



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

EXIUS ACTA PROBAT.—Washington's Motto.

No. Forty-nine.

STANZ, LUCERNE, TELL.

Sarnen, proposed drainage of the lake—The Landenberg—Schiller's Wilhelm Tell and Birkday—Commotion in Unterwalden in 1818—Type of Swiss House—Arnold von Winkelreid—Resistance to the French in 1798—Atrocities described by Alison—The attack on Stanzstade commanded by General Foy—His character—Lake of the Four Cantons—Lucerne—General Pfyffer's model of Switzerland—Thorwaldsen's Lion—Küssnacht one of Gessler's strongholds—Is the history of Tell authentic—The story of the Apple said to be found in the Danish sagas—Does this prove Tell a myth—The hollow valley.

Sarnen, on the pretty lake of that name, is the seat of government of Unterwalden. We passed but a few hours here, but long enough to find out that here also the atrocious project of draining the lake to a lower level was in agitation. Whether, as in the case of the lake of Lugern, this project has been carried into execution, I have never heard. It is natural that Americans, with whom the best land in the world sells at a dollar and a quarter the acre, should not be able to sympathize with the Swiss, whose arable territory is so limited, in this eagerness to acquire a few more acres. But to obtain this object by draining their beautiful lakes, seems a most extraordinary blindness to what makes so much of the attraction of the country, and annually fills it with a throng of tourists, whose progress through the cantons may be traced by the golden wake they leave behind them.

There are some objects of interest in and about Sarnen. The Council-house contains the portraits of the Landammens, or local rulers of the canton, for several centuries. That of the Cantonal Saint Nicholas von der Flie is the best; none of them have any merit as works of art; and the earliest of them cannot be coeval with the persons commemorated. The Landenberg rises behind the Council-house. This was the residence of one of the Austrian Bailiffs, whose oppressive rule brought on the Swiss revolt in the fourteenth century. Every trace of the castle itself has disappeared, but the traditions connected with it form a prominent portion of the history of the all-important event, which has given these little Swiss republics their name and their praise among the nations of the earth. I have on my table, as I write these sentences, the copy of Schiller's Wilhelm Tell in a pocket edition, which was my travelling companion in Switzerland, and from which, as I sat within sight of the Landenberg, I read the pathetic scenes describing the cruelty of the Bailiff to Heinrich von der Halden. A few days ago the centennial anniversary of this illustrious poet was celebrated in every part of the civilized world, where the noble language in which he wrote is spoken or read. Nowhere could it have been celebrated with more grateful enthusiasm, than in these secluded vales and mountain fastnesses of Switzerland, to whose natural beauty and historical interest he has added the attractive charm of some of the finest modern poetry.

This quiet little nook, in the spring of the year in which we visited it, was almost the scene of a less glorious insurrection. In the anticipation of a scarcity, a peasant had, at the instance of the Diet of Unterwalden, imported a considerable quantity of grain from Italy. Before its arrival, the market price of wheat had fallen below that which was agreed upon with the peasant, and the Diet were disposed to recede from their bargain. The old Unterwalden spirit of the Melchthals and Winkelreids was at once kindled, and the yeomanry made common cause with the importer of the grain. The indignation against the Diet became so strong, that troops were called in from the powerful neighboring canton of Berne, to prevent an outbreak. Peace and harmony were at length restored, mainly, as we were assured on the spot, by the intervention of Brother Claus, whose reputation as a peacemaker began in his life-time, and has been sustained ever since.

From the time you enter Unterwalden, you observe a type seldom departed from, in the domestic architecture of Switzerland. The little Swiss cottages in our toy-shops afford a very good idea of it. The houses are of wood, of one upright story above the basement, galleries running wholly round the house, projecting roofs, low studded, the outside of the houses frequently covered with small shingles, and the windows composed of small octagonal panes of glass, set in leaden frames—a picturesque style of window, of which specimens were frequently seen in this country at the beginning of this century, and which, as far as my observation goes, has now wholly disappeared in America. The Swiss cottages seem rarely to be painted; they have consequently a dark, weather-beaten, gloomy aspect, which materially detracts from the sprightliness of the landscape. This may have changed with the increase of wealth and the progress of luxury of late years.

