the Destruction of the Republics of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden," whose memorable contest with the French, at the end of the eighteenth century, was so honourable to Helvetic valour.

Aloysius Reding, an intimate friend of Zschokke, had played a most glorious part in that struggle. Having become the head of the republic, Reding was desirous of retaining the generous writer in its service; but the selfishness prevailing in high spheres made the latter turn his thoughts in another direction, and devote his time exclusively to the enlightenment of the people. Narrative tales appeared to him the best way of infusing truth into the minds of the greatest number of readers. He was remarkably successful in that branch of composition, not hesitating to convey under that popular form truths of the most elevated kind, as, for example, in his *Alamontade*, a remarkable work, intended to console those whose existence is embittered by injustice, and whose lives are only a succession of sufferings.

In the spring of 1812, Zschokke left Berne on foot, and proceeded to Aarau, seeking in the vicinity of the latter city a solitude where he could be free from the vexations of politics; such a retreat he found in the Chateau of Biberstein, where he enjoyed the tranquillity he so much desired, and zealously occupied his time in physics, chemistry, natural history, poetry, and philosophy. But the repose of our great thinker was, one day, troubled by agitations of the heart. Within a quarter of a

league of the Chateau of Biberstein, stood on an eminence the vicarage of the parish of Kirchberg. The pastor of that place had a young and charming daughter, and Zschokke soon became more absorbed by thinking of her than of his literary occupations. It was in vain he renewed his studious projects; his only taste was that of botanizing—and his excursions, somehow or other, always led him to the side of the beautiful Nanny.

Every one will remember the history of *Picciola*, related with so much feeling by M. Saintine, and how, in the mind of the prisoner referred to in that novel, a flower and a young girl were long confounded; so it was with Zschokke and his scabious plants and myosotes. But whilst contemplating the little centaur with its rosy stars, the blue veronica, and the white corollæ of the convolvulus, the graceful image of Nanny smiled on him from amidst the verdant drapery. Whenever he did not meet her in his walk, he returned, downcast and heavy-hearted, to his solitude, without throwing a single glance at the fresh gentians, and the golden St. John's wort, spread out before him. A new feeling pervaded his existence. His heart experienced that suffusion, that melancholy pleasure, which fosters the long reveries of the happiest years of our life. Moreover Zschokke could not fail to feel more than others the influence of a lively and deep attachment. Every page of his writings reveals a singularly sensitive soul, for which isolation is an impossibility, and love an imperious necessity. His intellect was not like that of Spinoza, Leibnitz, Pascal (?) or Kant, shut against sensitive impressions. His thoughts were constantly turned towards domestic joys. On choosing Switzerland for his country, he completely adopted its tastes and ideas, and the people of that country are more attracted by happiness in the family circle, than by the vain and frivolous distinctions of the world.

Whilst Zschokke was giving himself up entirely to his new affections, Switzerland continued to be a prey to internal dissensions, which terminated by the act of mediation, imposed on the cantons by the imperious will of Napoleon. Zschokke took no part in that great event, but his former services had not been forgotten. The right of citizenship was conferred on him by

Argovia, and he was appointed a member of the commission of forests. It was at that time he published his "Forester of the Mountains." His superior mind disdained nought which could serve popular interests. Happy in his hermitage of Biberstein, he declined accompanying his friend Bonstetten to Coppet, where Madame de Stael held her courts. He married at last the daughter of the pastor of Kirchberg, and on the expiration of the honeymoon, which lasted an entire year, he brought out again the *Swiss Messenger*. In 1808 he undertook a work of a totally different nature, "Hours of Reflection," a weekly publication, containing religious meditations for the family circle, but void of all those controversies which divide Christian communities; its object being the utterance of the most consoling truths of the Gospel. The work met with great success amongst both Catholics and Protestants. Such a work had been long needed, one altogether free from the carping and narrow spirit of sects, and adapted to the nourishment of those pacific tendencies which constitute the true character of Christianity. The fame of the "Hours of Reflection" soon spread throughout Germany, and twenty-five editions were sold before public curiosity succeeded in discovering the author's name.

Zschokke's reputation in the German countries drew on him the attention of the Bavarian court. Germany, which had robbed Switzerland of Muller, ardently desired to regain Zschokke. During a journey in Bavaria, he was overwhelmed by royal favours, the king sending him letters of naturalization, and titles of nobility, and offering him a professor's chair at Munich. He refused in a becoming manner, but firmly, the honours which were deemed by him incompatible with his profoundly democratic sentiments, and with his quality of citizen of a republic. With a delicacy that proved that his convictions, although unalterable, had nothing rude in them, he was desirous of manifesting his gratitude to the king, without being unfaithful to himself, and accordingly he wrote the "History of the Bavarian People."

Those journeys over, Zschokke had a house built at the foot of the Jura, on the left bank of the Aar, and settled definitively

in the canton of Argovia. His retreat at Blumenhalle soon became a place of pilgrimage for the numerous tourists who visited Switzerland. The illustrious writer employed his time in the education of his family and in literary labours, to which he applied himself with indefatigable ardour. He still bestowed his attention on the intellectual cultivation of the lower classes, by publishing a series of charming novels, which obtained for him the surname of "The Walter Scott of Switzerland," as well as some historical compositions, several tales, such as "Allhallow-Eve," "The Hole in the Elbow," "Colas," "The Journal of a Curate," each in its way a master-piece. Zschokke's tales and novels have been made known to the French public by Cherbuliez, Loève-Weimars, and de Suckau.* As for the "History of the Swiss Nation," of which numerous editions have been printed, it is a book apart, one breathing an ardent love of Helvetia and liberty. The author did not propose to himself to subject olden facts to a minute criticism, or to throw light on the obscure points of Helvetic annals, but only to arouse the national sentiment. He was struck with a truth, generally too little recognized, namely, that history should be written rather for the people than for drawing-rooms. "The heroic and marvellous actions of our fathers," he observes, in the beginning of his book, "have been often sung, and still oftener written;—their reverses as well as their triumphs. My desire is to revive their ancient traditions in the spirit of the entire nation. I shall narrate them to the freemen of the mountains and the valleys, in order that their hearts may be inflamed with fresh love for their noble country. Give an ear to my discourses, ye old and young. *The history of past times is the knowledge of good and evil.*"

The conclusion of the "History of Switzerland" is not less admirable than its commencement. "The only enemy a Swiss heart ought to fear, comes neither from Germany nor France. The most formidable enemy of our liberty and of our indepen-

* Loève-Weimars has translated the "Swiss Tales," the "Evenings at Aarau," and several of his novels,—Cherbuliez, the "Swiss Mornings" and the "Other Evenings at Aarau,"—and de Suckau, "Jonathan Frock."

dence that may present himself, can only arise amidst ourselves. It is he who prefers the honour of his canton to that of the entire Confederation; *who trembles at the sight of steel in the hands of a free people*, and who does not flee from the gold and flatteries of kings or their ambassadors. He it is who says in public—‘Impose silence on the journals, order the teachers of youth to shroud their instructions in mystery, *place out your money at interest, instead of employing it for arms and armies*; close our council doors, and let not the people know what we decide upon within. By so doing we shall become lords and masters; we shall again have command over vassals and slaves.’ It is he who sows distrust between town and country, who revives enervating selfishness, family ambition, and pride of noble descent; in a word, all those discords which brought the old Confederation to a sanguinary end. Experience teaches us that right and justice are stronger than all other powers, that the prosperity of families is assured only under the law of liberty, and that the liberty of all is only guaranteed by the independence of Switzerland. Now, that noble and valuable independence does not repose on documents signed by ministers, or on the promises of emperors and kings, but on an iron basis—*on our swords*. True Helvetic nobility should issue from the churches and schools of the people. The true treasure of the State consists in the prosperity of every family. The grand arsenal of the Confederation is composed of the weapons of all its citizens. Let the transactions of the respective governments and popular assemblies of Switzerland resound in the ears of all the Swiss. It is thus that the sacred interests of our country, and of every even the humblest chalet, will be protected. The servile bonds of the Swiss were severed neither by the arrow of William Tell nor by the sword of Adam von Camogask.* Neither the battle of Saint Jacques, nor the combat of the Malsershaide, achieved the independence of the Confederation. The men assembled in the meadow of the Grutli, and under the maple tree of Trons,† only gave the signal for the sacred combat. Confederates!

* A hero of Canton Grisons.

† Canton Grisons.

let us fight still that fight, and ye, our descendants, shall fight it also. Watch, lest ye fall into temptation. Trust in God. Let the confederates live 'each for all, all for each!'

Zschokke had nothing left to wish for in the happy retreat where he passed his laborious life. He was in the enjoyment of that easy competency which Horace has called the "aurea mediocritas," and for which he was indebted to his continual labours. But he was ever ready to sacrifice his repose to the interests of Switzerland. *He was a citizen, above all other ties.* When the events of 1830 regenerated his adopted country, he reappeared on the political scene, and when he returned to his beloved solitude, he felt—so he said—"as if he had reached the summit of a mountain, at the base of which the waves of the sea of eternity were rolling before his eyes." He then threw a serene glance on the vicissitudes of life: "Others may regret the lost paradise of their infancy. Such a paradise was not mine. I wandered about an orphan, abandoned, forgotten by all, but neither abandoned nor forgotten by God. When I became a man, life brightened up for me more intensely. From that time, full of courage, indefatigable and persevering, I directed all my attention to the worship of the beautiful and the true, in order that I might one day justly deserve my time of repose; and if the result of my efforts was little important, great at least was my will. I tasted the sweets and the bitters of terrestrial things, such as destiny brought to me, grateful for one as for the other, without being afflicted by the instability of the blessings of this world, and accustomed to live conscious of the Eternal, and loving Him. Now I enjoy repose, and welcome be it! I do not repent having lived. Others, in their autumnal years, may behold their harvests, and calculate the value. I cannot. I have sown seeds, my only merit being my good intention. As for the rest, it is God's hand that disposes of it. Others may rejoice at having acquired, with more or less trouble, riches, rank, and fame. I envy them not their joy, and I pity them for their efforts. Fortune has not favoured me with her gifts, but, satisfied with the fruits of my industry, I have obtained that noble independence to which I aspired, and which

has allowed me to hold out a helping hand to some unfortunates."

The last years of Zschokke's life passed in perfect tranquillity, without even a momentary relaxation of his intellectual activity. He died "full of days," to employ a Biblical expression, an object of love and admiration to his fellow-citizens, and leaving to Switzerland and literary men of all times a model of indefatigable and disinterested devotedness to the interests of the people and of liberty. He was 78 years of age when he gave up his soul to God, on the 27th of June 1848.*

I have spoken of the two principal historians of Switzerland, but I do not wish it to be understood that they alone have written with talent the history of the Confederation. Amongst the numerous writers who in our day have busied themselves with its annals, † I mention with pleasure Hottinger, Vulliemin, and Monnard, the learned continuators of Muller; Daguet, known by some excellent historical productions; Gaullieur of Geneva; and De Tillier, to whom we are indebted for some very conscientious publications on the subject. ‡

Daguet's "History of the Swiss Nation" is not a simple recapitulation of political and military events. Faithful to the example of Vulliemin and Monnard, he treats in a very interesting manner of letters, science, manners, institutions; in a word, of all that constitutes the internal life of a people.

The author is animated with sincere patriotism, and with a lively desire to make his fellow-citizens fully understand the

* Besides Zschokke's autobiography (*Selbst-schau*), which has been translated into several languages, the following works on his life may be quoted: Münlch's *H. Zschokke*, Baer's *H. Zschokke*, Frensdorff's *H. Zschokke*, and Genthe's *Erinnerungen H. Zschokke*. Two excellent Swiss reviews—the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, and the *Revue Suisse* (of Neuchâtel)—have also published biographies of Zschokke, which we have specially consulted.

† With reference to ancient chronicles, consult Eusebius Gaullieur's "Historical Switzerland," Introduction.

‡ Vulliemin's "Castle of Chillon," Monnard's "Biography of Muller," Gaullieur's "Literary History of French Switzerland," and his "Historical Switzerland," and Hottinger's "Zuinglius," have been particularly remarked, and deservedly so.

importance and grandeur of their history. Happy nation, possessing, as it does, historians like Muller, theologians like Zuinglius and Lavater, teachers like Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Girard, artists like Leopold Robert and Pradier, popular writers and poets like Zschokke, Bitzins, Usteri, and Kuhn; men of learning like the great Haller, Euler, Conrad Gessner, and the Bernouilli; philosophers like Zimmermann, preachers like Zollikofer, and heroes like Von Erlach, Bubenberg, Winkelried, and Fontana! How many great peoples would envy such a country, with less than two millions and a half of inhabitants, yet with such glorious names in every sphere of human activity!

VIII.

Have you ever, my friend, experienced those pleasing dreams which visit us at times when, the soul at peace with itself, and the mind purified by some noble thought, we sink to sleep, our conscience untroubled by remorse? Then are we transported, with unspeakable rapture, into the celestial domains—into the bosom of a perfect world.

We behold angels and ideal creatures, to whom we become attached, and who make us smile in our happiness. Then does the heart expand, as in the first days of youth, when all is hope, love, and passion; and as the eyelid opens to the first glimmerings of day, we ask whether we have not lived a moment of real felicity. Doubts then arise; and at last we say that the dream itself was a joy, the fading away of which we regret.

Such and so like are my feelings whilst traversing the hills and fertile plains of the Helvetic republic. A few hours ago I quitted Schaffhausen, passing under one of the ancient gates of that old city of narrow streets, sombre turrets, and blackened walls. Before setting out, I was plunged in revery, sheltered from the ardour of the noonday sun under a green trellis, where I enjoyed a delicious coolness. An opening in the direction of the cataract enabled me to admire it in all its splendour. The sun illuminated it with his rays, all the colours of the rain-

bow disporting amidst its vapoury spray. The four rocks, covered with verdure, which divide that miniature but furious sea, were depicted in its waters. One arm of the river impetuously and clamorously precipitates itself into a thick grove, and then returns, to mingle with the remaining "hell of waters." Whilst thus buried in contemplation, I heard the bells of the conveyance which was to bear me away. I departed with regret. I long heard in the distance the roaring of the torrent, whilst I was traversing the grounds of the country-houses situated on the hills overlooking the city. Soon that roar became a mere echo, then died away altogether, the whisperings of the light breeze being alone audible.

At the same time I lost sight of the strange-looking roofs and of the steeples of Schaffhausen. Formerly the hamlet of a few boatmen who landed their goods there, it is now a city resembling all the other fortified ones of the middle ages, which recall to mind scenes of terror, at which, however, we no longer tremble. The high towers of its crenelated walls are confounded in the horizon with the fir-trees and the rocks. I was borne rapidly through a cool valley, which the Alps surround with a magnificent amphitheatre, and from time to time we drove along the banks of limpid streams escaping from amidst weeping willows. The skies were brilliant with the sun's rays, and all was inexpressibly serene. The more I see of this nation, the more I love and admire it. It has had its Lavater and its Pestalozzi for guides and instructors, but it has had God for its supreme Master. It was never debased in servitude. All in it is noble and great, even its apparent calmness, which solely appertains to that strength which feels sure of triumphing. It is thus the lion with a tranquil step paces the wild deserts of his empire.

IX.

From the depths of your beloved Alps, Naranda, you hurl an anathema, like a devouring fire, against us. The world

which you have quitted appears an abomination to you. You blame both your caste and its principles. You declare there is no element of justice or truth in it, and you even invoke against us mankind's avenging arm.

Woman-like, you are carried away by your feelings beyond all bounds. Your pity for some renders you unjust towards others. Through excess of generosity, you despoil yourself. Your gifts will be in vain, and you will not succeed in effecting the happiness of those to whom all your predilections are devoted.

Men, believe me, are everywhere the same; those passions, amongst which you have lived, are found too in the lower classes, in a less poetical and elegant, but in quite as perverse and revolting a form. In every soul is the germ of good and evil, and often one of the two principles gives way, whilst the other takes possession of us; but to divide human nature into two camps, to presuppose the possession of all virtues by one and of all vices by the other, is singular blindness. It is to forget that the blood in our veins has, from the first day of the world, deserved the reprobation of the only Being who is truly perfect. Some, you say, weep, suffer, and groan, under the weight of labour and oppression; others—you forget—Naranda, exhale, in silence, the too great fullness of their hearts, and with all their strength invoke a day of calmness and happiness, which riches cannot bestow.

External opulence appears to them only bitter irony at their hidden sufferings: such is our existence. Desire, impetuous and irresistible, precipitates us from the height of heaven to the bottomless pit. Like wandering souls, we would fain rise up to the stars, and we crush our foreheads against those worlds of light; then we fall with all our weight, biting the dust with bootless fury. Desire, Naranda, kills us, as oppression kills the classes whom you protect. Can there be a more cruel state of suffering? Endeavour to recall it to mind, and take pity on us, as you do on the lowly-born.

Do not be too hasty in condemning. There are poor, but they live on our largesses. Their necessities are not great, and

their lives are more peaceful than ours. The morning rises for them as for the swallow, which flies from its nest to the meadows,—as for the heifers which gaze at themselves in the spring with the first rays of the sun,—as for the motionless lily which opens its chalice to the dews. Thus do their monotonous days pass in the face of heaven. At dawn of day, they quit their truckle bed, and take up the sickle or the hammer which they left behind the night before. The simplest meal must appear savoury to them at the hour in which they repose from their rude but salutary labour. At night they enjoy that sleep which never fails their eyelids. Their wearied bodies suffer no enervating languor nor painful nightmare. The hours of night are for them what the winter repose is for the vigorous elm. Their loves, like all their instincts, are peaceful. They become attached to the girl who can best aid them in their labours or nourish their children. They are unacquainted with jealousy, that devouring fire, and allow their companion to sleep peacefully beside the dear one whose heavy sleep she does not disturb. But for us, Naranda, love is a martyrdom, a long pang, an insatiable desire, a delicious rage, a vague anguish, as undefinable as the limits of nothingness. Our happiness is blended with all kinds of excruciating pains,—happiness only momentary, and leaving us abandoned and discouraged. When day, which brings us no hope, penetrates at last through our thick curtains,—those ramparts against its light,—a secret terror seizes upon us. If pleasure and voluptuousness have been our lot on the eve, we are the next day overwhelmed with fatigue. Has the day been monotonous and sad?—we endeavour to forget it. Why do not our lives flow like the torrent of the valley? How are we to fill up the void of our existence? Is it by shedding benefits around us, by seeking unknown joys in marriage,—that bond which makes woman our property, and demands love and perpetual sacrifices from her? If to relieve the distressed or to purchase a valuable horse, the gold slips from our hands, we let it fall with indifference and disgust. As for woman, she is not a necessity for our distractions and our domestic life. When we have loved her a day, we turn from her with a sense of satiety. If for a

moment our heart has been moved through her, by a passing delusion, that heart relapses in doubt, and remains more disenchanted than ever.

You see then that Providence Himself appears to have constituted two profoundly distinct classes of men. One would be inclined to say that He was desirous of seeing the passions developing themselves under the most diverse forms, and of beholding grief, like a tempestuous wind, passing over every head and lacerating every heart. What matters it whether it be a trial from which we are to come out purified, or a sign of inferiority in the bosom of the creation? God has willed that it should be so. Let his inscrutable decrees then be accomplished. Although formed of the same clay, we belong to two different worlds, which present widely diverse images of suffering. One conceals the melancholy wrinkles of his forehead under the gold of his diadem, the other is sad and silent, like a sombre night.—Do not ask for the explanation of that problem; but when I behold all those globes of light, where that life which fills all space must be manifested in its infinite variety, I exclaim that our cold planet, relegated to the confines of the universe, is, undoubtedly, one of the least favoured by the Creator; for if each of those worlds be a manifestation of an instinct or a tendency known to us, this earth is given over to desire, the most imperfect of all the sentiments. So then everything around me appears to live in a mysterious anxiety, from the sensitive plant which trembles on its stem to the king of intelligence,—the most complete personification of the aspirations of the human soul towards the ideal.

Launched as we all are into incomprehensible infinity, we disappear like atoms! What great value, then, do you attach to that dream which you call life? Whither do all our efforts tend? Where do all our wishes lead to?—To the tomb!

Ah! believe me, let the sad multitude of men sink into the grave without concerning yourself about their petty interests and their stupid passions, and come and join us in our laughter. That laughter is, if you will, but a cry of despair, but at least it produces a pleasant fatigue—an agreeable giddiness.

X.

When the hand of the Eternal was laid on Sodom and Gomorrah, do you, my friend, remember who were those sinners who drew on their heads the lightnings of heaven,—what were their lives, their blasphemies, and their crimes before God? Precursors of a world which was to be the object of reprobation like them, their songs resounded like lugubrious predictions, their luxury was unbridled pride, their loves a savage frenzy. Do you think, however, that amongst all those condemned beings there were none with originally generous and noble souls? The creature could not come forth depraved from the hands of God. Yet the spirit of justice and truth could not find even ten men to save in the criminal cities.

It was not mere individuals who deserved to be accursed, but that society of hatred, vanity, and impotency, that strange medley of apparent joy and secret discontent, which transformed men into enemies of the Creator, and which rendered them blind to his wonders, as well as incapable of understanding the ideal of human existence.

Nevertheless, it was with regret that the Almighty, in his mercy, showered his fire on the condemned cities. But when he who wept over Jerusalem, who interceded for his executioners, felt bound to reprove the world, he turned away without any regret, without any sigh of sorrow, exclaiming, “Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.”* Nevertheless, we brave the divine voice; we are proud of the reprobation with which it menaces us; our life is as a spectacle destined to place in action whatever he has condemned, *and the offence itself thus becomes a distraction to charm us.* We do not commit evil merely to content the instincts of our infirm nature. Such a weakness, which certainly cannot be sanctioned, is nevertheless deserving of indulgence, for it is soon followed by

* Matth. xviii. 7.

repentance. Thus Christ, generally so severe when the spirit of the world is concerned, is very indulgent towards those who yield only to the impulses of the heart. Such is not the case with regard to those who seek in vice only the fatal lustre it produces. No one would attribute to a natural feeling that foolish prodigality which covers with gold the idols of fashion. What part is played by the heart in such costly fantasies? When sincerely moved, it is capable of inspiring us with a spirit of abnegation and self-devotion. It can ennoble whatever is vulgar in merely human affections. Very different is the case when one loves only notoriety, has no other object in view than to eclipse rivals, to draw on oneself the attention of that insipid crew of worn-out old men, loquacious coquettes and pallid youths, who loll in indolent and idle drawing-rooms. As they have not developed in their mind any elevated idea, or in their heart any serious sentiment, they affect to call in question all they do not understand. They have faith only in their own infinitesimally small capacity.

Any one who, by grandeur of thought, immense labours and invincible energy, has become the glory of his country, is the object of their contempt. They would fain make us believe they have received by intuition the revelation of art, literature, war, finances, and policy. They seem acquainted with every question. But, there is something even stranger still; that they contrive to mystify, to a certain degree, all who surround them. Fatuity and impertinence are always certain of being able, in fashionable life, to crush real merit and modest talent. No one entertains any doubts respecting him who appears to have such a profound faith in himself. Now the fool never doubts. You yourself know of some prince of very questionable genius, whose works have been enthusiastically lauded, whilst disdain is the portion of the obscure writer who has only his talents to bear him up. So it is also with regard to the questions which decide the happiness of one's country. Do you not perceive such and such an improvised politician learning, during his equivocal existence, the secrets of government and diplomacy? He resolutely lays hold, one day, of a minis-

terial portfolio, and blooms forth majestically in high social positions. The legitimacy of his success is never questioned, for success is admired by the world, which becomes oblivious of the ignorance, vices, low adventures, and notorious incapacity of the favourite of fortune, and which does not suspect that society incurs any danger at his hands. It prefers him to men who have rendered the most eminent service to their native land, or who have laboured and suffered for its honour, its glory, and its liberty; who have devoted their lives to it, and who have no other ambition than to promote its greatness and happiness.

There is in human nature such an incurable servility, that it eagerly takes every opportunity of manifesting itself! One might almost say that to *crawl* is the natural condition of the sons of Adam! Now, the first object of the Gospel was to elevate their condition, to teach them a legitimate independence, and to make them comprehend all the dignity of the sons of God.

Was not He justified then in terming an offence, whatever debases character, degrades intellect, and transforms social life into a disgusting arena, where cunning, meanness, cupidity, and the most ignoble passions are set in action? Christ, who pardoned the Magdalene, and who did not hold the publicans in horror, curses the world on account of offence, just as he curses the Pharisees, those implacable enemies of truth and justice. By the same expressions he condemns their criminal hypocrisy, and the pernicious influence of a certain class.

That class, however, assumes at times the airs of Christianity. Does it forget, then, that it has been placed by the divine Saviour in the ranks of those who delivered him up to Pontius Pilate? who stirred up the populace against him, who gloated over his anguish, and were drunk with his blood! Its egotism, like the calculations and duplicity of the astute, is but enmity to Christ. *Servility has as little of Christianity in it as false piety has.* Baseness is not compatible with that self-respect, and that modest firmness which have always, amidst the ignorant and heartless crowd, distinguished the true disciples of the Son of

man. Were those who, for conscience sake, braved pontiffs and kings, proconsuls and Cæsars,—were they the slaves of the world, of the princes of the earth, of the great of their day, and of the prejudices of their times? Mankind discarded them as promoters of sedition and as blasphemers; but they, holding high their heads, with a smile upon their lips, marched towards the sacred goal their Master had pointed out to them. Shall we forget their glorious example? Shall we not, too, rise superior to that multitude, void of energy and conviction, who call themselves *men of the world*? Is it impossible to revive, even in these times of selfishness, the holy fraternity of the primitive church? Are there no longer any adorers of God in spirit and in truth, capable of sacrificing everything for the sake of justice—true *servants* of mankind?

That qualification will savour of vulgarity to aristocratic ears. At the tribunal of posterity it will be the glory of those who blushed not at it. Their names will be held in veneration, because they did not despair of the future success of the Gospel and of the progress of civilization.

They will be lauded for having been the soldiers of God, for having severed the bonds of flesh and blood, averted their glance from all that could enfeeble their noble courage, and listened, in the recesses of their hearts, to that divine voice which makes itself heard by all men who will.

Continue, if you so will, to devote to the great affairs which absorb you, that existence which you have received from the Creator, but allow us, at least, to reserve our admiration and our sympathy for other thoughts and other actions. Let us, whom you term obscure dreamers, have faith still in justice, liberty, and charity. Suffer us to think that, for a soul animated by the breath of the Eternal, there is another destiny than a drawing-room life, that there are other obligations than the *duties* of fashionable society, and a larger horizon than that in which you are confined, whilst endeavouring to *imprison* all mankind in it, as you are yourselves already.

One day, the father of lies transported the Incarnate Word to a high mountain, and showed him the nations prostrated in

the dirt before abominable idols, essaying, through the spectacle of that degraded crowd, to make him despair of the liberation of mankind. "Seest thou," said he to him, "those men to whom thou wouldst devote thyself? They are the slaves of the saddest errors, of the most vulgar passions. It is to my laws they are subject, for I am the prince of this world, and it is in vain thou wilt shed thy blood and thy tears for it." But raising up his eyes in confidence towards heaven, Jesus refused to bow before the fallen archangel, who had dared to set himself up as the master of the world. "Get thee hence, Satan!" said the terrible voice of the Son of man, "thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Thus does the king of hell bring before you unceasingly the image of man plunged in corruption and writhing in his fetters. He proclaims his empire invincible. Inspired by him, you deem the Gospel a dead letter. You repeat, with an air of affectation, that Christianity is not of our age, that progress is a vain word, and liberty a dream. Satan has convinced you of the power of cunning, of the success of baseness, of the right of force. To obey you, we ought to offer to him the incense which belongs to the living God. But in order to overthrow him—to conquer, to hope, and to believe, we shall repeat the word of our Master:—"Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."*

To cause a brother to fall, or to give him cause of offence, is, no doubt, a crime in the eyes of the Gospel,—a crime which becomes unpardonable if those be scandalized whom lack of intelligence or weakness of character expose to formidable dangers.

Christ has said: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."† The Saviour understands by "little ones" all those who are profoundly influenced by exterior arguments, without possessing the necessary spiritual strength to resist.

And such is the mass of mankind. It would be difficult to

* Matthew iv. 10.

† Matthew xviii. 6.

accuse it of systematic perversity.* If free to act on its own impulses it would, perhaps, espouse the side of justice and truth. Its imagination is struck by noble actions, its sensibility affected by sublime acts of self-devotion; but its convictions are not solid enough, nor its spirit of independence stable enough to defend the good cause with vigour. It resembles that people of Judea who willingly listened to the doctrines of Christ, so long as the divine ministry of the Liberator was not obstructed. His discourses were applauded by that people, who approved of his vehement attacks on the cupidity of the great and on the hypocrisy of the priests. It attached itself to his steps with a holy ardour, and followed him to the desert and on the mountain. In order to enjoy the pleasure of listening to him, it neglected to provide its food. It talked even of proclaiming king, and of placing on the throne of David and Asa, the zealous defender of the poor and the lowly.

But the persecution began. The synagogue expelled Jesus, the Sanhedrim furiously pursued him. Then the people began to discover that he had gone beyond the limits of moderation, that he had not sufficiently respected the prerogatives of the chiefs of Israel, or of the doctors seated in the chair of Moses. They admitted that, if he were not exactly a seditious disturber, he could scarcely be acquitted of the charge of imprudence. Soon, by dint of hearing influential men repeat that He had trampled all propriety under foot and violated every law, they agree that he had rendered himself liable to the severest chastisements. Let but a few days pass, and the very men who hailed with enthusiasm his entry into Jerusalem will crowd beside the tribunal of the procurator, and repeat that terrible exclamation: "Let his blood be upon us and on our children."

It is thus that, in Christ's time, the world contrived to triumph. The Jews who had shown themselves favourable to the

* Systematic perversity, under the disguise of original sin, is the leading doctrine of all priesthoods, no matter of what denomination. And original sin is but the doctrine of predestination in another form, so strongly protested against by Madame d'Istria in a future portion of this work.—*Trans.*

Gospel, who sincerely loved it, and who were ready to die for it, were transformed into executioners.

That sad spectacle is perpetually reproduced before our eyes. So soon as justice is conquered and truth sacrificed to the selfish passions of the great of the earth, they soon and easily convert to their side those floating masses, who never know how to defend their ideas and sympathies against the artificial propagandism of a worldly spirit.

Many by their position, their education, their mental cultivation and intelligence, are less accessible than the unlettered *plebs* to that kind of deduction.

Imagine poor peasants in their place, artisans brutalized by misery, a crowd incapable of reflection. With what facility the world would make it take part against its enemies! but the supreme Arbiter of the destinies of humanity will not let that fatal offence go unpunished. The day will come when those multitudes, systematically corrupted and deceived, will turn against those who have so skilfully speculated on them. As nothing has been done to develop their intelligence, they will break down all before them with ferocious stupidity. As their character has not been softened by the patience and self-devotion of their masters, they will display, in their contests with their adversaries, all the fury of a savage egotism. The melancholy spectacles of the middle ages will be renewed. The aristocracy of the church and that of the sword originated the *Jacquerie*, the *routiers*, and the players. Need we be surprised that those ferocious bands spread on all sides desolation and death? Accustomed to the triumph of tyranny, they regarded it as the imprescriptible right of power.

As soon as might was on their side, they could not understand why they should be forbidden to exercise violence similar to that which had been so often exercised towards themselves. Have those lessons benefited the masters of the universe, those elevated classes who consider themselves to be everybody?

Alas! they have but too well followed the example of those men who, from the time of the first appearance of Christianity on earth, swore to combat and crush it. The Saviour proclaimed

in the face of the pagan universe the sacred dogmas of human equality and fraternity, but they have rendered his preaching vain and useless.

Were not the priests and the aristocrats of Jerusalem the men who gave up the Son of man to the Roman executioners? Accordingly, Jesus said to his disciples, "If the world hate you, know that it has hated me before you."* Why did the world hate the preachers of the Gospel? The Incarnate Word himself gave the reason when telling his apostles: "If you had been of the world, the world would have loved what had been its own, but because you are not of the world, but elected by me from the world, therefore does the world hate you."† Yes, the world detested the disciples of Christ, because they condemned all the iniquities of ancient society, because they announced a code of morality to which the rulers of the world could not accommodate their spirit of selfishness, because they infused a feeling of independence and of human dignity into the hearts of those who, theretofore, had servilely submitted to every caprice and every passion. It is not surprising, therefore, that during three centuries, the emperors, proconsuls, patricians, and sophists were leagued together for the purpose of stifling in blood a sect which was the enemy of the laws and of the gods.

Nevertheless that religion, so denounced, found an asylum in the hearts of the people and of the lowly. The boatmen of Bethsaida, the poor women of Capernaum, the oppressed commonalty of the Roman cities, the slaves of the king, *the people*, in a word, preserved, at the price of their lives, the sacred fire which Jesus had brought to earth. Those untutored and lowly-born men, showed more reasoning powers, and more self-devotion than philosophers and statesmen. A wisdom superior to the calculations of human prudence filled them with courage and hope.

But the Son of God darted his glance into futurity. He knew what would be the fate reserved for his true disciples by those whom he declared he knew not. "I gave them thy Word,"

* John xv. 18.

* John xv 19.

said, he, addressing his Father, "and the world hated them because they are not of the world, as I also am not of the world."* "I pray for them, I pray not for the world, but for those thou hast given me, because they belong to thee."† Thus was the first chastisement of the world accomplished. The Son of God, the supreme Mediator, He who reconciles earth and heaven, refuses to pray for the former. He abandons it to its desires and its passions, for He knows it is neither just nor sincere. If it yielded only to weaknesses, to impulses difficult to restrain, he would not treat it more severely than the Magdalene, than the publican, or than his executioners. But it adds to those failings a well-pondered hatred of all that is equitable and truly great; and as it delights in oppression, as it has a horror of all sincere liberty, it is necessarily repulsed by the Liberator of the poor.

Like you, paganism separated mankind into two profoundly distinct classes.‡ To one were reserved all the felicities of earth. It was destined to pass through life, the forehead crowned with roses, and all trials and griefs ignored. For those privileged beings existence was a perpetual feast. Asia had no perfumes sweet enough, Italy no wines rare enough, Tyre and Sidon no tissues rich enough for them.

It was for their benefit the plebeians cultivated the fields. The slaves, conquered by the sword and governed by terror, became their docile instruments. What to them the tears, the blood of their fellow-men? They were rocked in golden dreams. The flowers, with which their couches were strewn, left not even a crease under their delicate skins:—

"Slave, bring me roses, early roses,
Sweet the perfume of the roses!"

That view of existence was not peculiar to the voluptuaries of the earth—it was deemed a *reasonable* one by philosophers,

* John xvii. 14.

† John xvii. 16.

‡ "No man shall make me believe that God Almighty sent the majority of mankind into the world saddled and bridled, and a few ready booted and spurred to ride them." So said honest Colonel Rumbold, of Rye House fame.—*Trans.*

and it was upheld by politicians. At need it was maintained also, not only by all the power and majesty of the laws, but also by a system of terror.

Floods of human blood have flowed to consecrate this abominable doctrine. From the banks of the Indus to those of the Nile, the frightful *regime* of castes pressed and presses down the human race. There were men who had no consolation, no repose, no country, who were even forbidden to become fathers of a family, or adorers of the immortal gods. They dared not lift their fettered hands towards heaven.

But why should they invoke the gods, since those gods sanctioned servitude, and became the accomplices of tyrants? Were they more compassionate than men? Did they not repeat, on the summits of Olympus, the merciless axiom of the Gallic general (Brennus): "Woe to the vanquished!" Accordingly, a spirit of invincible melancholy pervades the history of the ancient world. The prodigies of art and of intellect and the grandeur of conquest no longer dazzle me, when I behold those victims entombed in the blood-cemented foundations of the magnificent edifice of ancient civilization.

Nevertheless, at the time brute force deemed its triumph most secure, a gibbet was erected on the heights of Golgotha. The Mediator, sacrificed to the rage of grandees and of pontiffs, and forgetting his own anguish, implored his celestial Father to be merciful to all who were suffering. The voice of His blood was powerful before the Eternal. The discouraged multitudes felt within them the revived presentiment of better days. Hope, banished from the earth, descended into the dungeons where so many innocents were groaning. A new era commenced for mankind. HEAVEN ITSELF PROCLAIMED EQUALITY.—There were no longer in Christ Jesus "either masters or slaves, or men or women, or Greeks or barbarians." Paganism appeared conquered.

It transformed itself, however, in order to seize again the prey which had escaped from it, for the present spirit of the world is the old pagan spirit, only less rash and more hypocritical. It no longer dares to say that there are divine races in

existence, but it preserves all the consequences of that fatal belief. Insurmountable barriers are raised between classes: aristocracies are constituted, whose permanent interest it is to struggle against the Gospel, against reason, knowledge, and fraternity. The sacred book is hidden, and the only maxims allowed to be drawn from it are those which may be so distorted as to calm the consciences of the oppressors of nations. Thus are the sublime truths announced to earth by Christ buried in profound silence!

In effect, what would happen were the Gospel to become the social law? Labour would be the universal rule imposed on all, on the great as well as the lowly. It would be the common condition, from which no one would be exempt, whether he belonged to the plebeian or the patrician class—whether a burgher or a gentleman. Every man would be necessarily a worker, that is to say, he would have a task to fulfil. An intelligent being was not created for idleness. Now, “the world” audaciously disdains those truths.

The very idea of labour excites a smile, and appears to it quite *roturière*, to make use of Bossuet’s admirable expression. To think, to act, to combat, to struggle against the untamed forces of nature—is not that the work of the proletarian or the peasant? Sufficiently great services are, forsooth, rendered to mankind when certain classes condescend to govern it! Is it not a meritorious act to inhale the incense which a gross multitude burns before the altars of those mortal gods?

Thus everywhere triumphs, under the name of worldly spirit, that invincible paganism towards which human nature is so readily drawn. Christianity is so elevated, requires so much reason, modesty, and self-oblivion, that such sublime perfection affrights the imagination. One loves to descend from those heights to give oneself up to the more agreeable counsels of personal interest. It is, moreover, so easy to disguise one’s selfishness under pompous names, such as “*reasons of state, political necessity, duties of one’s position, social hierarchy.*” We hear repeated on all sides that we must by our own individual carriage insure respect for the superior classes,—for the pre-

rogatives of authority, and the rights of birth. That species of pride, therefore, finds an excuse in philosophy; it is for the sake of virtue that vanity is so much indulged in, and natural moderation, forsooth, is sacrificed to the exigencies of position and the preservation of order. It appears that contempt is to be the lot of those who submit to labour, although it constitutes the strength and the very prestige of society. A nincompoop, whose highest effort of intelligence is to bring down game, would deem himself dishonoured, if it were possible for him, to hold Sylvestre de Sacy's pen in the *Journal des Débats*, or, like Ampère and Cuvier, enrich science with new discoveries. Will the world ever treat such ridiculous perversity in a proper manner, and take the part of ordinary reason and common sense against aristocratic prejudices? No! for all its influence is based on prejudices. On the day they cease to exist, and that every one according to the measure of his strength takes a share in the labours of humanity, on that day mere drawing-room life becomes an impossibility. It necessarily presupposes idleness in a notable portion of the human race,—a useless, selfish, and sensual existence, which narrows ideas, debases character, prevents all true energy, all serious application, and all sincere devotedness, to the interests of the great family of God.

So contrary is such a life to Gospel ideas, that Jesus is not satisfied with ceasing to be an intercessor for that class, but he is desirous of lowering their pride: "You will have anguish in the world," says he to his disciples, "but be of good heart, for I have conquered the world."* Assuredly he has. He has obliged it to venerate the cross of the slaves, and to regard the ignominious gibbet as the instrument of its salvation. What a humiliation for those haughty spirits! How often did they not declare that truth was not proclaimed for the benefit of labourers and cobblers! Nevertheless, they were compelled to receive that very truth from the mouths even of those despised men. A James, a Peter, a John, men of the humblest class, vendors

* John xvi. 33.

of fish, became the oracles of Alexandria, of Athens, of Rome, and Corinth. The Cæsars bowed down before their successors;—before men who had quitted the workshop to become the chiefs of the free community of Christians. That the world has not forgotten that cruel wound inflicted on its vanity, may be easily conceived!

It is not surprising that it has persisted in its invincible repugnance to that supreme equality of the gospel; that it endeavours to bury in oblivion that time in which evangelical democracy secured the triumph of the principle of fraternity. That victory is the judgment of the Eternal of which the sacred book speaks: “When the Comforter has come, He will convince the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment.”* In effect, that spirit of truth will be an inflexible judge for the world whilst it will purify and fortify the humble and the lowly; “The world cannot receive Him, because it does not see Him or know Him. But you know Him, for He lives in you and He will be in you.”† He will be with the friends of Christ in order to sustain them amidst the tribulations to which their love of justice, their zeal, and their charity expose them. In the midst of those perpetually recurring tribulations, he will give them peace, that peace of God, “which passeth all understanding;”‡ “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you;—let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”§ As for the world, neither grandeur nor the enjoyments of life will preserve it from invincible sadness. To love only oneself, to labour only in selfishness, to ignore every spirit of self-sacrifice, cannot secure happiness. Does not a spirit of wearisomeness and disgust overwhelm us, when, strangers to self-devotion, our existence has no serious object? But, if “godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death;”||—what moral perfection can, possibly, be attained by the ambitious man, amidst the vain cares which

* John xvi. 8.

† John xiv. 17.

‡ Philippians iv. 7.

§ John xiv. 27.

|| 2 Corinthians vii. 10.

agitate his heart? A title, a ribbon, a frivolous distinction, excite in him all the anxiety with which great souls are animated for the salvation of mankind.

Behold with what avidity yonder gambler devours with his eye, as it were, the gold which sparkles under his trembling fingers, whilst the orphan is imploring a crust of bread to keep him from starving, whilst the widow is trailing her rags along the street pavement, and the working man worn out by labour is awaiting on his truckle-bed the succour of charity. Yet, most probably when that gambler, ruined and blaspheming, rushes out of those palaces, where he leaves not a single friend behind, he deems that, amidst the anguish of his own creating, he is justified in despising woes which are more real and more worthy of compassion!

Such are the sufferings about which so many complaints are raised in the world; but blighted pretensions, thwarted ambition, ulcerated pride and hateful passions render no one worthy of interest.

For our part, we reserve our pity for those children on whom their famished mothers never smile, for those young girls, who, abandoned to all the horrors of misery, are reduced to speculate on the vices of the opulent, for the aged who, after so many years of struggles and of labour, have no shelter for their declining days; for all those, in fine, who support the burden of the heat of the day, and whose tears moisten in vain the earth which they have always found sterile for them. So long as the world appears to forget their anguishes, to occupy itself solely with satisfying the lusts of the great, and the bad passions of the rulers of the universe,—between that world and the disciples of the Gospel there can never be a solid peace.

Need we be astonished at that? Christ himself has said that He came to enkindle a purifying fire on earth, that He brought not peace but the sword.* Accordingly, His word, like a piercing sword, will ever be the weapon destined to protect the disinherited of the social order. The Gospel is more durable

* Matt. x. 34.

than charters and constitutions. It is the imperishable code of that democracy whose supreme object is the repairing of injustice and inequality. The world deems that object but little worthy of any active exertion, for, as the beloved apostle himself says: "It is given up to the lust of the flesh, to the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It is wholly plunged in evil."* But our confidence in the justice of God, our faith in His sacred promises, will soon or late triumph over that fatal spirit. "Because all that is born of God overcomes the world, and that which enables us to gain the victory over the world is our faith,"† that faith which has regenerated the universe, civilized barbarians, and prevented liberty and justice from succumbing under the reiterated strokes of the eternal enemies of humanity.

XI.

In describing the gods, the poets of the olden time placed in Olympus a figure, whose wisdom and graceful serenity borrowed an imposing air even from the sad "eidola" of vice and error by which it was surrounded. Its words were prophecies; its will was respected by the Thunderer himself. In its presence the very satyrs ceased their sarcasms, for its every movement commanded veneration. Dominant among the formidable powers that upheaved the world, Minerva walked with a firm tread, her majestic bearing awing the assembly of immortals.

Such is Zurich among cities; and Europe, that has known and still possesses so many marvels, yet contemplates with pleasure its beauty, its science, and its public spirit.

The Linth murmurs within its antique walls, and the waves of the deep lake extend to the foot of hills brilliant with palaces and white villas.

From the brink of that lake, in a garden resembling Armida's, I gazed now on the Albis crowned with forests, now on the glaciers which at the far horizon were blended with the golden

* 1st John ii. 6, 9.

† 1st John v. 4.

clouds. Here all is cheerful, all is life and happiness. Like aerial music seemed the harmonious songs from yonder cluster of trees. The air resounded with choruses that seemed to invoke liberty, as of yore the worshippers of the sun hailed, at the dawn of morn, the most magnificent of the starry bodies.

Night had arrived ere I noticed its approach, yet I was still there, as in ecstasy, gazing, listening, plunged, as it were, in voluptuous enjoyment. The voices seemed fainter, and already a mysterious veil covered these diversified scenes. A thousand undefinable odours ascended towards heaven, like the incense arising from the immense altar of nature, to celebrate the splendours of the evening. One of those skiffs which ply through the crystal waves stopped near me. Urged on by the light breeze which played among the murmuring leaves, it bore me far from the beach. The fires of the city and vicinage were sparkling round the lake, and shone instead of the stars. The dark outlines of the churches were reproduced on the unbroken background of a cloudless sky. But where are the songs and the joyful festival of day? Nought else can I see but walls shrouded in darkness. One would take them for catacombs lighted up by holy lamps.

Happy native land of so many generous minds—of the courageous Zuinglius, the learned Bodmer, the excellent Pestalozzi, the evangelical Lavater—dost thou not hear, at the midnight hour, the very echoes repeating the names of thy glorious children? Weary of the labours and vain clamours of the world, are there no pious pilgrims who come to kneel there, with love and regret? or are these but the waving shadows of the solitary poplars that extend along the sands of the shore?

As for me, O my God! it is Thy grandeur which, above all, I adore in the creation, the work of Thy power. It is ever Thy spirit I seek, even when closely following the footsteps of the prophets whom Thou hast raised up, from age to age, for the completing by Thy Providence of the education of the human race. Carried away by this ardour, how often have I pursued the chimerical beings of my imagination, without perceiving that in Thee alone can be found strength, consolation, and life!

My soul is comforted! How delightful, too, is the repose I enjoy on the native soil of those illustrious men who lived on thoughts of Thee; who fought and suffered for the glory of Thy name. It is here I grow conscious of power, here that I understand the genuine spirit of prayers never known before.

Such are the reminiscences which attach me to Zurich, and the moon now rising in all her beauty over its white roofs, is not more attractive for me than the memory of that city.

XII.

For the last hour I have been rooted to this terrace. Like the lake, my thoughts are unruffled, emotionless, suspended, as it were, between the calm sky and the tranquil waters. Nevertheless, the stars are shining brightly in space, and silvery rays are gliding over the waves. My intelligence alone, void of the pure light, appears steeped in a profound sleep. Will it soon, like the shooting-star, which is swallowed up in the great void, become extinguished in the night of infinity? No; the mind will not return to chaos. The ardent desire which consumes my heart is not the powerful attraction of the tomb. It is the anxious longing for a future, that shall be full of life and strength. It is the aspiration towards that eternity for which it ever pants.

What! must I not then enjoy the beneficent zephyrs which traverse the lake, and cool my fevered temples? Can their wholesome perfumes effect no revival in me? Must I, on these banks, which so many heroes have trod, display the apathy of the sons of Islam, that dreamily lounge by the Dead Sea? Here is a book whose every page speaks of life—whose every line is a revelation of infinite love—whose every word is to all of us a promise of immortality. That book has been written by John, and his brethren in the apostleship, with the unconquerable pen, plucked from an eagle's pinion, and dipped in the blood of the Son of man. May our tears efface the traces of the unjust torments effected by blind men on the Redeemer! Purified ourselves, may we present to all mankind those teachings of sincerity and pardon!

I delight in those pleiades united, in the clouds, with so many rays of light—rays which blend like souls embracing in the ardour of passion. Thus it is that one universal sentiment is transmitted to every member of humanity, and when we are no more, thoughts of us live still with our brethren. Their recollection of us is as a boon without price, that is all their own. They are sacred relics, whose presence restores that vigour which was about to perish, and that courage which was about to fail.

Ye gentle breezes of the lake, preserve this soul-inspiring melancholy from enervating excess! Recall to me that love is everywhere, that your passing sighs are but glowing accents gratefully caught up on other shores.

The waves become agitated. Like silver-winged doves, the over-filled sails cleave the murmuring waters. The flower-decked lindens raise their arms to the skies; their reflected shadows dance over the billows, like mourning naiads. Pale and fantastic tints play on the flanks of the Albis. The moon mounts slowly up the heaven, like a sovereign majestically advancing to the fête awaiting her. My soul would fly to meet her, in that space where all its emotions are free and unrestrained.

But now new delights ravish and astonish me. I have heard the voice of the Infinite, that merciful Being whose splendour fills the world, whose love vivifies whatever moves and breathes. It was now, O Naranda, that I knew real happiness; it was now I learned that, apart from celestial promises, there is no hope which is not deceitful, no consolation which is not false. Powerful, indeed, must Divine inspiration be, to conquer our tendencies to apathy and weakness—to awaken in us the sentiment of ideal perfection. To wish to raise ourselves above our human nature, to detach ourselves from the contemptible pettiness of this world, to draw near, by an undefinable sympathy, to the only power of the universe, without obeying a foolish pride, without refusing to share in the sufferings of all, this is to aspire to a particle of that sacred fire which strengthens and upholds our courage in *deeds*. The Divine flame revives in us sentiments of charity and compassion. Our awakened zeal soars to heights where it devotes itself to the eternal principles of love and justice. There

is then no longer place for vain languor or fatal indifference. Fear, the most dastardly and ignoble vice of all, disappears in the burning inspiration!

Thus, Emmanuel, are the misgivings which discourage us transformed at times into vigorous instincts, into invincible ardour. But to obtain that strength, without which we can neither love nor suffer, a *struggle is inevitable*.—Too great would be our pride if we had never groaned in ignoble servitude, if we had not long laboured to sever our bonds.

It is in liberty thus acquired that we find at last a perfect peace. The eagle ceases to agitate his wings, and soars majestically above the earth, when he has taken his flight in the immensity of heaven.

You said to me, one day, that the solitude of a cloister, or of some hermitage in the depths of a forest, would be henceforth suitable for an existence, which the winding-sheet of Death might as well envelope at once. The unbroken silence of the desert is not more repulsive to me, than the strict monastic rule which regulates every movement. Since the time you thought me dead, I have doubly lived my life. My faintness itself is but a short respite, after which my flight becomes more rapid. The animating air of the mountains and of the seas has restored me to that feeling of existence, which appeared extinct in the midst of your paralyzed world. My detachment from you all arises not from any need, on my part, of isolation, or of escape from the human race, but from an imperious instinct that urges me to action, and which cannot harmonize with the artificial life of your drawing-rooms. The perpetual agitation for trifles, and the complete absence of any serious pursuit, during the long course of such a life, render it impossible to think or act. This it is, in an especial manner, which detaches from what you call "the world," all those who are aware that their true destiny here below is to devote themselves to the great interests of the human family; for, unless mankind, in general, consist of a mere fortuitous concourse of beings, deprived of thinking powers, fit only to move about, to eat and to drink, the object of existence cannot, certainly, be the hurrying from one mansion to the other,

the decking out oneself in clothes, the shape of which is different every day, the soliciting for some benevolent institution, patronized by beauty and elegance, the inscribing of more or less high-sounding names on gilt lists, in honour of the poor, who are never relieved; the appearing in a sanctuary after leaving a *boudoir*, where all the voluptuousness of the Mahometan paradise has been tasted; the murmuring of prayers there, whilst permitting the princes of the church to turn Christianity into a thorough religion of Budha, and then allowing the imagination, intoxicated with the perfumes of incense, to sink sweetly into repose to the sound of monotonous canticles. Would it not, think you, be better to elevate, with all the power of an evangelical nature, the soul towards the Eternal, who is no longer loved in these our days, either in the naves of churches, or in the still vaster and more sublime temple of nature?

No, it is not they, the brilliancy of whose diamonds eclipses the stars, nor the melancholy recluses who wear their grievous vestments till they sink into a premature tomb, who, in the eyes of God or man, are entitled to a glorious immortality, to the portion of salvation, to the inheritance of the children of the Lord. Continue, ye happy ones of Time, no matter though the poor worker who pays for your caprices may shed the bitter tear, but know that he whom you tread under feet is a man—in the pride of your triumph he may rise to-morrow, crowned with the double halo of suffering and resignation. Around his plough, still wetted with his tears, angels will sing in chorus:—“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;” * and the avenging spirit shall reply with a voice of thunder:—“The rich shall pass away like the flower of the herb.” †

Upset the goblets of your festivals, cease your nightly concerts, weary yourselves no longer in languishing dances. Come to the banquet of nature, come and hear the eternal harmonies, come and take your place in the work of humanity. You will

* Matthew v. 4.

† “Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich in that he is made low; because as the flower of the grass shall he pass away.”—James i. 9, 10.

discover new joys, unknown smiles, sincere affections, and hopes which deceive not. Wash off the paint from your cheeks, cast aside the ermine from your shoulders, and you will feel again within you the youngness and freshness of your first years.

XIII.

As I entered the church the pastor was descending the steps of the heavy wooden pulpit, and the multitude were singing:—"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me." * The bare walls of the Byzantine edifice resounded with the hymns which penetrated to the crypt under the choir. I withdrew into a corner, and leaning against one of the massive pillars of the altar, I mingled my prayers with those of the people.

I was in the cathedral, the "Grosse Münster," which looks like a solemn image of the past. My soul was elevated to the Eternal, and all-imbued with awe of his inconceivable power. What force does not the creature derive from Him! since, weak as he may be, and generally is, he may, by his intelligence alone, alter any social law, however energetically defended, and not only arrest the progress of corruption, grown inveterate through the course of centuries, but check it in the very bosom of the powers which govern humanity. Was it not here, here in this very sanctuary, that Zuingli worked such wonders? His words flew to the extremities of the earth, and their efficacy brought about the triumph of the Reformation amongst thousands of his fellow-men.

In the sixteenth century, the voice of the Reformers, which had already made itself heard in the university of Paris, † found an echo in the valleys of the Alps. Switzerland, which had always manifested a spirit of independence with regard to Rome,

* Psalm cxxxix. 1.