From Sarnen we proceeded to Stanz, by a wretched road, passing a part of the way along the bed of a torrent. This is the capital of the lower division of the Canton of Unterwalden, as Sarnen is of the upper. It is a village of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, but had in 1818 a convent of sixty-five nuns, a monastery of twenty-five monks, and a parish church served by seven priests. In front of the hotel was an uncouth statue of Arnold von Winkelreid, one of the heroes of the great Swiss revolt, who, at the memorable battle of Sempach, in order to break the line of the Austrians, gathered as many of their spears as he could clutch in his arms, and received their points in his body, thus making an opening in the hostile ranks, which enabled the patriots to break through, and gain a glorious victory. In the statue just alluded to, he is represented grasping the Austrian spears. A house is shown as that of Winkelreid, and the surrounding fields bear his name. The traces of the military operations of 1798 were still visible. A monumental tablet erected at the church commemorates the massacre of three hundred and eighty-six of the inhabitants, who were destroyed by the French in the campaign of that year. When all the rest of Switzerland had submitted to the French, the inhabitants of these ancient central Cantons, faithful to the principles of their fathers, strove to prevent the imposition of the foreign yoke. The shepherds and farmers of Unterwalden refused to take the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution, and their brethren from Schwytz and Uri, as in days of yore, flew to their assistance. On the 2d

of September eight thousand French crossed the lake of Lucerne, and, landing at Stanzstade, attacked the patriots, who, fighting under every disadvantage and in greatly inferior numbers, sustained the contest for several days. Alison has given a beautiful description of this disastrous struggle.

"Every hedge, every thicket, every cottage was obstinately contested. The dying crawled into the hottest of the fire, the women and children threw themselves upon the enemy's bayonets; the gray-haired raised their feeble hands against the invaders, but what could heroism and devotion achieve against such desperate odds? Slowly but steadily the French columns forced their way through the valley; the flames of the houses, the massacre of the inhabitants, marking their steps. The beautiful village of Stanz, built entirely of wood, was soon consumed; seventy peasants, with their curate at their head, perished in the flames of the church. Two hundred auxiliaries from Schwytz, arriving too late to prevent the massacre, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and after slaying double their own number of the enemy, perished to the last man. Night at length drew her veil over these scenes of horror, but the fires from the burning villages still threw a lurid light over the cliffs of the Engelberg; and long after the rosy tint of evening had ceased to tinge the glaciers of the Titlis, the glare of the conflagration illuminated the summit of the mountain."

In the foregoing account, Alison, following the Annual Register, represents the village of Stanz as having been burned. This is a mistake. There was no appearance in 1818 of its having been so recently destroyed and rebuilt; and Mr. Simond, a very accurate writer, expressly says that it was saved by the humanity of some of the French officers. He states that sixty-three persons who had taken refuge in the church were massacred with their priest, but not that they perished in the flames of the building. The error probably arose by confounding Stanz with its little port on the lake, called Stanzstade, which was wholly destroyed.

One cannot but read with painful emotion, that the French troops in the attack on Stanzstade were commanded by General Foy, who not only became, under the restoration in France, one of the most honored of her liberal statesmen, and especially one of the very few of her public men, who possessed eminent parliamentary talent, but a citizen, whose personal character was marked by everything generous, benevolent, and amiable. Of all those with whom I became acquainted in Paris in the winter 1817-18, no one in the same political circle appeared to me to be the object of as much personal good-will as General Foy. He had not yet entered the chamber of deputies, but his rare conversational powers, united with the sterling probity of his character, gave him an almost unlimited social influence. He died in 1825 at the age of fifty; a hundred thousand persons walked in his funeral procession, and a million of francs were raised by subscription throughout France, as a provision for his widow and children. But this was the same person who visited upon the citizens of Unterwalden the direst extremities of war, for striving to throw off the detestable yoke of the French Directory!

The road from Stanz to Stanzstade, the little landing place from the lake, is beautifully shaded with trees, nearly the whole way. Here we took a boat to cross the lake to Lucerne, the lake of the four Cantons, or to call it by its more expressive German name, the lake of the four sylvan Cantons (Vierwaldstättersee). Mr. Fox used to say that it was the most beautiful lake in the world, and sir James Mackintosh describes it with unwonted enthusiasm. Its shape is very irregular, and it consists rather of a group of four lakes joined together by narrow straits, than of one regular expansive sheet. Its shores present every variety of landscape, from broad fertile meadows, dotted with scattered farms and compact villages, to dark, precipitous rocks, which seem to tower perpendicularly from the waters. We were rowed in a small boat from Stanzstade to Lucerne, by two girls and a man. The weather was as fine as a cloudless sky and a mild September breeze, just curling the surface of the beautiful lake, could make it.