† In Merle d'Aubigné's "Histoire de la Réformation" will be found very interesting information concerning the teaching of Lefevre d'Étaples at the Sorbonne, his influence and that of his friends. The facts in question are too much forgotten, and yet their importance cannot be contested.

was infinitely better prepared than the other countries of Europe, to receive the Reformation; consequently, no doubt can be entertained in respect to the initiative it exercised in the countries where the German language is spoken.* I am aware that Saxony is accustomed to claim the initiative. In their philosophy of history the Germans are wont to make their country the centre of humanity,† and to represent the Reformation as an essentially Germanic movement. But dates are here of more significance than all theories. It was in 1516 that Zuinglius, in the church of Einsiedeln, attacked, for the first time, the papal despotism. Now, it was only in 1517 that Pope Leo X. ordered the indulgences to be preached, and it was on the occasion of such preaching that Luther published his famous theses. The chronological question, however, has only a relative importance here. It is of far greater moment to prove that the true tendency of reform was only understood at Zurich and Geneva. In fact, its object could not be the overthrow of papal domination ONLY; its mission was, above all, to RESTORE THE DEMOCRATIC TENDENCIES OF CHRISTIANITY, —and this the German reformers never clearly understood. There, whatever was taken from the Catholic priesthood, was converted to the benefit of the aristocracy: such were the results of the irresolute character of the German reformers. Melancthon was the least decided of all those men. As for Luther, confiding too much in the power of his discourses, he never seriously busied himself with the consolidation of his labours. He contented himself with saying:—"I remained quiet, and left the Word to traverse the world. Whilst I was sleeping and drinking beer at Wittenberg, with Amtsdorf and Melancthon, that *Word* which I had preached overthrew the papacy, and in such a way, that no prince or emperor ever did it so much harm. Nothing was done by myself—everything by the Word."

Luther's false security could not fail to produce its fruits.

* No Canton, speaking a language of Latin origin, was at that time a part of the Confederation.—*Trans.*

† See Hegel and Gervinus, *passim*.

It secured the triumph of the Catholic reaction, which set in after his death. As soon as Rome no longer feared his impetuous eloquence, she could easily reconquer a portion of the countries of which he had deprived her.* Where reform presented an effective resistance, it remained subject to the proud domination of the Germanic aristocracy, which contrived to render a part of its principles altogether sterile.

Luther had, unfortunately, all the defects of the race to which he belonged. His was, undoubtedly, a great heart and a noble mind. Before the diet of Worms he displayed invincible courage. Moreover, he was profoundly imbued with all the generous hatred which the old Germans entertained of Roman domination, whether under a political or religious form; but he was completely under the sway of the mystic tendencies which characterize the genius of the German people. He was entirely preoccupied with the problems of the inner life. I should add that the monastic restraint through which he had so much suffered, had left a world of phantoms in his imagination. Like Joan d'Arc,† Francis d'Assise, and Ignatius Loyola, he was subject to frequent hallucinations.‡ Science has triumphantly demonstrated that the highest intelligences are not exempt from this sad infirmity.§ Socrates and Pascal may be cited in proof. The most absurd legends of Saxony were adopted by Luther with singular credulity.|| He imagined that he held theological disputations with Satan, wherein, by-the-bye, the fallen archangel displayed a most lamentable ignorance of logic. The Reformer's struggles against these visions, exhausted his strength and his courage, and more than once his health severely suffered therefrom. Whilst he was a prey to the anguish of these internal combats, Munzer organized the

* See Leopold Ranke's "Les princes et les peuples au seizième siècle."

† See De Carne's *Jeanne d'Arc*, in the *Revue des deux mondes*, January 15th. 1856. That article shows to what extent Roman credulity will go. (Compare it with Briere de Boismont's *Des Hallucinations*.)

‡ See Dr. Briere de Boismont's excellent work, "*Des Hallucinations*," and the writings of Drs. Lelut, Esquirol, Calmeil, and Leuret on the same subject.

§ See Dr. Lelut's "*Le Démon de Socrate et l'Amulette de Pascal*."

|| See Michelet's *Memoires de Luther*.

terrible insurrection of the peasantry. The democratic feeling, which Luther all but ignored, burst forth on all sides. Luther was indignant, and instead of taking up a social reform, the necessity of which was but too apparent, he called down on the oppressed multitude the anger of the barons. Every idea of political regeneration was stifled in torrents of blood. The countries where German was spoken needed not only a theologian, but a citizen full of firmness and energy. Zuinglius, in his country, manifested that double character. In order to understand well the religious and social mission of that great man, it is necessary to have a correct idea of the condition of Switzerland at that epoch. Those who have not somewhat carefully studied it have been very unjust towards the celebrated reformer.

The fourteenth century was that epoch of the middle ages in which the genius—the Christian, as well as the patriotic genius—of Helvetia shone in all its lustre. That century, which commences at the Grütli in the patriotic oath of the Thirty-three (1307), terminates with that memorable diet of Zurich wherein the religious code of Sempach was sworn to (1406-7). That convention breathes the purest of evangelical sentiments. What a glorious period is that of Morgarten (1315), of Laupen (1339), of Sempach (1386), and of Næfels (1388)! It was then that the Stauffachers, the Erlachs, the Baselwinds, and the Gundoldingens,* shone in the blaze of history. Concord dwelt amongst the confederates; devotedness was their law, and they knew how to combine strength and moderation. Their military glory likewise was unsullied, for they did not combat then, as they did subsequently, for wealth or for conquests, but for the preservation of that blessing which should be the dearest to every generous soul—Freedom. Those virtues were the more admirable that they were not the privilege of any particular individuals. The principal actors in the history of Switzerland were not, as elsewhere, kings, ministers, or princes of the church

* Pétermann Gundoldingen, *avoyer* of Lucerne, commanded at Sempach the troops of Lucerne and the four Forest cantons.

—it was the people who here filled the first rank, who were foremost in the line. It was from the people that the great aspirations, the heroic sacrifices emanated; it was the people who knew how to impose limits on themselves, and who showed themselves superior to the detestable counsels of selfishness and ambition. The decay of the Confederation in the middle ages was insensibly effected by the development of three causes, viz., conquest, mercenary military service, and the predominance of the aristocratic element.

The Emperor Sigismund, whom we saw at the Council of Constance, the enemy of the house of Habsburg, induced the confederates to deprive that house of its possessions in Argovia. The success they obtained appeared to add fresh glory to that which they had already acquired on so many battle-fields. But that aggrandizement, by exciting pride and cupidity, laid the foundation of innumerable calamities for Switzerland. “The new century,”* says Gelzer, “commenced with conquests and civil wars; we shall see it finish by mercenary wars.”—“The war of Argovia,” says John de Muller, “by trampling under foot the principle of *Republican equality*, sullies the robe of spotless innocence of the primitive Confederation.” Free citizens themselves, the Swiss, instead of admitting the people they conquered to a share of the blessing they themselves enjoyed, played in the countries they had seized upon the part of the former sovereigns, and acted as harshly as they did towards their new subjects, on whom they imposed the domination of the bailiffs. That system of administration was adopted not only for Argovia,† but also, though at a later period, for the Levantine valley, which had been wrested by the men of Uri from the duke of Milan.‡ It was also introduced into Thurgovia, which had been taken from Austria.§ The inhabitants of those dis-

* The fifteenth.

† Argovia was emancipated from that domination by the French in 1798.

‡ This valley is now part of the canton of Ticino. “It was arbitrarily and tyrannically governed by the bailiffs,” says M. Bœdecker, in his *la Suisse*, “the French brought that system to a close.”

§ Thurgovia, which is indebted to France for its independence, is now one of the cantons of the Confederation.

tricts, subjected to an odious and tyrannical rule, so far from adding fresh strength to the Confederation, introduced into it the permanent elements of discontent and revolt.

Avarice was the primary cause of those conquests, for the harsh government of the subject bailiwicks enriched their rulers. The thirst of gold which had inspired them could not fail to excite the passion for mercenary warfare, the greatest scourge which the anger of heaven has ever brought upon Helvetia.

The victories of the Swiss made a great noise in Europe, and obtained for them solid military renown. Kings and princes were soon desirous of having in their service some of these intrepid soldiers, who had resisted the proudest aristocracy of Europe. The nobility of the towns and of the rural districts took advantage of that disposition, in order to open out to themselves new sources of riches, and they aroused the cupidity of the young men, skilfully turning to account the warlike and adventurous tendencies of these latter. But as a multitude of abuses was the result of these isolated arrangements, the states of the Confederation deemed fit to enter into treaties with sovereigns for the formation of Swiss regiments, under command of officers of their own nation, so that each nation might be able to protect the subjects of the Federation in foreign countries. The first treaty of this nature was signed between France and Lucerne in 1479 and 1480.* In 1499, Austria was also desirous of enrolling Swiss under its banners, and its example was followed by the Italian princes and by the Pope.

The kings of Europe, who had been unable to vanquish the confederates, found in that mercenary service the means of weakening Switzerland, of delivering it up a prey to the vices of monarchical countries, and of annihilating the strength of

* Only two short years after the battle of Nancy ! where the power of Burgundy was broken, and France, or rather Louis XI., was freed from the too great power of Charles the Bold. To do the Swiss justice they were partly taken in, as the object of Louis was to get possession of the Burgundy Estates, and none will deny that the Swiss, had he lived to consolidate France as a power bordering on Switzerland, would have found him but a bad exchange even for the haughty Burgundian.—*Trans.*

republican principles, the propagation of which was an especial terror to them. Often did the fields remain untilled, because they who ought to have fertilized them* had preferred the license of camp life to the painstaking labours of agriculture. On their return to their native soil, they brought back habits and ideas unknown to the conquerors of Donnerbühl, Laupen, and Næfels. Whilst the peasants learned thus to despise the virtues and laborious existence of their fathers, the sons of the nobles and the civil magistrates became covetous of titles and frivolous distinctions, which made them believe that they had rights different from the children of the common country. After having enriched themselves in foreign lands, they obtained in their own an amount of influence of which they availed themselves in order to oppress their countrymen.

The fatal transformation of the ancient manners of Switzerland, which we have just traced, necessarily led to the gradual substitution of the *aristocratic* for that *democratic* form of government, which had endowed Switzerland with so many days of glory and of peace. The fifteenth century contained already the germs of the patriciate, which we shall see develop itself in the sixteenth, and attain its zenith in the succeeding century. In the very beginning of the fifteenth century, one may easily discover a tendency on the part of the *State-towns* to deprive the communal assemblies of the right to discuss public affairs. That tendency was favoured by certain passionate decisions on the part of some tumultuous assemblies. At Zurich the government, requiring a pretext for the following resolution, found or professed to find one in the atrocious persecution of the Jews by the citizen class:—"Not to lay before the *Commune* any matters save those of primary importance, such as peace, war, and the election of certain functionaries." But matters did not rest here, and accordingly the studied contempt of the rights of the people powerfully contributed to the insurrection of 1513. In some cantons the members of the "*Petit Conseil*" †

* After the example of Rudolph von Erlach, who was as laborious as an agriculturist as he was intrepid as a soldier.

† The executive power.

did not shrink from arrogating to themselves the pompous title of "My Lords." In the fifteenth century Kistler, who had become the chief magistrate, gave the grand council of Berne a striking portrait of the pretensions of "Their Excellencies:"—"Such and such a one, who has only been a citizen of three days standing, and who is a subject of derision, has done more," said he, "for the city than those nobles who boast so much to-day of their former benefits. I confess that Berne is indebted to their ancestors, but what they gave formerly they know right well how to take back again, and, rather than diminish their own splendour, are they not ready to abridge the rights and liberties of the city? For a long time no one durst attack them on that point! and now, because amongst the Bernese magistrates there arises a man to do his duty, and whose words are echoed in the councils, these fine gentlemen grow angry and indulge in menaces. You may do as seems best to you: I have acted conformably to my oath, for the interest and honour of the city, and I shall persevere in this course to the last moment of my life."

The man who was destined to commence the reaction against the abuses which, thanks to the aristocratic government, prevailed in Switzerland, was born amongst the mountaineers who had preserved the true energy of the Helvetic blood. To the south of the monastery of Saint-Gall there is a valley, about two French leagues long, called the Toggenburg. It is enclosed on the north and south by mountains, but on the east it lies open to the beneficent rays of the sun. Thence the view extends as far as the Tyrolese Alps. In that valley, at a height of 2,000 feet above the lake of Zurich, is a village called "Wildhaus," or "Wild House," which in 1310 still belonged to Rhetia. The domain of the Latin-Romano* tongue extended thus far; the population belonged, therefore, to the purest Latin race. That

* Or Romansch tongue, a curious relic of what is supposed to be the language used by the Roman populace. According to Murray's Handbook, a paper is or was published at Thuis in this language. There was such in 1850, and I have a copy; but it is, I am informed, discontinued, a fact much to be regretted if authentic.—*Translator.*

grand stock which produced Lefèvre, Calvin, and Farel, may also claim the glory of having produced the celebrated man who *commenced* the Reformation in the countries where the German tongue is the vernacular. Two hamlets depend on Wildhaus, called Lisighaus and Schönenboden. At a quarter of a league from Lisighaus, on a spot where Alpine vegetation alone covers the soil, an isolated cabin is still to be seen, built of blackened trees, which during three centuries have resisted the action of time.* The walls are thin, the panes of glass in the windows are round and small, and the roofs are covered with stones, in consequence of the violence of the winds at such an elevation. In front of the little cot there is a bubbling spring, purer than crystal. It was there that Ulrich Zuingli was born, on the 1st of January 1484, seven weeks later than the day on which the wife of a Saxon miner gave birth to Martin Luther.

The youthful Ulrich grew up at the feet of those rocks which seemed eternal. "I have often thought," observes his biographer, "that, so near as he was to heaven on these sublime heights, he actually inhaled something celestial and Divine."† The child was full of health and strength. He possessed the active and penetrating intelligence of the mountaineer, and the simplicity of the Toggenburgian. Like his fellows, he loved to play on the lute, and to sing. In the long evenings which were passed before the hearth, Ulrich listened with avidity to the recitals of the old folk. He heard them tell how the valley groaned formerly under a heavy yoke, and that it was indebted for its independence to its alliance with the Swiss. It was from those long conversations that he learned to be a patriot. No one could utter in his presence anything unfavourable to the confederates, without his raising his voice warmly in their defence.‡ This vivacity of character was not incompatible with a love of things serious. Seated at the feet of his great-grandmother, he

* J. J. Hottinger, in his "Ulrich Zwingli," gives a view of the interior of this hut, but it is not found in the French translation.

† Oswald Myconius, *Vita Zwingli*, translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

‡ Johann Melehior Schuler's *U. Zwingli*, Geschichte seiner Bildung zum Reformator des Vaterlandes, p. 91.

would give, for hours together, his entire attention to the beautiful histories she read to him from the Bible. As for his character, straightforwardness was its principal feature. From an early period he manifested that horror of falsehood which forbade him giving any countenance to the trickeries of the Romish church. He declared later, that at the time he began to reflect, that vice appeared to him more deserving of condemnation than even theft, "for," said he, "truth is the mother of all virtues." Zuingli always remained faithful to that noble manner of regarding life. He was sincere and upright both in religion and politics. No one had a greater confidence than he in the power of truth. When it was thought that some little defects might be traced in him, he never had recourse to hypocritical subterfuge, and he never was known to idealize his life in order to gain the esteem of men,* and acquire a high social position. How seldom can even the most eminent men lay claim to such disinterestedness!

As the young Ulrich had, from his boyhood, manifested much aptitude for study, he was placed in Theodore College, Basle, † where he was so successful, that his parents were induced to send him to Berne, where Henry Wœfli (Lupulus) was at the head of a very celebrated school. Whilst there, Zuingli displayed that great taste for antiquity which he always preserved even in the height of the ardour of his theological studies. An extraordinary event, of which he was an eye-witness, began also to inspire him with a great aversion for the monks, who at that epoch speculated in a scandalous manner on the credulity of the mass of the people brutalized by a degenerate church.

At that epoch the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, which, so lately as 1855, became one of the dogmas of the Romish church, was maintained only by the Franciscans, the most ignorant of all the religious orders.

One may readily judge of the rapidity with which that church

* No other proof is needed than his letter to the canon Utinger, when there was question of calling him to Zurich.

† It may be stated here that Hottinger, in his *Ulrich Zwingli*, gives very curious details regarding the schools and students of that date.

forms its dogmas, by comparing with the above state of things the following facts narrated in the *Journal des Débats* and in the *Observateur Catholique*. "Father B. Morgaez, a priest of the order of the preaching friars, doctor and former professor of theology in the university of Alcala (Spain), an old man of sixty-six years, was one of those Roman Catholics who opposed the dogma of the immaculate conception. Availing himself of the liberty afforded him by the laws of his country, he published his opinion on the subject, the civil governor of the province having authorised the printing of his work. Scarcely had it appeared, however, when, influenced by the clergy, the same governor ordered the whole edition to be impounded, and forbade the sale. By order of the ecclesiastical vicar of Toledo, the author was prosecuted, and his book was referred to the synodical examiners. Before the examination, Father Morgaez was confined by order of the vicar, suspended, and placed under the custody of an ecclesiastic belonging to the Society of Jesus. It was against an old man, already suffering from a paralysis of four years' standing, that these harsh proceedings were taken, the cold and humidity of his cell aggravating his malady. He begged to be transferred to an hospital, where he might obtain the care and attention required by his state of health; but the ecclesiastical vicar did not even deign to reply. The synodal judges have not yet given judgment, and no sentence has as yet been delivered. Father Morgaez had recourse to the Minister of Justice, and demanded redress for the violence exercised in his regard. His complaints reached even the National Assembly,* but, up to the present time, they do not seem to have been heard." †

The Dominicans of the 14th century were not more favourable than Father Morgaez to the dogma fabricated by Pius IX.

* In a country subjected to the Romish priesthood, all political liberties are mere delusions; the clergy always find out a way to make them null and void, thanks to their unrivalled influence.

† *Journal des Débats*, February 28, 1856, in an article written by F. Camus. In the same article it is also stated that a Bohemian monk, Brother Brodzinski, was for a long period confined in a madhouse, because he embraced the ideas of the Reformation.

Superior in intelligence, but not in virtue, to the disciples of François D'Assise, they devised an ingenious expedient for rendering themselves popular, and for discrediting at the same time the enthusiasm of their adversaries in favour of the immaculate conception. A white phantom appeared to one of their novices in the monastery, named John Jetzer. "I am," said the apparition, "a soul escaped from the fires of Purgatory." On another occasion the ghost, accompanied by two spirits, said to the novice: "Scot, the inventor of the doctrine of the Franciscans* regarding the immaculate conception of the Virgin, is one of those who, like me, suffer such cruel torments." The news of that apparition spread consternation amongst the Franciscans and their partisans, and the impression produced was all the deeper, that the ghost had announced a visit from the Virgin herself. In effect, on the appointed day, the mother of Christ appeared in Brother Jetzer's cell. *She* who was afterwards to work such wonders in the France† and Italy of the 19th century,‡ and even in Catholic Switzerland,§—*she*, the Madonna of Saletto, of Rimini, and of Fossombrone,—she gave him three tears of Jesus, three drops of his blood, a crucifix, and a letter addressed to the warlike Julius the Second, at that time the Pope. "He is," said he, "the man chosen by God to abolish the festival of her pretended immaculate conception." But that was not enough. The marks on the body of Francis D'Assise were one of the causes of the popularity of the Franciscans. So the Dominicans were desirous of having in their own order some member who should bear on his body the impression of the wounds of Jesus. The apparition, therefore, produced on Brother Jetzer the five wounds which had produced so much glory on

* John Duns Scot (Duns Scotus), surnamed the *subtle Doctor*, of the order of the Franciscans, was preferred by them to Thomas D'Aquinas, the oracle of the Dominicans, surnamed the *angelical Doctor*.

† See Abbe Lemonnier's "Le Pelerinage à la Salette," 8th edition. The extensive circulation of such absurdities shows in what a state the inferior orders of France are at present.

‡ Who has not heard of the rolling of the eyes and of the speaking of the Madonna of Rimini and Fossombrone?

§ At Einsiedeln, where Francis Petitot was miraculously cured.

the "seraphim of Assise." After he had received this special favour from Heaven, he was placed in a large room full of pictures representing the various scenes in the grand drama of the passion, and the crowd was admitted to visit the Dominican, and view the precious marks. The friar, worked up to feverish excitement by his fasting and sufferings, outstretched his arms, hung down his head, and, in a word, took all the attitudes of one crucified. From their pulpits the Dominicans proclaimed vauntingly their miracle, just as we have seen in our own days Catholic journals become enthusiastic with reference to the eye-rolling of the Madonna of Rimini.* Credulity was so great at that period, that even the learned Wœlflî, Zuingli's master, and many other distinguished men, were filled with admiration. But has not Count Montalembert, even in this our nineteenth century, come forward as the upholder of the strange miracles of St. Elizabeth? His book has passed through innumerable editions; yet M. Montalembert is no ordinary person. Need we be surprised, then, after such an example, to find an anonymous Romish writer relating, in a *Life of Saint Rosa of Lima*, how Rose, imitating Catharine of Sienna, "THAT SERAPHIC LOVER OF THE SAVIOUR," saw the fire of heaven issuing from the gloves which some persons wished her to wear, contrary to the command of God; how she gave orders to the celestial spirits; and how she made her guardian angel go on her little errands, &c.†

When such publications are so highly successful in our own days, in those Romish countries which unceasingly accuse the Eastern church of credulity, superstition, and fanaticism, need we be astonished at the great effect produced by this miracle of

* In the *Constitutionnel*, the least credulous of Catholic journals, will be found an extraordinary article on the eye-rolling Madonna—the Italian miracle *par excellence*. M. Littré, in his *Des esprits frappeurs*, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, February 15, 1856, cites many other "facts" attested in meetings of spiritual rappers.

† We refer to the book itself, one of the most curious of that eccentric Catholic literature of the 19th century, which has produced Messieurs Baader, de Mirville, Gougenot des Mousseaux, Clement Brentano, Rohrbacher, Veuillot, Görres, Martinet, &c. The book is published by Aubenel at Avignon.

the Dominicans in the sixteenth century? Unfortunately for the monks, Jetzer acted in good faith, and as a sincere believer, the disgusting comedy invented by his knavish patrons. In one of Mary's manifestations, which filled him with so much delight, he imagined he recognized the voice of his confessor. His suspicion became a certainty when a new phantom made its ghostly appearance. "This time," cried out Jetzer, "it is the Prior!" and, armed with his knife, he rushed on the pretended Virgin, who flung a pewter plate at his head and disappeared.

This turn of affairs threw the Dominicans into consternation, after all the satisfaction they had experienced from the success of their fraud. In vain they endeavoured to rid themselves of Jetzer. The Pope, with the view of diminishing the effect of the scandal, ordered his legate in Switzerland, and the Bishops of Lausanne and Sion, to bring the guilty parties to trial, and the result was that four Dominicans were burned alive at Berne on the 1st of May, 1509.*

Such were the monasteries of the 16th century, such those peaceful and poetic retreats still so much vaunted by rash dreamers.

A witty narrator has drawn in one of the reviews a striking portrait of them which we are happy to reproduce after the details just given. Nothing can better show the real value of certain eulogies:—"Say what you please, I like the monks. I love and venerate that old monastic society, *such as I figure it to myself*, † composed of recruits from amongst the unfortunate and the vanquished, alone in the midst of a barbarous world, preserving the love and taste for mental enjoyments, ‡ opening the only possible asylum, at such an epoch, for every intelligent

* See Ruchat's *Histoire de la Reformation de la Suisse*, vol. I., towards the end; also, Wirz's *Helvetische Kirchen Geschichte*, III., 387; Merle D'Aubigné's *Histoire de la Reformation*, II. A great number of authors who have treated of this question, will be found indicated in Haller's *Biblioth. der Schw. Gesch.* III.

† See further on the history of the monastery of Interlaken, not such as M. Vuillot may figure it to himself in his *Pelerinages en Suisse*, but after contemporary documents.

‡ See in the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," the anathemas against those enjoyments which are set down therein as fatal pride.

being, who, were it even the poor slave, should manifest the sparks of genius.* How many poets, learned men, artists, and anonymous inventors had good reasons, during ten centuries, to bless that respected *right of asylum*,† which freed them from the poignant misery and bestial life of those who were “*adscripti glebæ*.”‡ It is possible that at a later period the cloister fell away from those noble and solemn traditions, and degenerated by one fall after another until the brothers Fredons arose, and even such a character as Panurge’s witty director. That avowal will, assuredly, appear amusing enough to those who have any knowledge of the history of the monasteries. Can it be believed that that system of idealization is without danger, and that it does not lead to that torpor which appears to be the characteristic of so many, otherwise, distinguished minds? The convenient optimism which they adopt when reference is made to powers who arrest the development of humanity, dispenses for them with the necessity of manfully opposing them. It is with the assistance of such a plan that people speak every day, with culpable indulgence, of the tyranny of the *holy father*, and throw an officious veil over all the violent proceedings of the sacerdotal caste, whose truly formidable influence is dreaded.

* The government of the abbots, it is said, was better than that of the feudal barons. Assuredly a very modest kind of praise for the monasteries.

† Was it not in those happy abodes that a theologian like Gottescalc was beaten with rods and imprisoned in a dungeon by the Benedictines; that a learned man like Roger Bacon passed nearly all his life in the prisons of the Franciscans on the plea that he was a sorcerer; that a philosopher like Campanella was several times put on the rack, and confined for twenty-seven years by the Dominicans? I have here chosen three types of different studies in the three great orders of the middle ages, and at three epochs remote one from the other, viz., the 9th, 13th, and 16th centuries. How well, then, may one declaim about the right of asylum given to learning by the convents! Yes, THEY were protected, who, by their talents, were useful to the caste of the priesthood,—but did one seek to become, a “savant,” or an “inventor,”—the lowest dungeon of the monastery was his abode.

‡ I would ask the writer quoted by Mad. d’Istria, (M. Veuillot as I believe,) whether there were not certain vassals attached to the domains of the various abbasies? They at least were so in England, if we are to believe contemporary history.—*Translator*.

Now, a few figures from *Il Piemonte*, published at Turin, will show in what ecclesiastical and monastic meekness consists.

Number of citizens incarcerated by the PAPAL GOVERNMENT:

In 1850	10,436
1851	11,276
1852	11,767
1853	12,035
1854	13,006

Detained at Fort Urbino on December 31st, 1855:

Condemned by the Sacra Consulta,	27
by the ordinary tribunals,	337
by the military do.,	191
by the Episcopal do.,	7
Placed at the disposal of the tribunals,	2
Provisionally confined,	1
Confined as a measure of precaution,	124

In the last category are persons who have been three, four, and five years in prison without proceedings having been commenced against them.

Capital condemnations:

In the city of Bologna alone, *governed by priests*, the councils of war have ordered 178 individuals to be shot, and enormous numbers have undergone the same extreme sentence at Ferrara, Lugo, Imola, Faenza, Sinigaglia, and Ancona.

It must be remarked that, besides the prisoners and the convicts sent to the scaffold, there are,

1st. Those persons who are sentenced to be publicly bastinadoed, and whose names are given in the government papers;

2d. Those who are bastinadoed in the dungeons, and whose number is unknown;

3d. Those who receive an admonition, and who are more than twenty thousand in number.

4th. Those who are proscribed and exiled, the number of whom is not even known to the minister of police.*

What we have said of the character and policy of the Do-

* These documents are translated from the *Independant*, (a Swiss Journal,) of March 3d, 1856.

minicans proves how far Zuingli was fortunate in escaping from their recruiting zeal. Those monks during his stay in Berne were already penetrating enough to discover his talents, and they made every effort to induce him to join their order. But a man who had an instinctive horror of falsehood, was a very unlikely one to take part in the criminal impositions of the monasteries.

He prosecuted, therefore, his studies at Vienna, and afterwards at Basle, where he became maître-ès-arts. The scholastic theology, so much in vogue at that time, was singularly distasteful to him. "It is a loss of time," he said. The learned Thomas Wittenbach, who came to Basle at that time, increased this wholesome repugnance. "The time is not distant," said he, "when scholastic theology will be abolished, and the ancient doctrine of the church restored."* These hopes found a ready echo in the heart of Zuingli.†

The parish priest of Glarus being dead, the mountaineers who had heard of the reputation of the young theologian, invited him to fill the post of pastor in their town. Zuingli accepted, and in that new position displayed his usual activity, "albeit allowing himself occasionally to be carried away by the dissipation and lax ideas of the age. A priest of Rome, he acted like the other priests around him, for evangelical doctrine had not yet changed his heart."‡

Zuingli, whilst living in the midst of the warlike population of Glarus, became convinced that this mercenary service was one of the greatest curses of the commonwealth, and from that conviction sprung his poem, "*The Labyrinth*," published in 1510. In this allegory foreign service is represented as the Minotaur devouring the sons of the Confederation. "Now," exclaims the poet, "are men wandering in a labyrinth; but

* *Et doctrinam Ecclesie veterem. . . . instaurari oporteat* (Gualterius, Misc. Tig. III. 102.)

† Leon Juda, *Præf. ad annotat Zwinglii in Nov. Testament.*

‡ At a later period he candidly avoided those failings of his youth. See Hottinger's "*Huldreich Zwingli*." Hottinger compares those years to the commencing careers of Augustine and Jerome.

being without a conducting thread, they cannot emerge into the light. Nowhere is the imitation of Christ Jesus visible. For a little glory we are induced to hazard our lives, to torment our neighbours, to rush into quarrels, wars, and combats. . . . One would think that the Furies had escaped from the infernal gulphs :—

Das wir die höllscher Wüeterinn'n
Möngend denker albrochen syn."

A courageous man comes to the rescue of his countrymen. It is Theseus who fells the monster! Who can doubt but that Zuingli, whilst tracing the portrait of the heroic liberator, had in view his own noble aspirations for Switzerland?

In 1512, the Glaronnais passed the Alps with the other confederates, in order to defend the Pope against the French, and Zuingli accompanied the troops as chaplain of the Glaris troops. The Swiss met in Italy with an enthusiastic reception on the part of the monks and priests; they were called the people of God, and the bishop of Rome conferred on them even the title of "Defenders of the Liberties of the Church,"—a title which they were soon to merit. During the leisure time of that campaign, Zuingli studied the New Testament in the Greek text. "Philosophy and theology," he said, "unceasingly raised up objections in my mind. It was then I said to myself, 'All those things must be laid aside, and God's meaning sought in his own Word alone.' I then," he adds, "set about supplicating the Lord earnestly to bestow his light upon me, and although I only read the Scriptures, I understood them more clearly than if I had read a number of commentators." If he turned to the Fathers, it was as a man endowed by God with intelligence, and not with the servility of the Roman Catholics. "I study the doctors," he said, "in the same way as one may ask of a friend, What meaning do you attach to that?"

So comprehensive and ready a mind as Zuingli's readily comprehended all the assistance which one might derive from the ancient authors in the developing of ideas. The esteem in which he held the writings of the Roman and Greek authors

will be easily accounted for, when we reflect on the opinion he expressed in regard to the great men who lived before the Christian era. "The two Catos, Camillus, and Scipio," said he, "if they had not been religious, would never have been so magnanimous. Religion was not at that time confined within the limits of Palestine, for the Divine Spirit did not create Palestine alone, but the whole universe. He therefore planted and fostered the seeds of piety in the hearts of all those whom he had chosen, in whatever place they were.* They are therefore in great error who devote all the Gentiles to damnation. What do we know of the faith with which God may have imbued them?"†

The poems of Homer, of Pindar,‡ and of Hesiod, filled him with admiration. In Cicero he found a model of eloquence, and in Demosthenes the inspirations of patriotism, as well as the hatred of tyranny. From Thucydides, Tacitus, Sallust, Plutarch, Cæsar, and Suetonius, he derived the knowledge of mankind, and the most secret springs of human policy. Such were the reformers who have been described as fanatics and vulgar revolutionists. Erasmus, who knew well how to judge of eminent men,—Erasmus, by whom kings themselves desired to be eulogized, wrote to Zuingli, "I congratulate the Swiss nation on your endeavours, both by your excellent studies and your equally excellent manners, to polish and ennoble it."§

Nevertheless, Zuingli could not succeed in inspiring his countrymen with a horror of foreign warfare. In 1515, he was obliged to follow them again to the fields of Italy, where he assisted at the memorable battle of Marignan. "In the fields," says a contemporary historian, "he preached with zeal, in action

* Letter to Blarer, May 1st, 1526, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

† *De peccato originali*, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

‡ See his remarkable eulogy on Pindar, in Chauffour-Kestner's "*Études sur de Réformateurs du XVI^e siècle Zuingli*."

§ Gratulor Helveticæ Gentis, cujus ingenio peculiariter etiam faveo, quam Tu Tuique similes optimis etiam moribus et expoliatis et nobilitatibus.—The address alone is significant: Erasmus Roterodamus Huldrico Zuinglio, philosopho ac theologo, cum primis erudito, amico fratris vice dilecto. Huldrici Zuinglii Opera. Edit. Schuler and Schulthess, vol. vii.

he conducted himself like a hero, and thus acquired the esteem of all his fellow-citizens."* Moreover, his visit to the classic land of papacy was turned by him to account. All those who saw papal Rome in the time of its splendour, brought back with them the same impression. Boccaccio, Hutten, Luther, Montaigne, and Rabelais, differ only in the expression of their contempt and their disgust. The popes, who had persuaded themselves that they had destroyed, in the person of Huss, the last of their adversaries, and to have eradicated in Constance and Basle every idea of reform, gave themselves up, without any regard for the future, to excesses which would have put even the Rome of Heliogabalus to the blush. Assassinations, debauchery, the most shameful vices, the most inordinate luxury, groups of infamous characters surrounding the princes of the church, perjury, dishonesty, the barefaced sale of sacred things,—such is the picture, according to the testimony of all historians and travellers, of that court of Rome, which ignorant or interested writers have wished to render so poetical. Zuingli soon formed an opinion of the prevarications and ambition of the Pope, the cupidity of the bishops, and the arrogance of the monks. He saw at once the necessity of reform, and he began the great work in 1516, on his return to Switzerland. But his design was to effect a tone and the same time a *political* as well as a *religious* regeneration.

“Selfishness,” said he, “has brought us on a quite different path from that on which our ancestors walked. *They* drove away a haughty nobility, and through rude trials and terrible combats conquered their liberty. *We* allow a new nobility, worse than the former, to spring up amongst us—nobles who game, drink, riot in luxury and debauchery, and corrupt the entire nation. No one is willing to gain his livelihood by his labour. There is a deficiency of cultivators of the soil—a good and abundant soil for those who will work. It is true that it does not produce silk, vanilla, malvoisie, spices, oranges, and other feminine dainties, but it affords butter, milk, horses, wool, flax, hemp,

* Bullinger's Reformatiōns-Geschichte.

and corn in abundance. It does not refuse to feed a strong and valiant population. How noble, how holy is that labour which you despise! It drives away pride and all the vices—it renders the body vigorous and joyous, and by an admirable privilege it associates the creature with the works of the Creator himself. You give up to foreigners the strength which should serve only to defend your native land. If a father has reared a noble boy, the captain comes and seduces him away, and casts him into the most deadly peril, and the poor old father, whom he ought to support by his labour, is forced to beg his bread, whilst those fine gentlemen want for nothing, because they receive the money, and keep it.”*

When a man is called to high destinies, Providence himself furnishes him with the means of attaining the supreme object of his life. At Glaris Zuingli could only partially realize his projects. He would have been too much distracted there by the political intrigues which agitated that little city, a stranger as it was to the intellectual and religious movement of the epoch. His ideas and plans could not have been matured there. SOLITUDE IS THE MOTHER OF GREAT IDEAS. All who have ever wished to exercise great and enduring influence on the world have first retired to solitude or the desert, as did our Saviour himself after his baptism in the Jordan.

Thus the nomination of Zuingli to the post of preacher at Einsiedeln, or our Lady of the Hermits, must be regarded as one of the most fortunate events of his existence. Delphi and Ephesus in antiquity, Loretto and Santiago di Compostella in modern times, have alone rivalled the celebrity of the pilgrimage to Einsiedeln. In the sixteenth century that monastery was, as now, the centre of the Romish superstitions. Zuingli was a man that could render it too many services to refuse the proffered post. But the most distinguished men of the canton of Glaris were inconsolable at his departure. “Quid enim

* Zuinglius—*Ein treuer und ernstlich Vermannung*, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

Glarianæ nostræ civitati tristius accidere poterat, tanto videlicet privari viro?" Thus exclaimed Peter Tschudi.*

The Abbot of Einsiedeln, Conrad von Rechberg, was a good gentleman in his way, an ardent sportsman, full of energy, with little learning himself, but a friend of the learned. He was no enthusiastic admirer of the theological subtleties of his church. The inspectors of his order having one day visited his monastery, reproached him with not saying mass. "My good friends," said he, "although I am master in my own monastery, and have a right of giving you a shorter reply of another kind, I shall say this much to you: if it be true that our Lord Jesus Christ is really present in the host, I know not in what self-estimation you may hold yourselves,—but for myself, poor monk as I am, I feel myself unworthy to regard him even, how much more to sacrifice with his holy body and blood. But if he be not really present, woe to me if I dared give him to the poor people, and make them adore mere bread in the place of the Saviour."†

Although the abbot busied himself more with the pleasures of the chase than with theology, he was, nevertheless, very kind to Zuingli; but the latter found a faithful disciple in the administrator of the monastery, Baron Theobald von Geroldsek, who was destined to die, at a later period, by his side on the field of battle at Cappel. The baron often consulted Zuingli as to a proper course of studies: "Read the Holy Scriptures," said Zuingli, "and in order the better to understand them study Saint Jerome. Nevertheless the day is not far distant when neither Jerome nor any one else will count for much, but only God's word."‡

Several inhabitants of the monastery joined Zuingli and the administrator in their intellectual pursuits, and in the study of the Bible, the Fathers, the leading works of antiquity, and the

* Ulrico Zuinglio, viro philosopho et theologo, Petrus secundus. M. Merle D'Aubigné translates thus the above passage in the text,—"Que pouvait-il arriver de plus triste pour Glaris que d'être privé d'un si grand homme?"

† Bullinger's *Reformations Geschichte*, i. 9., translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

‡ Zuinglius' works, vol. i. 254. He adds the remarkable reflection: "For I began to discover that the father often did violence to the Scriptures."

writings of the Latin authors of the sixteenth century. Nothing therefore was wanting to Zuingli, neither leisure, nor books, nor the advice of sincere friends. But his own activity never ceased. In the depth of that calm solitude he did not lose sight of his vocation of active attack. The sanctuary of Einsiedeln, to which crowds of pilgrims flocked, resounded once more with his courageous preaching. He energetically called the adorers of the Virgin to that deeper religion of spirit and of truth which appeared to be forgotten on earth: "Think not," he said, "that God is more in this temple than in any other part of his creation. In whatever part of the country ye may dwell, ye are surrounded by God, and he hears you as well there as at our Lady's of Einsiedeln. Is it by useless works, by long pilgrimages, by offerings, by images, by invocations of the Virgin or of the saints, that you will obtain the grace of God? Of what avail is the multitude of words of which our prayers are composed? Of what avail a rich hood, a shaven head, a long and well-plaited robe? It is the heart which God regards, and our hearts are far removed from him."* Gaspard Hedion, a doctor of theology in the university of Basle, who had heard him preach at that period, often spoke of him with admiration for a long time afterwards:—"How elegant, how profound, how grave, how penetrating, how evangelical was thy discourse, and how forcibly it recalled to mind the ἐνεργεσία of the ancient doctors!"†

Whilst Zuingli was thus preaching, "with an apostolic energy," he displayed in all his proceedings both admirable prudence and tact. Moderation and strength were the characteristics of his great mind—characteristics always found united in the composition of those who may be truly called real men. He has nothing of the fiery impetuosity of Luther, and in his transactions with the chiefs of the Roman hierarchy, he manifested

* Zuinglius' works, vol. i. p. 236, translated by Merle d'Aubigné.

† "Patere ut sim ἡ σκιά φέλου. Ita me inescavit sermo quidem tuus, elegans ille, doctus, gravis, copiosus, penetrans et evangelicus, &c., quem habebas de paralytico apud Lucam, cap. v., in templo *Divæ* Virginis apud Heremitas." (Caspar Hedio, egregio doctrina, egregiis moribus, viro Huldrico Zuinglio Turicensium pastori apostolico S. D.)

much wisdom. Accordingly he was treated by them with considerable gentleness, not only through consideration for his talents, but also on account of the influence which a man of his value would possess in a democratic state. The legates Ennius and Pucci went often to Einsiedeln, and Zuingli made no effort to conceal from them his ideas of the truth. "I have several times," he said at a later period, whilst speaking to his countryman, the famous Schinner, "I have several times told the Cardinal of Sion that the papacy was built on a bad foundation, and that it could not be upheld in the face of Scripture. Several persons still living heard that declaration.* They also heard that cardinal say to me, 'if it please God to set me on my legs again,† I shall take care to expose the pride and falseness of the Bishop of Rome.'"‡ "These were only fine words," adds Bullinger innocently. §

Zuingli spoke no less frankly to the Legate Pucci: "With God's aid," said he to him, "I shall continue to preach the Gospel, and that preaching will upset Rome." He then explained to him all that should be done to prevent that revolution. Zuingli perceiving that reform was not sincerely desired, declared he would give up the pension which the Pope allowed him. Pucci begged of him to retain it. "But do not think," said the preacher of Einsiedeln, "that for the love of money I shall keep back one syllable even of the truth." || Rome became alarmed at such intrepid resolutions, and Zuingli was immediately appointed the Pope's private chaplain—it being anticipated that, through gratuities and honours, he would be induced to remain silent. Such tactics could prove successful only with such a person as the weak and vain-glorious Erasmus, but not with the descendant of the mountaineers of Toggenburg. Zuingli was one of those men who advance towards their

* He names them.

† He was then in disgrace. (I know not how else to translate—"Que Dieu me remette sur les pieds.")—*Trans.*

‡ Zuinglius's Works, ii. 8, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

§ Bullinger's Reformation, i. 10.

|| Zuinglius's Works, i. 365.

object with as much perseverance as calmness. What influence could mere vulgar considerations exercise over one who, at a later period, so resolutely sacrificed his life to the great cause of the Reformation? So elevated a mind could scarcely be dazzled by the prospect of an Episcopal mitre, or even by the red robe of a cardinal.

Meantime, a monk named Samson arrived from Rome in the canton of Schwyz, in order to sell indulgences, and there expatiated on his Italian merchandise with the usual effrontery of those ignoble traffickers. "When the mite falls into the money box," said the Franciscan, "the soul flies up towards heaven." Zuingli was not disposed to tolerate such sort of business: "Jesus Christ," said he, "the Son of God, has said, 'Come to me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Is it not, therefore, audacious folly and senseless temerity to exclaim, on the contrary: 'Purchase letters of indulgence, run to Rome, give money to the monks, sacrifice to the priests! If ye do those things, I will absolve you from your sins?'"*

Zuingli was three years at Einsiedeln, "forging his arms, and preparing his heart for the grand combat."† At the first appeal he entered resolutely on his career. In December 1518, the Chapter of Zurich nominated him priest of the parish church

Charlemagne had founded a college of canons at that city. Those priests, as lazy as those whom Boileau has so humorously described in his *Lutrin*, not wishing to disturb their apathetic indolence, chose an ecclesiastic for the functions of parish priest and preacher. The great reputation of Zuingli made them turn their eyes on him. He had, however, a competitor, a Swabian named Laurence Fable, of whom Myconius said, in a letter to Zuingli: "Those gentlemen know that he is already the father of six children, and that he enjoys already 'several livings.'"‡ The foregoing extract will give an idea of the manner in

* Zuinglius's Works, i. 122.

† Chauffour-Kestner, *Etudes sur les Reformateurs du XVI^e siècle.*—Zuingli.

‡ Myconius commences with a play upon the word Fable: "Fabula manebit fabula, quem Domini mei acceperunt six pueris esse patrem, et nescio quot beneficiis irretitum."—(Zuinglio suo doctissimo et amicissimo, Myconius.)

which the ecclesiastics practised the virtue of chastity. "Catholicism," says the most skilful of the biographers of Zuingli,* "evidently missed its object in making a virtue of celibacy. Thence arose a system of corruption of which no idea can be given, and of which the most irrefragable proofs everywhere abound."

Einsiedeln was inconsolable at the loss of Zuingli, who was preferred to his competitor. The council of state of Schwyz also expressed their regret at his departure, styling him reverend, very learned, very gracious Sir, and good friend—reverende, perdocte, admodum gratiose, domine, ac bone amice!† At the same time Glaréan wrote to him from Paris: "I see that your learning will excite against you the bitterest animosity; but take courage, and, like Hercules, you will overcome monsters."‡ Tanquam Hercules ἀλλεζίζακος.

On the 27th of December 1518, Zuingli arrived in Zurich. The entire chapter were present on the occasion of his installation, the provost, Felix Frey, presiding. The latter delivered a discourse, which is one of the most curious remains of the epoch that preceded the Reformation—the money-grubbing character of the Romish church being revealed therein with singular naïveté: "You will," (he is addressing the new pastor), "devote all your attention to the getting in of the revenues of the chapter, without neglecting even the smallest of them; you will exhort the faithful, both from the pulpit and *in the confessional*,§ to pay their tithes and dues, and to show by their offerings *that they love the church*. You will endeavour to increase the revenues accruing from the sick-bed, from thank-offerings, and generally all revenues arising from the exercise of any ecclesiastical func-

* Madame de Gasparin, in her *Des Corporations Monastiques dans le Protestantisme*, contends that in the New Testament celibacy is nowhere represented as a virtue. Every one of a serious turn of mind will read with lively interest the dissertation on that subject at the conclusion of her work.

† Such is the address of the letter signed: Prætor ac Senatus Suitiæ—Lamdammann und Rath zu Schwytz.

‡ Glarcanus D. Ulderico Zuinglio, viro philosopho et vere theologo, amico nostro eximio.

§ This is worthy of notice.

tion. *You are not to administer the sacraments except to such as are of sufficient mark and good repute, and only after being requested so to do; and you are forbidden to administer them without distinction of persons.**

The reply of the new parish priest was, as might be expected, noble and firm, and is not less interesting in its way than the provost's address: "The life of Jesus," said Zuingli, "has been too long concealed from the people. I shall more especially preach the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter by chapter, following up the meaning given to it by the Holy Spirit; going solely to the fountain-head of the pure waters of the Scripture, by sifting them,† by comparing Scripture with itself, and by seeking, through constant and fervent prayer,‡ to master its meaning. To the glory of God, to the praise of his only Son, to the true salvation of souls, and to the teaching of the true faith, shall my ministry be devoted."§ The prospect was anything but reassuring for the chapter in view of such a determination, for the Romish clergy feared beyond all else the restoration of the Word of God.|| The majority of the canons did not conceal their uneasiness: "Such a mode of preaching," they cried, "is an innovation—that innovation will soon lead to another; and where is it to stop?" The canon Hoffinan himself, who had been a protector of Zuingli, cried out: "Such an explanation of Scripture will be more hurtful than useful for the people." Zuingli, who was well acquainted with the usages of Christian antiquity, found no difficulty in showing that he was only reverting to the primitive usages of the Eastern church. He cited the "homilies of St. Chrysostom on St. Matthew." The eyes of the Reformer were raised from his New Testament in Greek, only to turn towards the east, whence the people derived the light of truth, as they did also their light of intelligence.

In engaging to preach the Gospel, Zuingli thereby bound

* Schuler's *Huldreich Zuingli*; translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

† Zuinglius's *Works*, i. 276; translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

‡ Myconius's *Vita Zuingli*; translated by D'Aubigné.

§ Bullinger's *Reformation*; translated by D'Aubigné.

|| Curious details will be found in D'Aubigné's *Reformation*, vol. v.

himself not to tolerate any of the vices of his countrymen. He zealously, therefore, denounced luxury and idleness, those cankers of modern society; he thundered against the oppression of the poor, the mercenary service of the Swiss in foreign countries, the pensions of princes. "In the pulpit he never," said one of his contemporaries, "spared any one, neither Pope nor Emperor, neither kings nor dukes, nor princes nor lords—not even the confederates."* Need we be surprised, therefore, at finding that he it was regarding whom was first employed the beautiful expression, "LA BRAVOURE DE LA PREDICATION?"† It was thus he acted, not as a demagogue, but as a true democrat. He felt that every sincere friend of the people should have the courage to speak plainly to them, and he was convinced that one could apply to the flatterers of a nation what has been said concerning the adulators of princes—

" Détestables flatteurs, présent le plus funeste
Que puisse faire aux rois la colère céleste."

In like manner, he was never found apologizing for, or flattering, popular error or popular passions. His loyal nature would not admit of his lending himself to any species of deception. If this frankness created many foes, it yet chiefly contributed to his success. He gained thereby the hearts of several eminent personages in the republic, who despised the sermons of the priests. "I never derive any advantage from their discourses," often said Füsslin, who was a poet, an historian, and a councillor of state; "they preach not the things of salvation, for they do not understand them. I can only see in them covetousness and sensuality." The same opinion was held by Henry Ræuschlin, also a councillor of state. "The priests," said he, "assembled in thousands at the council of Constance, in order to burn the best one amongst them all." Such was, at that time, the opinion of the most enlightened men. They detested a clergy who grew exasperated at any attempt to bring them back to Christian sentiments.

* Oswald Myconius's *Vita Zuingli*.; translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

† Bullinger's *Reformation*, i. 12.

The foregoing details are not unimportant, seeing that the apologists of the Romish church, Rohrbacher, Donoso Cortes, Nicholas, Balmes, and others, have so thoroughly travestied the history of that epoch, that it is necessary to place the facts in their true light. In our day, the ignorance of a certain class of readers is sadly abused, and the object is easily discernible. It is considered very useful in the interests of a party which has become very unpopular in liberal Europe, to represent the great and legitimate movement of the Reformation as a mere revolutionary insurrection, and the Reformers themselves as the enemies of all social order. The writers in question hope, by the aid of these abominable perversions of facts, to restore to pristine vigour a power which has been sorely shattered on all sides—against which we Orientals have never ceased to protest, and which exists solely because it belongs to the framework of the old European society, and because absolute governments regard it as the best means of maintaining the people in a brutalized and servile condition.

Zuingli did not confine himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He himself showed the example of the patriotic virtues which he extolled, by ever acting as a true Christian and a sincere republican. He was as affable to the poorest peasant as to the richest denizen of the city. "He invited country people to dinner," says a Catholic writer, "walked abroad with them, and spoke to them of God; and the influence of that example was such, that the chief inhabitants of Zurich visited the peasantry, treated them to refreshments, appeared in the public streets with them, and showed them every kind of attention."* "He ate and drank," says a contemporary, "with all those who invited him; he despised no one; he was always compassionate to the poor, and always alike firm and cheerful in good or evil days. Nothing disturbed his self-possession. His discourse was at all times full of vigour, and his heart stored with words of consolation."† Is not that the true character of an evangelical

* Salat. *Chronich.*, 155; translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

† B. Weiss's *Kurze Beschreibung des Glaubens,—Änderung in dem Schweizer Lande*; translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

pastor, instilling, both by precept and example, the doctrine of Christian equality and fraternity? His good works, however, did not interfere with his attending to the development of his intellectual faculties. He occupied his leisure time in reading, writing, translating, in studying Hebrew, and was indefatigable in preparing himself for his great destinies.

The opportunity of entering the lists against the Romish or rather the Italian superstitions, was soon presented. Samson, the celebrated vendor of indulgences, was on his way to Zurich. He had met with a good reception at Zug,—the poor inhabitants of that canton purchasing his wares with avidity; “Good people,” he used to say to them, “do not press so much forward. Let those come first who have money in their pockets, and then we shall endeavour to satisfy those persons who have none.” After having cleaned out the Lucernais, and the Oberlanders, Samson came to Berne; where, in the church of St. Vincent, he displayed all his eloquence as a spiritual bagman. “Here,” said he to the rich, “are indulgences on parchment, price one crown. Here,” (turning to the poor,) “are absolutions on common paper for two *Batz!*” One day the chevalier Jacob von Stein perceived that one of his horses took the monk’s particular fancy; “Give me,” said the cautious knight, “an indulgence for myself, for my troop of horse, 500 strong, for all my vassals in Belph, and *for all my ancestors*, and in exchange you shall have my dapple-grey steed.”* The last day of Samson’s preaching was the most solemn; “Down on your knees,” said the hawker of indulgences, to the Bernese; “recite three *Paternosters*, and three *Ave Marias*, and your souls will be immediately as pure as at the moment of baptism.” The crowd knelt as ordered, and Samson becoming more animated by such extraordinary credulity, exclaimed with ludicrous emphasis: “I deliver from the torments of purgatory and of hell all the souls of the deceased Bernese, no matter how and where they died.”†

* Anselm and J. J. Hottinger, quoted by M. d’Aubigné in his *Reformation*, II. Samson at Berne.

† Merle d’Aubigné’s *Reformation*.

Samson's triumphs, however, were destined to come to a speedy termination. At Bremgarten the parish priest, Dean Bullinger, father of Zuingli's successor at Zurich,* energetically repulsed him, and Zuingli himself prepared for his reception, by exposing to his parishioners the folly of indulgences: "Christ," said he, "is Alpha and Omega; Christ is the prow and the deck; Christ is everywhere; He can do everything. No *man* can forgive sins; Christ, who is true God and true man, *He* alone has power to do so. Go then; purchase indulgences, but rest assured, you are nowise absolved. Those who for money vend remission of sins are the companions of Simon the Magician, the friends of Balaam, the ambassadors of Satan."† Zuingli's zeal did not go unrewarded, for the authorities of Zurich did not allow Samson to ply his trade on their territories, so he recrossed the St. Gothard in a three-horse waggon, full of the gold of the Confederation.‡

Exhausted by his labours Zuingli sought a little repose at the baths of Pfeffers, and it was there he learned that the plague had broken out at Zurich. The "Great Death," (*Der grosse Tod*,) carried off entire families. Zuingli hastened to resume his place in the midst of his beloved flock, and discharged his duties with admirable intrepidity. Not to him, therefore, is applicable that remark, tinged with the random levity of the author of *René*: "The protestant pastor abandons the necessitous on the bed of death, and is in no haste to dare the perils of pestilence."§ Zuingli himself was soon attacked. His religious sentiments were fortified under the trial, and found utterance in poems which have attained the reputation of classics amongst Reformers;|| poems that breathe his unflinching confidence in the Supreme Mediator.

* The priests of that epoch never thought of disowning their children. Chaufour in his *Zuingli*, (vol. i. 278,) gives some curious details on that subject.

† Zuinglius's Works, I. 207. 412. (D'Aubigné's translation.)

‡ See in Hottinger's *Zuinglius*, ch. 11, the Brief of Pope Leo X. to Samson, in which his great zeal is set forth.

§ Chateaubriand's *Essai sur la littérature Anglaise*.

|| They will be found in Hottinger's *Zuingli*, and in his Works, vol. ii. part 2. p. 273.

Willit du dann glych
 Tod haben mich
 In mitts der Tagen min,
 So soll's willig sin.

But God had destined him for a nobler struggle, and for a still more glorious death, a foreboding of which is manifested in the canticle wherein he celebrates his restoration to health. He speaks therein of that "uncertain hour" which would perhaps have "more terror" for him, than the sharp bodily pangs of sickness. Is not one disposed to say that he already foresaw the fatal field of Cappel?

Besides the death of his brother, and of numbers dear to him, Zuingli had now to deplore the departure of his friend Oswald Myconius, who, in the interest of the Reformation, had settled at Lucerne: "Every day," wrote Zuingli to him, "I recall that moment in which we were torn from each other, and now I can better realize the extent of my loss. My situation is that of an army, one of whose wings has been cut off in the presence of the enemy."* The tenderness of heart of this great man was as remarkable as the firmness of his courage. But after thus giving expression to his sentiments of friendship, he conveys to Myconius, who was less energetic than himself, the most manly counsels:—"Thou art not, dear Myconius, the only one whose soul is troubled. We live in times of general expectation, when there is a sad medley and confusion. Every principle that emerges, seems to call its antagonist into being with it. Nevertheless, let us still have confidence. Gold must be purified by fire, and by fire also is the silver separated from the dross. Christ said to his apostles, 'You will be hated on account of me. The time draws nigh wherein whoever will put you to death shall think he renders a service to God.' Man's life is a combat. Girt with the armour of the holy apostle Paul, we must bravely meet our enemy. And do not ask, 'What is the good of teaching when so few manifest any desire for instruction?' Rather, on the contrary, let us labour

* *Letter to Myconius*, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

without ceasing, that we may show to the greatest possible number that jewel without price, which shines not for worldly eyes, but which not the less sparkles by its own intrinsic lustre. The Church, born of the shedding of blood, can only be restored by the letting of blood. Happy they who shall suffer persecution for justice' sake. Be of firm courage. There will never be wanting those who will cheerfully give their lives for Christ, be they even stigmatized as heretics. For my own part, I am even now resigned to every pang which priests or laity may inflict. If they excommunicate me, I shall think of the good Hilarins, that very learned and very holy man, who was banished from Gaul to Africa; of Lucius, who, violently expelled from Rome, returned thither in triumph. Not that I compare myself with such men, but that I shall derive strength from the reflection that, whilst they were better men than I, they experienced most unworthy persecution. I but pray to Christ that I may be enabled to support all with a manly spirit.*

Zuingli, after his illness, combated vice and error with renovated vigour, and his ardour evoked more than one enemy: "What has he to do," people asked, "busying himself with the affairs of Switzerland?" But his great heart was not to be shaken. "He who would gain praise of men," said he, "must attack the world face to face; and, like David, make the haughty Goliath kiss the dust."† The Reformer had assuredly need of all his courage, for there were conspiracies against him and against all who shared his opinions. An old man of Schaffhausen, named Galster, having attacked the priestly superstitions, and taken refuge in the woods, was hunted down by dogs like a wild beast; and as he refused to abjure his faith, was beheaded.

A similar fate might well be looked for by Zuingli, but he was nowise alarmed, and bestirred himself more zealously than ever in the spiritual and temporal interests of his flock. He

* Huldriens Zuinglius Myconio suo, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

† Oportet strenue in acie pugnare eum, qui ejus gloriæ particeps fieri, mundum hunc, in altum se tanquam Goliath erigentem, tribus limpidissimis lapidibus prosternere—(Zuinglius Myconio—same letter).

knew how to combat, at need, against the princes of the earth. By selling their blood to foreigners, the Swiss had introduced a fatal corruption into the Confederation, for the country was thereby exposed to the intrigues of the kings of Europe. Their ambassadors distributed gold in the cantons in order to make sure of the support of the most influential men. This state of things seemed an incurable cancer. The clergy were in any but a fit state to stay the tide of license. Did they not in fact, in their own persons, set the example of cupidity and licentiousness? The national character could only be invigorated by a rigorous discipline, which should at the same time impart virility to the republican sentiments already so much enfeebled.

To this work were all the energies of Zuingli devoted. When the famous Cardinal Schinner came to Zurich in order to enlist recruits for the Pope, the intrepid pastor thundered from the pulpit against all mercenary service. "Do you wish," he asked, "to overthrow, to rend in sunder, the Confederation? You rush on the wolves which destroy our flocks,—you resist not those who are hovering around you to devour men! Ah! those persons have good reason to clothe themselves in scarlet hoods and cloaks of crimson dye,—shake those garments, and ducats and crown-pieces will fall from them; but squeeze them, and there will flow forth the blood of your father, your brother, your son, your best friend."* Zuingli felt no delicacy in the unsparing condemnation of all who organized mercenary military service. He compared them to "the butchers who conduct cattle to Constance, who are then paid for them, and depart thence to procure more. What epithets are too severe for these traffickers in human blood! Are they not a 'nobility' a hundred times more ignoble than those whom our fathers expelled?"† Never was an opportunity of combating this revolting abuse suffered to pass by Zuingli. How are we to believe that Switzerland has, even to our own day, found it so difficult to profit by the energetic denunciation of its magnanimous Reformer. Are there not at this day in Palermo and in Naples, citizens of

* Bullinger's "*Reformation*"—D'Aubigné's translation.

† Bullinger's "*Reformation*"—Chauffour-Kestner's translation.

the freest country of (*continental*)* Europe bought to slaughter those Italians who are courageous enough to offer their lives a sacrifice on the altar of freedom and of national independence? Shall we not repeat to them those noble words which Zuingli addressed to the men of Schwytz after the defeat at Bicoque:—“Your ancestors fought to defend their liberty, but they never put Christians to the death for love of money. These foreign wars bring innumerable calamities on our country. God chastises with his scourges our confederated countrymen, while between caresses to be repaid with fatal usury, and the ill-concealed mortal hatred of foreign princes, Helvetic liberty is on the eve of perishing.” †

“There are persons,” he elsewhere says, “who pretend that it is an evil, ay! even a heinous sin, to eat meat on a Friday, (albeit God has nowhere forbidden it,) who yet consider it no crime to sell human flesh and blood to foreigners, and to drag it away to the slaughter.” ‡

Firmly resolved to combat all the prejudices of his time, he could only see in ecclesiastical celibacy a purely political institution. § He therefore married Anna Reinhart, || one of the most distinguished ladies of Zurich, a pious widow, who, by her intelligence, her charity, and her devotedness, was every way qualified to second him actively in his pastoral functions. ¶ Erasmus, with his usual causticity, makes himself merry with the marriages of the early Reformers, and there is in our days a certain number of scribes who dully comment on the epigrams of the renowned scholar. But the question is one serious enough to be examined in a less superficial manner. Monastic and ecclesiastical celibacy may, from the speculative point of view, be justified in the abstract, with more or less talent, but when examined as an historical fact, it must be viewed with most

* (*Made d'Istria* must be content to admit the word “continental” to be here interpolated, though it does not appear in the original.—*Trans.*).

† Zuingli's Works, vol. i., part ii., p. 206—translated by Merle D'Aubigné.

‡ Zuingli's Works, vol. i., part ii., p. 206—D'Aubigné's translation.

§ For proofs see Voight's “Gregoire VII.”

|| Zuingli's Works, vol. ii., part ii., p. 301—D'Aubigné's translation.

¶ See Salomon Hess's “*Anna Reinhart*.”

well-founded disgust. Previously to the Reformation, in the very country we are endeavouring to describe, this same doctrine of celibacy had been productive of such abuses, that the civil authority was more than once obliged to interfere. To confine ourselves to a single city, let us open the register of the council of Geneva. The translation of the following passages would not certainly be consistent with decency :—

“Anno 1513, die Veneris, XXII Julii. Visis littera missiva per reverendum ministrum, nobilibus sindicis et consulibus destinata, equidem litteris duabus de obedientiæ diocetæ, una reverendo fratri Marchepallu et alia reverendo fratri Nycolino, fuit conclusum quod illis obtemperent ad tenorem illarum. Sequendo conventum absentent.—Fiat attestatir et littera testimonialis de dicto Marchepallu de hiis quæ gesta fuere *occasione nefandi criminis sodomie* de quo diffamantur et nonnulli alii.”*

“Die Martis X Octobris :—*De meretricibus presbiterorum* loquantur Nobiles Sindici Concilio episcopali.”†

“Anno 1522, die Martis XX Maii :—De confraria S. Yvonis. De eadem confraria Yvonis in velleis fiunt mille abusus et tractantur nefanda. Fuit conclusum quod Domini Sindici vadant ad Reverendum Dominum vicarium ut aboleantur ille velleie et confratrie *porte clause erunt.*”‡

“Die Veneris XII Julii, 1527—Nicolinus de Christo et certi sui alii socii quærerunt se DE PRESBITERIS MARLÆ MAGDALENES QUI TENENT BORDELLUM et pro modo sunt plures ruffiane et qualiter si non fiat justicia posset suboriri scandala. Fuit resolutum quod ille ruffiane banniantur aut fiat quid justicia suadebit et etiam aliæ mulieres solent morari *et jiant demonstrationes magne eisdem presbiteris.*”§

But how would matters stand if we were to penetrate into the convents? The letter addressed by the Pope (Julius II.) in 1529 to the nuns of St. Clara, gives an idea of the infamous proceedings of which they were the theatre. But it is difficult

* Volume de 1511 à 1514, fol. 144.

† Ibid., fol. 157, verso.

‡ Volume de 1521 à 1524, fol. 75, verso.

§ Volume de 1527 à 1528, fol. 72.

to speak, without outraging public morality, of the facts contained in the brief of Julius. The monks were not a whit more observant of decency than the nuns. "The clergy of Geneva," observes a Catholic writer, "did not rise to the full height of their holy mission. Riches, honours, and lack of employment, caused those ravages in their ranks which they always produce in the church of Christ Jesus. The Franciscans, but little faithful to their vocation, were only the degenerate children of St. Francis d'Assise. The monks of St. Victor had long lost the spirit of sanctity which had rendered the order of Cluny illustrious. The people, their sense of decency thoroughly outraged, refused to recognize in such men the ministers of God."* Let us be grateful to a priest of Rome for such candour—a quality so rarely met with now-a-days in the ranks of the ultramontane clergy. However, it would be difficult to frame any apology for the convents of Geneva, after glancing over the registries of the council of that commonwealth. At one time the authorities are compelled to force open the gates of a monastery, in order to release young girls carried off by drunken monks; at another, the same authorities are obliged to pull down the brothels, which blocked up the approaches to the monasteries in the suburbs of Geneva. At every moment the authorities have to keep a watchful eye upon outbreaks of licentiousness in every form. Thus: "June 20, 1503. After having drawn up regulations regarding women of abandoned character, the magistracy turned their attention to the friars of the convent at Rive, and resolved, by a majority, to send M. Petremond, avocat, to the bishop, with a view to the reformation of the convent, and the introduction among the members of the order of a more decent mode of life." "June 23, 1522. Peter d'Orsière, noble, brings up a report concerning the monks of Plainpalais; the prior approves thereof, and declares that he will banish the guilty persons, if they do not amend their conduct." "September 25, 1524. Some inhabitants of Saint Gervais complain that

* Abbé Maignan's "Histoire de la Réforme à Genève."

two monks, Montfort and Charcotaz, have been conducting themselves in a scandalous manner."

The secular clergy did not lead a more regular life than the religious orders. We read in the registries of July 22, 1504: "The syndics complained to the prelate of *nightly roving excursions by armed priests*, from which arises great scandal." There is no evidence to show that the complaints addressed to the bishop produced any effect. On the contrary, "the effeminacy, not to say the irregularities, of the bishop in 1528, left the church of Geneva like sheep without a shepherd"* But, then, did that bishop act differently from the voluptuous prelates of the 16th century? At Geneva, the head of the hierarchy cared so little about concealing his disorderly life, that one day the people rose as one man, and rescued by main force from the palace of Pierre de la Baume a young girl who had been ravished from her parents. A like scene took place in the house of the Canon Brazeti.†

Those who will take the trouble to inquire into these facts, will with difficulty comprehend the motive for the epigrams of ultramontane writers on the marriages of the Reformers. "To ask that priests should be married," well observes a distinguished historian, "is merely to ask that the sanctity of a perpetual union, of a reciprocal vow, be substituted for the immorality of a passing connection. It is to raise up the first and most sacred of social institutions—marriage—from that worst form of degradation imposed on it by a doctrine abhorrent to nature. Instead of being envired by abandoned women, and disowned children, it is to surround the priest by the more solid bulwark of morality—a family."‡

Zuingli, therefore, needs no apology. All that can be cast up to him in reproach is, that he at first kept secret his union with Anna Reinhart. Such a proceeding lacks the credence of his customary resoluteness. But, as a rule—a rule without excep-

* Abbé Magnan—"La Réforme à Genève."

† Registers of January 21, 1505.

‡ Chauffour-Kestner's "Etudes sur les Réformateurs du XVI^e siècle," Zuingli, ch. 1.

tion—are not the most energetic minds biased at times by prejudices, the folly of which they themselves are the first to acknowledge? In the month of July 1522, the opportunity was presented the Reformer of making known his real convictions. At that period a meeting of ecclesiastics holding his opinions was held at Einsiedeln, where he had been succeeded by his friend Leon Juda. Two hundred and fifteen years before that time, thirty-three patriots had assembled there to break the yoke of Austria. Now, however, the question was to free the country from a servitude still more intolerable, since it weighed on men's consciences. Zuingli proposed that they should demand from the other cantons, as also from the Bishop of Constance, the abolition of celibacy, and the free preaching of the Word of God. "For our parts," said the Reformers, "we have resolved to promulgate Christ's Gospel with indefatigable perseverance, and at the same time in so wise a manner that no one can complain. You cannot be unaware how fearfully the priests have hitherto violated the precepts of chastity. We beseech you, by the love of Christ, by the liberty which he purchased for us, by the misery of so many weak and wavering souls, by the wounds of so many festered consciences, by all that is divine and human, grant permission for us wisely to annul what has been rashly formed; lest the majestic edifice of the church come crumbling down, till, with a stupendous crash, it bring immeasurable ruin on all. See with what storms the world is menaced!"* It was thus the preachers of the Gospel spoke to the Bishop of Constance.

The petition to the confederates entered more into details, and breathed a lively spirit of Christian freedom and national independence: "Excellent men, we are all Swiss, and you are our fathers. There are among us those who have manifested their fidelity to their native land, in combats, in pestilences, and other dire calamities. . . . It is necessary to put a stop to the scandalous excesses which afflict Christ's church. If the pontiff

* *Supplicatio quorundam apud Helvetios Evangelistarum.*—(Translated by D'Aubigné in Zuingli's Works, iii. 18.)

of Rome will fain tyrannize over and oppress us, fear nothing, courageous heroes. The authority of God's Word, the rights of Christian freemen, and the sovereign power of grace, shall be your shield. We have one country, one faith. We are Swiss, and the virtue of our renowned ancestors has always manifested its power by the stubborn defence of those who breasted the tide of iniquity."*

Such a manifesto could not fail to raise a hurricane. Too many men of influence were interested in the maintenance of abuses, to capitulate without a struggle. The first blow was struck at Lucerne, against Myconius, the friend of Zuingli. But the intrepid soul of the high-minded Reformer was not to be terrified: "If I did not perceive," writes he to Myconius, "the Lord guarding the vessel, I should long ago have given the helm to the sea; but, dimly seen through the tempest, I have beheld him strengthening the tackle, swinging the yards, handling the sails—nay, commanding the very winds themselves. Should I not, then, be a coward, one unworthy of the name of man, † if I abandoned my post, in order to seek in flight an ignominious death?" ‡

A more painful trial than even the menaces of the confederates was reserved for Zuingli. It is not difficult to struggle against men whose egotism we despise, and whom we know to be inspired with the worst passions. It is a trifling sacrifice to forego the esteem and affection of such. Far different is it when, for the sake of conscience, one is obliged to sever the dearest connections, to expose oneself to the antipathy of those who are best beloved, and whose conscientious sincerity admits of no doubt.

The fame of Zuingli's preaching had reached even the mountains of Toggenburg, where his five brothers *grew wroth at being called the "brothers of a heretic!"* They communicated to him their grief and their fears. The Reformer, true to his natural

* *Amica et pia parænesis ad communem Helvetiorum civitatem scripta.*—(Translated by D'Aubigné in Zuingli's Works, i. 39.)

† *Nec hominis nomine dignus.*

‡ Zuingli to Myconius.—(Merle d'Aubigné's Translation.)

tenderness of heart, but at the same time with the invincible firmness of a man who understands his duty towards God, his fellow-man, and the Gospel, wrote to them, in reply, a truly admirable letter :

“Dear Brothers and Sisters,—I hear that your hearts are sorely tortured on my account, through the calumnies uttered against me. Your affection will not allow you to give credit to them, and you ask for an explanation. Learn, first of all, that I assiduously inquire after you, and always seek to know what you are doing. When I am told that you are still living on the labour of your hands, as lived our fathers, I am happy, for I see that you faithfully preserve the nobility from which you issued ; but when I am informed that some of you wage war for money, I am profoundly saddened at seeing them quitting thus the pious class of peasants and artisans, to give themselves up to brigandage and murder ; for *what else but brigandage and murder is the serving a foreign master, and engaging in war for him?* Therefore I need not address myself to you to know what I am to expect. In those who carry on their household affairs, I see nothing but good, nothing but honour ; in those who go thus to war, nothing but misery, nothing but the perdition of their souls. May God give them a just heart, and grace to alter their conduct, as they have promised Him to do.

“ You must, moreover, rest assured that I am anxious faithfully to fulfil, with God’s aid, the great task He has intrusted to me. I shall not allow myself to be stopped by any obstacles imposed by man, or by worldly conventionality refusing to bow before the Word of God. Be it done to me as God wills. Of those things which I have to fear, there is not one, rest assured, which I have not foreseen and pondered in advance. I am but too conscious of my own weakness, and of the power of those whom I combat. But Christ is my strength ; with Him I can do all things, as St. Paul says. Were I to remain silent, another would do what God has ordered me to do, and I should be justly punished for having failed in my duty. God wishes to correct this wicked world by His Word, as He has so often in this done. When Sodom, Nineveh, and Israel were plunged in corruption,

He sent them His prophets and His Word; they who listened were saved; they who contemned, were given up to bondage or to death. Is not one horrified at the present wickedness of the world? If, in the midst of that perversity, the Word of God is preached in every country, and in every class of society, is not that a manifest proof that it is the work of God, who will not that His creatures, whom He has redeemed with His blood, should perish so miserably? Of course corruption wishes not to be attacked. If he to whom the Word of God is confided fulfils his functions, he will be calumniated, despised, killed, by the people of this world; but if he hesitates, and is silent, he will be answerable for the souls he has lost. Which do you prefer, dear brothers and sisters? Do you want me to remain silent, tacitly sanctioning the commission of evil which I can prevent, and making myself over to the devil, in order that I may secure temporal repose, and save my temporal reputation? I know well you will reply—No, but correct with judgment! Listen; do the vices of these times appear so trivial to you, that my words are deemed too rude? For my part, I am convinced that the harshest words of the prophets would not denounce them too energetically. I fear I have said too little rather than too much.

“Do you never think that, to save so many souls, I ought to make up my mind to lose fame, fortune, life itself? That should you say—But if you are beheaded, or burned to death, that will be a disgrace for us, even although we should be convinced that you were wronged:—I answer—Christ, whose champion I am, hath said: ‘Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man’s sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for behold, your reward shall be great in heaven.’ Luke vi. 22, 23. Hear you that? If, therefore, dear brothers and sisters, you hear any one speaking of me so as to make you blush, learn what the subject is.

“If I am accused of vanity or impurity, reflect that I may have committed such sins, for, unfortunately, I am not exempt from a tendency to those vices; but if you be told that I have

betrayed the truth for the sake of money, believe it not, though it be sworn to you. I shall fulfil my duty to the end, happen what may. Men may kill the body, but not the soul; and they who thus kill a body devoted to the cause of God, pronounce their own condemnation, be they bishops, popes, kings, emperors! Christ our chief shed His blood for us; he were but a coward soldier who would refuse to follow his captain."*

Convinced that he ought not to enact the "coward soldier" of Christ, Zuingli hastened to engage in the combat. He presented himself before the Grand Council of Zurich, and demanded a conference with the deputies of the Bishop of Constance. The latter sent as his representative Faber, his vicar-general. Before the colloquy commenced, Zuingli published seventy-seven theses, forming a synopsis of all his doctrine. The result was so favourable to the Reformer, that the Council published an ordinance declaring "that these theses having been neither attacked nor refuted out of the Scriptures, their author was invited to continue preaching the Word of God."†

The Council of Zurich showed clearly what the Italians had to dread from the talents of Zuingli. Scarcely was the dispute terminated, when the legate Einsius came to him with a brief from Adrian, the Bishop of Rome, in which he calls him his beloved son, and speaks to him of his particular favour. "Adrianus Papa VI., mandavimus nuncio nostro ut tibi separatim nostras litteras redderet, nostramque erga te optimam voluntatem declararet."‡

Rome, skilled as it is in the art of availing itself of a system of corruption, when it lacks strength, was desirous of gaining over Zuingli at any price. "And what does the Pope authorize you to offer him," said Myconius to Zink who was intrusted with the negotiations: "Everything," was the reply, "except

* Zuingli's Works, translated by Chauffour-Kestner.

† The detailed history of the Zurich conference will be found in Chauffour-Kestner's *Reformateurs du XVI^e Siècle*; in Hottinger's *Zuingli*; and in D'Aubigné's *Reformation*, iii.

‡ The whole of that truly curious letter should be read. It is found in the collection of Zuingli's letters, first Part, p. 266.

the Pontifical seat.”* The court of Adrian VI. ill understood the character of the Reformer of Zurich. Accustomed to traffic in holy things,—a custom which it has faithfully retained,—the Romish Court could not believe that any man would be able to resist the seductions of wealth and honours. The people of Lucerne acted with more frankness. They dragged to the stake an effigy representing Zuingli. “They shall not trouble my peace,” said the intrepid pastor, “Christ will never desert his own children.”† Moreover, in a second colloquy at Zurich, he upheld more energetically than ever the doctrine of his theses. He demanded the revival of the freedom of the first ages of Christianity, especially that particular form which existed in the East: “The universal church,” he said, “is spread over the entire world, wherever people believe in Christ,—in the Indies as well as in Zurich. And as for individual churches, we have some in Berne, at Schaffhausen, in this very city. But the popes and their councils are neither the universal church, nor an individual one.”‡ After having advanced those propositions, Zuingli entered into an examination of the question which was then the staple of every discussion,—the sacrifice of the mass. The enemies of reform gave way before the irresistible strength of the new ideas. Almost all the priests, when singly interrogated, declared that they had nothing to say in favour of the mass or of images. Zuingli, carried away by this triumphant success of his opinions, rose with enthusiasm, and turning to the members of the council, exclaimed: “Fear not, dear Lords, God is with you. He will not abandon his cause. I grant that you will have many difficulties in your way on account of God’s word, but the Lord will protect his own. May His will be done.” Zuingli uttered those words in such a transport of emotion that he could not refrain from tears.§

* Os. Myconius. Vita Zuingli.

† Huldricus Zuinglius Magistro Zimmerman sive justo Kirchmeyero, canonico Lucernæ, suo fideli.

‡ Füssly; *Begtræge zur Erläuterung der Kirchen-Reformations-Geschichte des Schweitzerlandes.*

§ See the Minutes of this colloquy in Zuinglius’s Works, i. p. 537.

Everywhere Zuingli carried all before him in discussion. His opponents hoped to prevent by terror the propagation of his opinions. A native of Zurich, named Hottinger, was arrested at Baden, where he had made no secret of his religious belief. The diet, which was assembled at Lucerne, were desirous of trying him themselves. His judges covered themselves with disgrace by their intolerance and their ignoble pleasantries. He was sentenced to be beheaded, and walked as cheerfully to punishment as if he were going to a banquet.*

Alderman Wirth of Stammheim, his eldest son John, and Alderman Ruttimann, were not less rigorously treated,—the deputies of the diet comporting themselves towards them in an atrocious manner. Whilst undergoing cruel tortures on the rack, the victims were insulted by the wretched witticisms of the commissioners. In vain was the attempt made to recall the commissaries to more Christian sentiments. The reflections of the deputy of Zug, Jerome Stocker, will give an idea of the fanaticism which animated the tribunal: “I have always,” said he, “found Wirth to be an honest and benevolent man; he always gave me a friendly reception, his house was open to all; he never refused hospitality to any one. I swear to you that if he had robbed, or assassinated, I would willingly have pardoned him, but he has burned the mother of the mother of God!† He must die.”‡

These barbarous acts, far from intimidating the people of Zurich, decided them on ridding themselves altogether of a religious system which inspired such excesses. After the death of Hottinger, Zurich destroyed the images. The reply to the murder of Wirth and Ruttimann was the abolition of the mass.

At Berne the public were not more favourably disposed to Rome. The authorities of the city determined on having a colloquy within the walls of the city of Berthold the Fifth. This colloquy, a very solemn one, was held in the church of the Franciscans. Several eminent men, such as Farel, Haller,

* See Bullinger's Reformation, 145-150.

† St. Anne.

‡ Bullinger—Hist. of Reformation, vol. i. 187.

Æcolampadius, Bucer, and Capiton, took part in it. The result was the abolition of the mass and of the worship of images. The day after the destruction of the images, and whilst the broken remnants were still strewn about the church, Zuingli mounted on the pulpit and pronounced an address full of energy. "Truth," said he, "has gained the victory, but perseverance can alone secure the triumph. Christ persevered even unto death. 'Ferendo vincitur fortuna.' Cornelius Scipio, after the disaster at Cannæ, penetrated into the council-hall, drew his sword, and compelled the terrified senators to swear that they would not abandon Rome. Citizens of Berne, I make a like demand: do not abandon Christ Jesus." "Now," said he in conclusion, "keep firm in the liberty in which Christ has placed you, and do not relapse into slavery. Fear not. That God who has enlightened you will enlighten also your confederates, and Switzerland, renovated by the Gospel, will flourish in justice and in peace."

We have reached the apogee of Zuingli's life. We shall next see him dash into the political agitations which were terminated by the sanguinary catastrophe of Cappel. This epoch of the Reformer's life has given rise to more than one hypercritical remark even among Protestant writers. Some have been scandalized at finding the eloquent Reformer resuming the halberd of Marignan; but they would have acted more justly towards him had they taken into consideration the circumstances in which he was placed and the object he sought to attain. Zuingli did not employ the sword in order to impose on others a yoke of intolerable violence. Few men in that age better understood what was meant by liberty of conscience. But he was not only the gospel preacher—he was also the patriot, the republican. He now found himself face to face, hand to hand, foot to foot, with the Catholic party, who were sacrificing his and their fatherland to sectarian interests. Thanks to monkish intrigue, the proud mountaineers who had conquered Austria at Morgarten and at Sempach, stretched out the hand of friendship to that faction. One of the chiefs of the ultramontane intriguers, Am Berg, did not shrink from avowing that "the

power of the enemies of our ancient faith has so much increased that the friends of the church cannot resist them. We therefore raise our eyes towards that illustrious prince who in Germany has saved the faith of our fathers." Henceforth, from this epoch, the Waldstatters * seemed to make it a labour of love to efface all remembrance of the exploits of their ancestors. Those intrepid men, whose fathers had made head against the proud aristocracy of the middle ages, now became the docile slaves of their priests and their monks,—the supporters of the absolute power of Rome and Austria. At the period we are treating of we behold them assembled at Waldshut.† They suspend the arms of the cantons alongside of the rapacious eagle, the very sight of which would have raised the indignation of the old patriots of Helvetia. They ornament their hats with the peacock's feather, that symbol erst so detested by the intrepid herdsmen, what time the barons crouched before them. They even went so far as to conclude a treaty of alliance with Austria! It was conceived in terms which give an idea of the spirit of the so-called primitive cantons: "Whoever forms new sects among the people shall be *punished with death*, and, if necessary, *with the aid of Austria*. That power, in case of need, shall send six thousand foot soldiers, four hundred cavalry, and the requisite artillery. The reformed cantons may be even blockaded, and their provisions and munitions intercepted."‡

When the sad intelligence of these proceedings spread abroad, the following national complaint was sung abroad throughout Switzerland:—

"Es macht mich graw,
Das sich de Pfaw,

* The Waldstatters are the inhabitants of the four Forest cantons (Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and *Lucerne*), within whose bounds are Grütli, Tellenplatte, Altorf, Morgarten, Attinghausen,—they are in fact the very cradle of Swiss independence, as they comprise some of the finest of Swiss scenery.—*Trans.*

† A town of Baden on the right or northern bank of the Rhine. They had even abandoned their glorious native land! "To such vile uses may we come at last!"—*Trans.*

‡ Bullinger gives the entire treaty.

Darzu der Stier
Und sunst noch vier
Sich hand vereynt."

Was purely religious preaching likely to suffice to meet such extreme peril? Could Zuingli, who had always been the most ardent adversary of foreign influences, quietly allow the destinies of the Confederation to be thus ignominiously disposed of, the Reformation to be stifled in its very cradle, and so many centuries of combats for national independence to be rendered useless?

One fact will suffice to show in what manner the Catholic cantons intended to treat the partisans of freedom of inquiry. A pastor of the environs of the Greiffensee, named James Keyser, was on his way to Oberkirk, when he was seized by four renegades, who brought him to Schwytz. There he was burned alive, notwithstanding the protests of Zurich and Glarus. The Catholics desired war, and Zuingli, on his side, thought it unsafe to yield to their arrogance: "Let us be firm," he said, "nor fear to take up arms. That peace which is so much desired by some is not peace but war, whilst the war we demand is not war but peace. We thirst not for any man's blood, but *we must cut away the nerves of the oligarchy.*"* If we decline the task, the truth of the gospel and the lives of its ministers will never be in safety amongst us."† The penetration of Erasmus clearly foresaw the irresistible tendency of the Reformation. "They ask of us to open our doors when they cry out 'Gospel! Gospel!' Raise up their cloaks, and under their mysterious folds you will find—DEMOCRACY."‡ The figure of the cloak "with mysterious folds" could scarcely be applied to the intrepid and outspoken Zuingli, for it was with all his energy that he exclaimed, "We must cut away the nerves of oligarchy." No man ever less dissembled his republican opinions. He did not even conceal the fact that he contemplated a struggle against all the force of

* This passage clearly proves that Zuingli considered the downfall of the aristocracy as the natural consequence of the Reformation. But Switzerland was obliged to wait until 1830 before that result was obtained.—*Trans.*

† O. Myconius's *Vita Zwingi*.—(D'Aubigné's translation).

‡ This saying is attributed to Erasmus by Bullinger.

DESPOTISM, of which the Holy Empire and the papal power were then its highest expression.

“The emperor,” said he, “rouses friend against friend, enemies against enemies, and then he endeavours out of all this confusion, to advance the authority of the pope, and, above all, his own glory. He excites the chatelain of Musso against the Grisons, the bishop of Constance against his city, the duke of Savoy against Berne, the five* cantons against Zurich, Duke George of Saxony against Duke John, the bishops of the Rhine against the Landgrave, and when the turmoil is at its height, he will fall upon Germany, set himself up as a mediator, and fascinate by his fine words, townfolk and princes alike, until he has placed them all under his feet. Good God! what discord! what disasters under the pretext of re-establishing the empire and restoring religion!” †

In view of this extreme peril, the Reformer concluded that if the friends of religious and political liberty were but united for self-defence against their would-be tyrants, their indomitable energy must necessarily triumph. “One must be,” he wrote, ‘either a coward or a traitor to be yawning and stretching his hands when men and arms should be collected from all sides, in order to show the emperor that his efforts are and will be vainly directed—that he must fail to restore the Romish faith, to subjugate the free cities, and to subdue the Helvetians. Six months ago they showed us the nature of their proceedings. To-day they will attempt to seize on one city, to-morrow another, and so one after the other till all are brought under subjection. Next, they will disarm them, and carry off their treasures, their engines of war, in short, all power. Arouse, Lindau, and all your friends. If they wake not, public liberty will be destroyed under the pretext of religion. The friendship of tyrants cannot be trusted. Demosthenes has already taught

* Viz.: the four cantons and Fryburg, now the head-quarters of the Romish church in Switzerland.—*Trans.*

† Quæ dissidia, quas turbas, quæ mala, quas clades, sub specie restituendi Romani Imperii, instaurandæque Religionis Christianæ dabit!—(Zuinglius Cunhardo Zuiccio—trans. by Merle D'Aubigné.)

us that there is nothing more hateful in their eyes than τὴν τῶν πολέων ἐλευθερίαν (the liberty of cities). In one hand the emperor shows us bread, but in the other he hides a stone." *

Zuingli went still further. He saw how far the struggle with the tyrannical powers ought to proceed: "It will never do," he says, "for an individual to take it into his head to dethrone a tyrant; that would be revolt, and the kingdom of God is justice, peace, and joy. But if an entire people, with one accord, or at least the majority, reject him, without committing excesses, IT IS WITH GOD'S SANCTION THE PEOPLE ACT."

The Reformer was in advance of the French constituent assembly of 1789. He reasoned like Mirabeau, like Barnave, like Lafayette.

Such doctrines naturally irritated the aristocratic and Romish party. "I shall have no peace," said one of that party, "until I have plunged my sword up to the hilt in the heart of that impious wretch." He, the greatest Helvetian of his age, was indignant at seeing the confederates, nay, the very founders of the Confederation, the soldiers of Uri, of Schwytz, and Unterwalden fraternizing with the Austrians. War having become inevitable, both parties flew to arms. The Catholic army and the army of the Reformers met at Cappel, not far from Zug. But the confederates, at the moment of the onslaught, remembered their bonds of union, and peace was concluded on the 26th of June 1529. The peace did not satisfy Zuingli, who saw well enough that it was acceded to on the part of the adversaries of the Reformation, only in order to prepare themselves better for war.

At a time when the most clear-sighted politicians entertained no delusions as to the future, it was only natural that those who foresaw the dangers which threatened the Protestant church, should endeavour to bring its principal chiefs together. Such was the origin of the determination of the Landgrave of Hesse to bring about the famous conference of Marburg.

Whilst the reformation was taking root in Switzerland, it

* Zuinglius Cunhardo Zuiccio—(D'Aubigné's translation).

was also making great progress in Germany. *But from its very beginning, there were serious dissensions between the German reformers on one side, and those of France and Switzerland on the other*—dissensions bearing on the question of the eucharist. Luther felt bound to retain the doctrine of the real presence, only modifying it after a fashion more ludicrous than philosophical. Zuingli, on the contrary, who had carefully studied the Greek text of the New Testament and the most ancient fathers of the Greek church, and whose mind was far more analytical than Luther's, although he had to so great an extent the power of making passionate appeals to the multitude, Zuingli had, from the very beginning of his preaching, clearly set forth the essentially symbolic nature of the eucharistic rite. The Reformer of Wittenberg could not bear contradiction, and he was indignant at seeing Zuingli and the Swiss profess a doctrine which he viewed as a rash assumption.

Such dissensions were deplorable at such a crisis, when it was so necessary to preserve union against the common enemy. The Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, thought that the whole dispute was one of words. He conceived, therefore, the idea of convoking in one of his palaces the principal theologians of each side. Luther and his friends only reluctantly accepted the invitation. It may be said that the Saxon feared the dialectic power and admirable good sense of the Zurich reformer:—"It is not good," said he, "that the Landgrave has so much to do with the partisans of Zuingli. Their error is of such a nature that people of weak minds are easily led into it. Reason loves that which it can understand, above all when learned men clothe their ideas in biblical idiom."

Zuingli had more confidence in the cause which he defended. He would have cheerfully gone to the world's end to re-establish unity of action amongst the reformed. In his reply to the Zurich government, which would not allow him to leave for Hesse, he says, "I am convinced that if we doctors meet face to face, the splendour of divine truth will illuminate our eyes." In the plenitude of this faith, nothing could stop him. He left Zurich in the silence of night, mounted on horseback, and

journeyed towards Basle, where he embarked on the Rhine. At Strasburg he took cross roads through the woods and over hills. At last he reached Marburg castle, which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Lahn, enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills. The duke opened the conference under the Gothic vaults of the knights' hall. Princes, nobles, deputies and theologians were alone admitted.

The scene was one of the most imposing which the history of the Reformation presented. All the "illustrious princes of speech," as an ancient chronicler called them, were assembled. A poet of that epoch thus apostrophised them:—"Penetrating Luther, meek Œcolampadius, magnanimous Zuingli, learned Melancthon, all ye whom Prince Philip, that illustrious hero, has called hither, ye Ministers and Bishops, whom the cities of Christendom have delegated, that schism may be averted, and the way of truth pointed out to us, the Church falls, weeping, suppliant, at your feet, and conjures you by the bowels of Christ Jesus to bring this matter to a satisfactory issue, so that the world may recognise in your resolution the work of the Holy Ghost himself." Thus spoke Cordus. Unfortunately, theological passions are stronger among men than the desire for peace. Pride becomes attached to its personal conceptions. It is always disposed to lose sight of, while it advances, its own cause, by mingling it inextricably with the cause of the divine nature itself. If such be the case, how are pacifically disposed minds to carry out their views? The Landgrave, an enlightened and benevolent man, thought it easy to bring about a union between men who were advancing towards the same end. He had yet to learn that the best intentions preserve no one from the common failings of humanity.

Philip of Hesse presided in person over the assembly. In front of him was a table, to which Luther, Zuingli, Melancthon, and Œcolampadius approached. Luther, seizing a bit of chalk, wrote in Latin on the velvet covering of the table, "THIS IS MY BODY." Ranged behind were the friends of the four principal theologians. Jonas, placed in the midst of the Lutherans, attentively noted the partisans of Zuingli. "Zuingli," said he,

“has something rustic and arrogant about him. If he be well versed in literature, he is so in spite of Minerva and the muses. In Ecolampadius one sees both a natural goodness and an admirable mildness. Hedion appears to be as liberal as he is humane; but, if I mistake not, Bucer is a regular fox, who knows how to give himself airs of wit and prudence.”

Zuingli is certainly by no means flattered in the foregoing portrait. His republican frankness displeased the Germans. In the conference, however, men found that his apparent rusticity was by no means incompatible with his possessing a soul sincerely sympathetic and sincerely cordial. No doubt, he defended his opinions with as much vigour as learning. But he was withal ever courteous, and even tender, whilst Luther and his friends maintained a stiffness anything but Christian-like.

From the very beginning of the conference the characteristic vehemence of Luther was manifested: “I protest,” said he, “that I differ from my adversaries with reference to the doctrine of Christ’s supper, and that I shall always so differ. Christ has said, ‘*This is my body.*’ Let some one convince me that a body is not a body. I cannot admit reason or common sense, fleshly arguments or mathematical proofs. God is above all mathematics. We have God’s Word, we must adore and follow it.”

Ecolampadius, in a conciliatory manner, made at this point an observation of the widest significance:—“It cannot be denied,” said he, “that metaphors are found in the Word of God: ‘John is Elias, the rock was Christ, I am the vine,’ &c. The expression *This is my body* is a figure of the same kind.” Luther refused to accept that analogy, striking as it is. Ecolampadius then continued in his usual calm manner: “What Christ rejected in the 6th chapter of St. John could not be admitted by him in the words spoken at the last supper. Now Christ, who declared to the inhabitants of Capernaum, that ‘the flesh profiteth nothing,’* *rejected thereby the corporal manducation of his body.* Therefore he did not introduce it at

* St. John vi. 63.

the (Romish) institution of the last supper." The discussion soon waxed warm between Luther and Ecolampadius. The Saxon reformer concluded by saying: "I see that it is written, 'Eat, this is my body.' It must be believed in, therefore, and be done. It must be done, it must be done, it must be done. If God ordered me to eat dung, I would do so, convinced that it would be good for me."

Zuingli now wished to interpose. He endeavoured to convince Luther that he was interpreting the Bible in far too literal, in fact, too *material* a sense. Then Luther observed dryly: "You are captious." "Nay," replied Zuingli with earnestness, "but you affirm contradictions." He quoted several passages of Scripture in which the type intended is designated by the name of the sign itself. This line of argument made a deep impression on the auditory, but Luther obstinately repeated, pointing, at the same time, to the words he had written on the table: "'This is my body,' this is my body. To seek to *understand* the meaning of these words is to fall away from the faith." "But Doctor," replied Zuingli, "St. John explains to us how the body of Christ is to be eaten, and you must really cease singing always the same song." "You employ," said Luther, "expressions of a revolting nature." "I ask of you, Doctor, if Christ, in the 6th chapter of St. John, was not willing to reply to the question put to him?" "M. Zuingli, you want to close my mouth by your arrogant tone. That passage has nothing to do with the question before us." "Excuse me, Doctor, that passage breaks down your entire argument." "Do not act so much the bully; you are in Hesse, not in Switzerland. Here people are not so readily silenced." Then, turning to his partisans, and alluding to the warlike character of the reformer of Zurich, he said to them: "He employs terms of war, words of blood." Zuingli could not tolerate this insult to his country: "In Switzerland," said he with warmth, "true justice prevails, and 'no one's neck is broken without trial.' Your words only show that your cause is hopelessly lost."

That conversation will give a sufficiently clear idea of the character of the two Reformers. Luther was not on his own

ground. *He could not display in such a discussion the immense resources of his popular eloquence.* So, too, Mirabeau, in all probability, would have been ill at ease at a conference on the origin of ideas. Moreover, in breaking away from the papacy, Luther had preserved as much as possible the traditions of the middle ages. His mode, too, of interpreting the Bible, was at times strange to the verge of simplicity, or even puerile, and so Zuingli made him feel more than once. As for philosophical knowledge, properly so called, every one knows how much he disdained such studies. That contempt was not without its inconveniences. He happened to say at the conference of Marburg, "The universe is a body, and nevertheless no one can say that it is in any place." "I beg of all intelligent men," rejoined Zuingli, smiling, "to analyse that argument." In his mode of expounding Christ's teachings, Luther was unconsciously guided by the exegesis of the Romish church: "You have," said he, "Augustine and Fulgentius on your side, but as for us, we have all the other fathers." "Name them," said the learned Ecolampadius, "*we* venture to assert that we shall prove them to be all of our opinion." It would be, indeed, difficult to find in Clement of Alexandria, Justin, Athenagoras, or Origen, the doctrine of the Eucharist, such as Luther, and indeed all the partisans of the real presence, then as now understand it. Those fathers were too well acquainted with Greek, and they lived too near the first Christian era, to give so material an interpretation to the testament of Christ as the Wittenberg reformer did.

Zuingli had also a thorough knowledge of the Scriptural language, and gave proof thereof in not the least curious incident of the discussion: "I set before you," said he, "this article of our faith,—*ascendit in cœlum.* If Christ's body be in heaven, how can it be in the bread? The Word of God teaches us that he was in all things like to his brethren; accordingly, he cannot be at one and the same time in so many places." "If I wished to reason," replied Luther, "I would undertake to prove that Jesus was married, that he had black eyes, and that he once inhabited Germany. I care nought about mathematics." "There is no question, at present," rejoined Zuingli, "about

mathematics, but of St. Paul, who said to the Philippians, *μορζήν
δούλου λαβών.** “Quote Latin or German,” cried out Luther, “not Greek.” Zuingli, (replying in Latin,) said: “Your pardon, but these last twelve years I have been using only the Greek Testament!” Thus we see that the Zurich citizen was as superior with regard to the various readings of the Testament, as he was with respect to philosophy. He would not, undoubtedly, have retained these advantages, had he been called upon to excite the multitude against the papacy. But, I repeat, the only question before the conference was a theological one, involving peaceful discussions in reference to the interpretation of Scripture, and purely logical arguments. Luther was visibly dissatisfied with a position so little suitable to the bent of his genius. There was no call to describe, in words of fire, the disgrace of the Captivity of Babylon, or to rouse up in the hearts of his countrymen the feeling of ancient Germanic independence. The Wittenberg doctor was wrestling with that French and Helvetic theology, which is somewhat cold, if you like, but penetrating and sagacious in its intellect, and fervent in its wishes to pluck out the heart, as it were, of the mystery. The reasoning of Zuingli appeared to Luther to owe too much of its inspiration to that philosophy which he detested almost as vehemently as papacy itself. Luther, it cannot be denied, was essentially mystical, and in that he was thoroughly German. The divine afflatus, which agitated the forests of Germania, when she was kneeling at the foot of the altars of Wodin, and when she was erecting, in the middle ages, the cathedrals on the Rhine,—that aspiration constituted all his moral power. To influence a people, still more a great nation, one must partake not only of their good qualities but also of their defects. Now, in the soul of the reformer of Wittenberg, there was that vague and somewhat nebulous idealism which characterises the fair-haired children of Germania. In his temperament there was as much of the poet and artist as of the theologian. He believed in the visions which were narrated by the miners of

* “Taking, ‘upon himself the form of a servant.’”—(Phil. ii. 7).

Saxony, and in the castle of Wartburg he heard, under the old beach-trees, the murmuring voices of the genii of the mountain.

Zuingli could never have understood any such fantastic poetry. In intelligence he was the worthy brother of Calvin; he admirably represented the instincts of the Latin race; which, as is proved in all the epochs of its history, is the least mystic of all races. Amongst the Romans there was but little prepossession for things divine. All the nations which are heirs of that Roman race have nothing in them of the Germanic mysticism of the middle ages. Their religion has been from time to time imposing in its splendour; it has thrown its mantle over and sanctified to its votaries all the brilliant forms of art and poetry, but it never inspired much enthusiasm. Seldom did it lead men's minds into those endless reveries, those profound perceptions, those vague terrors, which we find, for example, in Luther. Such clear and positive minds as those of Zuingli, Calvin, Lefevre, and Farel, are rarely disposed to ecstasies.

But whilst Zuingli was not what is called a mystic, he cannot be accused of want of sensibility, for he gave touching proof of it at this very conference of Marburg. "Luther, of an imperious and untractable character," says Seckendorf, his apologist,* "never ceased to summon the Swiss to submit themselves simply to his view." The Landgrave's chancellor exhorted the learned brethren to come to an agreement. Luther peevishly replied: "I know only one way, and *this* is it: Let our adversaries believe what we believe." "We cannot," said the Swiss: "Well then," rejoined Luther, "I abandon you to the judgment of God, and beg of him to enlighten you." "So do we," observed the peacefully disposed Œcolampadius. Thus were all the hopes of Zuingli dispelled. He had deemed it possible to effect an accord between the reformed, and thereby strengthen them in presence of the enemy; now that he perceived no chance of success, he was overwhelmed with grief, and he wept in the presence of them all. *Those tears are as honourable to Zuingli as his labours, his sufferings, and his combats*

* Page 136.

in the cause of liberty. In the Marburg conference we see in Luther only the imperious and uncompromising theologian, ruled by the reminiscences of the middle ages; in Zuingli, on the contrary, we discover the man of good heart and the Christian, conscious of all the ill effects of fratricidal contests, and shedding tears over the shattered fragments of a once peaceful union.

And such he once again showed himself to be at the last meeting. Never, perhaps, had he been greater,—great in tenderness and sensibility of heart: “Let us confess,” said he, “our unity in all those matters wherein it exists, and as for the rest, let us remember that we are brothers. Concord will never exist amongst the churches if no difference of opinion on minor points be allowed.” That idea had an immensely important signification, and it is much to be desired that Luther and his followers would comprehend its profound significance. The Landgrave hailed it with enthusiasm. “Yes, yes,” he cried, “ye are in accord; give, then, a proof of your unity; embrace each other as brothers.” Zuingli, with all the cordiality of his country, approached the doctors of Wittenberg: “There are no men on earth,” said he to them, “with whom I more desire to be united than with you.” The Swiss theologians made the same declaration. The emotion was general. Zuingli, bathed in tears, advanced towards Luther and proffered his hand,* but to the last the theologian must stifle the Christian in the person of the inflexible Luther. He repelled Zuingli’s hand. “You are of another spirit from ours,” said he,—words which produced the most disagreeable impression. The Wittenburghians did not stop there;—they spoke in harsh terms of Zuingli and his friends. The latter, on their side, maintained to the last a truly evangelical calmness and moderation. “We have the consciousness,” they said, “of having acted in the presence of God. Posterity will testify to that.” The Landgrave was much affected by the ungracious inflexibility of Luther. The theologians of Hesse joined their prince in requesting him to draw

* Hospinien, p. 136.

up a confession of faith. Luther was more generally inspired, than could have been hoped for after his attitude in the conference. The digest which he offered, terminated in this remarkable declaration, which all the Swiss eagerly applauded: "Although not now of one mind on the question whether the true body and the true blood of Jesus Christ exist corporeally in the bread and wine, nevertheless the partisans of the respective dogmas will, so far as conscience allows, manifest a truly Christian charity towards each other, and they will constantly beseech the Lord to deign to strengthen them by his Holy Spirit in the only true faith." This profession of faith was signed not only by Luther and his followers, but by Zuingli, Bucer, and Hedion.

Unfortunately the vast projects of Zuingli could not be realized in that conference. The political union between the reformers of Switzerland and those of Germany was further off than ever. The conferences which Zuingli had on this subject with the Landgrave gave much uneasiness to Luther's partisans. They distrusted the democratic tendency of his policy as much as they did his theology. "When you shall have reformed the cap of the peasant," said Jonas to him, "you will press on to reform in like manner the sable hat of the prince." There was no particular exaggeration in that interpretation of Zuingli's views, but—*were not the future destinies of the world intrusted to the democratic principle*, whose lofty flight no human power, no political calculation could arrest? Zuingli saw this clearly, for *great men glance beyond the century*, and long ere its accomplishment can cast the horoscope of humanity.

Notwithstanding the division between the democratic tendency of reform in Switzerland and France, and its aristocratic supporters in Germany, the Romish church experienced fresh losses every day. The disputes concerning the peace of Cappel were perpetually renewed by the Catholics, owing to the irritation felt at their constant defeats. Both sides prepared for war, notwithstanding celestial omens, which terrified men's minds. A comet, in particular, inspired general alarm, and even Zuingli shared the delusions of his cotemporaries with regard to the influence of those meteors. One evening, as he was conversing with some

friends in the cemetery of the cathedral, he said to them: "That funereal star comes to light up the path that leads to my grave. It will cost me my life, and many worthy men theirs. I am but short-sighted, but I can see many calamities looming in the future. Truth and the church will have cause to mourn, but Christ will never abandon us." Notwithstanding these omens and presentiments, Zuingli looked not back. He was convinced that he was acting conformably to the designs of Christ. Never, perhaps, had man a clearer notion of his vocation, or troubled himself so little with his own personal interests. To contribute to the progress of humanity, to deliver Switzerland from the yoke of Rome, to shield her from the conspiracies of the aristocracy,—he thought but of these. Thus we find him, the very year in which he died, declaring, in his "*Commentary on Jeremiah*:" "A man that fears God cares nought for the menaces of this world. To advance God's designs, happen what may, that is his work. A waggoner, who has a long road to travel over, must make up his mind to the wear and tear of his horses and vehicle—it being sufficient for him to bring his load to the right place. We are the horses and vehicles of the Lord. Every portion of the gear may be worn out, harassed, shattered in pieces even, but our great Conductor will not the less carry out in us His great designs. Is not the noblest crown the meed of those who fall on the field of battle? Be we all courageous, then, amidst all those perils which the cause of Jesus Christ must encounter. Courage, I say! Even if we should never with our own eyes contemplate his triumphs here below, the Judge sees us, and it is He who crowns us. Let these men rejoice on earth in the fruit of their labours; we shall be in heaven in the enjoyment of our eternal reward."*

The war which broke out between Zurich and the Wald States was terminated by the battle of Cappel. Zuingli was named chaplain of the army. "It is our ancient custom," said the people of Zurich, "not to allow our great banner to leave our walls without being accompanied by one of the principal

* Zuingli. In *Jeremiah*.—(D'Aubigné's translation.)

servants of the church." Even in accepting the office, the Reformer foresaw the issue. A fortnight before the battle, he said in the pulpit: "I know, I know what lies beyond. It is I who am needed. All this happens in order that I should die."* Accordingly, when he joined the army, his aspect was sorrowful, but his firmness never deserted him. At the moment of his departure, he said to his wife, who was bathing his valiant breast with her tears: "The hour of departure has come. It is the Lord's will. Amen. Be He with thee, with me, with ours." He then embraced her. "Shall we ever meet again?" exclaimed Anna, trembling. "If the Lord so please," he replied. "Be His will done." "And if you do return," she added, "what will you bring back?" "After the hour of darkness cometh the benediction!" He then sprang on his horse, which curvetted, and refused for a time to proceed.†

Zuingli met on his way with the most lively demonstrations of sympathy; the women, amongst others, pointing him out to their children, and exclaiming: "Look at him once more; you will never see him again. May the Lord be his guide." When he reached the army, he gazed fixedly on it. Leonard Burekhard, who was not over friendly to him, said to him in a somewhat sarcastic tone: "Well, Master Ulrich, what think you of this business? Are the radishes salted to your taste? Who shall eat them now?" "I," said Zuingli, "and more than one of the brave fellows who are here now in the hands of God; for His we are in life and death." "And I also," added Burekhard, "will help to eat them. I also am desirous of giving my life."

The forces of the Wald States were so superior, that the issue of the combat could not be for a moment doubtful. A carnage soon ensued. The bravest of the citizens of Zurich lay prostrate on the field of battle. Zuingli, struck by a stone whilst assisting a wounded soldier, received a fatal injury. "What of that," he exclaimed as he fell, "they may kill the body, but not the soul."‡

* Myconius's *Vita Zwingi*.

† See Salomon Hess's *Anna Reinhart*, p. 146.

‡ Myconius's *Vita Zwingli*.

He remained stretched under a pear-tree, his hands joined in prayer, and his eyes raised towards heaven.