I do not know that I can add anything to the account in the Hand-book, of the objects of interest at Lucerne. I must confess that in Switzerland our attention was principally turned to the beauties and sublimities of nature. One tires at length, in Europe, of ancient churches, (except the great mediæval piles, which you survey with ever renewed awe and wonder), bridges, collections of armor, and galleries of doubtful original paintings, which would hardly be thought valuable, if they were certainly the works of the great masters whose names they bear; but of lakes, and mountains, and glaciers, and cataracts, and precipices like those of Switzerland, no one who has any sense for the beauties and grandeur of nature, can ever grow weary.

One of the objects which travellers go to see at Lucerne, is General Pfyffer's model in relief of the central portion of Switzerland. General Pfyffer belonged to the ancient aristocracy of Lucerne, but when he was ten years of age, went to France to receive a military education there. In due time he entered one of the regiments of Swiss guards, in which his father was a captain, and succeeded to the command of the Company on his father's death. Having served with distinction in the several wars waged by France while he was in the army, he returned home to Lucerne after sixty years, to close his life in his native city. As an employment of his leisure, he undertook to construct, from actual measurement and with geometrical accuracy, a model of the central part of Switzerland, on a scale of thirteen and a half inches to the square league. Not only every mountain, lake, river, and glacier, but every cottage is indicated. The model represents a portion of six or seven Cantons, and occupies a space of about twenty-two and a half feet by twelve, corresponding to some hundred and eighty square leagues of territory. The good old general died in 1802 at the age of 86, enjoying to the last his pastboard mountains. This model is still shown in the house where he lived and died. Thorwaldsen's magnificent monument to the Swiss guard, who sacrificed their lives in defence of the falling monarchy, on the dreadful tenth of September, 1792, is erected in the gardens of General Pfyffer. He was himself, I believe, one of the few who escaped alive from the butchery of that terrible day.

From Lucerne we took a small boat to Küssnacht. These traverses across the lakes of Switzerland are now all made by steamers, but far less agreeably, I should think, than formerly in the row boats. Küssnacht is the site of one of the legendary strongholds of Gessler. I call it "legendary," in consequence of the doubts which, in the last century, were cast upon the authenticity of the history of Tell. The fact that a story somewhat similar to that of the Apple is found in two versions in the legendary history of Denmark, has been generally thought a sufficient proof that the tale as told of Tell must be a myth. Numerous works on the subject appeared in the last century. The Curate Freudenberg of Berne published an essay in 1760, entitled Wilhelm Tell a Danish Fable. The government of the Canton of Uri caused it to be burned by the public executioner. Several answers were written to this work and in defence of the traditional accounts of Tell; one of these was by the son of the celebrated Baron Haller, mentioned in the forty-sixth number of these papers. The eminent historian Johan von Müller regards the exploits of Tell as authentic history, and, with the exception of the Apple, Mr. Simond is of the same opinion. Gibbon, as might be expected, regards them "as a fable, which has not even

the merit of originality, William Tell being but a clumsy imitation (imitation assez grossière) of a Danish hero, perhaps as fabulous as himself." I have not seen the ancient Danish Sagas and legendary histories, where the duplicate story of Tell's apple purports to be found; but it does not appear to me, that such a repetition amounts to a proof of fabrication. In an age before the invention of gunpowder, and when archery flourished, it may not have been an unheard-of display of skill, to shoot an apple from the head of a living person. There is an account of a border marksman in our Western country, who was allowed by his comrades,—such was their reliance on his skill,—to shoot with his rifle at small objects placed on their heads. Gessler may have commanded of Tell this proof of his skill, of which he had seen examples. Is it certain that the Danish legends are older than the Swiss? Tell's adventure, as the more renowned, may have been the foundation from which the Danish traditions were derived, the old Scandinavian manuscripts being notoriously interpolated. Finally, if we give up the Apple as legendary, it will not follow that the substantial portions of the history are unauthentic. They are supported by widely prevailing and unbroken traditions, records nearly contemporary, public monuments, and national institutions. In fact, they compose a part of the historical treasure of the modern world, of which it will not easily allow itself to be dispensed. There are certain grand results, in history, in letters, in politics, and morals, which defy the sceptic, and laugh to scorn a pretentious and half-learned criticism. They find an echo sometimes in the sound common sense, sometimes in the patriotic sentiments, sometimes in the natural sympathies; and sometimes in the religious instincts of the masses;—and the plausible refinements by which they are called in question, after a brief popularity, pass into oblivion.