After the combat, the soldiers of the petty cantons traversed the fields, in order to labour in their own way for the conversion of the *heretics*. "Invoke the saints," said they to the wounded, "and confess to our priests." Those who refused were killed by blows of arquebuses or swords. The Catholic historian, Salat of Lucerne, speaks of these atrocities in something like a tone of satisfaction. "They left them to die," said he, "like dogs of infidels, or they gave them with their pikes or swords the finishing stroke, to expedite them on their way down to the devil, by whose aid they had so fiercely combated." Two of the soldiers who were hovering around the bodies discovered the illustrious Reformer, whom they did not at first recognize. "Shall we bring you a confessor?" they asked. As he was unable to reply, he made a negative sign with his head. "If you cannot speak," continued the soldiers, "think at least in your heart of the mother of God, and invoke the saints, in order that they may intercede for you, and obtain pardon for you from God." Zuingli shook his head again. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of the city." His fellow, curious to see his face, turned him towards the fires of the bivouac: "I really believe," said he with amazement, "I really believe that this is Zuingli!" On hearing the name, Captain Fockinger of Unterwalden, one of the chief abettors of the mercenary service, ran up to the spot. "Zuingli," he exclaimed, "that vile heretic, that wretch, that traitor!" Then raising his sword, so often sold to the foreigner, "Die, obstinate heretic," he cried out. "Thus," observes a contemporary, "was Ulrich Zuingli, the faithful pastor of the church of Zurich, struck down in the midst of his flock, with whom he remained till death; and perished by the hand of a pensionary, for the confession of the true faith in Christ, the sole Saviour, Mediator, and Intercessor of the faithful."*

The pale sun of October 12, 1531, appeared at last. The people of the Wald States spread over the battle-field, all anxious

* Those beautiful words were pronounced by Bullinger, Zuingli's successor.

to see the formidable preacher, whose voice had penetrated even to their mountains. An immense crowd assembled near the pear-tree: "He has the appearance," said Stocker of Zug, "not of a dead, but of a living man." The canon Schönbrunner of Zurich, who had retired to Zug, could not refrain from tears. "Whatever they believe," he said with emotion, "I know, O Zuingli, that thou wert a loyal confederate. God take to himself thy soul." But the crowd could not appreciate such sentiments. The lifeless body was subjected to the mockery of a trial, and it was sentenced to be quartered and burned,—a sentence carried out by the public executioner of Lucerne. In order to dishonour his ashes, pieces of pork were placed upon the stakes, and a frenzied rabble, rushing on the dust, scattered it to the four winds of heaven.

In that great catastrophe the wife of Zuingli lost, besides the hero who rendered her life illustrious, her son, her son-in-law, her brother, her brother-in-law, and all her friends. Her great misfortunes have been nobly sung by Ulsten, a poet of Zurich:

"O Lord God, how violently has the scourge of thy wrath stricken me! My poor heart, hast thou not enough? Canst thou not yet burst with grief? I wring my hands. O come then, death, come. Who can conceive the vastness of my woe? Who can measure my unhappiness? My God, my God, hast thou then abandoned me?"

I dread the night, I fear the day. I live in terror of men. I hear around me only sobbing, anguish and plaints, reproaches and recrimination. *Me* they accuse; I read it in their eyes: 'It was the husband who caused all the ill. Accursed old woman, thou shalt suffer for him.' Now to my very face, now behind me, they overwhelm me with their irony.

Why complain to me of the death of those dear to you? Have I not myself enough to endure? Your trouble is also my trouble,

and your groans but increase mine own. Why seek corn on thorns, or pity from a statue? Why then look for consolation or aid from me—from one the most unfortunate of all?

When the long night comes, and the head and the eyes grow weary, every sound I hear, and every shadow I see, terrify me in my solitude. I groan out: 'O, night, why art thou not over? Would that thine obscurity would cease!' Should I slumber at last, I am tormented by my dreams, dreams of blood and bleeding corpses!

I rush to the combat, and penetrate through the lances and the upraised swords. I find my husband, my son, my brothers, struggling in the ranks of death. I behold, too, a black cloud of smoke rising towards heaven, and an insulting and mocking crowd exulting amidst these horrid excesses.

A piercing cry of grief is ever resounding in my ears: Up! To arms! To arms! Forward! The battle is lost! Men, women, rise up! Flee who can—the enemy is at our gates! God be our aid! All, all are dead! Run, run to the gates, ascend the walls!

I rushed out, and questioned all I met, yet trembled to hear what had happened. Fool that I was! Well did I know that he never would return. That fiery meteor, that blood-red sky, the owl's shriek, the lamentations of the night—all, all foreboded my irreparable loss.

He, too, knew it well—but he would not be—I would not have him be—kept back. Even his steed, when mounted, grew pale like me. Oh how tenderly embraced the hero his wife, his

children! He still looked behind—his last look of farewell penetrating to my heart.

Thus, like fetters, do anguish and grief heavily press me down. And if I quit my couch to weep alone, my little daughter glides to my side and mingles her tears with mine. Wilt thou not sleep, mother? And she forces me to my bed again. Thus do my wounds ever bleed afresh.

When I hear the cock crow, I bless my Lord. God be praised—the night will soon pass, and day is at hand. It will show me my little ones, and my grief will be assuaged. How often, whilst plunged in anguish, have I listened to hear if they were still breathing?

An angel's kiss has awakened them—therefore are their smiles so sweet. Each of them raises up its little head and peeps out to see whether I am still sleeping. Ah! cease then to weep, my poor heart, a mother's heart, shall anything yet rejoice thee?

Yes, thou makest me again attached to this world and repellent death; thou liftest up the heavy load of grief so that it may not overwhelm me. Thou criest out, look for the future at these orphans. What will become of them? They are pledges of Ulrich's love, and they have no one but thee on earth.

Yes, those treasures are intrusted to me, and I will faithfully guard them. It is for them to protect the temple which he has erected. I shall conduct them in his paths so that he shall be renewed in them, and that from the kingdom of heaven Ulrich may rejoice in them and me.

Come, O Book, thou wert his rampart and his consolation in distress. When persecuted either in word or deed, he opened this Bible and found support therein. O Lord, come also to my succour. Come in the name of Jesus, give a poor weak woman strength and courage during her painful career. Amen."*

It appears to me that the magnanimity of Zuingli's character and the grandeur of his work have not up to our own days been sufficiently appreciated. The best mode of judging him is to compare him with the principal Reformers of the sixteenth century.

If we institute a comparison between him and Luther or Melancthon, or with the other German Reformers, we shall see at a glance how superior he was to them. He instinctively grasped the democratic principle in Christianity. Switzerland, the Protestants of France, Scotland, Holland, the English Puritans, the United States, and all those Reformed nations which properly understand what action and practical life mean, and which are not lost in the unending labyrinths of pure abstract theology, were yet to follow his illustrious example.

Zuingli was not a whit more favourable to the aristocracy in the state than he was to it in the church. His politics were in strict accordance with his theology. Thus, he never would have signed the revolting manifestoes of Luther against the peasants, whose demands were in reality just enough,† although their manner of acting was brutal and violent. Those who talk of Christian liberty and justice should take the part of the oppressed. We must be therefore naturally indignant at seeing the German Reformers mixing themselves up with the savage and furious repression of the outbreak—a repression effected by the slaughter of 100,000 peasants. "They had," as Chauffour-Kestner has well written, "a base desire to exonerate their principles from the odium of a complicity in this movement,

* Lamentations of the poor lady of Zuingli (1531), by Usteri of Zurich, translated by Aimé Steinlen.

† See those manifestoes in Chauffour, ii., 57, 58.

which was, however, generally attributed to them." Zuingli acted very differently. He was quite aware of the dangers which threatened the Reformation on account of the demagogical tendencies of certain sects, but he was indignant at the punishments to which they were subjected. "How unfortunate," said he, "is it that the restoration of the Gospel should be inaugurated by such torments!"* Several times he protested that he had no part in those pitiless measures, and that he constantly endeavoured to prevent them. At last, he denounced † with truly Christian energy "that ill-timed and furious invective" by which Luther "pursues and crushes men who are twice unfortunate," (the peasants,) "or rather delivers them up to ferocious animals," (the nobles). When the Anabaptists were raising disturbances in Zurich through their fanatical discourses, when such men as Rubli, Conrad Grebel, Hubmeyer, and Mantz, overwhelmed him with reproaches, he held a three days' discussion with them in the colloquy of the 17th of January, 1525. Having failed to convince them, he did not, like Luther and Calvin, call down on them the secular force in order to satisfy his theological rancour. He said to the great of this earth: "Beware! *If the people fall away from you, what will become of your power?*" In like spirit he interceded for Balthazar Hubmeyer, and for the Anabaptists who had drawn on themselves the anger of the authorities, and he made every effort to mitigate the rigours of repression.

But, it may be said, if Zuingli may be very advantageously compared with the chiefs of the German Reformers, he is inferior to the French, to Lefèvre, Calvin, Farel, Theodore de Beza. Such, however, is not the case. Whilst the French accepted the ideas of Zuingli concerning the democratic organization of the church, they, on the other hand, preserved and exaggerated even the intolerant theories of Rome. They were not content with burning or beheading such heretics as Servetus and Antoine; they were the first to introduce those wholesale drownings of sinners, the very idea of which is revolting to

* Letter to Vadian, May 28, 1525.

† Letter to Vadian, Oct. 11, 1525.

every Christian conscience. How superior are Zuingli's opinions to those sanguinary theories! In one of his theses he says: "No violence should be exercised towards those who will not avow their error, unless, by their seditious conduct, they disturb the peace." If Zuingli claims the right of free inquiry for himself, he is willing to extend it to those whose opinions differ from his own. His was a generous and open soul, which, more clearly than any other of the age, could read the future. To his bringing up, and to the influence of patriotic principles, must be partly attributed the formation of his noble character. Unlike Luther, he had not passed his youth "under the cold shade of an aristocracy;" unlike Calvin, he had not been exposed to the violent and corrupting domination of the house of Valois. He was a child of the mountain. His first glances fell on the sacred soil of liberty. He had breathed in the Alps the pure and invigorating air of independence. From his very childhood, whilst seated at his grandmother's feet, he had been nourished with the recitals of the conspiracy of Grütli, of the heroic devotedness of the liberators, of the battles gained by his fathers over the proudest chivalry of the world at Morgarten (1315), Laupen (1339), Sempach (1386), Næfels (1388), Morat (1476), and Grandson (1477). In that land which gave him birth, the inspiration of high and noble sentiments comes with the first breath of life. There there exists no necessity for long internal struggles and oftentimes cruel convulsions to develop in one self the instinct of liberty. That feeling, inherent in man, increases there in vigour with its growth. It is consequently more resolute, more vigorous, and more practical than that which is acquired by reflection and experience. If, then, Zuingli be superior to the men of his epoch, he is so assuredly by his early training. But this second nature was developed by liberal influences, which had no opportunity of acting on the minds of his contemporaries of the sixteenth century. Happy would it have been for the Reformation had it had for founders only characters of his stamp! It would not in that case be sullied by the sanguinary saturnalia of Henry VIII., by the executioners of Elizabeth and Cromwell, by the

blood of Servetus, Gentilis, Barnevelde, and Antoine. It would not have borrowed from the church of Rome her execrable legal procedures, and her ever-to-be-detested sentences. It never would have been forced to struggle against its own principle, and to pass through so many anguishes and contradictions before reaching its goal, LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE. It would not have imitated at the synod of Dort the anathemas which it rightly condemned in the papacy. It would have become, even in the sixteenth century, an asylum open to all who adored God in spirit and in truth. But such is the sad lot of humanity. It can only progress through blood and ruins. When will the happy day arrive when the conquests of mankind shall all tend to the preservation of peace?

In dogmatic questions, Zuingli was generally superior to Luther, whose ideas were very contradictory, but Calvin was, perhaps, superior to him as a theologian, although the Reformer of Geneva shared all the errors of Augustin, respecting individual liberty. Unfortunately Zuingli in like manner was unable to emancipate himself from the fatalist ideas of the bishop of Hipponensis, and boldly prefer the theories of the Eastern church to such sophisms.* M. Chauffour-Kestner brings forward ingenious arguments in justification of the opinions on fatalism set forth by the Reformers. "To a system of ordinances admirably conceived and adapted for securing on an immoveable basis the pontifical power, the Reformation urges in reply:— 'That man possesses not in himself the principle of morality. No man of his own unaided power can merit salvation, much less has he superfluous merits which may avail others. Salvation is in Christ alone: it is given to whosoever believes in Him.' In order to emancipate man from the Pope, the Reformers made him the slave of God. Do not let us complain. Emancipated from the yoke of man, human conscience will soon by a logical deduction depend upon itself alone." †

* See Chauffour i.—Colloquy at Zurich—Doctrines of Zuingli.

† The error lies in supposing that God will give us further support for the observance of the moral law than we already have in our consciences. Our con-

There is, assuredly, much truth in all this, if certain restrictions be added. In order to break the yoke of the Pope it was not necessary to adopt the fatalism of Augustin. We, of the Oriental communion, who have never bowed under the yoke, have never found it necessary to maintain our independence by endangering human liberty. That fact alone proves how, in certain points, our theological education has been superior to that of the West. If our church had not fallen under the despotism of the Cæsars of Byzantium, it would have been found—while still faithful to its primitive traditions—showing to the world the wonderful spectacle of that sincere accord between science and faith which the doctors of Antioch and of Alexandria so well understood.*

XIV.

A young and lovely woman accompanied me as I was leaving the church. As we walked on together along the banks of the river we engaged in conversation. "You seemed to me," she said, "more occupied with revery than prayer in our old minster. Your absent and pensive looks made me, too, remain within its sacred precincts after all the worshippers had departed. I too have plunged into olden times with all that indefinable pleasure which you seem to enjoy; for Zurich and our dear Switzerland present all the elements of a poetical and grand history."

"Those thoughts," I replied, "did certainly engage my mind just then. I was pondering on the life of Zuingli, the heroical type of one of the most important phases of that history."

science keeps us in the moral law—Christ's free grace can alone guide and save us under the revealed law. In fact the Reformation opened to us, for the second time, the great domain of science, metaphysical as well as physical.—*Trans.*

* Several Swiss writers have produced biographies of Zuingli. The following may be mentioned in order to give an idea of the literary activity of their country:—Ziegler, Nuescheler, Hess, Schuler, J. J. Hottinger, Ræder, Franz, all of whom save Hess have written in German. A Frenchman, M. Chauffour-Kestner, wrote at Zurich the life of the great Reformer. M. Merle d'Aubigné, of Geneva, has referred *in extenso* to that work in his learned *Histoire de la Réformation*. The books published in Germany are too numerous to mention.

“Yes,” she rejoined, “Zuingli commenced the religious reformation within our walls. Others have claimed the glory for themselves. Are there not people, too, who feign to forget that literary reform also originated on the banks of the Limmat?”

The Germans, who have arrogated for Luther the title of founder of Protestantism, attribute to Lessing the vast intellectual movement of the 18th century in all Germanic countries,—thus, for their own self-glorification, effacing from the history of modern times the powerful initiative of Switzerland. Nevertheless, even as Zuingli preceded Luther, so were Bodmer and Breitinger the first to protest against the doctrine of Gottsched. They restored to the various nationalities speaking the German language that healthful independence to which we are indebted for the master-pieces of Klopstock, Wieland, Herder, Schiller and Goëthe. J. J. Bodmer, who was born at Zurich in 1698, was, with his friend Breitinger, the pioneer of the literary regeneration of Germany. The establishing of the journal “*Die Discourse der Mahler*,”* exercised the most salutary influence. The attacks of that journal on those imitations and adaptations from the French which Gottsched had brought into vogue, and the publication of several other works, worthily gained for Bodmer the title of restorer of the German language, literature, and criticism.

The most enlightened men of Zurich sided with their learned fellow-citizen. He was an innovator of the most ardent character; the chief of a reformation which asserted the privilege of a free literature. The author of the “Messiah,” Klopstock, came to Zurich in 1750, to render homage to Bodmer’s talents. A year later, the composer of “Oberon” sojourned, in his turn, in Bodmer’s house—that house dedicated to the muses, wherein all the men on whom Zurich prided itself then assembled,—Breitinger, the celebrated fellow-labourer of Bodmer; John Gessner, the naturalist; the poet Solomon Gessner; Hirzel, a man of letters and a doctor; and the two Füssli, painters and historians of their beautiful art. Wieland passed four years

* (Pancke’s Colloquies).

under that hospitable roof. A German critic, writing in a journal of high authority,* has acknowledged the influence of that intercourse not only on Wieland but also on the entire literature of Germany. "Lessing," said he, "by dint of combating, went further in the same way, but without Bodmer and Breitinger, and the men who resembled them, Klopstock and Wieland, Schiller and Goëthe, must have been impossibilities."

Bodmer and Breitinger were not satisfied with having emancipated their contemporaries from the yoke of the Leipzig school; they also restored the poetry of the middle ages. It was by walking in their footsteps that one of their compatriots, Christopher Muller, published, at a later period (1784,) the entire poem of the "*Nibelungen*,"† the "*Parcival*" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and "*Tristan*" of Gottfried.

One of our ancient authors, a contemporary of Bodmer's, and now forgotten, gives very interesting details regarding his habits. His manners were as simple as his poems. His vast acquirements rendered him a citizen, as it were, of every nation and of every age, and raised him above a thousand generally accepted prejudices. His style of life and conversation was tinged with that fresh simplicity which is all but inseparable from a superior mind. Without infringing the laws of politeness, he spoke in the same frank manner to the painter and the peasant. Nothing made an undue impression on him. All

* *Allgemeine Zeitung*, August 7th, 1844.

† I cannot but think that there is hidden in that singular "Lay of the Nibelung treasure," an allegory of the introduction of Christianity among the Ostrogoths. It needs no great stretch of imagination to figure Siegfried as our Saviour, Chrimhild, the uncompromising early church, that loved the Saviour better, I fear, than any of his followers since,—to see in Brunhilda and her strength the spirit of sensual Paganism,—in Haghen, the power of the Roman Empire,—in Foulk, the formidable aid of appeals to the senses,—in Etzel, the final verdict of posterity,—while the mighty and triumphant Dietrich of Berne is the type of the final success of Christianity. The treasure itself, the *mysterious* cause of the bloody drama, might, in this analogy, represent the inestimable, but as yet dimly visible, jewel of a sure faith of joys to come, not of this world. In the earlier stages of allegory of all nations, the progress of a living principle is ever traced as of the hewing with a sword! The "Gutter cavat lapidem" philosophy implies a very advanced state of civilization.—*Trans.*

were equal before him. His good-nature was universal. The young and the old, the peasant and the artist, the man of learning and the statesman—all were welcomed to his house. Notwithstanding the high value set on independence, he did not so far consult his own ease as to keep aloof from political occupations.

Another writer of Zurich, Breitinger, co-operating with Bodmer, "did for the national taste what Zuingli had done for the reformation of the faith."* He was convinced that, in the fine arts, the beautiful is not the final object, but only the means of giving greater extension to the good and the true. As for us, who now quietly enjoy the light which he and Bodmer threw around, we can scarcely conceive how much courage they required to surmount all the obstacles they encountered. To form a correct idea on that point, one must call to mind the prejudices which still existed in the time of Scheuchzer . . . in which the system of Copernicus passed for the height of absurdity. Think only that, in the time of Breitinger and Bodmer, their criticisms were regarded as barren of result, that Milton was treated as a visionary, and that Zimmerman himself saw in the "Messiah" only an imitation of the prophetic style, which, he declared, was already obscure enough in itself!

We had by this time reached the quays which border the lake. We stopped awhile in order to contemplate the delicious tranquillity of its waters. On leaving my unknown companion, I felt that I should ever retain a sympathetic remembrance of her. Two beings who understand each other, grow more intimately attached on meeting for a moment, than do two hearts, connected by destiny for many years, if their tendencies be different.

XV.

The sweet perfumes of morning regaled me as I awoke. The window had been left open, and the lake, with its vine-crowned

* "The illustrious men of Switzerland," by Meister.

heights, and the flowery avenues on its banks, assumed, in the distance, the form of a crescent. An azure sky was above all, beneath which the waves sparkled as if diamonds were floating on their bosom. The villas and the hamlets, that gazed on their own reflection in the waters of the lake, were faintly visible in the refracted light of a light and semi-transparent haze.

The features of Lavater, which I had gazed at the preceding evening, were still present to my memory. I had no longer before me the stone bust in the library, but a man with a noble forehead, mild in speech, and graceful in his movements as in his character. He initiated me into his patriotic impulses, and his ardent aspirations towards heaven, that second country which his first one never made him forget.

Before coming to this country, I had only admired him in studying his noble work on physiognomy. Nevertheless, that is only one side of that intelligence which was so strongly devoted to the advancement of the people, and of that christian spirit which entertained so invincible a horror of tyranny. The love of liberty and of the people is the essential characteristic of four men, each of whom has considered the education of what are called the inferior classes of society as the first of duties. I refer to E. de Fellenberg, Pestalozzi, Father Girard and Lavater. These men, eminent under circumstances widely different—Fellenberg in the high functions of government—Father Girard in a monastery of Grey Friars—Lavater in the evangelical ministry, and Pestalozzi in the schools—may be rightly classed among the very highest and most admirable representatives of Helvetic genius, the originality and vigour of which have been so ill-advisedly called in question by some German and French writers. All four wished to see the Swiss nation render itself remarkable by the development of its intelligence, the regularity of its habits, and the determination of its character. It is thus that a true love of the people is best manifested. It does not manifest its existence by the agitation of anarchical ideas, nor by creating wants impossible to satisfy. It does not exalt beyond bounds the imaginations and

the passions, but it bestows that enlightened knowledge which is the true element of national strength, and that moral education without which democracy is a chimera or worse. How is it that so many nations, Spain for example, appear incapable of ever escaping from the grasp of absolute power? The reason is, that the masses are not educated by teachers who impart, in early life, the sentiment of their obligations and their rights. Such is not the case in the country of William Tell. Nowhere have there been more admirable masters, who, even more by their example than by their words, preached a practical and sincere Christianity. Like their Divine Master, they consecrated their lives to the poor and humble ones of the earth. Through the very energy of their devotedness, they will appear far greater in the eyes of posterity than those celebrated writers who have been the vile courtiers of despots.

Zurich, which has produced so many eminent personages, has the glory of having given birth also to Lavater and Pestalozzi, —both sons of medical men. John Gaspard Lavater,* was born on the 15th of November, 1740. He, himself, has given us charming portraits of his parents, in sketches which depict in a style too interesting the citizen class of Zurich, in the 18th century, not to be quoted here: "My father," says he, "was a man of well-known probity. His character was simple and good, his judgment clear and enlightened. He was neither learned nor eloquent. He was not a man of genius, and not at all philosophical. His assiduousness and laboriousness never relaxed. He was, in truth, one of the most moderate, most upright and most contented of mankind,—his chief joys consisting in the exercise of his profession, in his family circle, and in his

* Several writers of German Switzerland, such as Solomon Hess, James Henry Meister, and G. Gessner; and some native Germans, such as J. A. Nebe, C. L. Haller, F. J. Ströehlin, F. G. Jung, and Ulrich Hegner, have written more or less at length on Lavater. The most authentic and the completest biography is, undoubtedly, that of his son-in-law Gessner, published at Zurich in 1802 and 1803, in three large volumes. Its title is "Johann Caspar Lavater's Lebensbeschreibung von seinem Tochtermann, Georg Gessner." Mademoiselle H. Chavannes has given an excellent abridgment which we have more than once consulted.

Bible. His only passion was the desire to hear, and retail the news of the day. In his whole mode of life he was the model of an honourable citizen. My mother was endowed with an elevated mind, an ardent imagination, and the constant desire of acquiring new ideas,—a desire manifested both in great and little things, but which was satisfied much more by objects of high interest than by the petty cares of life. Her taste for intellectual enjoyments was insatiable, and her activity indefatigable. She was fond of forming plans, of realizing them, and of penetrating to the bottom of everything. Her love of truth and her delicacy of conscience were carried even to moral prudery, for she would not allow of the slightest untruth, the slightest tinge of dissembling, or the most innocent flattery. There were profound depths concealed in her heart in which one passion absorbed all; VANITY,—not the vulgar vanity which assumes so easily the form of coquetry, for she was above the failings of her sex,—her special type was that which made her attach immense value to whatever she did that was honourable and great.”

A woman of such a character could not fail to exercise a deep influence on the intellectual and moral development of her son. If so small a State as Switzerland, which counts only two millions and a half of inhabitants,* has produced more illustrious men than the greatest empires, I am convinced that the women have powerfully contributed to that marvellous result. In Switzerland, women are educated, not for the frivolous life of the world and of drawing-rooms, but to be the worthy companions of free citizens,—to fashion not slaves, but men with manly hearts. Accordingly, we find the Swiss moralist, and all those who have devoted themselves to public teaching in that country, laying the greatest stress on the importance of the co-operation of women in the work of education. In Pestalozzi's celebrated popular novel, 'Léonard and Gertrude,' the mother is the principal personage. She is the central point on which revolves all family happiness, as also the future destinies of society.

* The ancient Confederation was, moreover, much less extensive than the present one.

This idea breaks forth in all his works. In proof it will be only necessary to read in "*The Book of Mothers, how Gertrude instructs her children.*" The same principles were upheld by Father Girard. The great art of education never had any other object in his eyes than the judicious imitation of maternal instinct. In how touching a manner does not he himself recall to mind the influence his mother exercised over his own character. When crowned with glory and years he exclaimed, placing his hand on his heart: "I have her always there." Lavater was also penetrated with the like sentiments. If any one spoke to him of an eminent man, he was accustomed to say: "No doubt that man is the son of an intelligent mother."

When Lavater quitted college in order to enter on higher studies, his talent as a physiognomist had been already remarked. He displayed also a strong taste for natural history, which he regarded as a means of having constantly present to the mind, the infinite power of the Creator of the universe. Thus, we find him writing to his friend, Henry Hess, who neglected that study: "How is this possible? That science is one of the steps which draw us nearer to God. I shall say as much for poetry,—it is, to my mode of thinking, only another way to feel what God is, and to think of him. That is the only characteristic of such of my poems as appear to me to have any value. God should be also my object in the contemplation of the study of nature, just as he inspires me when I am writing verses. It is he who is near us."*

Such sentiments must have admirably prepared Lavater for his ministry as a pastor. He understood his vocation, and he brought to it the heart of a true disciple of Christ. The evangelical code was for him no mere theoretical abstraction. From this epoch of his life he began to show a constant and ardent love of justice, and hatred of oppression. The union in Switzerland of evangelical convictions with the noble instincts of a free citizen has not been sufficiently marked. The life of Lavater is a fine example of that union. Scarcely had he made his first

* Translated by Mademoiselle de Chavannes.

appearance in social life, when he fearlessly exposed himself to annoyances of all kinds, by denouncing one of those oppressors of the Christian flock, to whom he was bound to show an example of courage, and of contempt of the world. In co-operation with one of his friends, he resolved to denounce one of the provincial authorities of the canton, who had been nominated by the authorities of the city, and who, thanks to his credit with his superiors, committed with impunity extortions of all kinds. Lavater wrote to him with generous indignation: * "I tremble with indignation as I take up my pen to write to you, tyrant, wicked hypocrite, most unjust of magistrates, perjurer and blasphemer, but I do so in order to urge you to repair your injustices so far as lies in your power." This appeal to the conscience of the unworthy magistrate not proving successful, Lavater resolved to employ other means. Two months after his letter, he addressed an anonymous complaint to the principal magistrates of Zurich, and the government, moved by the details given in that denunciation, ordered it to be duly transmitted to the accused burgomaster. Lavater and Fussly fulfilled their duty to the end.

During that painful struggle, in which he resolutely despised all the prejudices of the world, he was constantly upheld by his mother: "My Gaspard," said she firmly, "I know thou hast not begun this affair without God and prayer. Thou shalt be aided by Him to the last." And she was right, for Lavater secured the triumph of justice without troubling himself with the uneasiness of many who loved him. It is somewhat difficult to conceive in our days, when Switzerland is freed from the selfish governments which preyed on it in the eighteenth century, how much intrepidity was required to attack the superior servants of the State. Lavater might naturally expect to be called upon to expiate his courageous conduct.

When that agitation ceased, Lavater travelled into Germany for the sake of his studies. During the journey, he constantly corresponded with his family, and his letters breathe all his

* August 27, 1762.

nobleness of soul, as well as his high intelligence and his profoundly Christian sentiments. Some of his reflections on the character of the Saviour of the world are truly interesting: "We should love and respect Jesus much more than we do, and therefore seriously study his residence on earth. He was with us like to a man, and his virtues were independent of his union with God. That is to say, he exercised, so far as he was man, in his nature exempt from sin, mildness, patience, goodness, and humility. A man who could act like Jesus, could not have been an impostor or a fanatic. The more I study Jesus in a moral and practical point of view, the more I am penetrated with respect for him. I am more astonished, more moved, more softened, when I hear him praying on the cross for his enemies, than when I see him calming the tempests and the raging sea." It will be seen, therefore, that Lavater did not, like the monastic corporations, consider Christianity solely in connection with eternal life, but as the only proper education of the human race. Looking down from that elevated point of view, he was altogether indifferent to sectarian quarrels and passions. When he encountered at Berlin the celebrated Euler, who was also a Swiss, the latter said to him: "Have you made Spalding* one of the Reformed, or has he made you a Lutheran?" "We all three are Christians," replied Lavater quietly. Is not, in fact, Christianity composed of all those who have a truly Christian heart, who detest every kind of tyranny, spiritual or temporal, as being contrary to the Gospel, who ever travail to promote the reign of justice and fraternity on the earth? Whatever the communion in which they were born, such men are truly brothers, and members of the universal church, whose name Papacy audaciously usurps; without, however, definitely succeeding in deceiving those who have the remotest sense of the doctrines of Christ.

On his return to Zurich, Lavater married a woman worthy of him and of his high intelligence, Miss Anne Schinz. He has in

* A celebrated protestant preacher, and one of the classical authors of German literature.

all his works spoken enthusiastically of this union, which so much contributed to maintain that serenity of soul which is so necessary for intellectual labours. One day he thus addressed his wife in a poem composed for her birthday :

“Let my heart pour out all its joy, and let all I utter quit this fluttering heart only to penetrate into thine. It will not refuse to share my feelings. No: for thou knowest with what ardour I love thee. Thou knowest, thou feelest, all my affection for thee.”

“No human soul can to me be more beautiful than thine, my beloved. I have but to pronounce thy name to make my heart leap within me. The meek lustre of thine eyes attracts me irresistibly towards thee, and there is no pleasure so great as that of being near thee. Like to one day have passed the fifty of our happy union, undisturbed by any plaint, any feeling of weariness. Scarcely do we understand what grief is. The years will pass away as a morning dream in the blessed atmosphere which surrounds us.”

Lavater's talents were not solely employed in chaunting domestic happiness. His relations with Klopstock in Germany inspired him with a taste for sacred poetry. Between 1765 and 1768, he published a translation of the Psalms, and in inimitable canticles, he found two sentiments profoundly rooted in his heart—faith in Providence, and a sacred love of country. How naturally did the sublime canticle of the captive children of Israel, on the banks of the waters of Babylon, influence a man so ardently attached to his native soil! “*Les Chants Suisses*,” which appeared in 1767, and which became very popular, are the production of a poet in whom patriotism amounted to a veritable inspiration. In this collection, which exercised a salutary and lasting influence over his countrymen, he set before their eyes as a constant model the inner life of those older Swiss, animated with the love of country and liberty, as well as the happy condition of those who are indebted to

them for that independence, without which there is no human dignity. William Tell, the heroic liberator; Nicholas von der Flue, the preacher of peace; the grand battles gained by the confederates; all the eventful phases of the imposing part of Swiss history, are described with a warmth which does honour both to the citizen and the writer. Along with these historical reminiscences, are war songs, songs of the prosperous republic, of young girls, of the pastor, of the majesty of the law, of the young militiamen of the *Landsgemeinde*, &c. It is to be wished that all those nations which attach any value to their liberty, and which desire to infuse a love of it into the hearts of the young, were in possession of a like collection of songs. Would it not be a holy, a sublime mission, for poetry to recall the memory of heroes,—to reawaken that inborn devotional feeling of our nature for our country,—to prove our love of liberty,—to be somewhat more than a name? Such sentiments were considered by Lavater as the necessary consequences of his *Christian* convictions. He bore no resemblance to those lazy monks who have no nationality but the convent walls, no admiration of aught but the absurd legends of their order. In teaching the Gospel, Lavater taught, at the same time, both by word and example, a love for the old land of heroes. Some idea may be formed of the *Swiss Songs* from a few strophes of the “*Chant d’Adieu*,” addressed to a young confederate about to travel:—*

LINES TO A YOUNG SWISS

ABOUT TO TRAVEL IN HIS NATIVE LAND.

I.

Whilst straying through thy native vales, those sunny Alpine vales,
 Mark well their store of peasant worth, their legendary tales;
 Then strongly draw a freeman’s breath, and gladly sing the while,
 “A merry free-born Switzer I,—a son of honest toil.”

* I have endeavoured to give something of the spirit of this song in the following lines, whose insertion will, I trust, be pardoned.—*Trans.*

II.

With holy ardour in thine eye, each hard-won field explore,
 There blessings on thy fathers bold on bended knee implore,
 Who shed their blood for liberty;—then sing with haughty smile,
 “I ween these noble Switzers were true sons of honest toil!”

III.

An honest upright heart respect, and wheresoe'er thou'rt bowne,
 By mountain-steep, by torrent-bed, by rock, by field, by town,—
 If thou shalt see a fellow-man engaged in honest toil,
 Despise him not, for only vice and idleness are vile.

IV.

Bethink thee not to envy courts, nor visit where afar
 Vain pomp allures! but let Contentment be thy guiding star!
 Despise mere worldly splendour, for 'tis bought by care and wile,
 But be a free-born Switzer still,—a son of honest toil.

V.

In yon great world where pleasure reigns, thy love of native land
 Would quickly pine beneath the sneer of the cold courtly band,
 Nor art thou worthy of her fruits to taste the golden spoil,
 If at her proudest name thou blush,—“THE LAND OF HONEST TOIL.”

VI.

No! No! restrain thy wandering steps, trust not the syren voice,
 But bid thy heart in home-born ties of native land rejoice:—
 The fawning troop but seek their own dull slav'ry to beguile,
 In tempting thee to mock with them, the sons of honest toil.

What salutary and invigorating teaching! The country wherein the ministers of the Gospel infuse such doctrines will never bend beneath the yoke of tyrants, nor submit to the domination of the foreigner. Such ideas can never be propagated by the priests of the Catholic church, those firmest of the supports of despotism. Do they not, on the contrary, make every effort to enervate the heart and the character by an enervating mysticism,* and to abandon the pure love of country under the pretext of looking only towards heaven? But that is not all.

* Most curious details will be found in *Michélet's Le prêtre, la femme et la famille.*

We are indebted to M. Alphonse Karr, the witty author of the *Guêpes*, for some remarkable revelations concerning the popular poetry known under the name of *canticles* which the Catholic clergy place in the hands of youth, who, under the Restoration, were made to sing:—

“Toujours en France
Les Bourbons et la foi!”

Those compositions are truly extraordinary. Young girls learn therein the language of divine love in singularly terrestrial expressions:—

“Mon doux Jésus ne paraît pas encore!
Trop longue nuit dureras-tu toujours!”

or again:—

“Si vous voyez celui que mon cœur aime,
Dites-lui bien que je languis d’amour;
Que de le voir mon désir est extrême,
Mon doux Jésus, quand viendra l’heureux jour!”

M. Alphonse Karr justly remarks, that in several of those poems, all that is required is to substitute the name of *Arthur* for that of *Jesus*. What would he say if he glanced over the poetry and treatises of *Saint Theresa*? What Spanish ardour and fire! What a strange passion in her soul, misled as she was by the foolish enthusiasm of a heart labouring under too many delusions as to its true sentiments! I might say the same of *Saint Catherine of Sienna*,* and of how many other *illuminated* who, from the time of the establishing of convents for women, up to that of *Marie Alacoque*,† and *Anne of Emmerich*,‡ have so grossly deluded themselves with reference to the phenomena they manifested.§

Simultaneously with the *Swiss Songs*, Lavater published a book of devotion, the *Manual of a Christian*,|| which met with

* See Chavin de Malan’s “Vie de Sainte Catherine de Sienna.”

† See her life by Lauguet.

‡ See her Life in Brentano’s “Douleureuse Passion de N. S. Jesus Christ.”

§ See Hecquet’s “Naturalisme des convulsions.”

|| Christliches Handbüchlein.

much success, and in 1769, the translation of "*La Palingenesie Philosophique*," the work of Charles Bonnet, a Genevese philosopher. That translation showed the sincerity of Lavater's religious toleration. It was dedicated to Moses Mendelsohn, the celebrated Jewish philosopher. But he was indiscreet enough to make known some intimate conversations, in which the illustrious Israelite had spoken in terms of veneration of the moral character of Jesus Christ. Mendelsohn, accused of heresy by his co-religionists, meekly, and in a dignified manner, complained of the imprudence of the pastor of Zurich. The correspondence exchanged on the subject is a model of urbanity and frankness. The humility with which Lavater avowed his fault may well be a subject of meditation to some sectarians who, with haughty and bitter zeal, endeavour to force back humanity to the saddest epochs of the middle ages. Mendelsohn hastened, on his side, to render, in truly noble terms, full homage to the upright intentions of Lavater: "I see in Lavater's conduct," said he, "only a proof of his friendship and of his good intentions. His replies convince me, at least, of the high morality of his character. One finds therein the clearest traces of his sincere love of man and his fear of God, an ardent zeal for what is good and true, a perfect plain-dealing, and a modesty bordering on humility. I consider myself peculiarly fortunate in never having conceived a wrong idea of the worth of so noble a character."

One of Lavater's best known works, "*The View of Eternity*,"* closely followed the translation of Bonnet's production. That work is composed of twenty-four letters, addressed to Zimmerman, the celebrated author of "*Solitude*." On the occasion of that publication, he kept up a correspondence with some learned men of science in which remarkable views are set forth. He wrote to Jerusalem, (?—*Tr.*) a clergyman in Brunswick, some reflections on the salvation of pagans, which recall the grand views of Zuingli:—"I hope in God, who is love, and in his Son, whom he did not spare—but whom he gave 'as a ransom for our sins'

* *Aussicht in die Ewigkeit.*

—that not only half-Christians, but also the damned, will in the end be converted,* and received into grace, through the mediation of Jesus. When I speak of the elect, I mean by that word those Christians who take part in the first resurrection, or, if you will, those who go to Christ immediately after their resurrection. I am sorry to defer thus, for a few instants, the happiness of Socrates; I am convinced that, when he sees Christ, he will become as sincere a Christian as Paul himself became; but there are, it is true, few such men as Socrates.”†

The feeble side of Lavater's ideas was an exaggerated tendency to mysticism, which made him, at times, appear an enthusiast; yet if not exempt from a too great exaltation of soul, he never lost sight of the necessity of a practical existence, of his daily duties, or of the obligations of a Christian life. His *Diary*,‡ published in two volumes, abounds in proofs of the truth of this view of his character. It will be allowed to be a very innocent kind of mysticism, which teaches us not to fail in any one duty to our fellow-men, or to society in general. It would be difficult to prevent certain minds indulging in manifestations which enlightened reason can scarcely approve of. Man is instinctively drawn towards the infinite, but that tendency, legitimate as it is in principle, may lead one into the most absurd aberrations. In India, in the monasteries of the middle ages, human intelligence has been daily inventing new extravagances, in order to effect a closer intimacy with the Divinity. Such as this, however, the mysticism of Lavater was not. It principally consisted of ideas relating to doctrines which could exercise no salutary influence on human life. For example, he considered that there were apparitions;—he spoke of the millennium as of a scripture doctrine, and as one taught by the early Fathers of the church. M. Pierre Leroux, in the

* The Eastern Church has always admitted the mitigation of the pains of hell, and the Roman theologians agree that such is the case. See Emery's dissertation on Carle's "*Enfer*."

† "In my father's house are many mansions;"—"And some shall be punished with few stripes, others with many."—*Trans.*

‡ *Tagebuch eines Beobachters seiner selbst.*

book *De l'Humanité*, also points out that such was the belief of the most ancient Christians. Let us admit that such was the case; what even then is the use of reviving opinions of a nature to excite the most dangerous fanaticism, without inspiring any *practical* virtue? Fanaticism is so inherent a malady in our feeble nature that we cannot take too many precautions to weaken its influence. We cannot think, without trembling, on the torrents of blood it has caused to be shed, and of the evils it still brings on the unfortunate posterity of Adam. Is it not in the name of the Gospel that men most willingly slaughter one another? Has not Christ's gospel been rendered, under the guidance of passion, the instrument of the most terrible wars? The Son of man said from the hill-top: "Blessed are the meek, blessed are the peace-makers," and it is in the name of the Prince of Peace that the fratricidal sword is sharpened, and the fire surrounding the stake enkindled! Such doctrines are of a nature to inspire a horror of life and humanity. One is almost tempted to say that the sublimest truths are all in vain, since by man's perversity they are converted into the most savage theories. O Christ, O peaceful and merciful King! O thou who never didst tread on the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, is it meet that *thou* should have an abominable train of torturers and executioners? Shall thy immaculate garment, thy vestment without seam, be laved in blood? It is in vain that thou willest not thy fire to descend from heaven upon those who refuse to hear thy word. Forgetting thy maxims and thy example, men have dared to force their fellow-creatures into thy divine sheepfold, by employing the odious instruments of torture and persecution. Are such men anxious to make us regret the dark divinities of the religion of nature, the sanguinary Teutatès, the formidable Moloch, who delighted in the shrieks of victims? Such sentiments will be at last entertained by thy children on seeing the revolting sacrifices offered by thy Pontiffs at the shrine of thy holy majesty. But no; since the great of this earth convert thy divine word into the means of tyranny, thou wilt rise up, thou wilt appear amidst the affrighted nations, not, as of yore, on the sunny banks of Lake Gennesareth, on

the hill-sides of Bethsaida, in the plain of Jericho, in the city of palms, but terrible to view, thy brow crowned with those stars which were displayed to the prophet of Patmos: a sword shall go forth of thy fiery lips, thy voice shall be like the roaring of a cataract, and they who have oppressed the poor and the little ones shall tremble in their turn; for the heavens themselves shall be upheaved. . . . Nay, rather, O God, let a ray of that Divine grace which formerly descended on the arid soil of Judea fertilize once more this miserable earth;—may men abjure their hatred and pride, so that instead of being divided into castes, of tearing each other in detestable strife, they may embrace each other as sons of the same grand family, as soldiers of the holy army of heaven, and as the beloved of God who gave his life for the salvation of the world.*

When Christ was about to die for the human race, when he addressed his sublime farewell to his disciples, he raised his divine hands to the throne of the Eternal: "O Father," said he, "let them be united as Thou and I are,—being but one." The Redeemer's prayer cannot be unavailing. Will his voice not break our hardened hearts as it broke the stones? Will it not form the empires now combating one with the other, and the races now hating each other, into one spirit and one soul? Such was the church of Jerusalem under the government of the Apostles. Such should be humanity from one pole to the other, by the triumph of the gospel.

Lavater was one of those chosen beings who aspire to restore the kingdom of God,—a God who, when stricken to death, prayed for his murderers. The noble life of Lavater was em-

* Go forth and speed that joyful day
 By good men prayed for long,
 When Christian states, grown just and wise,
 Shall scorn revenge and wrong.
 When earth's oppressed and wearied tribes
 Shall cease to pine or roam,
 All taught to prize those *English* words,
Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

(*"Triumphs of our Language,"* by Rev. J. G. Lyons, New Hampshire, U. S.)
 —*Trans.*

ployed in propagating those evangelical principles on which, as he was convinced, depend the social progress and salvation of the world. When he was appointed, in 1769, Deacon of the Directors of the Orphan Asylum, he wrote in his Diary the following beautiful reflections: "I receive from thy hand, O God, a little parish in which I shall publicly preach thy Gospel. Thou knowest, O Father, how much I value this opportunity of doing good, how rejoiced I am to be able every Sunday to speak in thy beloved Son's name and to contribute to the realization of his charitable views. Give me the freedom to say all that is true, all that is useful to mankind. Let no cowardly complacency induce me to conceal what it is good to make known. May I ever speak as in thy presence, O my God, may I ever feel that I must not become the slave of men." How great the difference between such language and that of the most celebrated preachers of the court of Louis the 14th! How melancholy to find such eminent divines as Bossuet and Bourdaloue descend to the lowest flatteries, and thus degrade their mission in the presence of a prince whose position and habits were matters of public repute, and public condemnation! Nothing could better show the impossibility on the part of those who live under the Romish yoke to maintain anything like real independence.

In 1770 and 1771, there was a great famine in the canton of Zurich, and during the infliction Lavater was a model of charity and devotedness. "My God," he was wont to say, "why didst thou impart to me such sensibility and such compassion for the unfortunate, and yet such little means to ease them? Nothing appears to me more desirable than a happy proportion between what one is willing and what one is able to do. That is the best of harmony. If it be not mine, then must my love of mankind become a source of torture for me. Love is anguish when one does not possess the opportunity of manifesting it."

The talents and virtues of Lavater acquired for him a reputation which soon passed the boundaries of Switzerland. When he went, in 1774, to the baths at Ems, he could see in what reputation he was held. At Frankfort he made the acquaint-

taunce of Goethe, and notwithstanding the profound difference of their ideas, their acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy which will not appear surprising when Lavater's admirable spirit of tolerance is taken into account. He always spoke with enthusiasm of the author of *Faust*. "All is genius and truth in what Goethe says to me, (so wrote Lavater). He has read to me the greater portion of his manuscripts. What do I say? He did not read them. One would have said that he spoke them with the fire of the early world of the creation. The scenes he describes are full of life, of the life of nature, full of charming *naïveté*, joined to incomparable precision in the truth. His genius is unequalled."

Whilst Lavater conceived the most lively admiration of the great poet of Germany, the latter in turn fully appreciated the sympathetic and noble character of the Swiss writer. "When my friends and I," wrote Goethe, "wished to discourse on subjects interesting to the heart and mind, we took care to avoid any company which was in any way numerous. Lavater's way was quite different, he loved a large sphere, and felt at ease only when placed before a large auditory whom, thanks to his peculiar talent, aided by great physiognomical tact, he knew how to instruct and amuse. He was remarkable for the discernment with which he judged of the persons that surrounded him, and almost unerringly arrived at an estimation of their degree of talent. A species of intuition enabled him to guess at once how they felt disposed towards him. Moreover, when any one asked him a question, or made a frank avowal, he was always enabled, thanks to his internal and external knowledge of mankind, to give a fit reply. The mild expression of his countenance, the profound expression of benevolence which animated every movement, as it were, of his lips, even the charming Doric of his Swiss dialect, discernible through the high German which he spoke, and many other characteristics which it is impossible to describe, and which were peculiarly his own,—all combined to produce in the minds of those who came near him a singular impression of calmness and peace. I must not omit mentioning his peculiarity of attitude,—his breast somewhat

drawn in, and the top part of his body bent forward as if he were desirous of coming closer to his auditory, but without any pretension of domineering. He was eminently successful in repelling, with tact and in a quiet way, the presumption or pretensions of certain people. He would seem, at first, desirous of eluding the attack, then he suddenly presented to his adversary, like a diamond shield, some grand but most unexpected view of the question in dispute. Afterwards he knew how to moderate the great light he had shed around, so that his adversary, at least in his presence, was obliged to declare himself enlightened and convinced. It is possible that such impressions sometimes produced fruit in the end. Vain and egotistical men are not always without a certain degree of goodness and honesty of purpose. What is required is only to open, by persuasive influence, the bark, whose toughened texture, (sad result of long exposure!) prevents the appearance of the good fruit. In observing Lavater's mode of dealing with men, I learned much on the subject, without having much advanced my own cultivation therein. My position was quite different from his. His was a moral activity and none of his efforts was lost. From the grains of seed which he intrusted to the earth there arose up a greater number than to any mere sower of the gospel. As for me my activity is one of art, so I felt most completely how different was Lavater's sphere of usefulness from mine. His was exercised in his presence, mine at a distance. Many a man differed with Lavater, when looked at from afar, yet was delighted with him when viewed closely,—while others who, at a distance, regarded me as an amiable man, found in me, on a nearer acquaintance, only harshness and repulsiveness."

The respective characters of Goethe and Lavater were completely different types of human nature. The intellect of the author of *Werther* was as sublime and cold as the icy summits of the lofty Alps. The song of the poet who composed the Swiss songs was, on the contrary, an ardent furnace, panting to exhale its burning heat. There could be no lasting sympathy between two men so different. Goethe, impracticable in his scepticism, grew weary of Lavater's attempts to bring him to a

sense of Christian truths. He set down Lavater as "absurd and mystical;" and when, at a later period, he passed through Zurich, he even avoided seeing him.

Men of the highest eminence, however, appeared anxious to console Lavater for the coldness of the author of *Count Egmont*. Thus the celebrated Zimmerman wrote to him as follows on the occasion of the publication of his *Physiognomical Fragments*:—"The delicacy of your views is superhuman, and your judgments are almost divine in their truth. God is witness that it is my firm conviction that this your book is one of the most excellent which have appeared on earth." When the Emperor, Joseph II., traversed Waldshut, he manifested the greatest regard for Lavater. "I know not how to describe," writes the latter in his journal, "the perfect grace and affability with which the emperor advanced some steps to meet me." The Austrian Cæsar requested long explanations of his system of physiognomy. Lavater's replies give so clear and precise an idea of his *Physiognomical Essays*,* that we feel bound to reproduce a fragment of that conversation.

"The majority of physiognomists," said he, "only treat of the passions, of the movements they impress on the muscles, and of the expression which is peculiar to those passions. All such refer to particular movements, which it is very easy to study. It seems to me of much greater importance to judge of characteristic traits, in the natural and normal conditions of expression, considered quite independently of the influence of the passions and of accessory circumstances; and these signs of the inner man I partly discover in the extremities and in the *contours*, as for instance in the forehead, the nose, the skull, and the bony projections, and partly too in the *ensemble* of those features, and their fitness,—their harmony with the form of the entire individual. I admit that it is difficult to follow this method, but by it one may discover truth with greater certainty, even in a countenance in full repose, than by observations on passing

* Such is the German title, but the French translation, in 10 vols. 8vo, is entitled, "L'Art de connaître les hommes par la physionomie." An excellent abridged translation was published by M. Bacharach in 1841, 1 vol. 8vo.

effects produced by the accidental movements of the physiognomy."

Independently of the theory contained in Lavater's work,—a theory which, like all the systems of that kind, is based on a great number of hypotheses,—his work possesses a literary and philosophical value, acknowledged by the writers of all the schools. The celebrated authoress of *Indiana* recommends Lavater's *Essays* as an edifying and eloquent work, full of interest, unction, and attraction. "You will find therein," she adds, "in the most systematic parts, the same impulse of goodness, the same necessity for tenderness and sympathy; and at the same time so profound a knowledge of the mysteries and contradictions of man, as a moral being, as to suffice alone to stamp the work as one of genius. I know not whether there is any biography of Lavater, but this I know, that his life must have been as beautiful and edifying as his writings. Were I like you in Switzerland I should like to go expressly to Zurich, in order to make a collection of documents relating to the life of that extraordinary man."

Lavater would have terminated his career in peacefulness but for the sensation produced in his country by the French revolution. Having become head pastor of St. Peter's church, his tolerance and his talents had procured for him the esteem of all.* Convinced, like all the distinguished minds of the time, of the necessity of a social transformation in France, he hailed in 1791, in his "Song of a Swiss," the dawn of French liberty. But the massacres which subsequently sullied the noblest of causes filled his soul with grief. He knew that such excesses are the best means of serving the interests of tyrants, and that the progress of humanity is at times retarded for ages by the senseless fury of a certain few who pretend to contribute most ardently to it. Lavater felt it, therefore, to be his duty to protest against the French propagandism which began to threaten the independence

* It is difficult to give an idea of his marvellous activity—suffice it that he left above 300 volumes on various subjects. In addition to those already mentioned, may be cited Nathanael, and above all his "Cantiques Sacrés," which enjoy great reputation.

of Switzerland. "France," he exclaimed in the pulpit, "has long exercised influence over a multitude of men. May the abominations she now allows some of her most degraded sons to commit never act contagiously on our national character, our manners, and our ideas."

Nevertheless, insurrections portending the downfall of the aristocratic governments, burst forth throughout Switzerland. The large village of Stäfa, situated close to the right bank of the lake near Rapperschwyl, became the centre of the insurrection of the peasants of the canton of Zurich. The cantonal authorities succeeded in quelling it, and the chiefs of the revolt were brought to trial and menaced with capital punishment. All the beauty of the apostolical character of Lavater was revealed under those grave circumstances. He could not bear the idea of seeing blood flow on the classic soil of liberty to avenge political offences;* he was in that respect very different from certain Romish priests, who, like birds of ill omen, loudly called for the punishment of the Liberals, on the restoration of absolute power.† He became the advocate of the prisoners, and employed all his influence to save them from death. Is not the true minister of the Gospel he who speaks of peace and pardon, not he who preaches vengeance? The day preceding the trial, he delivered a sermon breathing the most admirable tolerance and the most ardent charity. He addressed the magistrates with a generous hardihood, giving them the noble title of Fathers of the Country; he conjured them to act like Christians, and not to stain their hands with the blood of their fellow-citizens. Accordingly, nothing could equal his joy when he found the magistrates acting with clemency.

The forecast of Lavater was soon realized:—the French invaded Switzerland in 1798. Lavater courageously protested against the iniquitous spoliations of which the conquerors were guilty. He wrote "A word by a free Swiss with the Great

* Switzerland is the only country of Europe where there is no penal punishment for political offences.

† Who does not recollect the assassination of Riego, after the restoration of Ferdinand VII. in Spain?

Nation.”* When he sent this letter to Rewbel, one of the members of the French Directory, he said, smilingly, to his son-in-law:—“I have written to Rewbel *a few words* from a Swiss to the Great Nation, and I have unhesitatingly told him the entire truth with regard to the odious conduct of his country towards ours. I quietly await the result. I have done my duty. They may persecute me, and even proceed to acts of violence. No matter. I shall not regret what I have done.” Lavater could not forget that he was one of the successors of the heroic Zuingli; and that the great Reformer had never considered himself freed, on account of his pastoral functions, from any of the duties of a citizen. A minister of the holy gospel is neither a Dominican nor a Jesuit owning no country but Rome, and whose only self-devotion is that of a sectary for the association which constitutes his strength.

Lavater did not rest satisfied with the publication of the letter in question. He energetically denounced every act of an arbitrary nature, and for doing so he was twice exiled to Basle. But the French occupation, which so much displeased him, was destined to be fatal to him. On the 26th of September, 1799, the troops of the French republic entered Zurich after having defeated the Russians. The details of that day are so well known that we shall not relate them here. When the conquerors spread through the city, a French soldier, misled by the love of money, fired at him, and the bullet lodged in his side. He did not die immediately from the effects of his wound, and during his long sufferings he displayed the noble sentiments which had animated him through life. He was more concerned for the trials to which his country was subjected than for his own sufferings. He continued working with his accustomed ardour, and, as was natural enough in his state, his thoughts were constantly fixed on Christ, who has left us so many examples of resignation and meekness. His last meditations on that inexhaustible subject were collected under the title of “The Swan’s Song, or last thoughts of him who is going to Jesus of Nazareth.” “I have

* Das Wort eines freyen Schweizers an die grosse Nation.

a thousand times written and spoken of him in verse," said he, "and as often have I reflected on the passage through life of so miraculous a being as he." The last time he addressed his flock, and it was in a feeble voice, he still discoursed of the Redeemer: "He, whose name should never be pronounced but with profound respect, said, on the last evening he passed with his disciples, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.'* May I be allowed to apply to myself those solemn words, and to say to you also:—I have greatly desired to partake this solemn communion with you? My feebleness increases daily; death presses already on my stricken heart. May it be given to me, now that I address you for the last time, to pray with you. May the Lord bless, both for you and me, our participation in this sacred pledge of his love †—one surpassing all our power of loving. May that love be faithfully and tenderly returned. May the ever-enduring compassion and charity of our Lord awaken in us the most humble gratitude, the most entire confidence. May his unbounded mercy inspire us also with unbounded joy. Let us rejoice, therefore, in him. There is nothing comparable to him in heaven or on earth."

The more Lavater felt him drawn towards the Saviour of men, the greater his aversion for a church which has succeeded in making the Gospel a means of subjecting people to the yoke of despotism, and which has dared to employ the merciful words of the Son of man in justification of the human sacrifices of the Inquisition. When Count Frederick von Stolberg, an enthusiastic but vacillating character, abandoned Protestantism in order to range himself under the standard of the Papacy, ‡ Lavater wrote to him a letter replete both with moderation and energy. "For my part," said he, "I who have often been solicited to that effect, and no doubt with the best intentions, by highly respected Catholics, and who were worthy of my love, I

* Luke xxii. 15.

† They were celebrating at the time the institution of the last Supper.

‡ See the details in Voss's "How Fritz Stolberg became servile."

would never take such a step as you have taken. I would never become a Catholic; in other words, I would not annihilate, I would not sacrifice *my liberty of conscience, the most precious rights of man in his moral capacity*. So long as my life lasts, and it is now drawing to a close, no man, not even an angel from heaven, shall persuade me to enter into a church which pretends to be infallible, and to give the title of *Holy Mother* to a religious association which has shed in torrents the blood of its children, and which has burned alive those who keep aloof from it. Such a church cannot be, in my eyes, the heiress of that one which weeps over the wicked men who were guilty of the blood of the only Just one, of the only one who was perfectly holy."

The editors of the *Correspondant* will not fail to say that, since the year 1830, the spirit of their church has been greatly ameliorated, and that it has accepted the liberal ideas and principles which are the bases of modern civilization. Some Catholics, I know, such as MM. De Lamennais, Ozanam, Maret, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and a few others, have endeavoured to direct their steps in that direction, but after having been severely censured by Gregory XVI., they have seen their ideas formally disavowed by all the episcopacy. The Paris *Univers* represents, whatever may be said to the contrary, the principles of the *bishops* of the immense majority of the faithful, and particularly of the Roman court. Its influence is immense even in the country of the author of "The Affairs of Rome," and I need no other proof than a very remarkable article in the *Journal des Débats* of February 1856. It is as follows:—"For some time past, the *Univers* has reproduced several episcopal charges published on the occasion of Lent. Those addresses,—so far as we can judge of them by the extracts of the *Univers*,—are all conceived in the same spirit,—their *object being to launch forth an anathema against the spirit, reason, philosophy, and progress of modern times*. To-day we find in that Journal the charge of the Bishop of Arras, in which we remark the following passage:—

"The glory of our age! You will be told by others that that glory consists in the introduction into our manners of that reciprocal indulgence known as *toleration*. Alas! He who

studies character at bottom will perceive that that toleration is not so much meekness as enervation, not so much charity for one's neighbour as indifference for the truth. It is simply moral insensibility, a sort of spiritual paralysis, where all is endured without repugnance, for the simple reason that there is no feeling for anything. *God preserve us, my dearly beloved brethren, from regarding as a progress that which is only a LAMENTABLE falling off, and from designating as glory that which is only DISGRACE.*"

Flourish then the Holy Inquisition which no one can reproach with indifference or moral insensibility, or spiritual paralysis. Note well that the Bishop of Arras, as we are informed by the *Journal des Débats*, long passed for one of the most liberal members of the French episcopacy, and that he even wrote "*Cas de Conscience*," in which there is some tendency to liberalism.—*Ex uno disce omnes.*

The bishop referred to could not speak otherwise without ceasing to be a Catholic in his heart. Did not Gregory XVI., the infallible vicar of God, say as much in an encyclical letter, which has been fully confirmed by Pius the 9th?

After having denounced "that fatal and EVER TO BE ABHORRED liberty of the press," the pope adds: "From the infectious source of *indifferentism*, flows that absurd and erroneous maxim, say rather that triumph of insanity, that liberty of conscience must be secured and guaranteed to every one!!!"*

Leo X. had, moreover, condemned this proposition of Luther: "that to burn heretics is acting against the will of God."† M. Veuillot is quite right, therefore, in asserting that no Roman Catholic can blame the *holy* inquisition for its human sacrifices.‡

We find, too, M. Morel, a canon of Angers, declaring, in a letter addressed to the *Univers*, that heresy "ought to be punished with the most terrible chastisements."§

Another writer, whose works have a great circulation in the

* Translated by E. de Pressensé in his *Du Catholicisme en France.*

† *Hæreticos comburi est contra voluntatem Dei.*

‡ See *Univers*, June 10, 1850.

§ E. de Pressensé's *Du Catholicisme*, p. 53.

countries subjected to Rome, and who is a decided adversary of our Eastern church,* is bold enough to express himself as follows:—"It is beyond doubt that the new opinions† would have been established in France, had not the civil authority, coming to the aid of weak consciences, and atoning for the irresolution of the religious authorities who did not always show an effective resistance, served the faith of our fathers by severities of enactment and by a rigour in application, WHICH I FOR ONE DO NOT HESITATE TO CALL SALUTARY."‡

M. Martinet, a doctor of theology, in his *Platon Polichinelle*, and M. Donoso Cortes, in his not less strange *Essay on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism*, appear to have undertaken the task of justifying the extraordinary bull of Pius VI., *Auctorem fidei*, "Stigmatizing, in most unmistakable language," observes the canon Morel, "the proposition of the convention of Pistoja,§ wherein it is pretended that heretics should not be proceeded against by means of EXTERNAL AND CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS."||

If M. de Falloux ventures to make some concessions, because "now-a-days intolerance would be ineffective and nonsensical as well as barren of result," he hastens to add, as if in compunction, that "toleration was not known in the ages of faith, and that the sentiment involved in the newfangled application of that phrase can only be ranked amongst the virtues in times of doubt."¶

M. de Falloux has been a minister of the French republic,—need we be surprised, then, that under such republicans it did not prosper? It is clear that the polite Viscount prefers Pius V., enkindling the stakes, to Christ who probably had only "the virtues of an age of doubt," and who would not invoke the fires of Heaven on the Samaritans.

If Lavater had lived to our days, he might well have written

* This journalist expresses in the *Union* his admiration of table-turning. Our Eastern church should be proud of such adversaries.

† The Reformation.

‡ Laurentie's *La Justice au xix. Siècle*.

§ The Council of Pistoja.

|| See De Pressensé's *Du Catholicisme en France*, 55-58.

¶ A. de Falloux—*Histoire du Saint Pie V.*, Introduction.

the letter he addressed to Count Von Stolberg. He was too much alive to the sentiments of liberty and progress, ever to accept a religion which set them down as a "delirium." Those sentiments are found again in his last chaunt, his strophes to the city of Zurich at the commencement of the 19th century, which are an affecting farewell to his beloved country. Casting a look at humanity overwhelmed by the weight of grief and tyranny, he exclaimed: "O kingdom of God, the holy object of the desires of all the faithful, wilt thou not rise up on earth before the end of the century now beginning? Oh, let those who can supplicate, cry out: 'Thy kingdom come, Thy kingdom come!' In presence of that kingdom, crimes, follies, and anguish will disappear, and infinite joys spring up. Let us prepare by pious humility for its coming."

After thirteen months of suffering, in consequence of his wound, Lavater breathed his last on the 2d of January, 1801. In him Switzerland lost an ardent patriot and a Christian who, through his enthusiasm for all that was good, great, and beautiful, was an honour to humanity in general.

XVI.

I allowed myself to be led by the hand of a fair-complexioned urchin along the terrace of the Lindenhof, under the shade of the flowering linden-trees. He conducted me towards his nurse, who was calling him from the other side of the footway. The Limmat was flowing at our feet, and, as my young companion was mingling his prattle with the chirping of the birds, I endeavoured to understand his Zurich dialect. He said to me, so far as I could make out:—

"Kumt zu der Muether, i gib d'r ebbeeri. I zeig d'r g'mählti Bücher." *

The language of children is music to the ear. One endea-

* Come to my mother's; I shall give you some strawberries, and show you some books with pictures.

vours to find out, amidst their confused thoughts, the superior mind which, perhaps, will one day animate them; and insensibly believes that they are endowed with virtues which will be soon unfolded to our eyes. How pleased I was with those graceful little beings who were playing around me! One may well hope for such children in a country which reckons amongst the teachers of the young such guides as the pastor Lavater and *Father Pestalozzi*, who has been so well termed the Saint Vincent de Paul of education.* But that is not saying enough. In our opinion Pestalozzi is superior to the founder of the congregation of the Lazarists. Not only did he busy himself with outward works of mercy, but he devoted his entire attention to the rearing up of men and citizens, and the preparing of devoted hearts and manly intellects for his country. Vincent of Paul, it will be said, was an evangelical soul, but was not the life of Pestalozzi the *practical* observance of the self-denial preached by the Gospel? He lived in constant oblivion of self, devoting himself to labours often obscure but always useful, and, at times, admirable.

He not only brought his high intellect to bear on the question of education, but also what may be termed a mother's heart, which nothing could repulse, which no obstacle could dismay, and no ingratitude discourage. More than once he had to struggle against the injustice or carelessness of his fellow-citizens, against the treachery of pretended friends, and above all, against that indifference which is usually displayed when there is question of future generations.† But, with invincible perseverance, he advanced all his life towards the goal he wished to obtain, and, by dint of courage and energy, he has acquired an honourable place in the history of his country, and in the memory of the poor and lowly, whose interests engrossed all his thoughts during life.‡

* Cousin.

† Dr. Monnard has clearly set forth this essential feature of Pestalozzi's character in his "Biographical Notice."

‡ A great number of works concerning Pestalozzi have been published in German, a dozen appearing in one year alone, 1846, from the pens of Blochmann

Henry Pestalozzi was born in Zurich, on the 12th of January, 1746, a few years later than Lavater. From his youth he manifested a chivalrous horror for every kind of oppression. The weak were sacred in his eyes. He only esteemed men for their moral worth, and nowise on account of the gifts of chance. A touching proof of devotedness, of which, at that time, he was an ocular witness, made the most lasting impression on his mind, and showed him that elevation of soul is found in the lowest conditions.

Pestalozzi's father died leaving his wife and children in something like indigence. He had called to his death-bed a country girl who had been his servant, and intrusted all his family to her. Pestalozzi himself relates that scene in his "Song of the Swan." "'Babely,' said the feeble and forlorn old man, 'in the name of God and of his mercy do not abandon my wife after my death, she will not know what to do. My children will fall into the hands of strangers who will treat them harshly. Without thy aid she will not be able to bring them all up, and without that aid they will be separated one from the other.' Deeply affected, simple-minded and generous, and capable of the greatest self-sacrifice, the noble girl replied:—'I will not abandon your wife till the hour of her death. If she cannot do without me, we shall never be separated.' That promise cheered the poor father in his last agonies. His eyes assumed an expression of joy, and he died consoled. Babely did not leave my mother during the lifetime of the latter, but helped her to bring up her three little orphans, amidst all kinds of difficulties and misery, with a firmness, a foresight, and a prudence altogether surprising on the part of a person without

Bandlin, Ahrendts, Christoffel, Collmann, Kortuem, Luger, Opper, Hartmann, Elditt, Rosenkranz, &c. We may also quote the German works of Abs (1815), Biber (1827), Meyer (1850), Zoller (1851). French literature is less rich, nevertheless there are some esteemed works, amongst others may be specially mentioned Dr. Monnard's "*Notice Biographique sur Pestalozzi*," de Guimps's "*Notice sur Pestalozzi*," Chavannes' "*Exposé de la méthode de Pestalozzi*," Mlle du Thou's "*Notice sur Pestalozzi*." The most complete and newest work in French is that of Mlle H. Chavannes' "*Biographie de Pestalozzi*," (1853).

education, and who had quitted her poor village in order to see what could be done in Zurich. But it was a simple yet firm faith which supported her in her charitable and faithful career." Was not she that Christian servant of whom M. Adolphe Monod speaks?—"That rare treasure, that one so inadequately appreciated—a good and noble girl—elevating her condition to the height of her sentiments, free by faith, a slave through love."* Those who reproach Pestalozzi with having in his "*Gertrude*" drawn too ideal a portrait of woman's self-denial, forget that he had long a most admirable model before his eyes. From that time he believed everything possible to a truly devoted soul. More than once, no doubt, he undertook difficult labours without the means of insuring success, but it was by such saintly reliance, which the world designates improvidence, that the apostolical preachers changed the face of the world. It was, assuredly, very *unreasonable* on their part to seek to convert the earth to the doctrines of one crucified, to hope to be able to subject to the evangelical faith the voluptuous Greek, the fanatic Jew, the Roman accustomed to acknowledge no law other than that of might. And such a project could not fail to appear all the more senseless, that those who attempted it possessed neither riches, nor birth, nor knowledge, nor power. Looking at this task as one of human prudence, they acted like men who unprofitably risk their tranquillity and their lives. It was precisely in that contempt of all calculation and of all mundane policy, that their strength and greatness consisted. It was from their attachment to the poor and the humble that their sublime aspirations were derived.

The like sentiment animated the heart of Pestalozzi: "From my youth," said he in 1802 to Dean Ith, "I had always a marked predilection for the poor, and my constant desire was to assist all those whom I thought to be feeble and oppressed."

The maternal grandfather of Pestalozzi greatly contributed to the directing of his views towards education. That worthy relative, a pastor in the village of Hongg, on the delicious banks

* A. Monod's "*La Femme*."

of the Limmat, near its debouche from the Lake of Zurich, invited him, when only nine years old, to pass a few weeks every summer with him. He led him into the schools which were placed under his superintendence, and in those visits and discourses Pestalozzi learned how great was the influence of a good education on the minds of the people. His conversation with the working and lower classes gave him an idea of the extent of their misery. The sufferings of those poor people, which he had studied at an age when the heart is neither hardened nor deadened, made him deeply sympathize with them.* He was inflamed with holy indignation each time he saw them the victims of the tyrannical and unreasonable demands of their superiors. Is it surprising that, with such sentiments, the young Pestalozzi manifested, as he grew up, but very little taste for Voltairean ideas? To insult, by his pitiless irony, the sufferings of humanity, as the author of *Candide* does, appeared to him to be a sacrilege on the part of a man of genius.† For his part, he was convinced that all the talents one may have received from heaven, should be devoted to the task of rendering mankind happy and free, and not of turning man's failings into derision.

* It was the poor abandoned and morally wretched people who were the first and constant object of Pestalozzi's thoughts.—(Dr. Monnard: Biographical Notice.)

† Mankind invariably suffer for misplaced admiration. Voltaire was deserving of most intense admiration for the gallantry with which he attacked individual abuses, yet there are nineteen readers of *Candide* for one who reads his fierce denunciations of the murderers of Calas, or of the poor lad whose miserable exhibition of blasphemy against the Pope incurred so dreadful a vengeance. A "sacrilegious genius" has always far more deadly sins to answer for, than he can adduce individual acts of beneficence. The world is now agitated by, (indirectly, at least,) if not suffering from, the direct consequences of this man's thorough-paced pandering to tyranny. In a letter of the year 1754, addressed to the Archpriest of Military Despotism, the miserable grinning French skeleton suggests to the nothing-loth Frederick, the notable project of "rounding his kingdom," carried out by the three robbers twenty years later. There is no "nexus" so strong as partnership in open iniquity. Hence have Prussia and Russia so many sympathies in common, hence the judicious Bottle-Holdership of Prussia, hence that sad and terrible roll of the best blood of Western Europe before the walls of Sebastopol. Voltaire's letter a century since imposed a shackle on the Prussia of 1854-5.—*Trans.*

There was, therefore, an immense difference between the aristocratic disdain of Voltaire and the profoundly democratic convictions of Pestalozzi. Rousseau pleased him better. "On the appearance of the *Emile* of Rousseau," said he, "I was filled with enthusiasm. I compared the domestic education which I had received in the corner of my mother's chamber, and in the schools, with Rousseau's plans and counsels with regard to his imaginary pupil. All that my own experience had shown me in that order of things appeared to me miserable, worn out, decrepid; whilst Rousseau's ideas transformed and aggrandized the whole, by indicating the means of attaining the object which ought to be proposed. The system of idealized liberty presented by Rousseau, also redoubled my zeal in seeking to extend the circle, within which I was anxious to procure new and great advantages for the people."

Pestalozzi, full of such thoughts, entered into the association founded by Lavater, Füssli, and Fischer, whose object was to "redress wrongs," to denounce all vexatious proceedings, and to avenge the oppressed. But, on more seriously examining those grave questions, Pestalozzi perceived that abuses are not always on the side of those who govern, "for the people," said he, "after having sworn to nominate the best citizen, find always some motive for electing the worst."* *He saw that the principal cause of the misery of the multitude was their IGNORANCE, which did not allow them to make use of their political rights even for the amelioration of their position.* He arrived, therefore, at the fundamental conclusion that, *where the masses are stupid and brutalized, democracy can produce none of its fruits.* That idea became a fertile one in his mind. After having studied the law, and published a book entitled, *Essay on the Legislation of Sparta*, he threw in the fire some other writings of the kind, and exclaimed, "I will become a schoolmaster!" He proposed to regenerate the inferior classes by instruction and by agricul-

* As Pestalozzi sincerely loved the people, he was not afraid of telling them the truth. Dr. Monnard was quite right in saying that "Pestalozzi was a man of the people, in the noble sense of the term."—(Biographical Notice.)

ture. "For a long time, in fact, from my youth," said he, "my heart panted for one object, and I was attracted towards it as if hurried on by a rapid stream; that object was to dry up the sources of the people's misery, and to raise them up from the dejected state into which I saw they had fallen. Living in a country and at a time in which the most distinguished young men zealously acted in concert, in order to diminish the ills of the lower classes, I hastened, as a disciple of Bodmer and Breitingen, to co-operate as a contemporary of Esscher, Iselin, Hirzel, Tschann, Wattenwyl, Graffenried, Fellenberg, and so many others who sought the sources of their country's misery, in order to remedy it promptly. We had to free our fellow-countrymen from so complete a state of destitution, incapacity, and weakness, that it was almost impossible for them to act as creatures of God, and as citizens, worthy to bear that honourable name."*

The rural school became therefore the goal to which all Pestalozzi's efforts tended. "At that time," says M. de Guimps, (*Notice sur Pestalozzi*), "Tchiffeli had acquired a great reputation as an agriculturist on account of his experiments in his demesne of Kirchberg, near Berne, so Pestalozzi became his apprentice. At last he returned home full of courage and hope, with correct but unsupported ideas, and ingenious but incomplete plans. He joined a rich house of Zurich in the cultivation of madder, and employed his patrimony in the purchase of the demesne of Neuhof, in Argovia, being at that time in his twenty-third year."

Amidst Pestalozzi's ardent labours and projects, he fell in love with a beautiful and rich young daughter of Zurich, named Anna Schultess. Dr. Niederer has published a letter addressed by Pestalozzi to his beloved, which proves that his warmest affections did not make him forget the interests of humanity.

"My life shall not pass away without being devoted to some

* This sad picture refers to the end of the eighteenth century. It will be seen, therefore, what was the state of Switzerland in the reign of the aristocracy. Every mercenary apology fades before those few lines.

grand and important undertaking. I shall follow the advice given by the shepherd Menalcas,* and give myself up from the beginning to the service of my country. The fear of men shall not prevent my speaking plainly when I think it my duty to do so. My heart belongs before all to my country, and whatsoever I undertake, shall have for its object the mitigating of the ills and the wretchedness of the people. I know not what may be the results of those undertakings, nor what may be the danger even for yourself, but it is necessary that I should not conceal any of the risks you may have to share."

Notwithstanding the apparent obstacles in the way of the union of Pestalozzi and Anna, he conducted her, in January 1769, as his wife to Neuhof. She soon found herself plunged in tribulations which she nobly supported. In fact, Pestalozzi's zeal could not supply his deficiency of agricultural knowledge. But his great heart was inaccessible to discouragement.

"The pleasant dream of my life," said he, at a later period, "the hope of seeing extending around me a circle of activity and benevolence, based on an active, peaceful, and domestic life, had completely vanished. I remained solitary and so relaxed as to be unfit for anything amidst the buildings which had been commenced, and amid a domain which I had, in imagination, unceasingly aggrandized, because I had created and ordered without being qualified to do so. My wife, who was plunged in profound affliction, was not, however, any more discouraged than I was, and, like myself, did not abandon the idea of devoting our time, our strength, and the remainder of our fortune, to the moral amelioration of the indigent classes."†

There is something sublime in such generous perseverance. Pestalozzi, being under the necessity of modifying his plans, employed the fields and buildings of Neuhof in feeding and lodging the poor. He assembled a number of ragged and half-starved children. He lived with them the life of the poor, in order to teach them, in their poverty, how to become active members of the great human family. It was at Neuhof that

* Referring to an idyl of Gessner.

† Song of the Swan.

the children whom he had gathered together gave him, for the first time, the name of father—Vater Pestalozzi—a title retained by posterity. It was also at Neuhof that, after long and painful trials, he was doomed to draw his last breath, whilst still full of faith in the progress of humanity, and of the ardour of his truly evangelical charity. “Love of his neighbour,” says Dr. Blochmann, “is the characteristic of Pestalozzi, and stamps him as a disciple of Him who was charity itself.”*

The whole of Europe, the kings of nations, and the princes of intellect, subsequently admired at Berthoud and at Yverdon the talent with which Pestalozzi developed the intelligence of children; and however obscure and forgotten that portion of his noble existence, it appears to us particularly worthy of praise. In the end he was upheld by success and every kind of encouragement. But, in his first essays, he had to drink even the very dregs of the chalice of bitterness. He had to contend against ever-recurring difficulties, and against inexperience in life, aggravated by his little aptitude for business affairs. “Pestalozzi,” well observes Dr. Monnard, in his *Biographical Notice*, “was a man of imagination and even of genius, but nowise a practical one. Nature seems to require, in the faculties of each individual as in civil society, the separation of powers.” In spite of so many obstacles Pestalozzi advanced resolutely towards his object. His life was a spectacle worthy of God and angels. What nobler sight in this world than a man neglecting his own interests, and renouncing every project of future advantage, to think only of those who suffer misery and neglect?

Pestalozzi rightly saw that it was not enough to impart instruction to children, but that their education should be particularly attended to, and industrious habits instilled into them through agricultural and industrial labours. Nevertheless, he regarded the application of young arms to the latter kind of labour, merely as a matter of necessity imposed by circumstances. To his way of thinking, the great drawback on the side of industry was the weakening of the natural affections and the

* Dr. Charles J. Blochmann's *Heinrich Pestalozzi*.

development of the mercantile spirit, without having the moral resources and consolation afforded by rural occupations. Now, he considered it to be necessary to develop, before all, in the lower classes the taste for domestic life and the sentiment of human dignity, and that conviction he warmly expressed in the following terms:

“Penetrated with such love of country as led me to wish for what was impossible, and made me pant for the resuscitation of that moral dignity and strength which every man possesses in himself, I essayed the strongest and the most energetic means to renew that which appeared to me ought to be renewed, and I attached, therefore, the greatest importance to domestic happiness. Those ideas profoundly affected me, and impressed me with a deep sense of the serious nature of my duties towards the poor and the unfortunate. We are called upon to exert all the means which religion, the title of citizens, and our individual strength may place in our hands in order to make them understand the meaning of those blessed words, ‘Man was created in God’s image.’ He should live and die, therefore, as a child of God, and not confine himself to mechanical instruction, but develop all his moral strength—the strength of God in him—that strength which elevates him not only above the ox which draws the plough, but also above the man clothed in silk and purple, who is miserably vegetating in an absolutely lower state than was his primitive destiny.”

At Neuhof, Pestalozzi had carried his devotedness to the utmost limits, and his reward, as but too frequently happens, was ingratitude and perversity. The children whom he had protected, accustomed as they were to lead vagabond lives, could never accommodate themselves to the laboriousness and regularity of life which he prescribed. At one time every one seemed disposed to throw obstacles in the way of the benefactor of the poor. He was shamefully deceived. Soon all his wife’s fortune was sacrificed: “But amidst the laughter and sarcasms of which I became the object,” said he, “the ebullitions of my heart were never calmed. It beat always the same—aspired still to the same end, viz., the relieving of the people from their

misery. I was always anxious to find out and stop the source of it. My strength, instead of diminishing, increased by the effect of my own misery. My misfortunes made me feel more acutely the necessity of operating a reform." It is difficult, methinks, to find anywhere more Christian-like sentiments, for christian virtue is, in an especial manner, forgetfulness of oneself. Here we find Pestalozzi, when reduced to indigence, not even thinking of his own misfortunes. He only sees in them a trial which may become useful to others by enabling him to study more carefully the sufferings he proposes to relieve. One whose thoughts run in that strain must have unceasingly before his eyes the great examples of the Son of man; accordingly, Pestalozzi made Him the object of his constant meditations.

"The Christian," said he, "sees by the doctrine of his Master that he ought to sacrifice his fortune and even his life for his fellow-men. He does not consider as a right the high pretension of consecrating himself to the service of God and his fellow-men, but he thinks that whatever he has received is intrusted to him by God, and that all the property, all the gifts placed in his hands, should be administered in love and gratitude"

After the failure of the NeuhoF establishment in 1780, Pestalozzi sought consolation in study. He wrote the "*Evenings of a Recluse*," which Herder calls "the programme and conclusion of his life as a teacher." His sentiments will be found admirably characterized therein, as well as the essentially practical Christianity of the country to which he belonged: "Liberty reposes on justice, and justice on love. It may be said, therefore, that liberty reposes on love. The sources of justice and of every terrestrial blessing, the sources of love and fraternity, spring from the grand idea that we are children of God. Forgetfulness of God and contempt of the filial relations between men and their Creator, is the poison which prevents every beneficial working of morality, enlightenment, and wisdom. Thus, the loss of man's filial love of God is the greatest scourge of the world, as it neutralizes God's paternal teaching, and prevents the revival of that filial piety which, on earth, is the redemption of the children of God."

The trials of life, when courageously supported, are the best of educations for the heart, and even of the intellect. One would think that, by living amidst the poor, the peasantry, and children, Pestalozzi would only have encountered deceptions and sufferings. Thence, however, was his inspiration derived. He became the creator of the popular novel, a branch of literature which one of his countrymen, the Bernese pastor Albert Bitzium,* was one day to render so celebrated.† His love of the people made him a distinguished writer. He attained to glory by the noblest of all ways—that of self-sacrifice.

About the time Voss gave to the world his "*Louisa*," Pestalozzi composed his graceful novel, "*Leonard and Gertrude*," (1781), which so charmingly reproduces the joys and troubles of rural life, and which so amiably preaches the law of labour and the happiness of the domestic hearth. That work was a favourite from the moment of its publication. The humble peasant girl, the courageous mother, the good Gertrude, became soon a well-known name in the countries speaking the German tongue. In the preface, the author gives an exact idea of his book: "I have endeavoured," he says, "to present to the people in this work some important truths, and to engrave them deeply in their minds and hearts. I have sought to found this narrative and the instructions deduced from it on the most scrupulous imitation of nature, and on the simple exposition of that which everywhere exists. In the course of an active life, I have myself been witness of the majority of facts narrated, and I have taken care not to add my own opinions to those of the people, or to make any alteration in what I have seen done, or in what I have heard said."

That work was followed by two others,—"*Christophe and Elsi*," and the "*Reading of Leonard and Gertrude by Christophe and Elsi*." But these two met with little success. Pestalozzi's

* Although Bitzium was born at Morat (Fribourg), he is generally considered as belonging to the canton of Berne, in which he passed nearly his whole life.

† And which for ten years past has been a distinguishing characteristic of the rising school of British novelists, at whose head are Dickens, Reade, &c., as contradistinguished to the Scotts, Bulwers, &c.—*Trans.*

dramatic vein was not inexhaustible like that of Bitzcius. His activity of mind was turned elsewhere, and circumstances furnished him with the means of exercising it in a way conformable to his character. At Stanz, in the canton of Unterwald, many children were made orphans, through the war against the French. The new Helvetic governor conceived the happy idea of assembling them in one establishment, which he placed under the direction of Pestalozzi: "I had to act," said he, "amidst a confusion of elements, and amidst unbounded misery; but the zeal that urged me on to seize the possibility of realizing at last the dream of my entire life, would have transported me to the summit of the highest Alps, and through air and fire."

Those energetic words express only feebly the heroical ardour of the great teacher. His evangelical charity, his holy enthusiasm, his love of the poor and the humble, never shone with greater lustre. He filled, at one and the same time, the functions of master of the house, attendant on the sick, servant, and nurse. He lived as a poor man with the poor, and as a little child with children. He was "all things to all men," to employ St. Paul's beautiful expression, in order that all might be gained over to virtue, truth, and liberty. He himself gives an account, in a letter to his friend Gessner, of the sentiments which then animated him. On reading that letter, one cannot help exclaiming with George Sand: "*the great men are the good men.*" "I was alone in the midst of them," says Pestalozzi, "from morning till evening. All the good done to their souls and bodies was derived from me. They placed their hands in mine, fixed their eyes on mine. I shared their sadness, I smiled upon their gaiety. They lived apart from the world: they were not at Stanz, but with me, and I with them. I had no friends, no servants around me—I had only them."

Zschokke has given an interesting description of his visit to Stanz: *

"At the time I was sent to Stanz no one was associated with Pestalozzi. He was looked upon as a good-meaning half-fool, or

* Zschokke's "*Selbst-Schau.*"

as a poor devil of a fellow. His isolated position often induced me to walk arm in arm with him in public, in order to give a lesson to the insolent citizen class with their mighty fine airs. Before going out, I became his valet-de-chambre, brushing his hat and coat, buttoning up rightly his waistcoat, which was always buttoned up wrong, then we walked out. What a contrast! Without were dejection, contempt, and a feeling almost partaking of shame—within were elevation of soul, purity of thought, an amount of charitableness that falls to the lot of few men to possess, and which is a seal set upon them by the Creator's hand. His moral life was then at its apogee, in its fullest bloom, so to speak. The spirit which animated him had not yet taken form, nor found expression in words. He acted as by a sort of divine instinct, which urged him to satisfy all the wants of destitute children. He did not control idea or system—it was the idea which ruled him, and as for the system, it was not yet in existence. The incessant activity of his genius performed a kind of miracle. To succeed, in a few months, in conquering the insubordination and the vicious habits of half savage children was, undoubtedly, a positive proof of the force of love, of which he scarcely knew the power. All his actions were of a thoroughly religious character.* Internal life was poured out abroad, and through it he brought, as if by magic, his undisciplined children into submission, and raised up their slumbering or perverted faculties."

The troubles of that agitated period would not allow Pestalozzi to remain long at the head of the establishment at Stanz,

* The Germans have written long dissertations on the theological opinions of Pestalozzi. See "*Schul-Chronick von Zahn*," 1846; Blochmann's "*Heinrich Pestalozzi*"; Zschokke and Madame de Stael (De l'Allemagne) do not touch the dogmatic question.

(I should greatly marvel if Pestalozzi catechised each child as to its tenets, or proselytised among his tender charge. Pestalozzi, as will be seen at the end of this chapter, was of purely evangelical principles. Now the religion prevalent in Unterwalden, then as now, is the Roman Catholic profession. When will our evangelical brethren of Exeter Hall, and of the Berlin Conference, let us have a State and compulsory education, purely secular, that youthful minds may not learn want of charity from their Bibles?)—*Trans.*

for, in 1799, it was converted into a military hospital. Exhausted by fatigue, Pestalozzi sought repose at the baths of Gurnigel.* Having no government appointment, he filled the post of usher in the little town of Burgdorf. The man whose writings had attracted the attention of so many illustrious personages and foreign literary men, the creator of that method on which so many volumes have been written, he whose birth-day was to be afterwards celebrated as a jubilee, in several important cities of Germany, that man accepted, without the slightest repugnance, the humblest grade as a teacher. All seemed, however, grand in his eyes the moment he was called upon to labour in developing intelligence and character.

Under more favourable circumstances, Pestalozzi was enabled to establish himself in the old Schloss of Burgdorf, and to found there an institution which prospered beyond all his hopes. That may be called the golden age of his laborious career. A commission charged by the Helvetic government with examining Pestalozzi's system, published, in 1802, a report drawn up by Dean Ith; in which it was declared that Pestalozzi had "discovered the true principles of the universal laws, to be observed in all elementary teaching." The illustrious instructor had even the high satisfaction of finding his establishment adopted by the nation,—a just reward for so many years of suffering and labour.

We shall not pretend to examine here the method of imparting instruction which has brought so much glory on his name. Men, who were most competent to pronounce an opinion respecting it, have declared that it is one of the noblest conquests of the human mind: "The labours of Pestalozzi," says a learned professor of the university of Bonn "form a new era in the history of education. That extraordinary man has thus far, as it were, established a principle, the deductions from which future generations will have to make, and some development of which is witnessed at present, without always knowing, however, to

* Bailiwick of Seftigen, canton Berne, six miles from Thun, at an elevation of 4,000 feet—delightful view and cheap quarters.—*Trans.*

what principle that development is to be referred. Pestalozzi's idea, that which he zealously pursued through life, and even at the gate of death, is not of those which die with their founders. It is a noble legacy bequeathed to humanity."*

Little remains to be said about Pestalozzi's method after all that has been written by Chavannes,† Jullien,‡ and Blochmann,§ our object not being so much to make it known, as to bring out in broad relief what has not been sufficiently remarked, namely, his admirable self-denial, his indefatigable devotedness to the poor and the humbly born, and his patriotism which was as ardent as it was enlightened.

The Bernese government having required the castle of Burgdorf, he accepted the proposition of his friend Emmanuel Von Fellenberg, the celebrated agriculturist, who offered him the old manor of Münchenbuchsee. But Fellenberg and Pestalozzi were too different in character,|| although animated by the same intentions to work together: "It was the heart that had the ascendant in Pestalozzi's character," says Ramsauer, his secretary, "and the intellect in Fellenberg."¶ Pestalozzi, therefore, established himself in the mansion of Yverdon, in the town of that name, at one of the extremities of the lake of Neufchatel, (not far from the battlefield of Granson).

In that new residence, Pestalozzi, as is well known, was the object of the admiration of all Europe. Every one was anxious to behold the wondrous results of his labours. In her "*l'Allemagne*," Madam de Stael gives an account of her visit to Yverdon, and an historian, less celebrated perhaps, but more attentive, who was several times in the institution, draws a remarkable portrait of the great director:—

* Dr. Monnard—*Notice Biographique*.

† Chavannes' work, "*Exposé de la méthode élémentaire de H. Pestalozzi*," was printed at Vevay in 1805.

‡ Jullien: "*Esprit de la méthode d'éducation de Pestalozzi*," 2 vols. of 500 pages each, published in 1812.

§ Blochmann's *Heinrich Pestalozzi* contains an interesting chapter on his method.

|| Pestalozzi called him the Eisenmann (the "Iron man").

¶ Ramsauer's "*Kürze Skizze meines pädagogischen Lebens*."

“Apart from his intellectual expression, it is impossible to be uglier than Pestalozzi. Figure to yourself a stooping old man, five feet two inches high, of very neglected appearance, and never more so than when dressed in a black frock coat,—the one he wore on grand occasions. His grey hairs hang down over his face, which is deeply pitted with the smallpox and full of freckles. Moreover, it does not present one single regular feature. I know not what kind of confused appearance in the whole prevents you from understanding the arrangement of the elements of that physiognomy. The upper part of the back of the head is flat, and as it were thrown forward. But under a forehead of the noblest form shine two eyes, not with the fire which darts forth lightning, but with the internal light of a great soul, absorbed by some grand thought. Such was Pestalozzi. I saw him more than once in his establishment at Yverdon, whilst going through his different classes, at the time of their studies, or seated on a bench without, hearing or seeing what was passing around him, buried in his thoughts,—those thoughts which were, at the same moment, realized and manifested in the activity pervading that vast establishment. He only abandoned his habitually pensive mood in order to smile affectionately on his children who called him their father.”*

Pestalozzi's institution, which had prospered so much at Burgdorf, declined at Yverdon, many different causes, too tedious to mention, contributing to its ill success. Accordingly he was obliged to retire, in 1825, to the residence of his grandson in Neuhof. His career, which had commenced there amidst various trials, was brought there also to an end, amidst all kinds of troubles, as set forth in his “*Memoirs*,”† and in his “*Song of the Swan*.” Nevertheless, he was as active as ever. Although his contemporaries appeared oblivious of the immense services he had rendered his country, and although he was exposed to the attacks of some pamphleteers, he still worked on to the last, without being discouraged. Amidst the insults to which he was exposed, he resigned himself cheerfully to death. Faithful to

* Dr. Monnard's *Notice Biographique*. † *Selbstbiographie*, Leipzig, 1826.

the great object of his life, he forgot his own grief, to think only of those of his brethren,—the unfortunate beings whom he had so much loved:—

“And my poor, forlorn, oppressed, and despised creatures, you will be also abandoned, and you will be mocked amidst your sufferings. The rich man, in the bosom of opulence, thinks not of you; he will give you a morsel of bread,—nought else. But he too, is poor, for he has only gold. To prepare you for, and to offer you, a spiritual banquet is what no one thinks of, and what, for a long time, no one will think of. But God, who from heaven takes care of the sparrow, will not forget you, any more than he will forget me, or cease to afford me his consolation.”

An entire life was admirably comprised in those lines,—a life about to become extinct. As his illness was increasing, he was conveyed to Brugg, the native place of Zimmermann. There, his sufferings during an entire week were intense. But he was meek to the last,—resigned to death, as he had been calm towards the wicked. He gathered his family around his bed, and spoke to them with the serenity of an angel and the conviction of a prophet. His discourses were those of a Christian, and he wished them that peace which he himself expected from the divine mercy.

After a painful agony, Pestalozzi expired, with a smile on his lips, and, according to his own desire, he was interred at Birr, (between Brugg and Aarau,) without any pomp, near the parish school. Switzerland lost in him one of her greatest citizens, and mankind one of those men who shed the greatest honour on the evangelical faith.

XVII.

Not far from those waters which sparkle at the bottom of the hills, as if in a flower basket, is a sombre lake, surrounded by parched herbless rocks. It is Lake Wallenstadt, united by a canal to that of Zurich as if to receive life and movement from

it. That canal owes its origin to the energy of a man whose activity and patriotism assuredly merit the sympathy of every generous heart.

In the agitated period which closed the 18th century and inaugurated the 19th, and in the midst of the distinguished citizens whom Switzerland produced, one of the most imposing and serene countenances is, undoubtedly, that of Escher Von der Linth. Amidst the most ardent political passions of his day, he was always calm and moderate, and, in spite of the intrigues around him and of all kinds of reaction, he remained firm to his own convictions; and when his country, freed from all its perils, ceased to demand all his services, he set about, undeterred by difficulties and only supported by private individuals, accomplishing one of the most important works of our epoch,—the canalization of the Linth. That work accomplished, he turned his attention, with the like ardour, to natural science, and desired to penetrate into those mysterious laws which presided over the formation of the terrestrial globe. Were not such lofty meditations worthy of the latter years of a life which had been entirely devoted to the fulfilment of the most serious duties?

Escher von der Linth is a complete type of the public man in Switzerland. In that happy country, a citizen is called upon, by the very nature of its institutions, to serve it throughout his entire career. Whilst a youth, Escher was in the militia; grown up to manhood, he played a part in the deliberative assemblies; arrived at maturity, he had a share in the government. In all those situations, he was ever a model for his fellow-countrymen, by his devotedness, his energy, and his generous sentiments. Whilst passing the various phases of his life, so patriotic, so laborious, and so noble,—ably and admirably portrayed by Hottinger,*—we may well ask where there can be a better moral treatise. Such examples are more striking than theories; they act, at one and the same time, on the heart and the mind; they teach us to love mankind, and in so loving, to bow down before Him who surpasses all in goodness and wisdom.

* Charakterbild eines Republikaners von J. J. Hottinger.

At the university, Escher, without manifesting any eminent talents, showed a decided taste for studies of a positive character, a taste which already foreshadowed the future geologist. The firmness of his political opinions, which no considerations could alter, was already noted. One day, he read a composition of his own in which the superiority of republican institutions was warmly upheld. The professor treated his observations with irony, and made them the subject of very unkind remarks. The young citizen of Zurich, in his next essay, showed all the vices of monarchical states. This was the more meritorious on his part that he was the school-fellow and friend of some English princes. His travels in northern Germany often gave him the opportunity of defending these democratic ideas of which he was, all his life, a firm yet moderate partisan.

That moderation showed to him at an early period how unjust was the conduct of the citizen class of Zurich towards the peasantry. Although a citizen himself, he courageously denounced the severity with which the insurrections of the peasants were suppressed at the end of the eighteenth century. Twice he drew up a petition in favour of an amnesty. Like all the eminent men of that epoch, he foresaw that the Swiss governments, ruled as they were by aristocratic prejudices, were ruining themselves by refusing the concessions which circumstances imperiously demanded, and those predictions soon proved true. When summoned to take a part in the affairs of the canton of Zurich, and afterwards in those of the Confederation in general, he always manifested the same solicitude for popular interests, and that horror of exaggeration which compromises the best cause. Although he played no conspicuous part since the act of mediation, which subjected Helvetia to the *suzeraineté* of Napoleon, the two parties who divided the state of Zurich, rendering full justice to the wisdom of his views, called him to the government of the canton. This happened in 1814, and his position was the more important that, at that epoch, Zurich, being the *Vorort* or governing canton, had the direction of Switzerland. It was in vain he essayed to bring about an equality of rights between the peasant and the citizen classes, in the representa-

tive assembly of the Grand Council. He was not more successful in those equitable and far-sighted views than he was in the beginning of his political life.

But the noblest of Escher's titles to glory, is the canalization of the Linth—a work which shows how much an indefatigable and zealous citizen can do for his country. The most humble individual may effect what is regarded as impossible, if he be endowed with persevering energy, true intelligence, and a sincere love of country and of mankind. The Linth, which descends from the valleys of Glaris, had long accumulated, towards its embouchure at the east end of Lake Wallenstadt, so large a quantity of refuse matter that its level, as well as that of the lake, had risen more than three *mètres*. Hence resulted frightful floods, which converted into pestilential marshes all the plain between Wesen, (west end of Lake Wallenstadt,) and the Lake of Zurich, and these in their turn generated intermittent fevers, which carried off numerous victims or forced them to remove elsewhere. This deplorable state of things Escher was resolved to remedy. In 1807, he procured a decree of the diet, ordering the canalization of the lower Linth, the turning it in the direction of Lake Wallenstadt, and the digging of another canal between that lake and the Zurich one. The works were immediately commenced under Escher's direction, and they were not terminated before 1822. He thereby restored to cultivation twenty thousand acres of excellent land, which now support a healthy and numerous population.

The government of Zurich, in gratitude for the services rendered to Switzerland and humanity by a private individual, bestowed on him the glorious title of *Escher von der Linth*. In 1832, a tablet of black marble was incrustated in the rock below Biberlikoff, with two inscriptions in gold letters, one in Latin, the other in German, of which the following is a translation:—

“ THE FEDERAL DIET
TO THE BENEFACTOR OF THIS DISTRICT,
JOHN CONRAD ESCHER VON DER LINTH,
BORN AUGUST 24, 1767,

DIED MARCH THE 9TH, 1823.
 THE INHABITANTS ARE INDEBTED TO HIM FOR HEALTH,
 THE SOIL FOR ITS FERTILITY,
 THE RIVER FOR THE CORRECTION OF ITS COURSE.
 NATURE AND HIS COUNTRY SECONDED
 HIS LABOURS.
 CONFEDERATES, TAKE HIM FOR A MODEL.”

His honours were well merited. In effect, Escher had devoted to that immense undertaking all his talents and patriotic zeal. Almost always on the spot, superintending the workmen, he sometimes laboured with his own hands. Fatigue and tarrying in unhealthy places injured his health. As it often happens, they for whom he was so zealously labouring did not support him. He was obliged to contend against the prejudices of the inhabitants of the district, and to force their own benefit upon them. To add to those difficulties, he could not in any way dispose of the cantonal finances. The expenses, amounting to one million and a half of francs, were covered by subscription. Exhausted as Switzerland then was, she contrived to find in her patriotism the necessary resources.

We must say a word concerning Escher's geological researches, which crowned his well-spent life. His first studies commenced in 1791 and continued till the end of his career. During thirty years he explored Switzerland, but more particularly the districts of the Alps and the Jura, incontestably advancing the knowledge of geology, which had before that time made but little progress. Amidst these labours, which appeared purely scientific, the devoted citizen always had his thoughts fixed on the dearest interests of his country, which is much indebted to him for the valuable information he imparted concerning the resources of the soil, in the event of an invasion.

Such is the power of devotedness, such is the value of one individual when conscious of all his strength. For most of us the support of others is indispensable to enable us to enter on any undertaking. But one should never reckon on that support, as soon as one goes beyond ordinary limits, and attempts more than

ordinary deeds. The majority have not even the idea of acting. For one or two individuals who, in a century, become true heroes, there are thousands of citizens who, from their cradle to their tomb, remain perfectly useless to their country. With intelligence apt for any conception, with fortunate facilities, and with minds active enough in little things, they resemble automata working on without reasoning, or those paid jesters and buffoons of the middle ages who, in order to enjoy the luxuries of courts, degraded themselves below the level of the vilest animals. To such a state are the most perfect of God's creatures reduced! Nevertheless, history presents us with more than one example capable of arousing us from such shameful torpor. It is time we should learn that HUMAN WILL can shake the world,* and that our intelligence can be infinitely developed. We can singly resist a world in arms, (for what hold has it over a firm will?) confound the oppressors of humanity, and combat to the end for the independence of our ideas and our convictions. Woe to such of our cotemporaries as sink beneath the weight of idleness and indifference, and deliver up their country to one man's caprices! Woe to Europe, if it does not shake off its lethargy. A new universe, created by individual energy and gigantic efforts, is every day labouring to take its place, and to grasp the crown it is letting fall from its aged forehead.

XVIII.

I was passing the bridge of the Limmat in order to enter the hilly streets of the little city. Thence I perceived the towers of

* Great mental powers, united to unbending tenacity of purpose, control circumstances for good or for evil, and circumstances retaliate by forming and defining the moral position of the masses. When God ceased to work by direct manifestations, he selected as his instruments men of indomitable will, some like Attila, like Timour, to be the scourges of material prosperity, some like Loyola, to preach religious expediency, some like Howard to adorn philanthropy, some like Fulton to brave the world's derision, but all, whether working for good or for evil, men of strong stern will. Marmont' is not far wrong in that remarkable passage, in which he affirms there were two men in each one body.—*Trans.*

St. Peter's church and the university, where the voices of so many illustrious professors have been raised. The rivèr was murmuring at the base of an ancient and massive church, converted into a library. Whilst tracing the rapid course of the stream, I fancied I saw, confusedly, the strangest scenes. Soon I imagined I was assisting at a curious spectacle of which, not many years ago, Zurich was witness, and on the very spot where I was standing. I thought I saw those hardy villagers coming in with their pitchforks and their spades, in order to expel from his pulpit a theologian whose doctrines had terrified them even in the depth of their valleys. I fancied I heard their warlike cries resounding in the air, and as ardent disciples of their divine Master, enforcing respect for the evangelical code, which they came to defend as they would have defended their country.

The sojourn of Dr. Strauss in Zurich is one of the most remarkable events of the contemporary history of Switzerland, a history which party spirit has most fantastically interpreted. It would be impossible, without having a knowledge of the religious and political movement of that epoch, to form an adequate idea of the sensation produced in Switzerland by the arrival of the celebrated professor, and of the agitation excited in the canton of Zurich by the intelligence that he had been nominated to the chair of theology. The author of the *Life of Jesus* has himself said that he was not an *isolated wave*—words which give an idea of his importance in the development of Germanic theories. How strange it is that, whilst Dr. de Wette, who belonged to the same school as Dr. Strauss, was quietly professing his doctrines, during twenty years, in the city of Erasmus, without being obstructed in his studies or in his teaching, the very appearance of Dr. Strauss in the hospitable land of Helvetia should be the signal of profound agitation! Nevertheless, there was no great difference between the doctrines of the theologian of Basle, and those of the professor of Zurich. Both one and the other belonged, in fact, to that fraction of Protestantism which has acquired an important position in Germany and in the United States—a school which lays more stress on reason than on faith, and which tends more and more to regard the Chris-

tian religion as one of the numerous phases of what is called "the eternal revelation of God in nature and in humanity." Once that point of view is admitted, the sacred books of Christianity are considered to contain no more of the absolute truth than the holy books of China and of India. If God has, from the beginning of the world, manifested himself to every nation, the trace of his teaching is found everywhere, but nowhere pure from human alloy. According to the doctors of the rationalistic school, the peoples in their infancy were not able to free themselves from the poetical influences which produced mythology, and they affirm, therefore, that the Jews were not exempt from the tendency of the primitive races to believe in legends and superhuman deeds.

The first German theologians who systematically adopted those opinions did not, at first, make any very bold deductions therefrom. But logic allows of no stages. Once the principle is laid down, it was quickly and with unequalled temerity applied, in a country where there was no check on the liberty of religious discussions. In effect, although Dr. de Wette was obliged to quit the university of Berlin, where his talents as a professor were not contested, it was nowise on account of his theological opinions, but through purely political motives. He was accused of having sympathized with Karl Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue. Whether true or false, that imputation compelled him to come and establish himself in Switzerland, where his noble character and peaceful disposition soon brought him into general consideration. It was considered at Basle that free discussion was the inevitable consequence of the Protestant principle, and even of the Christian one.* What, in fact, constitutes the essence of that principle? It is that the state is not, as was the case in pagan times, the keeper of men's consciences, which are responsible for their faith to the supreme tribunal alone. If such be the case, how can one be prevented discussing the dogmas and bases even of Christianity? The result

* It is from this point of view that the celebrated philologist, Orelli of Zurich, wrote in defence of the nomination of Dr. Strauss.

would, no doubt, be that certain persons would remain without the pale of the Gospel, but would Christian belief be free and meritorious, if imposed by police ordinances? Was it ever the custom in the first ages of Christianity to forbid the neophytes scrutinizing the proofs on which the conviction of the disciples of Christ was based? There were, at that time, no anathemas or condemnations, interdicting to intelligent beings the examination of those truths on which our moral life depends. Those who pronounced in favour of the evangelical faith, did so with that full liberty and that sincere ardour which disposed them to account for their belief before proconsuls and executioners. Since the time the papacy imposed its domination on the west, matters in that respect assumed another aspect. Even the most legitimate examination of religious questions was violently prohibited. Fire and sword were employed against those rash men who claimed the liberty of ancient times. To reflect on the bases of one's faith, to endeavour to account for it, was assimilated by law to crimes against life and property. Thanks to the Reformation, which broke the yoke of the popes, such a system—one shameful to Christianity—became altogether unpopular. It ought to be now-a-days scouted by men of every opinion, if they attach any value to the independence of knowledge and the freedom of the human mind.

So thought also the celebrated Dr. Neander. The sensation produced, in 1836, by the publication of the book of Dr. Strauss was, indeed, a profound one. The government of Frederick William the Third, seeing the extent of the public agitation, grew alarmed. It consulted Neander, then a professor in the university of Berlin. He declared, unhesitatingly, that Dr. Strauss' work was repugnant to all his convictions, that he did not believe his principles were founded on those of true science, but that he had full confidence in the power of free examination. He warmly urged, therefore, the continuation of the discussion, persuaded as he was that it would, soon or late, turn to the advantage of the truth. The government abided by that opinion, and left to christian science the task of replying to the objections contained in the "*Life of Christ*." By this course

of action, this "masterly inactivity," the ministers of the Prussian monarch showed their good sense as well as the truly evangelical nature of their sentiments. It appears to us that their example should be followed by all those who see real danger in the propagation of the ideas, of which Dr. de Wette and Dr. Strauss were the most celebrated representatives.

Nevertheless, the nomination of those two writers to professorships in Basle and Zurich is another question. Every one should be, no doubt, allowed to solve, according to his own reason and conscience, the various problems of Christianity. But is the government of a Christian nation acting rightly by placing in eminent positions as teachers, men whose opinions are evidently at variance with those of the immense majority of the citizens? What occurred at Zurich proves how deficient were the authorities in wisdom and policy. Scientific and religious liberty does certainly not require the appointment as professor of Christian theology of a man who disbelieves the divinity of Christ.

It is, of course, an imperious duty not to obstruct in any way his personal studies, or to deprive him of any of his civic rights; on the contrary, the widest possible toleration should be extended to him; but, on the other side, the convictions of those who have remained faithful to Christian traditions should not be disturbed. To act otherwise is to run the risk of a reaction, the consequences of which cannot be calculated. I do not fear to say that Dr. Strauss himself is of that opinion, for he has completely abandoned the ecclesiastical career—one incompatible with his avowed principles. His position appears to be better defined and more intelligible than when he accepted the chair of philosophy in Zurich. Can one possibly retain, at the same time, the benefits of orthodoxy and the liberty of doubting? If you do not share the opinions of the church of Christ, do not essay to become its pastors and preachers. To every one must be left his own work and his own task. It is to those who are believers that ought to be intrusted the teaching of the faith. Let philosophers beware of assuming the costume of theologians, which so ill-becomes them; otherwise, there will be no peace

between Christians or free thinkers. The former will become irritated at the irony with which their most sacred dogmas are spoken of, by the very persons whose duty it is to teach the evangelical doctrine; and the latter will always complain that the believers are shackling their liberty.