A small portion of Gessler's stronghold at Küssnacht remains, and a little distance from it, you pass through the "hollow way," where the tyrant met his fate. As we entered it, a youth, with a cross bow, sprang into the road before us, and earned a few pence by showing us just how Tell shot Gessler. A chapel of considerable antiquity marks the spot, to which tradition points as the scene of this memorable occurrence.

* Alison, Vol. IV. p. 470. † Gibbon's Miscellaneous works, Vol. III., p. 256.

A WOMAN'S HAPPIEST MOMENT.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

'Twas not in glittering hall, or rose-wreathed bow Not 'mid the swell of music, or the hush Of hearts grown still with love; not in the hour Of twilight's shadowy gloom, or sunset's blush, Nor of the fairy moon-rise; no, nor when The seraph of the midnight guarded men. I gazed not in thine eye, nor thine, nor thine, Nor yet in thine, thou brightest one, and far Whose soul of dreams did erewhile win from mine As much devotion as on sun, or star, E'er won from Persian worshipper of fire, Or beauty from a youthful poet's lyre. But it was when a lonely, wandering boy, Chilled by the autumn blast, and pale, and sad, Thanked me with something like a gleam of joy, And took the silver, which was all I had. That was the happiest moment of my life, And still its memory shines thro' cloud and strife. The youth was fair. The soul of thine I Sat mourning in the darkness of my eyes, And on his dusky brow 'twas sweet to see The lingering kiss of warmer winds and skies, As if the spirit of his land would stay A guardian angel for the exile's way. But he was frail and desolate too, and I, Despite my burning love for glorious things, Thought but of this while he was passing by, To vanish, like a bird with radiant wings, And void of sorrow, which would make us hear Its grief, not see its hues, while it is near. And if I still think on each broken word! Which fell so sadly from his tender mouth, Is not that my rapture therein heard? The liquid music of th' impassioned South, But that I won a blessing, which may stay, To plead for me on God's avenging day.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S VIEWS ON STREET-CLEANING.

Where I came from, street-sweeping was one of the fine arts. First came a gang of men with watering-pots, to lay the dust. Followed as many more, with vigorous-looking brooms to sweep it into piles. Close upon their heels came executive drivers, with carts—to shovel it up. In fifteen minutes—without an extra particle of dust—your street was clean as a floor. Did you ever see street-cleaning done in New York? Three or four rickety, sleepy specimens of humanity come crawling round the corner, as if they were going to execution, each bearing a broom worn to the hub. Par' go on one side the street, and part on the other, and toss the dirt back and forth, like a shuttlecock, for about half-an-hour, without one drop of preliminary sprinkling; now and then stopping to hitch up their waistbands, or tinker the insane-looking old brooms with which they are doing such choking execution. This done, they produce several rakes with one tooth apiece in them, and scrape the dirt up, and down, and across, till they lose it; then they crawl off down street, to repeat the thriftless operation elsewhere, and are succeeded by a small, lout-ish looking boy, with a crazy old cart, the hindboard knocked out, drawn by a "Praise-God-Barebones"-looking-horse, who has evidently made up his mind to die in the service of his country. Small boy begins to search for the dirt, and finally discovers a pile which the wind has blown together. Slapping the sharp rump of "Praise-God-Barebones" with the flat of the shovel, he entices him to the spot. Small boy then, with many grunts and contortions, inserts his shovel, full of holes, under the pile of dirt; and what don't sift through the holes, or isn't lodged on the horse's tail, (which having only three hairs on it, can't retain much,) is tossed over—the cart, and back into the street again—smack up against your bright window-panes, which Betty has nearly broken her back that very morning trying to polish. Well—there's no help for it, as I see, till women are allowed to vote; and I won't have another pane of glass washed till they do.