The example of France may, in that respect, be held out for the imitation of German theologians of the school of Dr. de Wette and Dr. Strauss. On the banks of the Seine, we find no sceptics coveting chairs of theology, or pretending to teach the dogmas of Catholicity. When the official church is no longer acknowledged, they act in that country like so many other eminent personages of their country, from Calvin to de Lamennais—they quit its ranks, and honourably go over to the side of its adversaries—and their conduct cannot be blamed by any one of heart and mind. It would be extremely strange to see a writer who has published "*Les affaires de Rome*," and "*Les paroles d'un croyant*," ascending a Catholic pulpit. The contradiction is visible at a glance. How then could the position of Dr. Strauss at Zurich be really considered more regular? The learned professor of Tübingen might reasonably take on himself to teach philosophy, literature, and history, but as for theology, the professor of such a science should be, at least, a Christian. Now Dr. Strauss—as openly manifested in every page of his book—is certainly not one at all. He is neither a Catholic, nor an Anglican, nor a Lutheran, nor a Calvinist, but simply one of Hegel's disciples. It is not our duty to censure or to convert him; we merely state a fact as patent as the noon-day sun. One should be logical and candid in everything, but a thousand times more so when religion is concerned.

As for the rest, Dr. Strauss' great reputation had preceded him to Zurich, and a reputation of that kind would have been very difficult to acquire, were his system such as Roman Catholics assert it to be. According to them it is a tissue of absurdities, but if so, how could it, one may ask, exercise so much influence over men's minds? Is it through ignorance or dishonest feeling that they have so much caricatured his opinions? It is difficult to decide, at once, on so delicate a question. It is,

however, repugnant to one's feelings to admit that they have willingly perverted the truth. We are, therefore, inclined to think that they speak of the works of the celebrated professor without having even gone fairly into them,—and that is the more likely, inasmuch as the Catholics are forbidden, as is known, under the pain of excommunication to read the books which are proscribed in the *Index Expurgatorius*. It is not surprising, therefore, to meet with very amusing comments on the works of the Reformers, as, for example, in M. Nicolas's *Le Protestantisme*.

As for Dr. Strauss, if the writers of the Romish church were not allowed to read his *Life of Jesus*, they might, at least, glance over Edgar Quinet's eloquent refutation of that work, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Had M. Cretineau-Joly taken that precaution, he never would have indited the following extraordinary lines:—"There existed in Germany a Dr. Strauss, whom his aberration of judgment and extravagance of doctrine rendered famous, in some gatherings of atheists. His theories were as cloudy and as incomprehensible as his words,—theories exposed to all the winds of human contradiction. Strauss professed nothing but merely dogmatised. All that one could discover in the labyrinth of his essentially illogical deductions was that Jesus Christ never existed,—that he was a myth. The Bible, in his eye, was a novel. According to this sophist, all ancient and modern religions were only based on sacerdotal quackery, speculating on the credulity of weak minds."*

All this is as false as it is offensive. The author affects a sharp tone, no doubt in order to pass, in the opinion of his partisans, as a profound theologian. It is curious to find a man with a European reputation spoken of as "a Dr. Strauss," just as if one said: "There was formerly a king and a queen." There is something grotesque in the clumsy pleasantries so much in vogue amongst the reverend fathers of the company of Jesus. Nothing can be better, in combating the ideas of Dr. Strauss, than to follow the method of Neander, Mussard,

* *Histoire du Sonderbund*, vol. i. p. 275.

Edgar Quinet, Coquerel, and several other distinguished men of learning, who refute them from the philosophical, from the theological, and from the historical points of view. Even Dr. Strauss, who so often appeals to science, cannot be offended thereat. But to set down his book as the vulgar production of an unenlightened and unintelligent atheist, is inadmissible for any one who has any respect for truth.

M. Athanasius Coquerel, a minister of the Holy Gospel, and one of the pastors of the Reformed church of Paris, does not speak in such a tone of the author of *the Life of Jesus*.* Whilst deploring that the celebrated professor should have employed his talents in the service of scepticism, he willingly and with good grace admits that he is a man of extraordinary intellect and of immense learning. M. Edgar Quinet, who has given an admirable analysis of the work, declares that it is the most forcible one written against the New Testament since the days of Voltaire. Accordingly, we find that the most learned theologians of Germany, such as Eschenmayer and Neander,† did not consider they were wasting their time in conscientiously bringing knowledge to bear upon it in refutation. They did not content themselves with saying: "A Dr. Strauss," as if he were a nobody or a simpleton. I shall not dwell on the polite assertion, "that his aberrations of judgment and extravagance of doctrine had rendered him celebrated in some gatherings of Atheists." Dr. Strauss was a professor in the university of Tubingen, one of the most renowned in Protestant Germany. If Dr. Strauss, when speaking of one of the professors of the College de France, had said: "Mr. so and so, whom his aberration of judgment and extravagance of doctrine had rendered celebrated," he would be justly set down as an ill-bred writer. Is propriety to be dispensed with, the moment learned men beyond the Rhine are referred to? We have a better opinion of French politeness. As for the "extravagance" of Strauss' opinions, a book which is merely an *extravagant* one cannot throw all Europe into ex-

* A. Coquerel's *Réponse au Docteur Strauss*.

† See Zeller's *Les voix de l'Eglise allemande*.

citement, set so many universities at work, and call forth so many refutations.* When a Catholic writer, M. de Bonald,† wrote a book to prove that the world did not turn round, did people trouble themselves about such eccentricity? The same thing would have happened to Dr. Strauss, if he composed a work of like character.

It is not surprising that the favourite author of the Jesuits should accuse Dr. Strauss of atheism. Every one is, in their eyes, an atheist who does not regard the visions of Ignatius de Loyola as revelations from heaven, and who does not believe Father Loricquet to be one of the fathers of the church. The truth is that Dr. Strauss, a disciple of Hegel, does not admit the Christian notion of the personality of God. Why not say so? Must exaggerated expressions be employed even when referring to the most unfounded ideas? If you call a radical a socialist, may he not term you a calumniator? Those vague epithets, borrowed from the style of the inquisitors, have the fault of confounding everything, and of being in the majority of cases supremely unjust.

As Dr. Strauss happens to be a German, M. Creteineau-Joly does not of course fail to impute to him cloudy theories, as incomprehensible as his words. This again is nothing but mere declamation. In the opinion of many Frenchmen, it is impossible for any one who is born at Wittemberg or Stuttgart to be clear in idea. Where is the concocter of *feuilletons* who has not attempted a thousand witticisms about the mists of the Rhine and the clouds of Germany? Such platitudes may be tolerated in certain obscure journals, but in a history,—one, too, devoted to the military exploits of the company of Jesus,—such phrases are all the more out of place that Dr. Strauss is perfectly clear in style and substance. He is neither “cloudy nor incomprehensible,” nor even abstract. He might even be taken for a pupil of the French encyclopedists. With the exception of some formulas borrowed from his master, Hegel, he always

* M. Mussard gives a long list in his refutation published in Geneva, amongst others the work of Dr. Lange, professor in the university of Zurich.

† See De Bonald's *Moïse et les géologues*.

keeps to facts, discusses texts, and, like Bayle in his famous dictionary, essays to set forth contradictions in broad relief. Now, who would say of Bayle that his theories are obscure and incomprehensible? Were such expressions attributed, particularly by any one born on the shores of the Seine, to Kant, Hegel, Schelling, Jacobi, and Schleiermacher, no one would be surprised; but to employ them towards Niebuhr, Leopold Ranke, Lessing, and Dr. Strauss, sounds certainly strange enough. Even if one happens to be the official historiographer of the Jesuits, even if, with their benediction, he had received a portion of their infallibility, he would still have exposed himself to lasting ridicule by such assertions. I pass over the magnificent phrases: "Strauss never professed; he merely dogmatized; he was delivered over to all the winds of human contradiction." Horace would have called such phrases, "words a foot and a half long," mere "*sesquipedalia verba*."

Without venturing to treat so harshly the terms employed by the author of the *Sonderbund*, it is difficult for us to admit that he has not descended to mere declamation.

I now come to something more serious. M. Cretineau-Joly affirms that Dr. Strauss maintained that Christ never existed,—that he is a *myth*. It is probable that the former did not take into due account the meaning of that Greek word, which has been so much used and abused; or rather that the antagonist of Strauss confounds his system with that of Dupuis and Volney. Those learned men pretended that Christ ought to be considered as a purely astronomical symbol. But where has the German professor maintained aught of that kind? He repeated over and over again that there was nothing supernatural in Christ's birth, that his baptism was not accompanied by any prodigy, that the recital of his miracles was purely legendary, and *that his resurrection and ascension are to be considered as myths*; but he neither denied his existence as a worker, nor his laborious preaching, nor his diatribes against the Pharisees, nor his struggle against the *grandees* of his nation, nor his trial, nor his crucifixion. His explanations on that score are of the most positive nature. How then, after all this, can any one impute

to him extravagances of which he never dreamed? The word which I have just written may serve, perhaps, for an explanation. Men of a certain party are pleased to have *extravagant* adversaries. Nothing is, in fact, more convenient. There is no necessity to be learned or patient with *extravagant* people,—for extravagance refutes itself. Moreover, it is glorious for the Romish church to be combated only by the foolish. How pleasant for its apologists to be able to say that when any one quits *their* church common sense quits *him*. Such, probably, is the reason why the defenders of Rome lavish the most odious names on their adversaries. M. Nicolas knows that socialism is not in fashion, so he publishes a book, showing that Protestants are all socialists. See for instance! what a hotbed of socialism is Berlin!!!

M. Cretineau-Joly next proceeds to draw his conclusions. First, Dr. Strauss is a sophist,—a word easily written. An atheist who heaps up together only extravagances and contradictions, is necessarily a sophist. The word is even moderate enough when the premises are considered. But with what disgust are we not inspired by so insulting a mode of argument,—one too familiar to the Society of Jesus, and receiving its inspirations not from the library, but apparently from the tavern. Those reflections bring to my remembrance a crude compilation directed against Protestantism by one of the most celebrated Jesuits of the day. It contains a long chapter respecting the private conduct of many priests who have lately withdrawn from the Catholic church. A strange argument against the Reformation! Of what importance are the delusions, the errors, or even the vices of individuals? But how would Catholicism stand affected, if such things are really to be considered? What kind of men were the majority of the Popes? Were Alexander the VI., and John the XXIII., apostles and martyrs? If you tolerate, in the person of the “Vicar of Christ,” such peccadilloes as incest or assassination, you should, methinks, be somewhat less eager to rake up scandalous anecdotes or to make a collection of libels.

Nevertheless, Catholicism, which is richer in expedients than

arguments, directed, on the occasion of the publication of the *Life of Jesus*, a violent attack against all those churches who do not bow down before papal despotism. All those, it said, who do not *gather* with the Roman pontiff, *disperse*; and when they will not listen to the oracles which issue from his *infallible* mouth, they fall, be it soon or be it late, into certain scepticism. That is what happened to the Protestant church. If Count Joseph Le Maistre may be believed, the Oriental church itself inclines that way. The bill of indictment, it will be seen, is not wanting in gravity or extent, and we are under the necessity of replying to it, as well as the Western Christians have done, whose only authority is the Holy Scripture. We are now in presence of the most daring of the pretensions of Rome, viz., *of being for modern society as well as for each individual, an ark of safety*. Without her, the theologian becomes a sceptic, the philosopher an atheist, the politician a socialist! She alone is the grand preserver from all evils and all errors! Such is her prospectus, or rather her ideal. In the West, many people who have not sufficiently reflected on the state of the different churches, too willingly admit those exorbitant pretensions.

Nevertheless, if they did not take words for ideas, nor phrases for facts, they would soon see that religious scepticism has been, up to our day, a malady particularly belonging to the Western branch of the primitive church. We might go further, and prove that it is more thoroughly defined, less respectful of established principles, and more audacious in the Catholic than in the Protestant nations of the 19th century. Was scepticism originated on Protestant soil? Were the cardinals of Leo the Tenth's time, who swore by the "immortal gods," the pupils of Luther or of Zuingli? Were not the boldest thinkers of the *Renaissance*, such as Jordano Bruno, Telesio, Pomponazzi, Vanini, Servetus, Ochino, and Gentilis, born in Catholic countries? Did the Protestant States present, in the 18th century, bolder writers than Moliere, Gassendi, La Fontaine and their friends? Was not France, in the same century,—that France which Rome calls "her eldest daughter,"—the theatre of the most daring innovations? Do Oxford or Geneva claim as disciples such men as

Voltaire, d'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, the Abbé Raynal, D'Holbach, Condorcet, Buffon, Montesquieu, Marmontel, Laharpe, Mirabeau, Lamettrie, or d'Argens? The men who in 1793 overthrew the altars and proclaimed atheism, had certainly not been brought up in German universities.

We see, therefore, what foundation there is for the fundamental pretension of Catholicism, which sets down all the Christian churches as so many schools of doubt. Is there in the world a more unbelieving nation than the French, who have forty-thousand Catholic priests for their guides, without counting the Jesuits, the Capuchins, the Dominicans, the Liguorists, the Marists, the Trappists, and other monks, white, black, brown, and grey? * If some portions of the earth may be still named, in which the faith of the middle ages has remained intact, be it some Mexican city buried in the Cordilleras, or some old hamlet in the Pyrenees, forgotten by every one, it is certain that books are as scarce there as is reflection, and that when discussion begins it will necessarily produce therein the same fruits as at Paris, Rome, Turin, and Brussels. The papal writers who speak so disdainfully of the Eastern church should recollect that it has succeeded better than that of Rome in keeping the people who are under its direction attached to Christianity. The errors which completely overthrow the basis of belief are all but unknown amongst us. Atheism, which has committed such ravages in the bosom of Roman Catholic society, has not penetrated into ours. Nevertheless, we have not had recourse to the odious violences to which the Pope's church has resorted for the maintenance of his domination. The flames of the Auto da Fe have never illumined those countries which live under the shelter of the Greek cross. We have not known those wars of religion, those massacres of entire populations, those "Saint Bartholomews," which have justly brought execration on the Romish church. We are completely ignorant of those ridiculous measures which are taken against books and writers. We envy not Rome her congregation of the *Index*, and in order to preserve Christ-

* See E. de Pressensé's *Du Catholicisme en France*.

ian faith we employ not the abominable expedient of spiritual despotism. Very unfounded, indeed, then, is the pretension of Roman Catholicism, that it alone possesses the means of preserving nations from the contagion of scepticism.

Undoubtedly Protestantism does not present that unity of conviction which should be the object of mankind; but though that goal should be approached as speedily as possible, we may be sure it never will be attained. Diversity in opinions, even in religious opinions, is the natural consequence of human liberty and of variety of intelligence. Truth is, certainly, *one* in its essence; nevertheless men regard it with more or less feeble eyes.* A piercing glance takes in all the details of a landscape; although that landscape does not change, less strong eyes will perceive only a part of it. The half-blind mole that digs its abode in the furrow, does not possess the glance of the eagle soaring to the skies. We must be resigned to the inevitable results of our human nature. That its condition is a very imperfect one will be readily admitted by every superficial as well as attentive observer. Nevertheless, it cannot be reformed by factitious or violent means; or, if attempted, torrents of blood must be shed, and, after ages of struggles and massacres, man will be exactly what he was on the first day of the contest. These considerations suffice for estimating at their just value the declamatory invectives of the Roman Catholics, with reference to the publication of Dr. Strauss' work, and the mental state of the Protestant community.

As for the Zurich government, which summoned the professor from Tubingen to a theological chair in a Swiss university, we have already said what we think. M. Cretineau-Joly does not forget to refer to the subject in the following high-sounding phrases:—"In the hands of secret associations, Dr. Strauss, whose elocution abounded in premeditated obscurity, and who was inexhaustible in his humanitarian aspirations, became a highly valuable man." In that passage the Jesuitical eloquence shines in all its lustre. It would be a pity not to give another

* Each man sees the same truth, but from a different stand-point.—*Trans.*

specimen. The author of the "*History of the Sonderbund*," in speaking of the German professors appointed, like Dr. Strauss, to university posts, observes that "all envenomed with the rancour of irritated pride, those professors, at the instigation of the demagogue-ridden classes, passed to abrupt applications, and did violence to the truth." Unfortunately for M. Cretineau-Joly, Dr. Strauss, instead of belonging to the "demagogue race," is a decided conservative, and as member of the Wirtemberg Chamber of Deputies, he has constantly voted against the radicals, and has given them many a hard rap.

Be that as it may, the synod of Zurich was alarmed at the dangerous tendencies of Dr. Strauss' teaching, with reference to the Christian belief of the canton, and demanded his dismissal; and in so acting it was evidently only making use of the right of every corporation placed at the head of a national church. The government, however, considered, or feigned to consider, the manifestation on the part of the clergy as a purely isolated one, although the Zurich clergy have been always so noted, since the time of the Reformation, for their enlightenment and spirit of toleration, that it becomes most difficult to believe that they yielded this time to the inspirations of fanaticism. It may be mentioned in their favour, that after the victory of their party they preached indulgence and oblivion. As the radical authorities did not attend to the demands of the clergy, the people rose up late at night on the 5th of December, 1839,—the peasantry armed with carbines and their implements of labour. From amidst the ranks arose the old canticle of Zuingli, so often chaunted by their fathers when they marched against the soldiers of Rome. How could so spontaneous a movement be resisted? The government was soon overthrown and replaced by men whose religious opinions were conformable to those of the multitude.

Great was the surprise of Europe in general when it heard of an insurrection of such a nature in the canton of Zurich. Certain persons, who pretended to be far-seeing, had affirmed that there was no possibility of one's seeing again the spectacle of a religious sedition. The Sonderbund war, the campaign of Rome,

and the events that followed, have proved to them the contrary. Religious questions spring up again from their ashes. Individuals, like nations, grow weary of shedding their blood for merely temporal interests, and, soon or late, end by aspiring to that which is eternal. Can such manifestations be regarded as symptoms of decay? Whatever one may think of them, they ought to be a serious lesson for contemporary statesmen; and, perhaps, they will teach them the **INTIMATE CONNEXION BETWEEN RELIGIOUS FAITH AND SOCIAL REFORMS**. Do you think, for example, that Spain can ever become a truly liberal country so long as it submits to the superstitions of the 10th century? When the mind is enslaved, political liberty is impossible. The free peoples, and such as have remained free—England, Switzerland, and Holland—began by religious reform. They destroyed spiritual despotism, in order not to fall again, in the temporal order of things, under the yoke of absolute power.

The insurrection of the peasants of Zurich was, undoubtedly, a war of religion, but the results showed in how great a degree those men were enlightened and liberal.

When Pope Gregory XVI. triumphed over the insurrection in the legations of 1831, every one knows how violent were the proceedings of his agents. Cardinal Albani acquired, under those circumstances, a melancholy notoriety. It is useless to write the history of the reaction which followed the restoration of Pius IX. Very different was the system adopted at Zurich. The "Committee of the Protestant Faith" published a proclamation which, now that moderation is so little practised by opposing parties, may be profitably reproduced here: "Citizens and brothers! God has accorded the victory to the cause of justice, but it has been dearly purchased. Several of our brethren fell whilst combating for it—shedding their blood for Christ and their country. God will reward them in another world. Our country and the rich townsmen will take care of the widows and orphans. Bear that important victory long in remembrance, so that, in memory of your brethren who died for the sake of their holy religion, you may always prove that

piety and virtue will be the guides of your public and private life. Brothers, we conjure you, in the name of that holy religion which directed your arms in the contest, not to make any reprisals against those who have done ill to you. Show yourselves to be worthy disciples of Christ; like him pardon your enemies, and leave it to God to be avenged. Soon or late, he will bring the guilty to account. The punishment of the impious and the unbelieving is already severe enough, on account of the victory over them." M. Cretineau-Joly is angry at "such homilies," and because the triumphant party knew not how "to turn the victory to account." We all know the meaning of such words in the mouths of those who are the patrons of the *Index* and of the Inquisition. Fortunately, such conservatives are not to be found in Zurich. There are no Albani in the country of Zuingli and of Lavater. For our part, we willingly confess that we are of the opinion of Voltaire:—

"Exterminez, grand Dieu! de la terre où nous sommes,
Quiconque, *avec plaisir*, répand le sang des hommes."

Musingly I quitted the spot, and passed through the winding streets of the ancient city. Here, on the banks of the lake whence issue the limpid waters of the Limmat, tarried, in the time of Augustus, those Romans who, with their triumphant eagles, carried everywhere the germs of civilization—founding in this part a station to which they gave the name of *Thuricum*, and which was destroyed in the 5th century by those invading barbarians who passed like a destructive torrent over all the Latin countries. But the situation was too delightful a one to be left a solitude. The *Statio quadragesima Galliarum** soon rose up from the ruins, and became a fortress or city of the empire. The Roman station then underwent a complete transformation. It became a *castellum*, that is to say, an asylum against the incursions of ferocious hordes, and served as a shelter for a number of citizens, who were protected by the sword of the dukes of Zæhringen, afterwards by that of the counts of

* The 40th station of Transalpine Gaul.

Kyburg, and finally by that of the barons of Regensberg. Thanks to its admirable position on the road between Germany and Italy, it rapidly prospered; and a turbulent population—traders, innkeepers, and travellers, were seen bustling about. Like so many cities of the middle ages, it aspired to be a *commune*, with its belfry, its magistrates, its warlike corporations,—and its aspirations were realized. In 1218, it became an imperial and free city; waged, in the middle of the 13th century, under the orders of its general, Rodolph of Habsburg, a war against the neighbouring barons, and destroyed their vulture nests. Its democratic habits were rapidly developed. So early as the year 1335, the men of Zurich, instigated by the celebrated Rodolph Brunn, drove out the noblemen who, up to that time, had ruled over the stormy bourgeoisie, and concluded an alliance with the Wald states, whose soil was the cradle of the Helvetic confederation.

In our day, Zurich has broken up its narrow and sombre limits. Every day new houses are springing up at its gates or within its walls. The city, with its narrow and steep streets, is visibly undergoing a transformation, without, however, losing its ancient aspect. You would imagine there are two towns in juxtaposition, between which the Limmat, crossed by several bridges, urges its impetuous career. The so-called large town, surmounted by the massive domes of the Byzantine temple of the Gross-Münster, a noble yet simple edifice, extends along the sides of the Zurichberg, and descends towards the lake, whose charming banks are embellished with modern houses and vast mansions furnished with balconies adorned with beautiful flowers. The lesser town, surrounded by the waters of the Limmat and the Sihl, and intersected by canals, is partly constructed on the Lindenhof and St. Peter hills, and partly in the valley extending from the Zurichberg to the Uttliberg. The scene from the slopes of the Uttliberg—the one I now gaze upon with admiration—is unspeakably beautiful. From this spot my eye takes in all Zurich and the lovely lake—the valley which the Limmat, appearing like a silver thread, fertilizes with its waters, the defiant ridges of the Oberland

glaciers and the Jura, from the banks of the lake of Bienné, celebrated by Rousseau, up to the last brows of that steep range which dies down near Aarau,—where Zschokke lived, and above which, almost confounded with the horizon, arise the distant tops of the Vosges and the declivities of the Black Forest.

Happy city, on which all the gifts of nature and of intellect, and all the genius of industry and agricultural science, have been lavished, as also those blessings of Freedom, without which there is no enjoyment in the utmost favours of Heaven!

XIX.

The sun was already shining over the Zurichberg when our boat quitted the port. The enchanting banks of the lake were still lazily dozing, as it were, in the forenoon heats. Still were the morning mists spread over the waters, yet with such capricious levity, that they might be taken for white nymphs in ever-varying forms and shapes. Over a vast extent, the yellow-tinted waves appeared covered with, as it were, a gauze of deadened gold, being that wonderful revelation of life and love manifested in the spring-time by the graceful plants of those waters. I could scarcely distinguish, in the distance, the charming houses on the hills. Zurich alone was bathed in light, and seemed to wear a crown of diamonds. I gazed with eager delight on this city, for which its inhabitants claim the title of the modern Athens.

In my opinion there is nothing in the intellectual world to be compared with the metropolis of Minerva, which was the cradle of Eschylus, of Aristophanes, of Euripides, of Socrates, of Thucydides, of Demosthenes, of Plato! Nevertheless, if, by the comparison between Zurich and the capital of Attica, it is meant to refer to the greater number of eminent men born in the latter than in countries subjected to despotism, then I shall readily admit the truth of the parallel. The immense empire which was subjected to the King of kings* has left, in the history of

* The title given by his flatterers to the first Darius, defeated at Marathon, B. C. 490.—*Trans.*

intellect, no traces of its existence, whilst Athens has become the flaming light of humanity, by the genius of its poets, its philosophers, and its artists. It is a rare destiny for a city to possess, in the same degree, the instinct of poetry, art, and science.* In like manner, the fecundity of the country of Pestalozzi, Gessner, and Lavater, may be justly vaunted. In that generous land, intellectual life has never become extinct. Like those meteors which disappear from heaven without leaving any void, eminent minds replace those who have gloriously existed before them—

“Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.”

In theology Zurich possesses many illustrious professors. Zuingli, who preached within its walls, was the most learned of the Reformers. Bullinger, his successor, was surnamed the Numa of the new church. Leo Juda, Pellican, Wolf, Zimmermann, Stoltz, J. J. Hess, and J. Schulthess, have been eminent interpreters of Scripture,—Breitinger, Clauser, Lavater, J. G. Schulthess, Hæfeli, and J. Conrad Orelli, have been brilliant professors.

The branches of science, not directly connected with religion, have not been less successfully cultivated at Zurich than the sacred. Since the time when Conrad Gessner, justly surnamed the “Pliny of modern times,” set the example of such studies, J. de Muralt has described the plants of Switzerland under the poetical name of “*Paradise of Helvetia*” (*Paradisus Helveticæ*). Scheuchzer, who, on the recommendation of Leibnitz, was invited to the court of Peter the Great, has left a much-esteemed “*Na-*

* Moreover, in instituting such parallels, we must ever take into consideration the difference of *material* development of the two countries. Macaulay says most truly that Poetry, and in a measure *Art*, flourish best in semi-barbarous ages, but we nowhere read in Athenian history of such a work as the canalization of the Linth, unquestionably a more meritorious, a more useful, a more beneficent work, than the Jupiter of Phidias, or the Parthenon itself. I *admire* the great men of Athens:—I *love and reverence* the patriotism, the self-devotion, the single-mindedness of the Swiss “representative men.” They only need the “undefinable,”—but I have already quoted Lord Byron’s admirable description of the romantic effect of Time upon spots celebrated in history.—*Trans.*

tural history of Switzerland." Usteri was the distinguished disciple of Jussieu, whilst Hegetschweiler, in his *Swiss Flora*, and in his *Treatise on poisonous plants*, followed the method of Linnæus. Oken zealously cultivated natural science, and Abel and Escher von der Linth geology, the son of the latter, Mr. Arnold Escher, following in the same pursuit. Rahn and Pommer have distinguished themselves in medicine.

In philology and in the art of teaching may be quoted such names as Bibliander, H. Hottinger, Steinbrüchel, Scherr, and Pestalozzi.

J. J. Leu, de Meiss, L. Keller, J. J. Pestalutz, and Blüntschli, are celebrated juriconsults.

Zurich has also produced the geographers Felix Faber, who travelled in Palestine in the fifteenth century, J. C. Fæsi, who, in 1790, published an essay on *Swiss Geography and Statistics*, and H. Heidegger, the author of a *Manual for Travellers in Switzerland*.

Feer, Gaspard Hirzel, and G. Horner, have been good astronomers.

Several inhabitants of Zurich have left highly esteemed historical productions. In the ninth century, Dean Ratpert wrote a *History of the Convent of Saint Gall*; Felix Hæmmerlin depicted with much force the vices of the clergy in the fifteenth century, and Gerold Edlibach has written the history of Switzerland at that epoch.

The *Swiss Chronicle* of Stumpf has long been a popular favourite. Bullinger is also the author of a *Helvetian Chronicle*, which is justly appreciated. Hottinger's *History of the Church* is one of great research, and a writer of the same name was one of those who carried on the history of Switzerland after the death of Muller. J. C. Fussli produced the *Annals of the Reformation*, and Solomon Hirzel, Usteri, and H. Fussli, have thrown considerable light on the general history of the Confederation.

Poetry was cultivated in Zurich from the time of the middle ages. Amongst the most celebrated troubadours of that epoch may be named Conrad von Mure, Hartmann von der Aue, and

J. Hadloub. In more modern times Bullinger, L. Meyer von Knonau, Lavater, Bodmer, Solomon Gessner, and Tobler, have imparted sufficient fame to the Zurich muse to have gained for their poems a European celebrity. Gessner, in particular, has met with very great appreciation. He had acquired true fame by his *Idyls* which appeared in 1756—an epoch in which a “used up” age was smitten with love of rural life. The bucolic poetry of the Swiss writer spread throughout Europe, and, perhaps, contributed more to direct public attention to his native city, than did the gigantic labours of his namesake, Conrad Gessner, who was the worthy predecessor of the great Haller, an eminent philologist, a naturalist of the first order, a sublime thinker, a devout Christian, and a heroic labourer. Now that there exists a more accurate appreciation of antiquity, no one would venture to compare the too artificial compositions of Gessner with those of Theocritus and Virgil, but it must not be, on that account, concluded that the popular author of the *Death of Abel*, and *The first Navigator* was not possessed of some sparks of the sacred fire. His affecting picture of the battle of Næfels proves how pleasingly and effectively he would have described the grand scenes of national history, if, instead of celebrating an imaginary Arcadia, he had sung the valiant shepherds of the olden days of Helvetia.

It is, above all, in the art of criticism and in the science of the beautiful that Zurich shines with the greatest lustre. J. G. Sulzer,* author of a *Theory of the Fine Arts*, was summoned by Frederick the Great to Berlin, in order to direct the philosophical class in the academy of that capital. A third, J. J. Hottinger, published a remarkable essay entitled, “*Comparison between the German poets and those of Greece and Rome.*” Superior learning is found in Horner’s work, “*Picture of Greek antiquity,*” and in Meyer’s “*History of Painting and Sculpture in Greece.*” J. H. Meister’s works give the highest idea of his purity of taste and his general acquirements.

But, as I have shown, it is chiefly by the writings of Bodmer

* See his life in Meister.

and Breitinger that the Zurich school exercised an immense influence. It was by their productions that it gained in Germany a complete victory over principles of a nature calculated to divest German literature of every claim to originality.

Amongst the musicians, the celebrated Nægeli must be first mentioned, and it would not be just to pass over such composers as Leo Juda, H. Goldschmid, and Raphael Egli. In Zurich also flourished a multitude of painters, such as the poet Solomon Gessner, Landolt, J. W. Fussli, Freudweiler, Graf, D. Sulzer, Hitz, Aberli, J. Hess, Wüst, J. Meyer, and J. Ulrich. Sculpture lays claim to Balthazar Keller, who filled the gardens of Versailles and of the Tuileries with his master-pieces, and architecture to Felder and Rüzistolfer.

Has the superb city of Vienna,—that city absorbed in the sensual life secured to it by the Austrian Cæsars,—ever given birth to such a multitude of distinguished men? Despotism not only degrades the character, it clips even the wings of genius, and becomes a real obstacle in the way of scientific and literary development.

The graceful outlines of the shore became more and more distinct, and appeared decked out in all the brilliant tints of the dawn of day. The Forch and the Pfannestiel, which had replaced the slopes of the Zurichberg, dipped, as it were, their corn-fields, bespangled with vermilion flowers, into the very waters. Higher up the tops of the apple and apricot trees were mirrored in the lake, together with graceful festoons of vines which drooped languidly on the humid ground. The sturdy firs, mingled with maples and larches, stretched out like a curtain along the rounded summits. The shades of night were stealing over the chain of the Albis, where the orchards, the gardens, the meadows, and the fields form so many delicious retreats, and where life seems to pass away in songs and dreams of happiness. One would almost think entire tribes, from all parts of the earth, have tarried on those enchanting banks, which are covered with human habitations. Hamlets and isolated cottages are mingled with manufactories and opulent farm-houses, and everywhere is seen *that social comfort which ennobles our*

race; that peace which, being the supreme gift of all, is only acquired through trials; that abundance, which is the fruit of incessant and general toil, and which contributes as much as nature to adorn these beautiful spots. One would as willingly request hospitality in the humblest cottage in the thicket as in those summer houses which are surrounded by parks and gilt wickets and gateways.

Soon the whole disappeared like a dream, as I was rambling over the Horgereck. Thus does the most beautiful image rapidly vanish away. Still as I gazed all was calm and sunny. Such banks as these invite to repose all who are weary of this sorrowful life. The isle of Ufenau which, at some distance, arises on these transparent waters, was the peaceful elysium of Ulrich von Hutten towards the end of his troublous career. The formidable adversary of Rome, when pursued by his enemies, was indebted to the kindness of Zuingli for this happy asylum, in which he ended his days.

In the 16th century, a certain number of noblemen most energetically combated the abuses of the Papacy. Their relations with the lettered world had taught them to hold ignorance and superstition in contempt. Those who frequented the universities, particularly that of Paris, had found amongst the Doctors much opposition to monkish despotism. Amongst those noblemen who were thus disposed to accept the new opinions, none left behind so celebrated a name as Ulrich von Hutten,—his philippics against the Papacy having acquired for him the glorious name of the “German Demosthenes.” “He had a great and impetuous soul,”* says a historian of the time, and he was as much distinguished by his writings as by his chivalrous bravery. Descended from an ancient family of Franconia, he was sent, at the age of twelve years, to the monastery of Fulda, and there it was he learned to know what monks are—and to despise them. His stay there was far from inspiring him with a taste for monastic life; in fact he conceived such a hatred of it that, at the age of sixteen, he fled from it, and took up his

* *Animus ingens et ferox.*

abode at the university of Cologne, where he gave himself up to the ardent study of languages and poetry. In 1513 he assisted as a private soldier at the siege of Padua, and beheld Rome in all its pomp and all its scandal. On his return to Germany he wrote a very dashing sketch called "*The Roman Trinity*."

"There are three things," says one of the personages introduced, "which one generally brings back from Rome,—a bad conscience, a spoiled stomach, and an empty purse. There are three things which Rome does not believe in,—the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and hell;—there are three things in which Rome carries on a good business,—the favour of Christ, ecclesiastical dignities, and women."

The publication of this sketch was the commencement of Hutten's tribulations, as he was obliged to quit the court of the Archbishop of Mayence, with whom he was living. The celebrated Reuchlin was then engaged in a quarrel with the Dominicans, against whom he had engaged the literary men, the magistrates, and those nobles who were hostile to the monks. Hutten distinguished himself, at the head of that brilliant array of talent, by his inexhaustible wit. He brought out a famous satire, under the title of "*Letters of some obscure men*," in which he was assisted by one of his university friends, Crotus Robianus, and several humourists assembled at the country-house of Franz von Sickingen.* That work has all the good qualities and defects of the pamphlets of the 16th century; so one must not expect to find the delicate touches of Voltaire or the attic wit of Paul Louis Courier. Force and truth are not wanting, but there is too much coarseness, suitable, however, to the taste of an epoch which delighted in Rabelais.

An immense sensation was produced throughout Europe by that book, in which some monks, adversaries of Reuchlin, and the supposed authors of those letters, are made to converse in the barbarous Latin of the monasteries, on the affairs of the day. Those monks address to their correspondent, Ortius Gratius,

* Sickingen was an undoubted leader of Free lances, but of good family, and truly chivalrous generosity. He seems to have been a patron of men of letters, and his face is, without exception, the finest in the Valhalla.—*Trans.*

a professor at Cologne, the silliest and most ridiculous questions. Their intolerable ignorance, their scepticism, their low and superstitious ideas, their gluttony, their pride, and their persecuting zeal, are admirably touched off. At the same time they relate to their friends several of their grotesque adventures, and the debauched conduct of their superiors. The tone of those letters, sometimes simple, sometimes hypocritical, renders them truly comic. The monks, in a fury, besought Leo X. to interdict by a bull the circulation of the work, but the Pope refused. Leo X., as is well known, was a friend to literary men and to the humourists, so he allowed the book to make its way. He was unwilling to condemn a work in which the ignorance of the religious orders was so wittily ridiculed. This was a terrible check for the monkish party. To fail at such a crisis in obtaining the support of the papacy, was the one drop too much.

Ulrich von Hutten, deprived of the protection of the Archbishop of Mayence, hoped to obtain that of Charles the Fifth, then engaged in a quarrel with the see of Rome. He accordingly went to Brussels, where he learnt that the pontiff had asked the Emperor to give him (Hutten) up, bound hand and foot. Indignant, he left Brussels and retired to the castle of Ebenburg, where Francis von Sickingen had offered an asylum to all those who were persecuted by the ultramontanists. In that retreat Hutten wrote some remarkable letters to several powerful personages, amongst others to the Emperor—letters which brought him into the highest repute, and which are animated by a patriotic zeal for the emancipation of Germany, and warlike ardour against Rome. It was there also he produced those popular works which excited amongst his countrymen a thorough hatred of Roman tyranny.* Full of ardour for the cause of the Reformation, Ulrich von Hutten was anxious to induce the German nobility to take up arms against Rome, and already he saw, in imagination, his fierce battalions encamped under the walls of the eternal city—dictating laws to that power which had so long kept under the christian world.

* Hutten's works were published in Berlin by Munchen, in five vols., 8vo, 1822-1825.

Entirely absorbed by the courageous struggle on which he had entered, he paid no attention even to his dearest interests. Although the eldest of the family, he gave up his paternal estate to his brothers, and begged of them not to send him any money, or even to write to him, in order that they might not be exposed to sacerdotal vengeance.

After the disastrous battle of Landstein, in which Sickingen and the cavaliers who had espoused his cause perished, Hutten despaired of seeing the realization of those hopes which had buoyed him up till then. In vain he looked for their triumphing, with the aid of the nobles. He, therefore, only desired a little repose and tranquillity, and sought them at the house of his old friend Erasmus, at Basle, but the prudent humourist was too cautious to open his door to a poor sick man who was persecuted by the Pope, outlawed by Charles the Fifth, and who was in the habit of sparing no one. He refused even to see him, and the chief magistrate of the city obliged the celebrated opponent of the monks to quit it without delay. Taking refuge at Mulhausen, Hutten wrote a violent pamphlet against Erasmus, to which the latter replied with his usual wit. But is wit sufficient to make posterity forget such base conduct as his?

Zuingli possessed more resolution. No power on earth could have prevented him doing his duty. He received Hutten with all the regard due to talent, misfortune, and intrepidity. Hutten was soon forced, however, by the cabals in the city, to take refuge in the island of Ufenau, to the pastor of which place, Schnepf, he brought a letter of introduction from Zuingli. That obscure and unprotected clergyman proved more courageous than Erasmus, the favourite of kings, and as he was skilled in medicine, he most carefully attended to the illustrious exile. The beautiful scenery before the eyes of the latter, and the delightful banks of the lake, calmed, no doubt, his sorrowing soul, which was weary of so many struggles and sufferings. He died in August 1523, in such a state of poverty, that he left absolutely nothing, except those works which have immortalized him.

Zuingli, to whom we are indebted for these details, might well ponder, at that time, on the fate which awaits religious reformers. Did he not then foresee his own—that which was reserved for him on the battle-field of Cappel, where his body was to be torn in pieces, and his ashes were to be mingled with those of swine? One thing at least was not refused the celebrated friend of Francis von Sickingen, the popular author who made pope and emperor tremble—a modest tomb in the land of liberty.

A poet of Aarau, Frölich, has perceived how much of the dramatic there is in the life we have just sketched,* and has written a poem in seven cantos, entitled "*Ulrich von Hutten.*" The author had already sung Zuingli in a composition where poetry is blended with history. Hutten offered a more varied subject than the reformer of Zurich. A poet, an artist, a knight, avid of independence and adventures, he was one day at Vienna, another at Cologne, journeying from the Rhine to the Tiber, and from the Alps to the Baltic, and constantly in communication with the illustrious men of his epoch. His life is therefore a fit subject for the muse in her more serious moods.

XX.

The summits of the Sentis, the Speer, and the Kurfürsten were sparkling in the distance behind me, and as I ascended the valley of the Sihl, two colossi, the Righi and the Pilatus, towered in front of me. The fields were enamelled with flowers, and the richest vegetation was everywhere apparent. The fir-trees rose like the columns of a fairy temple, and at their feet grew ash-trees—the flexible branches clothed with the deep verdure of the encircling ivy. Like luminous sylphs, the golden and azure-hued lepidopteræ traversed the air, alighting at times on the most beautiful corollæ. The azure-tinted

* D'Aubigné has sketched the life of Hutten in his noble "*Histoire de la Réformation*;" but Chauffour-Kestner has given a complete work on the subject, "*Études sur les Réformateurs—Ulrich von Hutten.*"

dragonfly came and went, swaying coquettishly its elegant form, and fantastically interlacing their flight, then flashed past the elm butterfly and the golden megadactyle. Meantime the sylvan hesperia, her wings of pale fawn colour, her breast of a dingy black, was flying in solitary mood, following us nearer and nearer, up to the solitary cemetery of the Lindenthal—a Catholic one. There were but few flowers, but much gilding and many strange inscriptions. The butterfly flew around, and settled on one of those burnished ornaments which decorated the asylum of death. Like the ancients, I thought for a moment it was a soul, keeping ward over the abode of its mortal remains. And when the insect winged its way to a little stone angel, holding a torch over one of those tombs, the delusion was complete.

Through pleasant orchards, picturesque villages grouped on the sides of the rock, and fruit trees bending over white cascades, I arrived at the base of the Zugerberg, on which the ancient city of Zug reposes, on the banks of its lake. Some fishermen were spreading their nets in the sun's rays; others were sailing on the tranquil waters. To the south, the Righi, the queen of the district, commands the virgin tops of the Eiger, of the Mönch, and of the Jungfrau, veiled in golden refulgence. The steeples of the ogive-formed churches shone above the graceful houses constructed near the old quarters which had been devastated by fire or by landslips. The old edifices of the 15th century were adorned by gardens and pretty fountains. The city of Zug, the founders of which are unknown, has preserved the vestiges of only one epoch. The roofs of the houses, heaped up, as it were, one over the other, overlap the streets beneath, which are buried in complete silence. The shepherds climb up the Zugerberg to milk the goats, that browse there on the budding cytisus.

The mountaineers of this district are of valiant hearts, of intrepid courage, and with arms of iron. How many battles are recited of an evening when they are gathered around their hearths! The reminiscences of their struggles for independence, and the examples they furnished of democratic liberty, were

unceasingly present to the imaginations and eyes of the inhabitants of the plains in the other cantons. Thus Zug powerfully contributed to the insurrection of the 17th century, which commenced at Entlibuch, and the deplorable consequences of which so much engrossed the attention of the diet of 1693—that memorable diet which was held at Zug on the 20th of November, and in which the great question discussed was, the restraining the tyranny of the so-called *Baillis*. But the oligarchical abuses could not be uprooted before they had brought about the ruin of the ancient Confederation.

We have related how the development of the aristocratic principle, and of the mercenary military service effected a profound change for the worse in the natural spirit of the Swiss. With his peculiar penetration Zuingli perceived the true cause of the evils of his country. He saw that a social reform ought to be the consequence of the religious one. Unfortunately, his premature death prevented that great man from idealizing his vast designs. The abuses which the Reformation had left undestroyed caused the popular upheavals of the 17th and 18th centuries. These abuses were of such a nature that they could not, possibly, be tolerated for ever. Some bare thousand patrician families, together with the citizen class of three cantons, and some tribes in the Alps, held, at that time, uncontrolled sway over the one hundred and fifty bailiwicks of the thirteen Confederate States, and twenty other bailiwicks, which those States possessed in common. The superintending power of the diet was purely nominal; during three long centuries it did not produce a single law nor any one useful work, having seemingly lost all regard for the destinies of Switzerland, for which so many heroes had shed their best blood. It allowed the ruling families to conduct, in an arbitrary manner, the affairs of the country. The bailiwicks were generally drawn by lot, and the bailies, whose method of election presented but little guarantee for good conduct and probity, were for the most part haughty and covetous. They punished the slightest faults in the most rigorous manner. The prisons, which, at that time, were mere sinks of dirt, vice, and crime, were filled with such persons

as offered any opposition to their governors; complaints were, moreover, easily silenced, for all publicity was severely prohibited, and the most odious tyrants found, in the councils and the tribunals, relatives determined on upholding them against all whom they had injured. The sub-bailiffs, the recorders, and even the ushers of the court, considered that, in their capacity of citizens, they were justified in their vexatious proceedings towards the peasantry, whose condition became as miserable as in the monarchical states. Everything appeared to have been arranged so as to prevent them carrying on business, engaging in industrial pursuits, or entering on the higher branches of study. The tolls were multiplied, yet nothing whatever was done for the improvement of the public roads, which up to 1740 were scarcely passable. But this was not all. The exportations from one canton to another of the most necessary articles of food was prohibited, and in order to strengthen the barriers between the confederate states, the authorities had adopted for each a different system of coinage, weights and measures.

The liberal spirit of the Gospel was, at that epoch, altogether forgotten by the Swiss governments. "Now and then," says a conservative writer, "religion and liberty are seen hand in hand, *and then are the happy days of the earth.* At another time they are severed,—the majesty of the one no longer shed on the other, and the glory of the latter no longer embellishing the peaceful brow of the former. Such was the case in the 17th century of the Christian era. Both, by thus severing, lost all right to the love of the people,—kings in the monarchies, and a few individuals in the republic, having arrogated to themselves the dominion which religion and liberty once possessed." *

The liberty enjoyed by the Wald states unceasingly reminded the peasants of the other states of the Confederation of their ancient freedom. It is true that, after the Reformation, the primitive cantons were completely subjected to the ultramontanist clergy, but the people of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, had never, from the time of the liberators, endured any aristo-

* Lewis Vulliemin's History of the Swiss confederation, Book xii., chap. 1.

cratic domination. They obeyed no laws which they themselves had not voted, nor paid any taxes which they themselves had not imposed. "Why," asked the peasants of the other cantons, "why should we be less free than the men of the Wald states? Did not our fathers, like them, combat at Sempach, at Saint Jacques and Grandson?" In the other cantons the whole talk was about confiscated rights, and charters abrogated or nullified by the respective governments. "The humblest Swiss," well remarks Vulliemin, "felt that he belonged to a sovereign people." "We are free confederates," said the people, "and we will not be treated as the subjects of princes." Such sentiments did not permit the sovereign class to enjoy their domination in peace. Accordingly, at the end of the 15th century, we find the people commencing their struggle against the privileged class that oppressed them. The insurrection of Waldmann in 1489, was succeeded by those of 1513 and 1531, and the latter by the revolt of the Lucerne peasants in 1570, of those of Basle in 1591, and of the Bernese and Zurich peasantry during the thirty years' war. On the termination of that war, there was fresh cause for popular irritation, and for a new rising of the peasantry against "their high, revered, and honoured lords." The same faults produce everywhere the same results. The entire history of Europe proves the egotism of those aristocratic governments, of which some writers, particularly Roman Catholic ones, speak with truly remarkable regret. Everywhere the great, in furtherance of their interests, or in the indulgence of their passions, made mere instruments of the masses, and afterwards punished, with atrocious rigour, the insurrections which their excesses had provoked. The courts of law, the parliaments, the citizens acted in concert only to crush the poor peasantry who were liable to the land-tax, and whom they called the "bare-footed." Those unfortunate victims having been driven in despair into a revolt at Guienne, eight thousand of them were cut to pieces by the sabres of the gentry. And this statement is taken from a learned writer whom no one will accuse of revolutionary ideas.*

* Vulliemin.

If, in Switzerland, the conduct of the peasantry was not beyond reproach, "the cantonal governments," says one of the best historians of the Swiss nation, "were all the more cruel in their triumph for having been cowardly in the days of peril."*

When the government of Berne prohibited, in 1652, the circulation in that canton of the small coin of the other Helvetic states, and at the same time reduced its own standard of value, the people in general became highly discontented, the more so that every one who thought he possessed ten batz (three half-pence) was, in reality, only the owner of five. An ordinance in Lucerne, lowering also the standard of value, caused much exasperation, particularly among the warlike peasantry of the *Entlibuch* † district. Bitter complaints were heard in the canton of Berne and Lucerne. "What avails it to the confederates," asked the country people, "to have abolished the ancient serfage if they allow a new one to be introduced? Are tolls, and the thousandth denier, to be tolerated by a free people? Think ye that the duty of one crown levied on every head of cattle exported falls on the foreigner? No, he deducts that amount from the price he offers for our cows and our horses. Our rulers begin by ordering a tax to be raised for a certain time, and to meet a particular emergency, and then it becomes a permanent one. Is it not enough that our lords have monopolized the sale of salt and of gunpowder? The pretext is the defence of our frontiers; but why should we empty our purses after having shed our blood? And is there any glory in such a service? On our return home, after having defended our lords, are we equitably governed by them? Where is the district that does not suffer at the hands of their bailiffs? Their pride has even increased since the time our independence was acknow-

* Daquet—History of the Swiss Nation, Part 2, chap. xiv.

† Or valley of the "Lesser Emme," or "Lucerne Emme," between Lucerne and Berne. The "Bernese Emme," or "Greater Emme," forming the "Emmenthal," has nothing but the name in common, the Lucerne Emme falling into the Reuss, the Berne Emme into the Aar. The Emmenthal is even more fertile than the Entlibuch.—*Trans.*

ledged at Westphalia.* Every day we hear of nought else but corporal punishments or arbitrary fines. Should we appeal to the capital, we only meet with harsh rebukes. What has become of the so much vaunted administration of justice of the ancient confederates? Berne, it is true, fearing the results of the tyranny of its prefects, instituted an inquiry on that subject, and promulgated some fine laws, which, however, have never been enforced. Our superiors lay snares for us in order to make us commit errors by which they enrich themselves. When we have settled accounts with the bailiff, we have also to settle those of his wife. Every day they procure new funds by imposing new fines upon us. We do not forget how a certain prefect laid a fine on a dead man, in order, as he said, that the departed spirit might rest in peace. On the highway one only meets with process-servers hastening to deprive the poor of their last penny. This our kindly land of Switzerland will soon become as impoverished and as degraded as those countries which are subject to kings. Our magistrates know only how to deprive us of our just rights and of our liberties one after the other. We doubt, however, that they will succeed as they flatter themselves. During several years past the anger of God has been manifested. Men clothed in white have appeared in the heavens. A fast was ordered on that occasion. The Aar swept away its bridges and destroyed the great sluice at Berne. There were earthquakes in more than one place. At Zurich the fire of heaven fell upon the powder tower. And yonder long-bearded comet, advancing through space lurid, pale, and tremulous, what did it announce but the chastisements of God ready to be hurled down on the heads of our oppressors? Be assured the end of their reign is approaching. Why should we not become free then, like the people of the small cantons? Do not the words 'the return of liberty' sound pleasingly in your ears."†

* By the treaty of Westphalia, known to English diplomacy as the treaty of Munster, 1648, which put an end to the Thirty years' war (1618-48).—*Trans.*

† This speech is wholly taken from contemporary writers. See for the origin Vulliemin's History of the Confederation (Muller's continuation), book xii. c. 1.

Such harangues aroused the multitude, and were favourably received, not only by those whose only desire was to reconquer their rights, but also by those who impatiently awaited any kind of political change in order to better their fortunes or further their ambitious views. Moreover, the bad education given by the nobles to the peasantry scarcely disposed them to be moderate or patient in working out their emancipation. "Those insurgent hordes," observes a historian, whose sympathy for the popular cause cannot be contested, "undertook the grand work of their liberation, neither with the honest piety nor the firm union of the heroes of the Wald states, nor with the prudence and calculation of the towns of old."*

We have said that the peasants of Entlibuch were the most indignant of all at the depreciation of their coinage. There is not in Switzerland any district more jealous of its liberty than the long and fertile valley which is bathed by the Lucerne Emme. The inhabitants of that part are naturally haughty, and their energy of character is sustained by their warlike habits. The Entlibuch district has preserved those gymnastic exercises in which ancient Greece so much delighted,† and which prepared for her the heroic warriors of Marathon, of Thermopylæ, of Salamis, and Plataea. The conditions on which Entlibuch became subject to Lucerne allowed the former to possess almost complete independence. The valley had its great seal, its captain-general, its standard-bearer, and its forty judges. Accordingly, when the government of Lucerne decided on requiring licenses for fishing and hunting, on compelling the artisans to be apprenticed in the city, on imposing taxes‡ and on regulating the coinage, Entlibuch sent deputies to Lucerne in order to protest against those proceedings, and a commission was appointed to hear their grievances, without, however, redressing them.

From Lucerne the movement extended to Berne. Encour-

* Zschokke—History of the Swiss Nation, chap. xlii.

† They take place on the 29th of June, the 29th of September, and the first Sunday in October at Schüpfen, and on the first Sunday of August and the Sunday after the 21st of September at Emmeteeck.

‡ The very word "taxes" was formerly unknown in Entlibuch.

aged by the progress of the agitation, the Lucerne peasants blockaded the capital of their canton, and reduced it to the necessity of requesting the aid of the Wald states. At the first rumour of the sedition, the diet, which was assembled at Baden, launched a menacing manifesto against the peasantry, and the impression produced by it, as well as some concessions, triumphed this time over their warlike intentions.

But the calm was not of long duration. The insurgents reappeared in the canton of Lucerne, and their example was soon followed in Berne, Solothurn, and Basle. Imposing meetings at Summiswald and at Huttwyl inspired the peasants with great confidence in their strength. They were led by men of energy, amongst whom may be named Schybi of Lucerne, and Leuenberg of the Emmenthal. The former, an old soldier, displayed extraordinary activity and vigour. Had he been the chief of the insurgents he would, perhaps, have succeeded; but Leuenberg, who was their dictator, lost much time in vain parade. Whenever he traversed the villages, sword at side, and covered with his large red cloak—the gift of the Lucerne peasants—the people—bareheaded—saluted him as “the head of the great Confederation.” He was attended night and day by an escort of volunteers. Never, if we are to believe the peasants, was eloquence equal to his. The pastor in the pulpit was less listened to; “for the clergy were sometimes contradicted during their exhortations to peace, but as for Leuenberg, he was in all cases promptly obeyed on the spot.”

The diet took advantage of his unpardonable tardiness to organize its means of defence. Berne assembled its militia of the Vaud country, who, on account of their difference of language, had remained strangers to the cause of the peasantry of German Switzerland. Sigismond von Erlach was appointed generalissimo of the Bernese troops; about five thousand men of the Catholic cantons were placed under the orders of Colonel Zwegger; and the remainder of the forces of the Confederation, about eight thousand, were commanded by Werdmuller, a Zurich general. The insurgents had vainly reckoned on the sympathy of the Wald states, for the latter took up arms against the Swiss

who demanded the same rights as those enjoyed by the original cantons. But those cantons possessed also districts *subject* to them; moreover, they were Romish, and ever since the Reformation they have always been disposed to serve the aristocratic party. Their soldiers were sent into garrison at Lucerne.

The circumstances under which the contest was engaged rendered the success of the cities all but a certainty. The peasants, besides being undisciplined, had no artillery, nor a sufficiency of other arms, nor any experienced leaders. They were consequently everywhere defeated, first by the Zurich army under Werdmuller at Wohlenschwyl, and afterwards by von Erlach at Herzogenbuchsee, where the rustics defended themselves with all the heroism of despair.

The faults of the peasantry will be readily overlooked when one thinks of the atrocious vengeance of the cantonal aristocracy. As soon as the generals of the diet had effected their junction, they held two councils of war in order to try the insurgents. The cantonal governments, on their side, displayed a rigour and cruelty which cannot be too severely condemned. Those who had taken in any way an important part in the revolt were beheaded, hanged, and quartered; and those the generals wished to show indulgence to were sent to hard labour in chains, or deprived of their tongues and ears.* Schybi was beheaded at Sursee, after having been tortured in a manner which terrifies the imagination. Judge Pfeiffer seeing that he endured all his sufferings with unparalleled courage, declared that he was "bewitched." The execution of Lenenberg took place at Berne. The "King of the beggars" made his entry into the city holding

* "Exterminate them. Keep no promise made to them. Prohibit their songs as imparting only wicked thoughts to their descendants." (Deutsche Missiven.) The following is a fragment of one of the songs in question:—

"Fröhlich will ich singen
Am Graden Herrn Jesus Christ
Zu lib dem frommen Thellen Springen
Der vorlängst gestorben ist."

"I shall gaily sing to our gracious Lord Jesus Christ, and go forth through love of pious Tell who died long ago."

a wooden sword and covered with a straw scarf. Some overwhelmed him with their maledictions, others scarcely dissimulated their sympathetic pity. He was beheaded, and his body being quartered, was exposed on the four highways of the canton. "Thus ended," says the biographer of Chillon and of the "Doyen Bridel," "the career of a man who, whilst he was at the head of forty thousand insurgents, did not cause one man to be executed. He had imagined that, by the mere appearance of a popular force, he would be able to force the councils to re-establish the old liberties at a time when governments ruled without liberty."*

We have alluded to the strange conduct of the small cantons during the war of the peasantry. Their government, although democratic, was not, in reality, more liberal than those of Berne or Basle. Liberty of conscience was hateful to them, and they ruled over their subjects as harshly as did the autocratic cantons. To such an extent had the old spirit of Helvetia fallen into decay! They loved liberty for themselves—not for others. How far removed were they from the time when the glorious liberators were as much influenced by zeal for justice as by love of independence! We have just witnessed a contest of the peasants against the cities, that was entered upon for the purpose of regaining their ancient rights; we shall now behold other peasants fighting against the cities out of hatred for religious liberty.

The Reformation had penetrated into the village of Arth, situated at the foot of the Righi, at the time Zuingli was preaching at the convent of Einsiedeln. Ever since that time several families, amongst others that of Hospital, or Ospenthal, had remained faithful to the evangelical faith. Some of their members had been severely punished for asserting that the inhabitants of the Grisons acted as good Christians in respecting liberty of conscience. The Protestants met for prayer in a lonely house known as the Humelhof, where they received the visits of Zurich clergymen, who came disguised. The people of Zurich called them Nicodemites, on account of the precautions

* Vulliemin—History of the Swiss Confederation (Muller's continuation), book xii., chap. 1.

they took to guard against the persecutions of the Catholic peasants—which, from the fanatical character of the latter, would assuredly be most formidable. Nevertheless, the Capuchin friars, who, like all other monks, were skilful in hunting down the *heretics*, were not long in learning what was passing. At a meeting of those friars and of the clergy of Schwytz, it was resolved to invoke the aid of the “secular arm” against the dissenters. Some of the relatives of the accused hastened to give them timely warning: “Avert danger from yourselves,” said they, “and *disgrace* from our families. Run, and prostrate yourselves in tears before the nearest cross. Confess, and bring some cream to the good fathers, for it is better to have one Capuchin as a friend than ten members of the council.” It appears that some, at least, of the suspected persons had no great faith in the kind feelings of the “good fathers,” for seven heads of families fled to Zurich with their wives and children. Events subsequently showed how prudently they acted. Zurich protected the fugitives, and sent deputies to Schwytz to obtain for them permission to sell their property and to establish themselves elsewhere, as allowed by the federal laws. That request, modest as it was, was angrily refused: “Those men for whom you plead,” said the men of Schwytz, “are not true confederates, but criminals whose goods have passed into the hands of justice. Masters in our own canton, we owe no account except to God,* of what we please to do.”

Schwytz had already proceeded to acts before making this haughty declaration. The day after the flight of the Protestants to Zurich, the village of Arth was occupied by the cantonists, and such of the Nicodemites as had the imprudence to remain were bound and conducted to the little capital of the canton. Amongst the prisoners was Barbara von Ospenthal, an aged and rich widow, who, like the pious Tabitha, had made herself beloved throughout the country by her many acts of benevolence. On her way to prison she met a group of children, who, on seeing her,—her who had always been looked upon as

* That is to say, the priests.

a mother by them,—melted into tears. “Fear nothing, my children,” said the worthy woman—one who by her charity and courage would have done honour to the primitive church—“fear not, the way I am going is the way to heaven.”* Seventeen persons were put to the torture. When Martin von Ospenthal was urged to confess the true faith, he replied that he would do so in the midst of tortures as he had done all his life. Four old men, S. Körner, the father of seven children, Seb. Kennel, Melchior, and Barbara von Ospenthal, did not manifest less firmness. The gentlemen of Schwytz, blind instruments of the atrocious vengeance of the Roman clergy, condemned them to death. Others, less compromised, were put to the torture and given up to the inquisitors of Milan. A man of right feeling, Amweg, a baker at Schwytz, inspired by truly Christian sentiments, had the generous imprudence to say, “What is liberty, if conscience be not free?” He was secretly made away with, for the monks and the clergy were anxious to destroy every feeling of justice and independence.

After such horrors war was inevitable, but Zurich and Berne were scarcely in a state to enter on it with advantage. Their military organization was much inferior to that of the warlike primitive cantons. The aristocratic canton of Berne, uneasy at the tendencies of their subjects, had neglected exercising the troops, and had reduced the number of the halberdiers, without filling up the ranks with good marksmen. Moreover, the officers, accustomed to the bacchanalian orgies of the thirty years’ war, were neither active nor vigilant. Fond of good cheer, gaming and drinking engaged their attention far more than good discipline. Mercenary service had so far altered the national manners that both sides rivalled each other in brutality, rapine, and profane conduct. The foolish confidence of the Zurich general, Rudolph Werdmüller,† and of Sigismund von Erlach, who commanded the Bernese troops, prepared the way for the victory of the small cantons.

* History of Schwytz by the Curé Fassbind.

† The brother of the general in the war of the peasants.

R. Werdmuller, who was still very young, was "the king of the arquebuse" at Geneva. He had rendered himself illustrious by his valour under the Venetian flag, and in the service of the Emperor and of France. The most Christian king had even conferred on him the title of Lieutenant-general, and the order of St. Michael. But that intrepid soldier had become thoroughly demoralized in the course of his licentious life. "He was, above all, an adept in robbing the churches, in carrying off cattle, and in enriching himself." He scoffed at the gospel and at all ideas of honour. It was believed that he had entered into a compact with the devil. He had been seen in a gondola on Lake Zurich cleaving the waters with supernatural rapidity.* Such a man was scarcely fitted to excite the proper enthusiasm in a war of the kind; the consequence was that he failed, from the very beginning, in his attacks on Rapperschwyl.† The people of that place, playing on the name of the Zurich general, sang from the top of their walls: "Rapperschwyl, the modest beauty, has not lost her crown. The Holy Virgin has besought God to keep her pure in soul and body; so she laughs at the *green Miller* who courts her. Away, away, thou Miller, look elsewhere for a wife; all that thou wilt ever get from the proud lady is laughter. Believe us, marry thy equal and then rest content with thy flour-dusted wife." The Zurich troops were forced to listen to such insults, without being able to take the place.

The Bernese were not more fortunate. They had thrown 12,000 men into Argovia,—and Sigismund von Erlach, who commanded them, confiding in his numerical superiority, had allowed his soldiers to indulge in wine and libertine conduct in their camp at Villmergen. The Catholic army had taken up position round the celebrated convent of Muri, prepared to combat the "possessed" Bernese. The priests blessed the arms of

* The belief in the magical power of Werdmuller was long entertained. (See Helvet. Callender, 1796, 50-65.)

† A town situated in a charming position on Lake Zurich. Catholicism is dominant there. It was formerly a little republic, and it is now a part of the canton of St. Gall.

their soldiers one after the other, in order to enable them to triumph over all magic powers. They exhorted the troops to repeat, whilst charging, the words *Verbum Caro* (*the Word is made flesh*), telling them that they were the "holiest" of all war-cries. Balls blessed by the priests, and inscriptions composed by the Capuchins, against the enchantments of the devil, "the father of all heretics," were plentifully distributed. Having been informed of the carelessness of the Bernese officers, the Catholics surprised the Protestant army and attacked it, invoking the Virgin. At that moment, we are told, the mother of God appeared in the heavens, clothed in an azure cloak, and resplendent as lightning. Notwithstanding this apparition, the Vaudois vigorously defended themselves, and the Argovians yielded only when their ammunition failed. The Virgin, however, triumphed in the end, thanks to the bad arrangements of General von Erlach, and the inaction of a portion of the Bernese troops. On the same day, Werdmuller lost 1,800 men under the walls of Rapperschwyl, and was obliged to raise the siege. The peace which was concluded at Basle on the 26th of February, 1656, was in favour of the peasants of Schwytz.

At the same time that Catholicism was triumphing in the Confederation, the aristocratic element was developed with singular rapidity. Distinctions quite foreign to a republic were established in several cities. It was forbidden to extend the title of "ladies" to the wives of simple citizens, it being reserved only for the wives of the members of council. Justice was so venal an affair that, in six years time, a bailiff could secure to himself a yearly income of 30,000 Swiss crowns, and pay off all the debt he had contracted to purchase his post. Such was the "good old time" which certain writers have embellished with all the ornaments of poetry.

The governments of Geneva and Basle were noted for the excesses of their oligarchy,—a few families therein sharing all the employments. To maintain their exorbitant privileges they had recourse to the executioner. The president of the Basle delegates, Fatio, was executed on the 18th of December, 1691. The most influential person of the Genevese democrats, named

also Fatio, was killed by blows from an arquebuse in the courtyard of the prison (September 6th, 1707). The chiefs of the aristocracy, after the example of Louis XIV., whom the French bishops transformed into a demi-god, covered their heads with immense wigs in order to render themselves more respectable. They were wont to exclaim with Cicero, "Power in a republic should never be intrusted to the multitude."* A noble historian, whilst treating of that unhappy period, in which thousands of confederates emigrated, was right in saying that "Switzerland was no longer for her sons what she had been." † "Ruin," says the eloquent Zschokke, "hovered over this unfortunate land. The aristocracy became servile towards foreigners, in order to act all the more haughtily towards their fellow-citizens. They preferred their cantons to Switzerland, and their families to their cantons. They were petty in great things, and they affected to be great in small. They sought public posts in order to advance their own interests, they sold them to the highest bidder, and gave them away as dowries. The Swiss called themselves a free people, but the majority were miserable subjects, whose condition was not better than that of the subjects of kings. The aristocracy did not hesitate to have recourse to cunning or open violence, in order to abolish by degrees the few remaining rights of the people, and to extend the limits of their own domination." ‡

The inhabitants of the Toggenburg had cruel experience in that way. The Abbot of St. Gall had purchased, in the 15th century, the *suzeraineté* of that valley, and from that period the heads of the abbey constantly laboured, with true monkish perseverance, to abolish all the liberties of the people. In the end, one of these abbots, Leodegar Burguisser, the son of a shoemaker, proud of his title of Prince of the Empire, and of his mitre as an abbot, deemed that he could act like an absolute master of his subjects. How easily the Catholic clergy forget their plebeian origin, when they take their places in the ranks

* One of the judges of Fatio said to him, "Vox populi, vox diaboli."

† Vulliemmin—"History of the Confederation."

‡ Zschokke—"History of the Swiss Nation," chap. xliv.

of the aristocracy! Was not one of the chiefs of the Sonderbund the son of a Swiss peasant, viz., "his Grace Monseigneur Marilley, a prince of the Holy Empire, bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, assistant at the pontifical throne, commander of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus," &c. There have been no crueller adversaries of the people than those who have left their ranks to pass into another camp. Such a one was the abbot Leodegar, or, as sometimes called, Leger. His desire was to be obeyed as implicitly as was Louis XIV. in the Tuileries, and, like all the heads of the Catholic party, he reckoned on Austria, that undying enemy of the Confederation, which had not abandoned its ancient projects. Rome urged the emperor and the king of France to partition Switzerland,* for Rome will never pardon it for being the continental asylum of liberty of conscience. The Austrian statesmen deemed the moment favourable, one of the ministers addressing Leopold I. in these terms: "It is well for your majesty to keep always before your eyes your claims on Switzerland, the cradle of your illustrious house. Your majesty knows better than your predecessors how to reduce the cantons to obedience. Let no flattery be spared, and the day will come when you will gather that which your agents have sown. Stoop a little, forget your grandeur, be a lamb, until *discord has burst forth*; let then the lion show himself, and let your gallant armies hurry to Switzerland to re-establish your rights. The ideas I now submit to you are such as *I have in more than one conversation heard you express.*" †

Austria, therefore, had need of discord, and the abbot of St. Gall, to whom its criminal plans were communicated, took upon himself to excite commotions in the Confederation. His quarrels with his subjects in the Toggenburg valley soon armed the cantons one against the other. The oppressed Toggenburghians found defenders in Zurich and Berne, whilst the Valais, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwald, and Zug, espoused the abbot's cause. Thus, once again, did the peasantry of the small cantons canvass

* Memoirs of General St. Saphorin.

† "Political Testament of the Baron von Hoher."

in favour of despotism against liberty of conscience. Accordingly, the Pope's nuncio gave them 26,000 Swiss crowns out of the papal treasury, and prayers were offered up for them to all the saints in the churches of Rome. Their soldiers were furnished with amulets and holy balls, but this time the Virgin was not disposed to assist them. On the contrary, several ill omens predicted their defeat. Terrible cries were heard in the air, a frightful storm ravaged the territory of the Wald states, prostrating entire forests, and throwing down the crosses in all directions. A torch fell from the hand of a sculptured angel in the church of our Lady of Pity; and, what was worse, that angel bore the arms of Lucerne, the metropolis of Swiss Catholicism. "When heaven," said certain prudent persons, "threatens the people with misfortunes, it forewarns them by prodigies." But the Capuchins were expecting other miracles. They frequently told their partisans that the Zuingliites must be, once for all, exterminated. Moreover, the Lucerne lords imbibed courageous ideas at the table of the nuncio, the haughty Caraccioli, of the princely family of Melfi,* who ill dissembled his contempt for that race of peasants and burghers. He endeavoured, however, to overcome his prejudices, and taught them the form of prayer which was to preserve them from all dangers: "O most honoured Mary, preserve us from the Dutch, English, and Bernese dogs, who hover like devils around us."

It would be no easy matter to form an idea of the activity of the agents of Rome in fomenting the difficulty. They complained that their party had but badly profited by the victory of Villmergen, and anxiously awaited the opportunity of delivering up Switzerland to the claws of the Austrian eagle. Such a prospect filled Caraccioli with a *holy* ardour. The day had, however, come in which Providence was to thwart the Romish plots. On the 25th of July 1712, the Protestant and Catholic armies met at Villmergen, a town already distinguished in the struggle. The artillery gave the signal for the carnage, and after four hours' fighting, during which the soldiers of the

* Not to be confounded with Amalfi.—*Trans.*

primitive cantons proved that they had not degenerated from the valour of their fathers, the Bernese spread terror and disorder amongst the ranks of their adversaries. More than 2,000 Catholics remained on the field of battle. The victory of Villmergen led to the peace of Aarau, (9th and 11th of August 1712,) which was the signal for the decay of Roman power in the Confederation. A supreme effort to place Switzerland under the yoke was made in 1847, by the ultramontanists under the name of the Sonderbund.

It is not necessary to state that the peace of Aarau was disapproved of both by the Pope and his nuncio. In fact they declared it null and void. Blood had ceased to flow for their sakes, and how could they be consoled for such a misfortune? The Abbot of St. Gall was animated with the same evangelical spirit, so he preferred dying in exile to recognizing the treaty of Aarau.

Misled by their priests, five Catholic cantons *consented, at Versailles, to a partition of their common country* between France and Austria, but Louis XIV., then an old man, was deterred from the project through fear of England. It will be seen, therefore, that if Switzerland be still a nation it owes no thanks to the ultramontanists.

“After the war which was terminated by the peace of Aarau,” says an illustrious historian, “the Confederation entered into none other, civil or foreign, for the space of eighty-six years. Nevertheless, that period was not one of either repose or glory, but of debates and differences between the respective cantons, and between the respective governments and their subjects. Every ten years, or so, new intrigues, new conspiracies, and fresh revolts appeared on the political scene, until the ruined edifice of the old Confederation fell to the ground at the first shock given by the hostile hand of France. . . . It has often been said, and repeated, that war is the greatest of evils; but such was not the opinion of the ancient heroes of the Confederation, who, in the eyes of God and man, brought honour on the name of Swiss; they marched to the combat in defence of their sacred rights, because they loved something better than an

easy life and a cowardly security. According to them, the greatest of all evils was a state of slavery under the sceptre of pride and injustice. Thus, from the peace which lasted from the second battle of Villmergen to the arrival of the French armies, Switzerland had to suffer more calamities than in all its wars against Austria and Burgundy; for during the eighty-six years of repose, whilst the swords of the Winkelrieds, Fontanas, the Waldmanns, the Hallwyls, and the Erlachs were rusting, the rust of pride and of self-interest was eating into the tablets on which was engraved the loyal alliance of the ancient Swiss; and the Confederation was, like a corpse, becoming putrescent. These degenerate sons pompously decorated the corpse with the armorial bearings of their ancestors, in order that no one should perceive that the spirit which had animated it had fled. Nothing great was effected. In the eyes of nearly every one greatness consisted in riches, not in virtue, in domination over subjects and not in the title of free citizens. Some purchased the bailiwicks at auction, in order to sell justice and injustice as ordinary merchandise; others went begging in different courts for pensions, orders, and titles. Some, instead of earning, by their services, the gratitude of their country, spent their time in soliciting the hands of the daughters of the members of the council, and with them employments in the magistracy; others went in pursuit of other advantages,—only a small number sought for pure glory. In the subjected districts the inhabitants had scarcely any other rights, except to share with their cattle the labours of the field. They remained plunged in ignorance, for the governments were blind enough to fear the enlightenment of the people. The ruling cities, and the sovereign cantons, unceasingly undermined the liberties of their subjects, and the noble families the liberties of the burghers. From time to time, those whose rights were attacked were aroused from their torpor, were courageous enough to take up arms, and reconquered their rights, or, at least, by their menaces, prevented further encroachments.”*

* Zschokke—History of the Swiss Nation, chap. xlvi. and xlvii.

The celebrated author of "Evenings at Aarau" gives an exact account of the moral state of Switzerland in the 18th century; but he was wrong in omitting to refer to the germs of regeneration springing up everywhere on the fertile soil of Helvetia. A great number of illustrious men, who, in the bosom of the Alps, brought honour on their country and on humanity in general, laid the basis by their labours and their generous inspirations, of the emancipation of their native land. The greater their difficulties at the moment, the greater should be our esteem for men who never despaired of the future destinies of Switzerland.

Neither should posterity forget the self-denying minds, which, in the political sphere, combated the excesses of the aristocracy. *Success is not everything.* Impartial history should as carefully honour the names of the victims of liberty as of those who are associated with its triumphs. Where was greater heroism manifested than by Major Davel, who endeavoured to deliver the Vaud country from their excellencies of Berne? Whilst they were torturing him with so much cruelty that the nails sprung out of his thumbs which were crushed between two screws, one of his judges asked him if he suffered much: "Yes, Sir," replied the martyr with serenity, "but I am convinced that you will suffer as much." Davel died on the scaffold with the firmness of a sage and a Christian.

The so-called "Ajoie country" has preserved the memory of the courageous patriots who were sacrificed to the despotism of Sigismund Von Reinach, Prince-bishop of Basle,* who, with the aid of French bayonets, brought to the scaffold three of the rural deputies, Petignat, Lion, and Riat. To this day the memory of the first-named hero is celebrated in that renowned district, in a song of much originality, set to very expressive music.

The men who took part in the conspiracy of Samuel Henzi were not all animated with such pure intentions, but it appears that the heads of the movement sincerely strove to re-establish

* After the Reformation those bishops established themselves in that part of Catholic Switzerland which was called the "Bishoprick."

the ancient liberties of Berne—the government of that canton having carried to excess their oligarchical nepotism. It could never forgive the great Haller for having issued from a family of mere townsmen. His forehead, crowned with the laurels of genius, was not deemed worthy to wear the black velvet cap of the members of the petty council. The secret council, placed at the summit of the aristocratical edifice, had transformed itself into a political inquisition, which was universally dreaded. At that time there were living in Berne several independent and distinguished men, amongst others, Fueter, Wernier, Kupfer, Bondely, Lerber, Knecht, Herbort, Wys, and others. Henzi joined them, and, by his intelligence and eloquence, became the soul of their enterprises against the aristocracy. A patrician, the son of the *avoyer* von Erlach, was amongst the conspirators. The conspiracy, however, was discovered, and Henzi, Fueter, and Wernier, were beheaded under atrocious circumstances. Wernier expired only after the third blow, and Henzi's head was not all at once severed. At the first blow he had the energy to turn to the executioner and exclaim: "You execute just as your masters judge." It was found necessary to cut off his head with a knife. Fueter also was only beheaded at the second blow. As for von Erlach, he was banished.

The Fribourg government was not less oligarchical than that of Berne, and, moreover, whilst having the same faults it had not the same address to cover them with an appearance of grandeur. Pierre Nicholas Chenaux, whose upright conduct and intrepid firmness had won the love of the people, stirred up the peasants against the Fribourg oligarchy, and marched with them on the capital, on the 2d of May, 1781, but having been defeated by the government troops, he was assassinated by two traitors. His tomb, notwithstanding the anathemas of the bishop, and the fury of the gentlemen of Fribourg, became the resort of pilgrims—the people venerating him as a martyr to their cause.

At Geneva the aristocratic party could only maintain itself in power with the aid of foreign bayonets. In 1782, that city was occupied by Bernese, French, and Savoy troops. The gov-

ernment of Berne, in the interest of a caste, did not blush to deliver up the territory of a free state to the soldiers of despots; but the day of justice was not far distant, and they who had employed the sword of the foreigner soon saw it turned against themselves.

The clerical and Austrian party brought on Switzerland that storm which themselves had destined to destroy the ancient Confederation. The bishop of Basle, not knowing how to resist his discontented subjects, invited to his aid, in 1791, the troops of the emperor. In the following year the French troops entered the bishopric and drove away the Austrian garrisons. During the succeeding years, the aristocracy began to decline, so that in 1798 it was unable to resist the French invasion. Nevertheless, the Helvetian militia fell gloriously. The Bernese, commanded by Colonel Graffenried, defeated Brune's troops at Neuenegg, and Charles Louis von Erlach, who was at the head of the former, at the battle of Grauholz, showed himself worthy of the blood of the heroes of Donnerbühl and of Laupen. Although his forces were very inferior to those of General Schauenberg, he sustained, during two hours and a half, the terrible shock of the French republicans. Not less than four times he recommenced the battle, encouraged by the presence of the *avoyer* Steiger, then far advanced in years, and who, leaning against an oak, was a spectator of the battle. "We saw an aged Swiss," said the French hussars, "seated on the edge of a forest; he wore a military costume, but his venerable air compelled our forbearance." As at Neuenegg, women fought in the ranks of the Bernese, and at Fraubrunnen one hundred and eighty of that sex fell with their ploughshares in their hands. The French rendered full justice to the heroism of the Bernese. "Those brave fellows," said the *Moniteur*, "dispersed here and there, and armed only with ploughshares and sticks, placed themselves at the mouth of our cannon, and were shot down in all directions. Even when, through sentiments of humanity, the French soldiers wished to spare them, and called out to them to surrender, they rushed on the guns in order to prevent them advancing on their country."

The other cantons, sick of the aristocratic system of government, and seduced by the proclamations of the French, remained inactive, and left Berne to struggle singlehanded. The Directory at Paris gave a new constitution to Switzerland. "The Confederation," it said, "has ceased to exist. All Helvetia will form a republic, one and indivisible, *under a central government*, which, together with the legislative assembly, composed of the representatives of the people, will have its seat at Aarau. All the Swiss, both in the towns and in the rural districts, will possess equal rights, and will be equal in the eyes of the law." Thus, after a long domination, fell the obstinate Helvetic aristocracy.*

Unfortunately, their self-seeking was imitated by the French government. "If you do not adopt other measures," wrote Cæsar de la Harpe to that government, whom it could not regard as an enemy, "you will have another 'la Vendee,' which will eat up our population and our resources, whilst it destroys your own strength." That prediction was soon realized. The primitive cantons tore up the tri-coloured flag, (red, green, and yellow,) of the Helvetic republic, and raised the silver cross. The people of Schwytz immortalized themselves in that grand contest, particularly "the captain of the country," Aloysius Reding, who became the Leonidas of old Switzerland. The heights of Morgarten saw once more the foreign battalions in flight. The next day the Wald states covered themselves with glory at the battle of Arth. Everywhere the shepherds showed themselves worthy of their valiant ancestors, and such a race of men will always be great heroes when combating for a great cause. But the struggle was an unequal one. An honourable peace was the reward for so many brave efforts, and General Schauenberg who granted it, honoured with his eulogiums in the *Moniteur* the unequalled intrepidity of the mountaineers.†

"Such," says Zschokke, "was the end of the ancient Confed-

* Those who desire to study the details of this great event may consult Zschokke's "History of the Helvetic revolution."

† See Zschokke's "History of the destruction of the republics of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald." The illustrious author had been a spectator and actor in those great events.

eration, which had subsisted four hundred and ninety years; yet seventy-four days sufficed for its dissolution. Tell me, O son of Helvetia, who it was that was able to level thy mountainous ramparts, to enlarge their almost impenetrable gorges, to appease the terrible waves of thy lakes and thy torrents, to blunt the edge of the arms piled up in thy arsenals, and to render fruitless the treasures of thy cities? Reflect, and become wise in the school of experience."

The republic, one and indivisible, imposed by the foreigner on Switzerland, did not secure its repose. Napoleon, finding it a prey to internal dissensions, thought the moment a favourable one to make that country an instrument of his policy. Under the veil of affection for it, he regarded only his own interests. Without attending to the wishes of the aristocratic cantons, which demanded the restoration of the *subject* districts, he divided Switzerland into independent fractions, so that, by remaining always feeble, that country might stand in constant need of his direction. Divided into nineteen cantons, it was bound to furnish his majesty, the emperor and king, the mediator of the Helvetic republic, with sixteen thousand men, destined to combat and to die on distant fields of battle, in order to gain thrones for the brothers of the imperious master of the West.* Such was the act of mediation. The day has not yet come for Switzerland to appear in all its strength and all its independence.

Whilst subjecting the Confederation to foreign domination, often too of a very oppressive nature, Napoleon knew, at least, how to prevent the aristocratic party from again raising their heads; but that party took advantage of the events of 1814 and 1815 to show that they had not abandoned † any of their pre-

* In this strict state of dependence Switzerland yet preserved her self-respect. Whilst the crowned heads, and the gentlest blood of Europe were humbling themselves at the feet of the conqueror, "Switzerland," says the eloquent Professor Monnard of Bonn, "remained erect: she grovelled not: she was brought into servitude: she was never servile."

† "Ils n'ont rien appris,—rien oublié!" I fear it is true of all privileged classes, and even in England, if retrogression were possible, there would be found many who had learnt nothing and *forgotten* nothing. —*Trans.*

tensions, even of their most antiquated ones. The Austrians invaded Switzerland in 1813, and it was with indignation that the Swiss beheld the eternal enemies of the Confederation summoned to their native land by its former oppressors. The Helvetic troops were kept at a distance filled with shame and grief. On all sides the most extravagant hopes were raised. The absolutist monarchs themselves, assembled at the congress of Vienna, did not consider it advisable to favour such a retrograde ardour, which appeared to them excessive. An act of that congress, of March 20th, 1815, recognized the definitive emancipation of the *subjected* districts, and added three new cantons to the Confederation, Geneva, Neufchatel, and Le Valais. Switzerland composed, as now, of twenty-two cantons, had three *rororts* or directing cantons, Berne, Zürich, and Lucerne; but the cantonal constitutions accorded an extraordinary preponderance to the aristocratic party whom Napoleon was prudent enough to keep down. That party, finding that several of its wishes were complied with, manifested its incapacity by all kinds of follies, and thereby paved the way for a reaction which, by hurling them from the height on which princes had placed them, completely delivered Switzerland from all foreign domination, and restored to that country the rank which its energy and intelligence assign to it in the great family of Europe.

Contradictions, commotions, and discord,—such, according to the illustrious Zschokke, were the results of the government of the aristocracy from 1815 to 1830.

In spite of the principle solemnly sanctioned by the congress of Vienna, that there should be no *subjected* districts on the Helvetian soil, that scourge re-appeared almost everywhere, but under a milder form. Will it be believed that, even in the nineteenth century, the already too famous monastery of Einsiedeln was able to bring under its domination the inhabitants of Reichenburg? * Everywhere the clergy manifested the same audacity. Bishop Yenni, “Prince of the Holy Empire,” was

* Viscount Melun, in his “*Einsiedeln, Souvenir de Voyage*,” bestows high eulogiums on the monks. Such is the narrow mind of certain ultramontanists.

bold enough to establish, in 1817, a festival in honour of the victory of the Catholics at Villmergen, and condemned, in 1822, the method of mutual instruction employed by the celebrated Father Girard. Yenni's successor, who was also devoted to the Jesuits, felt bound to co-operate with the reverend fathers in organizing the Sonderbund. Thanks to Yenni's efforts at Fribourg, his episcopal city, it became, after 1815, the metropolis of political and religious jesuitism.

The Protestant as well as the ultramontane cantons were disturbed at one and the same time by aristocratic intrigues, and by contests against the spirit of the age. The greatest severity was exercised towards those writers who were courageous enough to criticize, with republican liberty, the decrees of the authorities and the sacred persons of the latter. M. Stephen Francini, now a member of the federal council, and whose learned works are an honour to his country, was obliged to suspend the publication of his journal. The celebrated philosopher, Dr. Troxler, was sentenced at Lucerne to be imprisoned and exiled. Berne, notwithstanding that it had adopted the principle of free examination, imitated Ticino and Lucerne. The liberal journals published at Zurich by Usteri, a member of the council, and at Aarau by the indefatigable Zschokke, were prohibited entering Berne and several other cantons; consequently when certain foreign powers urged Switzerland to pass rigorous laws against the liberty of discussion, those laws were cheerfully voted (1823), and, after the example of Austria, Rome, and Naples, censors were appointed, "in order," says Zschokke, in his *History of the Swiss Nation*, "to decide, without appeal, what truths were to be concealed from the people, and what errors it was convenient to propagate." Moreover, heavy stamp duties were imposed on the newspapers, one of the means still adopted in many countries for the purpose of obstructing popular instruction:—

"Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu."

But the complacency of the Swiss federal authorities towards foreign powers did not rest there. The diet laboured to render

itself worthy of the favour of the Holy Alliance, by persecuting the political refugees, whose numbers were increased by the despotism nearly everywhere prevailing. The Switzerland of our day is justly proud of being the asylum of the victims of arbitrary power, and regards the hospitality it affords them as one of the noblest prerogatives of a free country, and as a duty on the part of a republican people, placed by Providence between states whose system of government has but little liberty in its composition. The men who ruled over Switzerland from 1815 to 1830 had quite different ideas; slaves of foreign courts, they became their commissioners of police. Basle, however, set the example of resistance to pretensions which were contrary to the dignity and independence of the Confederation.

Such abuses could not fail once more to bring about the downfall of the aristocratic governments. It is a mistake to describe the reaction which overthrew them, as a result of the glorious revolution which hurled from the throne of France a retrograde dynasty, which was wholly in the hands of the Jesuits. The democratic movement in Switzerland had commenced in several cantons previously to the memorable days of July,—a revision of the constitution, elicited by one of Dr. Troxler's publications, having been effected in February, 1829, and the cause of political reform, supported by Luvini, Frascini, and Pioda, having triumphed in Ticino, on June the 9th, 1830. On that day the church bells and the artillery announced to the Ticinese the fall of the ultramontane and retrograde party, whose hands were still stained with the blood of the priest Vanelli.* From Ticino the democratic movement spread over all Switzerland. Everywhere the people, combining strength with moderation, knew how to secure their triumph—a great lesson for the liberals of other nations: "Amid those revolutionary risings," states Zschokke, "person and property, as well as the magistrates, were respected. No blood was shed and no incendiary torches were seen, as in Paris, Brussels, Brunswick, Warsaw, Modena,

* Shot at Lugano without trial, in the time of the republic "one and indivisible."

and other places. NO EXCESS OF ANY KIND SULLIED THE REGENERATION OF SWISS LIBERTY.*

M. Cretineau-Joly, in his curious "*History of the Sonderbund*," written in praise of the reverend fathers of the company of Jesus, of which he is the official historiographer, has drawn a strange caricature of that national movement. A few specimens may be here given:—"Switzerland felt the counter-blow of Louis Philippe's machiavelism. . . . Switzerland had no princes to dethrone, no crown to tarnish. *It rose up against itself.*† The principle of the sovereignty of the people had never been reduced to a formal definition‡ in that country of *pure democracy*,§ and the people revolted, therefore, in order to engrave it, in full letters, on the frontispiece of the constitutions. Switzerland triumphed in the name of liberty, but lost liberty itself.|| Before 1830 Helvetia was as independent and as free as any state could possibly be. The emissaries of Louis Philippe raised the spirit of discord in the country. In order to escape from the anarchy which was arising in the interior of France, Louis Philippe let it loose on his neighbours."

It would be difficult to find in Switzerland, beyond the petty ultramontane coterie which was vanquished in 1847, any one willing to take the responsibility of such opinions. It is thus, nevertheless, that in foreign kingdoms, the history of the Swiss Confederation is written for the use of pretended conservatives, at the risk of raising a smile on the faces of those political men of Helvetia, who are least open to the charge of being flatterers of revolutionary passions, and who ought to know as much of

* "History of the Swiss Nation," chapter lxi.

† What a profound idea!

‡ This historical discovery is a striking one. M. Joly excels in this kind of *tours de force*.

§ Switzerland in 1829 a country of pure democracy! Zschokke, who was somewhat better acquainted with Switzerland than the historian of the Jesuits, says of the epoch which followed 1814: "The old aristocracies were again set afoot, but without the prestige of the old traditions, and covered only with democratic tinsel."—Zschokke's *History of the Swiss Nation*, chap. lxi.

|| What touching solicitude for liberty from the absolutist historian of Clement XIV!

Switzerland as the Parisian author of the History of the Sonderbund war.

A distinguished writer, M. Joel Cherbuliez, speaks as follows, (in the *Revue des deux Mondes*,) of the state of Switzerland between the years 1830 and 1845:—"Unlimited liberty of religious worship prevailed; public education prospered under the direction of distinguished professors; commerce and industry were developed, thanks to free competition; and the authorities fulfilled their duties efficiently and blamelessly. The state presented, in a word, the spectacle of one large family."*

Although the fall of the aristocratic party was effected without any great struggle in the cantons of Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Fribourg, Solothurn, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Argovia, Thurgovia, Ticino, and Vaud, Switzerland was not altogether freed from that party before 1847. In some of the states we have named, the retrogressionists were making preparation to overthrow the conquerors at the first opportunity. In others, such as Basle, Uri, Schwytz, Neuchâtel, Unterwalden and Valais, they were organizing an energetic resistance against the progress of liberal ideas; and Basle particularly distinguished itself by its obstinacy in defending an order of things which was destined to perish. M. de Golbery, in his learned work on Switzerland,† has given a striking description of the deplorable struggle of the Basle aristocracy‡ against the peasantry of that canton, who succeeded at last, through their union and courage, in securing the victory. "If those conflicts in some districts of a republic, which has altogether not more than two millions of inhabitants, may appear to be puny ones, that can only be the case in the eyes of men who have no perception of what is true beauty and liberty. The philosophical reader will discern something else:

* "Switzerland under the government of the Radicals." (*Revue des deux Mondes*, July 1851.)

† See in Didot's "Univers Pittoresque," the article *La Suisse* by M. de Golbery, a member of the Institute of France.

‡ That aristocracy had the doubtful privilege of being eulogized by the historiographer of the Jesuits. (See Cretineau-Joly's *History of the Sonderbund*, vol. i. p. 63.)

in *his* point of view, those agitations belong to the great tempest which, since the 15th century, is agitating mankind. In turn triumphant, the most opposite principles cover with ruins the soil of the old world; absolutism is everywhere at war with progress, whilst liberty gains everywhere the ascendant over *obscurant* policy. In populous nations, and where powerful sovereigns exist, the commotions are terrible, and when the combatants perish in thousands, when armies destroy each other, when war is carried on man to man, then history takes up the event, adds another new catastrophe to its blood-stained pages, and the multitude wonder and tremble. But let the same opposition be manifested on a less extensive theatre, and amongst a race which has preserved its original character and its hereditary courage, and the vulgar-minded will but little heed it, and repeat disdainfully the ironical terms in which the superficial spirit which predominated over the literature and philosophy of the last century, endeavoured to throw ridicule over the discords of Geneva.* The reflective observer thinks quite differently."

The year 1833, in which Basle was divided into two half cantons, appeared a favourable one for the retrograde party in Schwytz and Berne to enter into new conspiracies. In the former canton, the heads of the "interior" district, called the "ancient country of Schwytz," refused equality of rights to the inhabitants of the "exterior" districts. Inequality even prevailed within the limits of the "ancient country," and such a state of things was deemed by the historiographer of the Jesuits to be the *beau ideal* of democracy: "Never," said he, "was the democratic principle more extensively developed than in the governments of those three cantons" † (Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden). M. Cretineau-Joly speaks of democracy, like M. Nicholas of protestantism, without having the least notion of it; but the ultramontanists believe that, as the disciples of the infallible papacy, they acquire all knowledge by intuition.

* "A tempest in a tumbler of water," said Voltaire. (? Paul, Czar of Russia. Voltaire's sneer was that when he, then residing at Ferney, shook his wig, he powdered the entire Republic. V. Murray's Handbook, &c.—*Trans.*)

† Sonderbund, i. p. 75.

It appears that the *subjects* of Schwytz did not share the optimism of M. Cretineau-Joly, for they required justice at the hands of their governments. "The supplications of citizens whose rights were violated," says Zschokke, "negotiations, menaces, the kind interposition of the Confederation,—all was in vain."* Outwearied at last, the "exterior districts," with the consent of the Diet, formed a separate State.

The obstinacy of the small cantons at that particular epoch appears to delight M. Joly: "In the truly Catholic cantons (ultramontane,) the revolution of 1830," he observes, "found no vent." Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, awaited impatiently and with ardent hopes the *insurrection* of Lucerne. They deemed their true happiness to consist in *fixedness* of principle, and preferred having the courage to retrograde to the folly of revolutionary adventures. Those masters of the true art of being free, pure democrats, in a word, had never learned aught else but the catechism.† The writer hastens to add that "the Valais was in the like position."‡

Unfortunately those "pure democrats," those "masters of the art of being free," constantly pronounced, thanks to the pressure of their clergy, in favour of the cause of Basle, of the patricians, and of the other *adversaries of political equality*.§ They beheld with satisfaction the efforts of the pretended conservatives of Berne to overthrow the liberal government, but they succeeded "only in impressing the seal of disgrace on their impotence."||

At that conjuncture, the Basle aristocracy conceived another project not less hostile to the liberties and regeneration of Switzerland, for they formed an intimate alliance with four ultramontane cantons, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Le Valais, as well as with the Protestant and semi-monarchical canton of Neuchâtel, whose lord paramount was the king of Prussia. Thus we find the royalists of that canton and the aristocrats of Basle coming

* History of the Swiss Nation, chap. lxvi.

† *Sonderbund*, vol. i. p. 74, 77, 78, 76, 77.

‡ *Ditto*, p. 79.

§ Zschokke—History of the Swiss Nation, c. lxvi.

|| *Ditto*, same chapter.

to an understanding with the "pure democrats" of the small cantons, in order to divide their common country into two hostile fractions, and to lay the foundation of the Sonderbund ("separate alliance"). That anti-patriotic confederation was termed the "League of Sarnen." It was destined to excite the civil war of 1847.*

The first act of the allies of Sarnen was to procure the rejection, by the people, of the projected form of the federal compact,—the reform proposed by M. Rossi: "The small cantons," says a celebrated French writer, "in opposing the regular power of the Confederation only brought about a deterioration of their primitive character and the decay of their influence which had lasted so many centuries. One would be inclined to say that the aristocratic party, preferring a struggle to an amicable arrangement, compelled themselves to lose voluntarily far more than they would have been obliged to yield."†

They did not stop there. Schwytz sent 600 men with artillery to Küssnacht, a village in the "external districts," on the banks of the lake of the Four cantons, at the foot of the Righi. "Schwytz," admirably remarks M. de Golbery, "essayed to destroy the cradle of its liberty, in the name of a not less odious, and far more unjust despotism, than that which its ancestors had thrown off."‡ But the troops of Lucerne repelled that singular invasion, and the justly irritated Diet ordered the investment of Schwytz. One universal cry of indignation against those obstinate mountaineers rose throughout Switzerland. On the 4th of August, 1833, the federal troops entered Schwytz, and, on the 10th of the same month, the flag of the Confederation floated over the proud city of Basle. The league of Sarnen was dissolved, and Neufchatel, menaced by 10,000 men, was obliged to renounce it.

Those energetical measures re-established peace in Switzerland. The soldiers who wore the federal bracelet honoured themselves by

* Zschokke—History of the Swiss Nation, c. lxvi.

† Mignet—"Notice sur la vie et les travaux de M. Rossi."

‡ "La Suisse," p. 306.

their good discipline, as did the Swiss nation by the legitimate display of its strength, in opposition to those who aimed at the destruction of its unity. The lay and sacerdotal hierarchy were obliged to bow down before the sovereign expression of the will of the Helvetic people. The Diet, too, was as firm as it was moderate. Without resorting to violent measures, it contrived to resist those absolute powers which had taken up the cause of Basle. The peasants of that canton were definitively emancipated, and as for Schwytz, the two territorial fractions were again united under a common constitution.

But during the years immediately preceding and following the formation of the Sonderbund, the aristocratic party, whom no defeats could discourage, thought the moment favourable for attempting a reaction, and their success in some cantons inspired them with a degree of confidence which conduced to their ruin.

The first efforts, however, in the cantons of Berne and Argovia produced results of a nature to disconcert those who subsequently became the promoters of the Sonderbund. The resolutions of the Baden conferences * were the pretext of the ultramontanists for stirring up the population. The natural desire to regulate the relations between the civil authorities and the clergy, relations so often envenomed by the intrigues and pretensions of the latter, gave rise to the conference opened at Baden, on the 20th of January, 1834, between the delegates of Lucerne, Berne, St. Gall, Thurgovia, Argovia, Solothurn, and the rural demi-canton of Basle, (Bâle-Campagne,) and they came to an agreement respecting fourteen points, which were similar to those in force in so many monarchical states.

M. Cretineau-Joly has directed all his thunder against the signers of the articles of Baden: "The church," he says, "was stripped of all its prerogatives, and contributions were levied on it. It was loaded with chains, and all its enemies were invited to satiate their cupidity amidst its ruins. The convents

* With reference to those conferences, see Vulliemin's excellent work, "*L'Eglise romaine en Suisse*," published in the "*Bibliothèque universelle de Genève*."

were spoliated, and injustice was upheld as a principle," &c. &c.* The remainder is of like tone. Unfortunately for the apologist of the society of Jesus, he forgot to state that the conference of Baden had based its decisions on the laws of the empire of his imperial, royal, and apostolic majesty. If "the Bernese bear was so avid of the new honey of the church,"† that poor church was not the less placed under the superintendence of "the powerful and wise crowned eagle" (*sic*). M. Cretineau-Joly admits that the Swiss democrats only employed towards Rome, which had been so hostile to them, those very precautions which had been judged necessary even by the head of the Holy Empire. "It was," says M. Cretineau-Joly, "the old school ‡ of Joseph II. which, after having perverted Germany,§ crossed the mountains."|| Did not Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., those most Christian princes, make arrangements similar to those of Baden in their "Gallican liberties" and their "organic articles?" What reasonable government has ever been desirous of giving itself up, bound hand and foot, to the Roman hierarchy? Some countries, it is true, have done so, for example, Mexico, Spain, Portugal, and Naples,—but what is the condition of these unfortunate nations? Switzerland kept other models before its eyes. Who can blame it for not adopting, under a system of despotism, a form of government which, as under the Neapolitan monarchy, rules by the cudgel, or as, in the apostolical empire, by the sword?

Nevertheless, the clergy who, under the ministerial sceptre of Prince Metternich, patiently endured the regulations of Joseph II., as they did the organic articles of Louis Philippe of France, could not sufficiently anathematize the decrees of Baden. Towards the end of February, 1836, great discontent

* "*Hist. du Sonderbund*," vol. i. p. 215.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 306.

‡ What a strange epithet! Does not M. Joly boast every moment of *old* Switzerland? Why so much disdain, therefore, for the *old* Cæsars? In his opinion, Francis Joseph ought to represent the *new* spirit against the retrograde Joseph II.!!

§ Switzerland acted, therefore, like all Germany.

|| *Sonderbund*, vol. i. p. 216.

was manifested in the Bernese Jura, a Catholic district in the diocese of the bishop of Solothurn. From Porrentruy the agitation extended to the neighbouring villages, and even the women, who become too easily the instruments of sectaries,* excited by their confessors, took the most active part in the insurrection. They went in procession to plant a *tree of Catholic and religious liberty*.† Such *conservative* cries as the following were heard in the rural districts: "Down with the Government! Death to the Huguenots!" A few Bernese battalions sufficed to restore order and disperse the perturbators, amongst whom were several influential priests.

In the other cantons, all the springs of fanaticism and ignorance were put in motion. Emissaries traversed Thurgovia, a canton half Catholic, half Protestant, preaching a crusade. At St. Gall the provincial of the Capuchins forbade his subordinates to abide by the Baden decrees. In the canton of Lucerne, the clergy raised an agitation amongst the inhabitants of the Entlibuch district. All these intrigues emanated from the Pope's nuncio, who was secretly preparing all the elements of the grand reactionary drama of 1847. Monsignor de Angelis was, at that time, filling the post of metropolitan of Helvetia, the policy of Rome having *always* prevented the erection of a native archbishopric. It is difficult to account for the weakness of the different governments which, since the year 1830, succeeded each other in Switzerland, in leaving in the heart of the Confederation a permanent source of retrograde conspiracies. The liberal authorities of Lucerne made, at least, an effort to rid the canton of the machinations of the nunciature, for it ordered Monsignor de Angelis to quit the Lucerne territory. "But the primitive cantons," writes M. Cretineau-Joly,‡ "did not bow the knee before the firman of a few refugees. According to the word

* M. Michelet, in his "*Les Femmes de la Révolution*," has shown that they organized the entire insurrection in *La Vendée*.

† In Louis Philippe's time, the party represented by the *Univers* clamoured also for "religious liberty." What sort of liberty does that party now preach?

‡ *Sonderbund*, vol. i. p. 231.

of John the Evangelist, "They knew the truth, and the truth rendered them free." Free, forsooth, under the yoke of Rome! The nuncio having crossed the lake of the four cantons, was received at Schwytz with great honours: "The ambassador of the *common father*," observes the same writer, "escaped the insults of the revolutionists."*

A few years later, that is to say in 1841, the ultramontanists of Argovia rose up in their turn. On the 11th of January, the fields of Villmergen were again fatal to the soldiers of Rome,—those fields which had beheld their fathers fleeing in the 18th century. On the next day they were vanquished, for the second time, at Muri; but a "new Maccabæus," an avenger, was to appear on the banks of the lake of the four cantons—Joseph Leu!† It is truly surprising that Catholicism has experienced so many defeats on the territory of the Swiss Confederation after so many miracles in its favour, from the time of Charles Borromeo, the author of the "Golden League," down to that of M. Stephen Marilley, bishop of Lausanne and Geneva. The celestial court did nothing to prevent the Romish church succumbing at London, Amsterdam, and Berlin; but in the Alps matters were very different. At the first battle of Villmergen, the mother of God marched at the head of her worshippers. In the 19th century Lucerne had the honour of possessing a Maccabæus, whose precursor, Wolf, greater than John the Baptist, performed miracles. The Virgin re-appeared in the war of the Sonderbund, and M. Marilley affirms that she preserved her orthodox Fribourgiens from the federal balls and bullets. I pass over other equally well-attested prodigies, which produced no result. 'Tis strange enough that the sharp-shooters of Vaud, those "sons of the devil," were able to vanquish all the celestial hierarchy under the walls of Fribourg and Lucerne! Like Diomedes, they struggled against immortal beings, even though

* Sonderbund, vol. i. p. 232.

† "One man did not despair either of honour or of his country or his religion. That man, the Maccabæus whom Lucerne appeared to be waiting for, was named Joseph Leu." (Cretineau-Joly, *Sonderbund*, i. 293.)

they saw flying over their heads the apostolic eagle of the house of Lorraine. This was a terrible scandal, and to repair it it was deemed necessary to torture many heretics and free-thinkers.

At Fribourg and Lucerne, ultramontanism was more fortunate than in the Bernese Jura and in Argovia: "Fribourg had accepted the liberal revolution rather as an essay than as a principle," writes M. Joly, "and revolutionary ideas made but little way in that canton, *for the clergy were vigilant.*"* So, thanks to the vigilance of the Jesuits, the reaction was quietly accomplished.†

As such could not be, it would seem, the case in Lucerne, St. Ignatius raised up "the Maccabæus, Joseph Leu," who, like Matathias, had enumerated the evils which overwhelmed the people of Juda, and that *Helvetic Jerusalem*, his country.‡

Leu was born at the beginning of the century, in the village of Unterebersol, "in a valley shaded by spreading trees that counted their years by hundreds." From his youth he "manifested rare intelligence, united with the most ardent belief in Catholicism. He was pure-minded, *simple*, strong, and fearing God." This regenerator of the canton was destined to have a precursor. This young man, "living as it were in the contemplation of heaven, needed a guide, a model, a friend. Nicholas Wolf, whom M. Joly bestows on Leu as a sort of John the Baptist, was a charm-worker of the same kind as the Prince of Hohenlohe: "He passed his life in prayer, and often obtained thereby *the cure of the sick.*" In 1819, this strange prophet said to Leu's mother that God had evidently destined her Joseph for great things,—that is to say, in ordinary language, that he was destined to bring back to Lucerne the holy society of Jesus. "Joseph believed. Wolf imparted to him the *baptism of conviction.* . . . In every house which was opened

* Sonderbund, i. 286, 287.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Sonderbund, i. 294. Here follows a monologue of Leu: "Woe to me! am I then born to see the affliction of my people," &c.

to the man of God, Nicholas spoke of the future destinies of Joseph."*

The precursor went so skilfully to work that Leu was nominated member of the great council or legislative body. There the predestined peasant, he who, like Jeanne d'Arc, † had "become the object of the love and hope of the people,"—and of the Jesuits,—acquired an intimate friend, the canon Melchior Kauffmann. Leu, like Stofflet and Cathelineau, was a blind instrument of clerical ambition. Catholic priests are much skilled in making use of those rude and blunt persons, whose vanity they know how to flatter, and whose natural impetuosity they know how to inflame. But in Leu's character, "simplicity did not exclude a certain degree of *cunning*." So, "by discussion and by prayer," he set about preparing the way for the triumph of his patrons. "The morn of the 31st of January 1841 lighted up the victory of the people," exclaims all at once M. Joly, with democratic joy, all the more striking that he was the former editor of the absolutist *Echo Français*. It is not, however, difficult to understand whom the author of *La Vendée Militaire* means by the *people*. His people are they who waged the fratricidal wars of the west, and those ignorant and fanatic masses who are set against the men of progress, liberty, and intelligence. Such are the *people* whom we shall shortly see organizing the Sonderbund, but destined to be vanquished by Helvetia united under the federal flag.

I was urged to quit Zug. A guide, one Peter Jaun, had undertaken to accompany me in the mountains. He was a robust man, with his pockets filled with certificates, in which those persons who were desirous of attesting their own deeds of valour, under pretence of doing justice to the guide, related the terrible journeys they had undertaken on the brink of precipices. Jaun had been a good soldier. He had, in his time, bravely

* Sonderbund, i. chap. v.

† Guido Görres has written a book, Joan d'Arc, and M. de Carné, in the *Révue des deux Mondes* (1856) speaks of her as M. Cretineau-Joly does of Leu. Credulity is contagious.

fought for the king of Naples, who had decorated him with the cross of some order which I do not recollect. He was impatient to see me on the road to Arth, where we were to take horses for the ascent of the Righi.

The road became more and more beautiful, preserving its rural character, along the lake of Zug and under the majestic slopes of the Rossberg. To my right was the Righi, and beyond it the white fortress of the Bernese Oberland. Some salient peaks of the glaciers shone like the summits of those domes which Swedenborg, in his ecstasy, beheld in paradise. A mysterious attraction made one gaze fixedly upon them. The Mönch, the Eigher, and the Jungfrau, shone with incomparable lustre. "That world of ice and snow," said I to myself, "must be a marvellous spectacle, when one is encircled in its fastnesses."

XXI.

The colossal pyramid of the Righi rose before mine eyes. On its sides, forming natural terraces, are rough scarps and fallen rocks covered with the dust of ages. How joyful to seek in solitary grottoes and on the heights overlooking cities, those emotions and those unwonted sensations, which so much resemble dreams. For all I know, there are dangers around me which are not without their charm. So impatient am I at times to arrive on those heights that I eagerly press my horse forward. Alas, the delusion insensibly vanishes. I grow discouraged, and I let the bridle fall carelessly on his neck. Shall I this day become acquainted with anything of which I have not already found out the nothingness? I shall be again on those heights, in presence of myself, that is to say, of that powerless intelligence which embraces all, without passing the limited extent of reality, and which wanders in the dark abysses of infinitude. Why should my soul drag after it this heavy matter? Why can it not, like the aerial breeze, more rapid than this large-winged bird of prey, fly unshackled into space, where our sluggish bodies come not? Why do these skies appear so attractive to us,

whilst remaining unapproachable? Why do the mysteries they contain draw us so irresistibly towards them, and why is it that our desire to reach them produces that invincible weariness of life, which eats into our hearts like the vulture of Prometheus? Nature is too vast for the feeble creatures who are crawling on its bosom; yet, immense as it is, it cannot satisfy the insatiable cravings of those who have tasted the banquet of the Eternal!

But a formidable voice, as if issuing from the bowels of the earth, falls now upon my ear. An ice-born cataract foams at the depth of yon gulf, which is crossed by a wooden bridge over which my horse is stumbling. It issues from the heights which rise in the east, conceals itself for a time among the schistose rocks, rushes fretfully through the fissures, and reappears in the sonorous abyss to lose itself again in the tall herbage of the valley. The atmosphere becomes refreshed, and a pure and vivifying breeze is circulating amongst the rocks. One feels, as it were, the proximity of regions of snow preserved amidst the high side walls, through which the rays of the sun have never penetrated. Suddenly, from the top of those grey mountains, angular-like old ruins, rolls down a block of that half-melted snow, which brings down with it the still green fir, uprooted and spread along the miry soil. Birds of prey uttering wild shrieks fly away from the larch trees waving over my head. Mingling with all these sounds come the softer tones of the Alpine songs—tones echoed afar. An irresistible charm still attracts me towards those heights, to which I seem borne on the wings of the wind, whilst my horse, obeying my will, is pounding the rock with his iron hoofs.

I have lost sight of the guide and of the caravans which were following me. The solitude which now surrounds me is as solemn as those mountains. The arid brow of Mount Pilatus, desolate and sinister, resembles that of a petrified giant assailed on all sides by the winds, unceasingly buffeted by the storms, and furrowed at every moment by the lightnings, though they cannot shake it or rouse it from its stupor.

A cloud is floating over its lonely top—announcing a lovely morrow. At all times does nature reveal herself to simple hearts

in a poetical language which they understand, just as the birds and the most timid beings in creation have an instinctive perception of bad weather and of secrets impenetrable to the eye. Black vapours are exhaled from the valley of Schwytz. The lake of Lowertz resembles a sullied mirror in which are depicted those fallen rocks which tell of terrible catastrophes. Often do I perceive deserted châlets in the distance, and it is therein that the milk and fleeces of the goats and heifers of the valley are procured, when the heat of summer drives them to the welcome shade. At every step, a pious image, nailed to the mossy trunk of a tree, shows that this road is frequented by pilgrims.

But do we require images to enable us to discover God everywhere? Do we need better inspirations for prayer than this majestic nature? Such grotesque images as these excite in me a feeling of pity. They blunt my intellect, narrow my heart, and arrest its impulses, which surge, as it were, against that worm-eaten wood. I am filled again with thoughts which I had wished to forget. The remembrance of the trifles of this world is awakened at the sight of these symbols, which make me again revert to earth. No; men should never lay a sacrilegious hand on the gigantic work of the Creator. The traces of that despotism in which they delight to keep us so pitilessly enclosed, should not follow like the bullet attached to the foot of the captive. How beautiful, however, is this colossal temple, whose columns ascend to the skies! One breathes therein the air of liberty—that liberty which is the life and strength of human nature. Here amidst these scenes I dare to hope. And when I feel this breeze rising from the depths of the precipice to the summit of these sublime peaks, I feel that my soul can also ascend to the skies.

Meantime I tread the plains of humid snow which cover the last slopes of the mountain—that snow which only awaits one ray of the sun to melt into a silvery cascade. The guides raise a prolonged cry, to which I respond. Jaun runs up and seizes the bridle of my horse, which neighs and rears. Already I perceive on the upper plateau the white house of the Righi-Kulm, and there every object, heaven itself, wears an icy tint.

I had reached the summit of the mountain by the northern side. I stopped an instant and gazed back to contemplate the road by which I had just come. Within the precinct of the vast horizon, enclosed by the curtain, as it were, of the Black Forest, my glance eagerly sought out the steeple of Cappel, which brought so many eloquent reminiscences to my mind, and reposed at last on the lake of Egeri, sheltered by the indented sides of the gloomy Rossberg. I thought I beheld the glorious spectres of Morgarten gliding along the banks of the lake, in pursuit of the vexed shade of Duke Leopold of Austria; and I quailed as much before those funereal images in the midst of these solemn scenes, as I did under the piercing wind which descended from the frozen tops of the Alps.

When I proceeded again on my way how grand the spectacle presented at the extremity of the plateau! On the confines of that vast plain, of one uniform tint, which extended beyond the eye's ken to the foot of the mountain, vivid sparkles of fire shot through the clouds. All nature seemed mysteriously expectant. I tarried a moment, enraptured, and could have deemed myself transported amidst those upper worlds which at night shine far above us. The sun, like a globe without lustre, hung motionless over the earth. Suddenly the Alpine horn resounded afar. Then the tall luminary, as though obedient to the signal, rapidly descended, as if eager to enter into the dazzling clouds which were about to envelop it as if with royal vestments. When he disappeared he left a glow of flame all around, and one would almost believe that genii with fiery torches had concealed him from our profane gaze, in the midst of golden and purple draperies. Long afterwards, playful hues of light, scarcely perceptible, were reflected on the distant lakes, and on the numerous towers of Lucerne. By degrees the horizon grew paler and paler, till the shades of night spread mournfully through space. The silence became solemn. The first star, the one which loving hearts have chosen as a symbol, twinkled in the skies, a mystic consolation, or else a sweet harbinger of peace and happiness.

When all was buried in sleep, when all the doors were closed, and when no foot was cracking the snow of the mountain, the

unchained winds commenced their groaning, now like savage howls issuing from the deep caverns, anon like the hissing of winged dragons; at one time like the hoarse sighs of some colossal breast in its agony, and again like the chorus of infernal instruments, and then like the horrible and piercing shrieks of condemned spirits.

Are these heights, then, the terrible places to which, at night, ascend from the bottom of the valleys the formidable voices which relate the crimes and impiety of mankind? Is chaos to swallow up all? And that star, colder than the eternal ice, why gazes it so steadfastly on this scene? Thou pale phantom, with neither soul nor life, wilt thou ever feel any sympathy for our despair or our joy? Wilt thou always regard with perfect indifference our foolish manifestations of happiness,—those tears which thou appearest to attract towards thyself like waves from the unfathomable deep? How many generous hearts have often groaned under thy icy rays? Let unsullied and inexperienced souls alone relate to thee their griefs!

When the first glimmerings of the dawn of day cast a pale reflexion on the surface of the glaciers and mountains of Unterwalden, the winds grew appeased. The cold was piercing; moist vapours inundated space; the lakes were scarcely visible through the mists; and the nearest heights, which form a rampart above the Righi, were covered with thick snow. A brown hue veiled the skies, and the light of the stars became gradually extinct. My senses partook of the sluggishness of nature. The bodiless images of the dream pursued me, like those dark vapours which, coiled up in long rows, adhere to the mountain sides.

Like a virgin smiling in the midst of funereal phantoms, the top of the Sents is shining at the utmost limit of the horizon. A light track of gold, like the tail of a comet, is skimming over it, whilst over the Dödi and in the valleys, hovers still the night, silent and humid. All the tints of spring roses are gradually assumed by the zone of light which extends towards the east, and slightly colours the peaks of the Titlis and the azure snows of the distant heights of the Glärnisch. The numerous taper-

ing summits of the Alps successively appear. A roseate gauze spreads over the majestic mountains of the Appenzell. The sharp points of the Mythen are red with a luminous vapour; the town of Schwytz at their base emerging from the shades of night. The verdant slopes and the extensive lakes become more and more distinct. All the splendour of the skies is concentrated on the mountains. The light clouds springing up from the hollows of the rocks evaporate in the air like the smoke of holocausts. The gigantic pyramids of the Alps, "mounts of God," as David calls the hills, inspire an ineffable feeling of piety. One hears a chorus of celestial harps in these magnificent mountains. One might fancy that, far below, at the base of these silvery glaciers on the glowing horizon, vast multitudes are kneeling devoutly to hear the oracles of truth ready to resound from the depths of burning flames, and celebrating in sublime hymns the wonders which are manifested over their heads. Suddenly space is traversed with lengthy rays, like reflections from the divine light which burst forth from the inspired forehead of Moses. The fiery disk of the sun is flaring like a misshapen brasier. At last, decked out in all its glory, it rushes, giant-like, up the bosom of the azure space. What animation on all sides! The lakes even are all life. The distant steeples are bathed in morning light, and echo seems to repeat the vibrations of their sonorous bells.

My soul is at this moment dilated with divine love, and feels itself superior to all visible creation. That power which created the universe, which has endowed me with feeling, and which all nations, all ages have acknowledged, regenerates and attracts my intelligence with irresistible force.

"O Lord, who deignest to communicate to me a portion of thy divine breath, Father of all that exists, accord thy grace to my ardent aspirations! Let thy pure spirit, thy spirit of truth, descend on this world which thou fillest with thy presence. Enkindle, O God, the torches of thy splendour in the gloomy night in which we are wandering—so long wandering. May thy light penetrate into the most hidden paths, into the abysses where imperceptible atoms lose themselves, like those rays which

illumine the lowest recesses of vegetation, and the sombre cavities of these colossal masses. O Eternal One! may thy glory inundate this creation, may thy children enjoy the perfect day. Then shall one sole voice, the expression of one sole thought, rise up to Thee—a voice resounding in praises worthy of Thee for all eternity!”

The last tones of a delightful harmony are expiring, a pure voice is singing the sublime strophes of the hymn of the angels in Haydn's "Creation." The window is opened, and the sounds spread afar. One moment later, and a woman appears for a while, then disappears in the direction of Küßnacht.

I followed her footsteps, whilst the mist invaded space, and the sun began to be veiled behind a greyish curtain. The road winded along slippery snow, but I perceived under my feet the dark verdure of the fir-trees, and the oaken boughs whose leaves shone like emeralds. I held in my hand a long stick tipped with iron, with a top formed of chamois horn, and when the stones of the pathway rolled down into the abyss, I stopped, and leaning against a rock, listened to the noise they made in their descent. Soon the whitish mud was replaced by a rocky pathway, by moss and microscopic vegetation growing in the clefts of the schist, and by icy protuberances suspended on the rude asperities of the steep heights. Further down, the centennial ivy intertwined around flexible stems, and the glécome, whose twisted leaves creep along the banks of the brooks, succeeded the bare banks and the withered weeds. I respired already the spring air which vivified the core of the plant, and aroused the shining beetle and the nimble *neosoptera*. Warm puffs of air spread far and near at times the odours of the thyme and violets, mingled with that penetrating aroma which intoxicates the bee amidst the fertile valley of the Alps. I wandered for some time in the woods, my hands full of garlands of gentian, and of those varied flowers which I had picked up amongst the rocks and the steep declivities:—

“Dort ragt das hohe Kaupt vom edlen Euziane
Weit übern niedern Chor der Pröbel-Kräuter hin:

Ein ganzes Blumen-Volk dient unter seiner Fahne,
 Sein blauer Bruder selbst, bücht sich, und ehret ihm,
 Der Blumen helles Gold, in Strahlen umgebogen,
 Thümt sich am Stengel auf, und krönt sein grau Gewand
 Der Blätter glattes Weiss, mit tiefem Grün durchzogen,
 Strahlt von dem bunten Blitz von feuchtem Diamant:
 Gerechtestes Gesetz! dass Kraft sich Zier vermähle,
 In einem schönem Leib wohnt eine schöne Seele."*

How graceful those woodland anemones and those beautiful "silver-weeds," amongst which shone, in their dewy covering, the flaxen corollas and the mountain arnica. In the woods, the violets sprung up in abundant tufts, and far from concealing themselves, they bloomed out freely, even on the very edge of the road. I became covetous of so much riches, and made an ample collection, which I attached to my Alpen-stock.

On a bare hillock, a wooden cross, half eaten into by moss, bent over the ravine. At its foot was seated, in prayer, she who, with her melodious voice, had greeted the dawn of day. But scarcely had she heard our footsteps, when she fled and concealed herself like a wild gazelle. A secret sympathy attached me to that unknown being. Methought it was a sister soul asking only for silence and oblivion. I hastened on, in order not to disturb her solitude.

I rapidly descended the terraces which, becoming less steep, descended to the plain—the last ones being formed of vast meadows, on which the fruit trees shed their petals, white as snow. The sun's heat was overpowering. I reposed, at intervals, under the shade of rosy-almond trees, or of chestnut-trees bending towards the earth their long and jagged leaves.

XXII.

Through the mysterious veil of the old trees which formed a vault above my head, I perceived, on the hill beyond the road, a poor wooden chapel. I ascended to the porch, and took my

* Haller—"Die Alpen."

place among some village women, on the disjointed flag-stones partly covered with black lichens. That chapel, erected in honour of courage and patriotic devotion, bore an indescribable expression of profound quietude. It appeared to me as a monument raised to humanity, and as a symbol of the ruin of pride and tyranny.

“Frei sind die Hütten, sicher ist die Unschuld
Vor dir, du wirst dem Lande nicht mehr schaden.”*

The remembrance of William Tell and of the sublime drama, traces of which, as it were, were under my feet, gave an elevation to my thoughts. I read this inscription on the portal of the church:—

“Gessler's Hochmuth Tell erschossen
Und edle Schweizerfreiheit entsprossen,
Wie lange wird aber solche wahren,
Noch lange, wenn wir die Alten wären.”

Above the inscription is a fresco representing William Tell behind a coppice wood, aiming the fatal arrow at Gessler, who is urging on his steed—one as stately as himself—towards a woman on her knees. I entered into the silent enclosure, only dimly lighted by a few windows, and advanced towards the altar in order to lay on it the perfumed flowers which I had brought with me from the mountains, and which I offered for a token of sympathy with heroic virtue, whilst Lavater's hymn revived in my mind the glorious reminiscences of the immortal prowess of the primitive cantons:—

I.

“No, no, wicked man, no one of heart, no one of honour will bow before thy hat raised on a perch. William Tell will not bow before it.

II.

Grind thy teeth, tyrant, as much as thou wilt. He who is free remains free, and though he possess nothing, he is still courageous and faithful.

III.

The bailiff, full of wrath, exclaims: ‘Tell, thou shalt shoot there; thou shalt aim at the apple which I place on thy son's head; if not, both of you shall perish.’

* Schiller's "*William Tell*."

IV

Tell hears and supplicates in vain,—‘Kill me,’ said he, ‘I am ready;’ but he prayed in vain. He gazed on his son, and wept bitterly.

V.

Then he pressed the child to his bosom. O dreadful moment of anguish! He said to him in a low voice, ‘Keep still, and fear not. I shall do thee no harm. Keep still.’

VI.

He conducts him gently near a tree, sets an apple on his head, and rapidly traverses back the measured distance.

VII.

He seizes his bow and arrow; extends the cord, takes quiet aim. The child remains motionless: with a scarcely perceptible movement Tell relaxes the string,—the arrow hisses along—the apple falls.

VIII.

The child, transported with infantine joy, leaps into his father’s arms, bringing him the apple at the end of the arrow.

IX.

Never did his father embrace him so tenderly before; never offered such fervent thanks to God; never before did such happiness arise for him, after such poignant grief; never was such honour his after so many insults.

X.

But, alas, scarcely was the danger over—that danger so gloriously overcome—when the Governor, perceiving a second arrow, asked, menacingly, for whom?

XI.

Tell ironically replied: Such is the custom of archers; but Gessler had perceived the mocking smile, and he demanded again, for whom? For *thy* heart was it set aside!—Such Tell’s answer.

XII.

Gessler, more furious than ever, orders Tell’s hands and feet to be bound. He menaces, he foams at the mouth, he swears he will cast him into prison.

XIII.

He is dragged into a boat; to the dungeon of Küssnacht, cries out the master. He places himself near his victim, and asks him jeeringly:—Art thou now at rest?

XIV.

The chained hero acted like a hero; Tell in irons is still Tell, and God, whose grace is showered upon oppressed, sees him; He will soon aid him. He calls up the tempest in its unchained fury; the boatmen grow pale and exclaim: If Tell take not the helm we are all lost.

XV.

Death seems nigh at hand; the anguish and danger are redoubled; Gessler, terrified, murmured out to his servants; unbind him.

XVI.

The free arm of the brave Tell successfully laboured; he springs on the rock, exulting with joy, and impels the boat back again amongst the agitated waters.

XVII.

The angry waves roar in the ears of the tyrant. Tell recommends himself to God, takes breath for an instant, then flees at the sight of his enemy. Gessler hopes to reach him, he pursues him in fury, his forehead gloomy with anxiety and hatred; he enters the path shaded by hedges and weeds.

XVIII.

Tell, motionless, concealed under the foliage, bow in hand, thinks of his son, of his country's misfortunes, and keeps his arm ready.

XIX.

He once again arms, and his arrow pierces Gessler's heart; with joy he beholds the murderer's blood flowing.

XX.

His foe grows pale and falls from his horse. Tell kneels down, and from his soul gives thanks, for he and his are saved.

XXI.

The freedom of our country sprung from that event; soon shall it shine afar, and everywhere show its light.*

Such is the poetical recital, faithfully based on the national traditions of Switzerland. During some centuries, no doubts diminished the interest of those traditions. In the long winter evenings, the Alpine shepherds gathered round the domestic hearth, in which the fir-wood was crackling, and related them to their children. The wind in the gorges of the mountain seemed

* Lavater—*Swiss Songs*.

to be then an echo of that tempest which lashed the waters of the lake of the four cantons, when the liberator of Helvetia sprang upon the rock, before piercing the tyrant's bosom. But, in our days, science has subjected popular traditions to a pitiless examination. Vico, the celebrated Neapolitan thinker, remarks that, at the origin of nations, heroes with marvellous deeds are always found. Thus amongst the Greeks were Hercules, the destroyer of monsters, Theseus, who slaughtered the Minotaur, Jason, who, in spite of the dragon, obtained the golden fleece. Is not all that a personification of the struggles of the first tribes of Greece against the untamed force of nature, and the savage animals which overran the land? In the history of Rome, as proved by Niebuhr, the tradition of Romulus being taken up to heaven, and of Numa receiving his inspirations from the nymph Egeria, is, like subsequent traditions, the expression of the political transformations of that people, who were destined, one day, to impose their laws on the world.* In Asia matters were not different. The legends of Zoroaster, Krishna, and Brahma, also owed their origin to the necessity, on the part of the people, of personifying, in some grand figure, the various epochs lost in the abyss of time.† Nations, whilst still young, are, like children, ruled by an ardent imagination, and they embody and animate those thoughts and dreams which strike their fancy and which flit across their brains. They cannot picture to themselves a religious or social evolution, without introducing some fantastic beings, half-gods—half-men,—the Greeks giving the name of demi-gods to those intermediate personages. They belong to heaven by the sacred breath which inflames them, and to earth by the hot passions of humanity, which they display on a large scale.

The author of *Prometheus* has reproduced, in a most felicitous manner, the majesty of those gigantic creations. Æschylus understood the titanic genius better than all other poets. One of the heroes of Marathon, the brother of the intrepid Cynegire, had a perfect idea of the heroic period, thanks to his powerful facul-

* See Niebuhr's *Roman History*. † See E. Quinet's *Génie des Religions*.

ties of mind, and the astonishing vigour of his own character. No one has better described those extraordinary types who appear to possess the brutal vigour of the elements, who may be termed the personifications of the untamed force of nature, and who obey not even the divine voice. How grand the spectacle of Prometheus chained down to the snowy summits of the Caucasus, and braving the fury of Jupiter! Those admirable pictures have, undoubtedly, no relation with historical reality; they are only created by the imagination, and are confounded with the first revolutions of the globe.

It has been remarked that nations have preserved, almost up to our own day, that poetical faculty which identifies legend with history, and the ideal with the real. Assuredly, nations were incapable, as they grew older, of inventing a personage whose exploits should be entirely chimerical, but they have long manifested a singular tendency to embellish even the most prosaic lives, when they express a political or religious idea. Is not that strange phenomenon found amongst us in the writings of Simeon the Metaphrastist,* and, in the west, in the *Golden Legend*, drawn up by Jacques de Voragine?† Such is the power of the imagination amongst the masses, that one may apply to that creative faculty what Boileau said of poetry:

“Tout ce qu'elle a touché se convertit en or.”

Is there anything more vulgar, more insignificant, than the life of Francis d'Assise, or of an Anthony of Padua? In an historical point of view, one only sees in these two poor monks, the victims of the delusions of an over-excited mind, endeavouring through extravagant and absurd penances, to imitate the ancient solitaries, whose mode of existence had made such an impression on most nations. But behold the power of the legendary spirit!‡

* A monk, named Agapius, made an abridgment, in the West, under the title of, “*Liber dictus Paradisus*,” &c. desumpt. ea Simeone Metaphrastá. Venice, 1541, 4to.

† J. de Voragine—*Historia Lombardina, seu Legenda sancta*, (or *aurea*).

‡ I content myself with quoting J. De Luca's *Oratio laudibus Divi de Francis Assisisatis*, Rome 1742, and Potenza's *Orazione in lode di St. Francesco d'Assisi*.

Francis d'Assise is no longer the modest anchorite of the Portiuncula, but a being to whom the divinity accords extraordinary privileges. An angel descends from heaven, in order to impress on his feet and hands the imprints of the passion of Christ. He commands nature as if he were her master. The animals of the forest obey his orders;—the birds of the air listen to his preaching. An intimate and mysterious communion unites him with creation. Everything that has a drop of life sympathizes with his joys and griefs! What a high power of idealizing is this! Here creatures, deprived even of reason, are made to act a part in the great drama of life, come forth as hostile or friendly actors, and appear at one time as humble servants, at another as rebel powers, in the relations of the human family!* It is thus that humanity embellishes the history of the heroes of poetry,—heroes really human; deprives itself of them, as it were at their expense, and, in its generous profusion of irreconcilable qualities, lavishes on them the extraordinary faculties which their position requires.

The Swiss, it is said, have not, any more than other people, escaped from this law of human nature. It is only necessary to quote, in proof, the legend of Nicholas von der Flue. It was long believed by the confederates, that the celebrated hermit had passed twenty years without partaking of any food except the eucharist, so great, said they, was the power of mind and of prayer, over the grosser desires of the body, enjoyed by the holy peacemaker of Stanz.

That so great a wonder should have been credited at a certain epoch need not surprise any one acquainted with the middle ages, but it is astonishing to find any one amongst our contemporaries upholders of that extraordinary miracle, for a miracle it really is in the eyes of M. Guido Gærres, the son of the celebrated professor at Munich, and of M. Louis Venillot, the

* Yet a natural explanation is possible in those mysterious influences sometimes exercised by what we call idiots over the dumb creation. I may instance the Bee-boy in White's Natural History of Selborne. and many of the influences ascribed to the hero of that singular book by Dumas, "Conscience l'Innocent," are of common observation.—*Trans.*

editor of the *Univers*. Now, if, in our own days, such strange credulity is met with, can we be surprised that the fourteenth century has embellished with mythical ornaments the event to which they owe the liberation of their country?

Such are the philosophical grounds for believing in the probability of the creation of a legend relative to the liberators of Helvetia; but there are also historical reasons which impart great force to those considerations. A fact becomes contestable when, together with the same leading circumstances, it is found in the lives of different persons; consequently, when we read of completely identical details in the biographies of Zoroaster, Buddha, Krishna, Rama, and Lao-Tseu,* it is difficult not to set them down as legends, particularly if those details partake of the marvellous. This is just what has happened with regard to William Tell. Even Herodotus has a narrative which has some analogy with the history of the Swiss liberator. Greek anthology has devoted an epigram to Alcon, a Cretan archer, whose skill recalls to mind that of Tell. The adventures of Punkler, William Bell of Cloudesley,† Heming, Ilbreid of Egil, and, above all, of Palna-Toko, related by Saxo-Grammaticus in his history of Denmark, are at bottom the same as those of the Helvetian hero. If certain learned persons may be credited, the word Tell (telum, an arrow), Toko (Τόξον, bow), and Bell Βέλλος, arrow), are synonymous. It is added that the chapels which are raised to the memory of William Tell had other destinations than those assigned them by tradition. It is certain that, before the end of the fifteenth century, no chronicler

* A very remarkable little work, by the Rev. Mr. Hislop of the Free church, Arbroath, entitled the Moral Identity of Rome and Babylon, supplies analogies, as singular as they are ingenious and invaluable, as to the origin of several of these oriental legendary forms of worship, and traces them downwards to the church of Rome. It is published at sixpence by Messrs. Johnstone & Hunter, Princes Street, Edinburgh.—*Trans.*

† Madame d'Istria has here left a crevice in the armour of proof of her invariable correctness, of which the translator eagerly avails himself. The ballad is named William of Cloudesley, and the heroes are,

“ Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesley.”

—*Trans.*

makes mention of him. It is in vain that all the archives of the primitive cantons have been examined; there is no indication of any family of that name, nor the slightest allusion to the existence of Tell himself. M. Kopp has made long and useless researches in the parish registers of Burglein, assigned by tradition as the native village of the hero. M. Kopp has even supposed that Tell could not be a family name, and that Gessler had never been bailiff of Küssnacht. Many men of learning have been led by all these facts to the conclusion that the population of the small cantons, to which many have attributed a Scandinavian origin, brought to the Alps from the banks of the Baltic the legend of William Tell, borrowed from the ancient Sagas.*

Whatever be the doubts of the learned regarding the authenticity of the history, it will never become less popular—and rightly so. It expresses, in a dramatic manner, the power of right and the strength of the oppressed against injustice and violence; it admirably personifies those humble mountaineers who, armed with the shepherd's arrow, struggled so successfully, and with such unequalled energy, for centuries against the feudal aristocracy. Tell, leaning against the rock, and casting his eagle glance across the stormy lake of the Four cantons, is an expressive emblem of the intrepid soldiers who fought at Næfels and Morgarten.

The history in question is indebted for its popularity to its human and prophetic character—its human character, because nothing excites so much the enthusiasm of mankind as the struggles of the weak with the strong, of the oppressed with the oppressor, of right with injustice. It possesses, moreover, all the interest attached to a prophecy. The arrow which was shot against the Austrian bailiff will eternally pursue the tyrants of Helvetia. The shepherd in his weakness and isolation commenced a struggle against the powerful house of Habsburg with

* See *pro* and *con* Uriel Freudenberger's "William Tell, a Danish fable;" J. A. Balthazar's "Defence of William Tell," and J. J. Hisely's "Guillaume Tell, mythe et histoire."

no other support than God and justice. But that right will triumph over numerous battalions. The eagle of Austria, like the vulture of the Alps, will hover in vain over that fortress of liberty, and it will never be able to dart its formidable talons into any spot where shines the silver cross—that symbol of Christian fraternity. Austria, all-powerful in the rest of Europe, will not be able any more than were the ferocious bailiffs of the Emperor Albert, to triumph over the peasants of Helvetia. And that is what the Swiss nation intuitively foresaw, when they made William Tell the personification of their independence, and of their ardent aspirations for that liberty which they love more than life. Whether the popular account be strictly true, as a matter of history, is of little consequence. It is profoundly true as a presentiment of the future, and as the expression of the destinies of a people—of a people whose vocation has always been to carry on an unequal and, moreover, deadly combat with brute force for the independence of their native soil.

Nevertheless, throughout this hypothesis, too much importance has been attached to the doubts of the learned. The self-devotion of the liberators would not be less admirable, even if Tell did not pierce the apple on his son's head, or kill the tyrant in a moment of generous indignation. I shall go so far as to say even that the history of the emancipation of Switzerland offers a far greater interest, when that emancipation is ascribed not to chance but—as all the facts show it ought to be—to the heroic resolution and invincible firmness of a few shepherds of the primitive cantons.

To understand thoroughly the contest between the house of Austria and the men of those cantons, we must go back to the origin of the Habsburgs. Rodolph von Habsburg, the celebrated founder of that house, was a native of Helvetia. His castle was situated in Argovia, on the mountain called Wulpelsberg. He was the bailiff or governor of several towns, of Aarau, of Baden, and of Melligen. Rodolph was one of those nobles whom, on account of their great character and high spirit, one loves to meet with in the Helvetian chronicles. Full of talent

and energy, he led as simple a life as the mountaineers, being sober in his habits and void of all pretensions. Instead of oppressing the towns, of seizing on their territory, or of being an accomplice of the violent nobles, he became the protector of the burghers and the peasants, and was highly popular throughout all Switzerland. He was indebted to his virtues for the acquisition of the first throne in Europe, being chosen emperor, because—to use the words of the Elector of Cologne—“he was wise, just, and beloved of God and men.” His election filled Helvetia with joy. The deputies of the towns and rural districts hurried in crowds to Brugg, in Argovia, to present their congratulations. His reign was an era of calm for Switzerland. Zurich, Schaffhausen, and Solothurn, received the privilege of being governed by their own laws. Lucerne and Laupen obtained the same franchises as Berne. Other towns, too, shared the imperial favours. The mountaineers of the Wald states were authorized to place themselves under the immediate sway of the empire. It is pleasing to find, at that sad epoch of the history of humanity, some generous minds rising above the prejudices of caste and the habits of a deplorable education. If some great lord adopts liberal ideas at a time when democracy is dominant, he displays no extraordinary virtue and can claim no great merit; but, in an age when violence was the universal law, and when the peasants were treated like brutes, for a member of the feudal aristocracy to render his acts conformable with the eternal laws of the gospel and humanity is truly marvellous. Rodolph von Habsburg, Berthold V., Rodolph von Erlach, and Rodolph von Werdenberg, will be ever worthy of the admiration of all those who understand, how difficult it is to free oneself from the errors of the time and of the class to which one belongs.

Unfortunately, when the social constitution is radically bad, that which is good in it has only a fleeting duration. In vain, the partisans of aristocratic institutions say that it is impossible not to have great ideas and noble sentiments, when one has before his eyes the example of so many glorious ancestors. The entire history of the middle ages is a refutation of that sentimental kind of policy. Everything proves that the only guar-

antees for nations and for individuals are such laws as are capable of repressing egotistical passions. Purely personal guarantees are utterly delusive. The lives of the first Emperors of Austria are striking proofs of that truth. It would seem that that house, whose very roots sprung from the Helvetian soil, and which had become popular by defending the weak against the brutal ferocity of the feudal barons, ought to have remained faithful to the traditions of the lord of Habsburg. Nevertheless, such was not the case. Scarcely had the Emperor Rodolph closed his eyes, when his son, Albert, took on himself to adopt quite a contrary line of policy, for he kept solely in view the extension of his dominions, and in order to gratify his ambition, he was ever quite ready to trample under foot the rights of the towns and of the rural districts.

He was, however, destined to encounter an invincible resistance in Switzerland: Zurich was anything but disposed to submit to the yoke; Berne, supported by Solothurn, resisted the counts who were allied to the house of Austria. Those courageous cities did not sue for peace or yield to the menaces of a foreign power. A free people prefers death to being subjected to the law of mere force. When the nobles crossed the Bernese frontiers, the burghers advanced against them, headed by Ulrich, lord of Erlach. That family, already distinguished amongst the aristocracy, rendered itself still more illustrious in those barbarous times, by its opposition to the violence of the barons. Ulrich was a man of heart and experience, who, amidst the greatest difficulties, maintained an invincible presence of mind. The enemy had taken up a strong position on the summit of the Donnerbühl, and occupied all the "valley of tears." The Bernese marched proudly up to the foremost ranks of the feudal army, although it was the first time those valiant men tried their strength against the mailed knights. At the first signal given by von Erlach, his soldiers rushed on the nobles with such impetuosity that the left wing of the army of the latter fled in consternation. This skilful manœuvre on the part of Ulrich, and the warlike ardour of the Bernese, increased the panic, and nearly all the nobles perished in their flight. The men of Berne

transported to the church of St. Vincent not less than eighteen banners, and took by assault and razed to the ground a great number of castles. This victory of Donnerbühl gloriously inaugurated the contests of the Swiss with the house of Austria.

Zurich did not display less intrepidity. Albert soon made his appearance on its territory, declaring that he should treat the people as rebels to the Imperial authority. The latter, as a proof of their confidence in the justice of their cause, did not close their gates, but prepared for a vigorous resistance. The Emperor was encamped on the heights. He gazed down on the city where he beheld soldiers, women, and even young girls, arming for the defence of their country. The only reply of the people of Zurich to the menaces of the Emperor was, that they would cheerfully recognize his rights, if he would respect their privileges; and, despairing of reducing them to submission, he confirmed their liberties.

The peasants could not act otherwise than the townsmen. As soon as the projects of Albert were made known, the Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden mountaineers renewed their alliance: "Be it known to every one," so ran the treaty, "that the men of the valley of Uri and of the *commune* of Schwytz, as well as the men of the mountains of Unterwalden, have sworn to make common cause with one another, and to defend each other against all attacks, internal and external, on their persons and property. Let every one who has a lord obey him as in duty bound. No more judges not belonging to the country will be admitted; nor any one who has purchased his post. The wisest amongst us will decide on all quarrels amongst the members of the league, and he who will not submit to their decision will be forced to do so."

How deeply interesting is that antique monument of the Swiss, representing, as it does, that moderation and that strength which never abandoned the Helvetic people in their glorious struggles for independence!

It is the foolish exaggeration of men constituting themselves the defenders of liberty which has seriously compromised its cause, and often almost destroyed it in the majority of European states,

supplying those who are interested in the maintenance of abuses with numerous pretexts for perpetuating them, as necessary dykes against the influx of evil passions. Such was not the case in Switzerland. In all the great social commotions, that nation ever preserved itself free from the influence of mere declaimers and utopists, advancing firmly towards its object without any fury, but also without any vacillation. In France, for example, the peasants owed the prolongation of their serfdom, as much to the successes and folly of the *Jacquerie* as to the power of their adversaries. We shall shortly see the simple shepherds of the Alps, after being driven to despair by that sovereign who was then at the head of Christian monarchs, resisting him with modest energy, respecting the rights of all, leaving it to their oppressors to exercise that violence which dishonours even the best of causes, and obliging even their enemies to acknowledge their greatness of soul, their generosity, and their courage.

Before the battle of Dommerbühl, the Wald states had sent an ambassador to the Emperor to satisfy him regarding their fidelity. Albert received him at Strasburg: "I intend," said he with his usual haughtiness, "to propose to you shortly another organization." Nevertheless, he did not fail to take into account the valour of those intrepid mountaineers. This time he resorted to dissimulation,—a course which despotism particularly delights in. He preferred cunning to the sword, and adopted brute force only after all his artifices had been exhausted. In cunningly negotiating with the smaller cantons, he taught the princes of his house that fatal policy which they were to follow with respect to free nations. He sent to the Wald states two counts, Ochsenstein and Lichtenberg, lords of his court, to induce them to submit to Austria, whose supremacy was acknowledged by so many noble barons and principal cities.

Albert was already master of the districts surrounding the mountaineers, and possessed the "advocacy" of the monasteries therein. He had inherited the demesnes of the counts of Lenzberg and Kyburg. He declared that the hamlets of peasants scattered in the Alps could not resist the force of the Emperor, but that he preferred the happiness of opening his arms to "his

dear children" to subjecting them by force. Was not the house of Austria their mother? Were not all the founders of that family provosts of Lenzburg? Had not his father, Rodolph, who was always victorious, been their protector against their enemies? That august and beloved father had so often spoken to him of their valour, that he had flattered himself that he would one day march at their head, rather as their general, than as their master. If they could only understand his good intentions, he would free them from their poverty by making knights of those who distinguished themselves under the standard of Austria, and by bestowing rich fiefs upon them.

The peasants, however, were not seduced by the honeyed phrases of Austrian diplomacy. They replied with admirable tact, that the inhabitants of the Alps always cherished the name of the Emperor Rodolph, but that the sentiment of gratitude, valued so highly as it was by them, ought not to prevent them from transmitting to their children that liberty which they had received from their ancestors. Since the Emperor had recalled to their minds the benefits accorded by his august father—why not preserve to them the privileges, the benefits, which he had perpetually guaranteed to them? They did not disown the suzerainty of the empire, and, in that respect, they remained faithful to the example of their ancestors, but why impose upon them a state of dependence contrary to all their traditions and all their habits? After this noble reply, they sent a deputation to the emperor's court, requesting the official recognition of their liberties, and at the same time, the appointment of an imperial provost, charged with the duty of maintaining the suzerainty of the Emperor.

Albert then imposed on them Austrian bailiffs, who were instructed to oppress them and force them to accede to his propositions. Those bailiffs were Hermann Gessler Von Bruneck, and Béranger von Landenberg. Unlike their predecessors, they settled in the country, Landenberg choosing for his residence the castle of Sarnen in Unterwalden, and Gessler constructing a fortress in Uri, in order to keep that canton in respect. Nothing was more calculated to arouse the indignation of the

mountaineers. Unfortunately, the Austrians had powerful auxiliaries in the valleys, namely the clergy, who were unwilling to contribute to the public charges. Thus we see, even in the days of the liberators, the Catholic priests taking up, in Switzerland, the anti-national attitude which they have ever since maintained—an attitude easily explained by their theological system. The system of Catholicism is so decidedly absolute, as to be incompatible with the democratic ideas personified and at all times defended on the continent by Helvetia. This observation regarding Catholicism does not, in any way, apply to the Christianity of the apostles, the tendencies of which were always liberal, because it instils into man a sense of his own proper dignity, and teaches him to sacrifice his interests and even his life to the law of duty and the happiness of his country.

Nevertheless, the support of the clergy was of no great avail for the support of the Austrian party. The valiant mountaineers of those parts, who, since the Reformation, have become the docile instruments of sacerdotal ambition, were, at that time, very independent with regard to Rome and its representatives; and so they will, no doubt, be again one of these days, in imitation of their glorious ancestors. Excommunications and censures produced no effect on them. More than once, during the middle ages, they braved the Pope's menaces and thunders,* and, at times, they presented to the world the unheard-of spectacle of a tribe of peasants resisting both the Pope and the Emperor. Why have the Wald states forgotten, now-a-days, those heroical traditions? Had they but once remembered them, would they, in 1847,—would *they*, the immortal founders of the Confederation—have trampled on the silver cross, and torn the purple bracelet which was a sign of their common fraternity?

The ambition of the clergy set a bad example to several young men. Thus we find Wolfenschiess obtaining from the Emperor the command of the castle of Rossberg. Like all

* See Cherbuliez' "*De la Démocratie en Suisse.*"

traitors, that man was more tyrannical than even the Austrian bailiffs themselves. One day he beheld a beautiful woman seated on a meadow, and, on learning that her husband was absent, got admittance into the house and asked for a bath. The woman divined his intentions, and called her husband, who killed him in the bath. A like adventure happened in the island of Schwanau, which, like a verdant nosegay, rises in the middle of the lake of Lowerz. The resident bailiff of that island having been guilty of violence to a girl of Arth, was massacred by the inhabitants of the village.

The wife of Stauffacher, whose blood boiled with indignation at the sight of such excesses, incited her husband to defend his country against tyranny. The manners of the olden time endowed women with intrepidity of character. Life had still preserved something of its primitive poetry. The houses were scattered along the borders of the woods, on the mountain slopes, on the banks of rivulets. That of Stauffacher, situated in the village of Steinen, was one of the most beautiful of the country. Every one admired its little images, and the pious sentences with which it was adorned. Gessler, passing by one day, cried out: "How long shall peasants be allowed to possess such magnificent dwellings?" Stauffacher's wife, indignant at such words, inspired her husband with her own heroism: "How long," she asked, "shall we see pride exulting, and humility weeping? Shall foreigners be the masters of this country and inheritors of our property? Of what avail is it that our mountains are inhabited by hardy men? Ye mothers, must we rear up mendicant sons and daughters to serve foreigners as slaves? Far from us be such cowardice!"

One day, Stauffacher took up his arms in silence, went down to Brunnen, crossed the lake, reached the canton of Uri, and entered the house of his friend Walter Fürst, at Attinghausen. There he found a man who breathed nothing but vengeance. It was Erni an der Halden, better known as Arnold von Mechthal. Landenberg had carried off his oxen, that is to say, his only treasure. When Arnold's old father complained, he was told by an insolent valet of the bailiff's that "peasants could well

enough draw their own ploughs." These words enkindled the wrath of young Arnold; with a blow of his stick, he broke two of the arrogant servant's fingers, and fled to the mountains. The bailiff, furious, caused the old man's eyes to be put out. We can, therefore, readily understand the sympathy which Stauffacher met with, in the breast of a man who had thus experienced the effects of Austrian tyranny.

The conversation at Walter Fürst's turned solely on the sufferings of their country, on the cruelty of the masters whom the empire had imposed on the peasants, and on the violation of their rights and hereditary liberties. All knew how their most moderate complaints had been haughtily repelled, and all felt that the object in desiring to sever their country from the Holy Roman Empire was to annex it to the house of Austria. God, they added, never authorized any prince to trample on the laws of justice; He will be, therefore, with those who rise up against oppression. Moreover, was it not better to die fighting like free men than to live under a disgraceful yoke? Walter Fürst, Arnold von Melchthal, and Werner Stauffacher agreed to meet again, in order to devise their plans; but as secrecy was indispensable to their success, they designated as the scene of their interviews a meadow situated on the bank of the lake of the Wald states, nearly in the centre of the states of Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden, at the base of the rocks of the Seelisberg, opposite the village of Brunnen. That spot, environed by gloomy forests, is called the Grütli or the Rütli. It is an imposing solitude, on a height surrounded by the waters of the lake and flanked by rocks. The majesty of the site added to the solemnity of their deliberations.

The conferences were often renewed in the silence of the night. Walter Fürst and Melchthal were accustomed to reach the spot by the winding mountainous paths, and Stauffacher by crossing the lake,—the last named accompanied by Rudenz. Each conspirator brought some friends with him, chosen from amongst those who seemed to be the best disposed to struggle for the deliverance of their country. All were animated with the like confidence. The greater the peril,

the more fraternal their union. The night which preceded Martinmas in the year 1307, decided the future destinies of Helvetia. The three chief conspirators met in the midst of profound darkness, each bringing with him ten men, whose intrepidity and resolution were well known to them. The desolate wind of September, howling amongst the fir-trees of the mountains, seemed to groan in their ears the complaints of their outraged country. Those thirty-three heroic men, who were thus preparing to brave the imperial power and the formidable eagles of Austria, and who were full of that enthusiasm which the sacred love of country inspires, swore to secure to the people the possession of their ancient rights, to transmit national independence to their children,—that precious treasure which they themselves had received from their fathers; to act with one heart and one soul, and to respect the rights of all just as they wished their own to be respected. This being agreed upon, Werner Stauffacher of Steinen, Arnold an der Halden of Melchthal, and Walter Fürst of Attinghausen,—(the last excelled all the other Swiss by his noble descent, his riches, his age and experience,)—raised their hands towards heaven, and swore “in the name of that God, who made emperors and peasants, and from whom all equally hold the inalienable rights of humanity, valorously, and by their common efforts to defend their menaced liberties.” The other conspirators listened in solemn silence to the oath; then each of them, raising in turn his hand towards the skies, repeated the same words, invoking the testimony of God and all his angels. The night of the 1st of January 1308 was the one designated for the execution of their plans.

One cannot, unmoved, remark the presence, in that assembly of energetic patriots, of such a man as Walter Fürst of Attinghausen. One circumstance is particularly striking in the history of the Helvetic nation, namely, that in all the great crises in which the sacred interests of the people were agitated, heroes issued from the ranks of the aristocracy in order to devote themselves to the cause of the oppressed. Nothing analogous is met elsewhere, in those sad epochs of the middle ages in which

violence was the universal law. In those days the feudal tyrants rivalled each other in their insolence and barbarity towards their miserable serfs. It seemed as if that "vile multitude" were born for no other purpose than to be trodden down under the golden spurs of the knights, and as if the man who, under the homely garb of a peasant, lay groaning on the ground, was of a nature different from that of the noble baron covered with velvet and ermine. A portion of the Swiss aristocracy, it is true, was animated with such instincts and directed by such principles, but amongst the mountaineers who were defending their liberties, shone at all times the towering crests of some noblemen truly worthy of that name, and who were conscious of the sublime character of the oaths of chivalry. In effect, if knight-hood was instituted for the defence of the widow and the orphan, should it not, above all, protect the victims of a social order of things, which denied the most necessary rights of the feeble and the lowly! If it had thus understood its mission, the history of Christian nations would have been enabled to place many glorious names alongside that of Walter Fürst,—names which would be eternally blessed so long as a son of Helvetia existed in the Alpine mountains, and so long as man preserved the memory of those great souls who have brought honour on our human nature.

It is at the epoch we have now reached that tradition places the history of William Tell and Gessler's death. True or false, that event exercised no influence on the conspiracy. It was only a dramatic episode in that famous contest, whose true heroes, under any circumstances, were the men who, on the hill of Grütli, swore to expel the tyrants of their country. The names of those true-hearted men have become less celebrated than that of William Tell, but that is only one of the caprices of popular imagination, of which more than one example is furnished by history. What strikes the masses with regard to memorable events is not the long-pondered resolutions, or the persevering courage which carries them out, but spontaneous resolves and chivalrous impulses. In that point of view the history, or, if so willed, the legend of William Tell was more

calculated to remain engraved in the memory of the people than the less brilliant self-devotion of those who, after their courageous oath at Grütli, became the founders of the Confederation. So with the French, the battle of Waterloo was, for a long time, summed up, as it were, in the heroic words attributed to General Cambronne. Those persons who are desirous of duly accounting for the great deeds of past times, will come to the conclusion that those intrepid men who prepared the way for the downfall of Austrian domination, by their prudence, their courage, and their firmness, form, at least, as complete an embodiment of the Swiss nation as does the poetical archer. The chief characteristic of that nation is, in fact, the calm patience with which it realized its designs, and not those rapid illuminations, and that spontaneous enthusiasm which denote a southern race. Poetry, however, takes no account of such considerations, and poetry is in the right,—its object being to elevate the imagination to the ideal. Now, as an ideal type, the William Tell of Schiller is as true as is the Polyucte of Corneille, the Achilles of Homer, the Æneas of Virgil, the Vasco di Gama of Camoëns, or the Rinaldo of Tasso. Those marvellous beings, personifying the highest aspirations of human thought, extend beyond the narrow bounds of reality, in order to rise—thanks to that potent magician, called POETRY—far above the heads of the admiring multitudes. For such beings, the true history—that which lays hold of them and transports them beyond the circle of their vulgar existence—is that kind of history which has been so well understood by the authors of the *Iliad*, of *Jerusalem Delivered*, and of *William Tell*.

For our part, we cannot grieve at this. Science, perhaps, loses a little, but the progress of humanity gains much.

Men have frequently before their eyes the maddening spectacle of the realities of life, self-devotion misinterpreted, friendship betrayed, the most sacred oaths disregarded. They assist but too frequently at the triumph of unblushing duplicity and brute force. They see, alas! but too much of those who, instead of giving them an example, as they are bound to do, of independence of spirit and courage, crouch basely under the rod of despotism,

and become the vile apologists of all its caprices. Let us be allowed, then, at times—thanks to the enchantments of poetry—to quit that funereal dungeon called the *world*, that terrestrial hell of materialism and servility known as *society*, and to raise our weeping eyes towards the unclouded sky of the *ideal*. There we behold those who have fought and bled for humanity, crowned with a holy aureola; those heroic martyrs of the primitive church; the first preachers of the Gospel and of fraternity, the valiant knights, *sans peur et sans reproche*, who saved Europe from the yoke of the infidels, and the intrepid liberators, who, like the archer of Bürglen, bade defiance to tyrants. That predestined phalanx still looks down lovingly on earth, speaking to it of love, of charity, of liberty; cursing the oppressors and consoling the victims; cheering amid the silence of the night those who, in exile or in the catacombs, are dreaming of better days for their country; inspiring with courageous words the writer, who is sacrificing his life and his repose for the happiness of his fellow-men, and guiding us, and showing us, amidst the darkness of the present, that dawning light which already illumines the vast and splendid horizons of the future.

The 1st of January 1308 arrived at last. At dawn of day, one of the Grütli conspirators was drawn up, by means of a rope, to the chamber of a young girl, a servant in the castle of Rossberg, in upper Unterwalden. Twenty young men followed him into the Austrian fortress, and seized the bailiff and his household. On the same day, whilst Landenberg, who resided at the castle of Sarnen, was preparing to go to mass, twenty men of Unterwalden came to offer him, according to custom, his new year presents—chickens, goats, lambs, and hares. The contented governor invited the mountaineers to enter the castle. As soon as they had passed the postern of the sombre manor, one of the conspirators blew his horn, and immediately all drew from beneath their dresses iron lances, which they affixed to their Alpenstocks, and drove away the bailiff. The Swiss, faithful to their oath, contented themselves with reconquering their independence, without persecuting a single partisan of Austria. They enthusiastically hailed the new year's

sun which had lighted them to liberty, and enkindled as signals a number of bonfires on the white summits of the mountains. The following Sunday the deputies of the three cantons met again, and solemnly renewed their perpetual alliance. They had gained again their ancient rights, without shedding a drop of blood, and without even prejudicing the ancient rights of Austria.

On learning those great events, Albert became furious. He assembled a great number of lords and nobles, and entered Argovia in order to chastise, as he said, the rebellious peasants. He brought with him his nephew, Duke John of Swabia, who was his ward, and whose patrimony he withheld from him. This young prince nourished desires of vengeance. Instead of imitating the courageous insurrection of the Swiss, he gave up his heart to sinister designs. His trembling hand grasped the assassin's knife. The nobility, discontented with the ambition of Albert, encouraged the resentment of his nephew, who, at last, entered into a plot with several gentlemen to assassinate him. They resolved to execute their design at the moment Albert should quit the castle of Baden to cross the Reuss, near the ancient Vindonissa, and it was so arranged that none but the conspirators should be in the emperor's boat. When they came in sight of the castle of Habsburg, in the midst of the ruins of the Roman city, Duke John threw himself before his uncle, Eschenbach seized his horse's bridle, and the Duke plunged his lance in Albert's throat, whilst Balm clove his head open and Eschenbach struck him in the face. The prince uttered a cry of agony and fell bathed in blood. A poor woman, who happened to be an involuntary witness of this spectacle, raised up the Emperor, who expired in her arms. Meantime, his old chancellor, the bishop of Strasburg, arrived on the spot, kissed his blood-stained cheeks, and had him conveyed away on a chariot—the whole town of Brugg rushing out to see the dreadful spectacle. What a difference between the ill-omened death of Albert and the brilliant destinies of his father, Rodolph of Habsburg! The latter was the protector of the cities and of the peasantry against the violence of the nobles. He was even

indebted for his throne to his love of justice and hatred of oppression. Placed at the head of the sovereigns of Europe, he still possessed the love of those whose support and father he had long been, and his name remained an object of veneration in the valleys of the Alps. Such a policy, one inspired by a virtuous conscience, and by truly Christian sentiments, was displeasing to the ambitious Albert. He was anxious to sacrifice to the aggrandizement of his house all the rights guaranteed by his father, and to attain that object he employed force and duplicity in turn. But those whom he had outraged became the instruments of divine vengeance. The mountaineers of Switzerland were the first to humble his pride, by driving away his prevaricating bailiffs, and the nobles, whom he did not spare any more than he did the peasantry, deprived him at once of his empire and of his life. Unfortunately, the princes of his family preferred his policy to the generous sentiments of Rodolph von Habsburg, and never forgave Switzerland for having reconquered its liberty by throwing off the yoke imposed on them by Rodolph's successor. Whenever a favourable opportunity was presented, they endeavoured again to bring under subjection those valiant men, who were as much indebted to their moderation as to their courage for their independence. In Germany the retrograde policy has never found more ardent auxiliaries than in the persons of the Austrian sovereigns. When the Bohemians, sick of the corruptions of the papacy, severed from the church of Rome, Austria had recourse to violence in order to triumph over their legitimate dislike. Ever since Luther's Reformation, the successors of Charles V., persevering in the same line of policy, inundated Germany with blood. That war which was intended to restore papal despotism, desolated Europe during thirty years. Italy can tell who have ever been the enemies, on its soil, of every generous idea. Such, nevertheless, is the dynasty which more than one writer has praised to the skies. To hear them, the house of Habsburg-Lorraine is of all Christendom the bulwark of order and civilization.* When we place ourselves at

* See the article on the house of Lorraine published in the *Correspondant*, a French Catholic review, by M. de la Tour, a deputy to the Legislative corps.

their point of view, we can understand all their enthusiasm—order being, in their opinion, the suppression of liberal ideas, and civilization the brutalizing of the masses under the double tyranny of the church and of the aristocracy. That *beau idéal* is realized in the *concordat* concluded between Francis Joseph and Pope Pius IX. How striking a spectacle! The spiritual authority which rules over conscience, and the temporal authority which disposes of the sword, concerting how best to repress the manifestations of intelligence and human liberty! Accordingly, the throne of the Pope and that of Cæsar, surrounded by slaves, will press with all their weight on Germany and Italy. They will laboriously endeavour to stifle all national feeling, and to repress rebellious intellect. Those governments, however, which now triumph over the gospel and over reason, should recollect their many past defeats. The power of justice and of law cannot be destroyed. The conspirators of the Grütli, John Huss in the university of Prague, and Luther in his cloister at Wittemberg, were isolated individuals. The empire and the papacy appeared able to brave their demands. But, although they had not at their command the thunders of the Vatican, or the numerous soldiers of the Germanic Cæsar, they disposed of that force which has so often changed the destinies of the world, and which, even at the very height of the greatest successes of oppression, lives immortal in the depths of man's heart. That force gave rise to formidable insurrections, which, like those of 1789 and 1830, shook thrones to their very foundations. It is vain that despots essay to arrest the impulse of political liberty and liberty of conscience. Liberty is more rapid than lightning. She flies to the extremities of the world on the vessels of Great Britain. She reigns triumphant in the sumptuous cities of the new world, under the folds of the star-spangled banner of the United States. The French revolution has engraved its principles on the hearts of the Latin races. Its name has a thousand times resounded in the mouths of the martyrs of independence. If you will stop it in its glorious career, first overthrow the tribunals which at Madrid, Lisbon, Brussels, Turin, and Berne, as at London and

Washington, serve as organs for the emancipated classes. Destroy the presses which send forth into the world thousands of works which she has inspired ; close up the universities wherein youth listens eagerly to celebrated professors who are animated by a generous hatred of the institutions of the middle ages. But all this even will not suffice. You must build up again on the summits of the mountains those vulture nests, whence the feudal nobles darted down on the peasantry ; you must reconstruct those monasteries which the Reformation and the French revolution threw down, for from those monasteries issued the preachers of absolutism ; you must again attach to the glebe the peasantry of France, Switzerland, England, Belgium, and Holland, who are now raising their independent heads towards the skies. So long as you have not fulfilled that gigantic task, you may continue signing your protocols and your concordats, the world will not any the less advance on the way to progress and liberty.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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