FANNY FERN.

WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL, IS WORTH DOING WELL.

We wonder that amid the crowd of "Professors" to teach dancing, music, and the Graces only know what, no "Professor" has arisen to teach men how to make a bow. Yes—you needn't stare—I repeat it—to teach men how to make a bow. Not one man in ten does it decently, and not one in a hundred gracefully; and if there is a thing which takes crinoline straight off its "popotrium" feet, it is a hat, going skyward at a proper angle, and a head bowed respectfully under it. As to those wretches who, cigar in mouth, merely jerk their heads when they meet a lady acquaintance, of course every woman in her senses will cut them in; unless they are victims to rheumatism and can't demonstrate. I know very well that a man who makes a killing bow may be a double distilled goose; but even in that case I thank Providence that there is one thing he can do well. Every man can, and ought to, raise his hat to a lady when he meets her, unless he wears a wig—and I shall persist in believing this to be true of every one who don't uncover his lid to his lady friends.

FANNY FERN.

THE RED RANGER.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRICE OF A REBEL'S HEAD.

When Joel Lapman, the Tory ranger, bade his followers to bind the prisoners, Robert was almost persuaded to recall the token of surrender, and draw his sword; but he thought better of it as the first impulse of passion swept by, and, without opposition, he suffered two villains to bind his arms behind him. After this, a guard was set upon the three Rebels, and then the party started down the river path. Robert's first anxiety, after his liberty was gone, was to know under what circumstances he had been taken; and, to this end, he embraced the first opportunity to speak to the leader of the Tory gang. Lapman was walking towards the rear of the party at the time, and he kept on without any seeming notice of the interruption; but, when he came back, which he did in a few minutes, he stopped.

"What is it?" he asked. He spoke readily enough, and with a certain air of frankness; but there was no humanity in his look or tone. If he felt any other emotion than that of malice or mischief, it was only the result of the success he had met with in the capture of the Rebels.

"Will you not answer me a few questions?" Robert returned. His tone was urgent, but yet dignified and bold.

"That depends upon what your questions are,"



took a tramp over from Stanwich, an' we just had the luck to hit 'em as they was makin' off." "Ah—yes, yes. You found them at their house, did you?" "No. Their house is all burnt down. Somebody set it afire. We found a dead man in the bushes close by, and was a-goin' to fetch him out with us; but, as luck would have it, just as we reached the woods, we saw the chap we was after, with two more, makin' for the ruins, and we watched 'em, and waylaid 'em, and caught 'em."

Norman was very much interested in this, and as he spoke he drew Lapman away beyond the hearing of others; after which, he made some inquiries touching the conflagration, and also touching the mother of the pirate. But the ranger knew nothing beyond what he had already told, and the Squire ceased his questions in that direction.

"I wanted to see Major Kendrick," said Lapman, "to see if I could get a chance to send our prisoner to New York in his yacht."

"And what did you think of doing with the other two?" asked Norman.

"I don't know, without I send 'em on with their capt'n. I s'pose they're both Rebels enough to make prisoners of."

"Certainly," replied the host. And then, after a moment's thought, he added: "The major is quite unwell, and will not be able to see any one to-day; so I guess you'd better have the prisoners put into my lock-up for the present—say, till to-morrow. They will be perfectly safe there."

This plan suited the captor well enough. In fact, he rather liked it; as it gave him an opportunity to make his further arrangements with less anxiety—the direct care of his prisoners not being upon his mind. Accordingly he went back to where he had left his prize, and presently he was joined by Master David Lowe, whom the Squire had sent into the dungeon, and who led him to the door of the strong dungeon.

"There," said David, with a suggestive nod of the head, "I reckon you'll find this strong enough for any use you'll be likely to want of it." Lapman stepped into the place and gazed around. He could not see very plainly, for but little light came into the room from the upper world; still, he could see enough to assure him that the walls were massive and strong; and he could also see that the door was too firm to be forced by any ordinary power. So he had his prisoners conducted in, where he not only saw that the bonds were secure upon their arms, but also had their legs lashed tightly together. He did not mean that they should escape.

In the meantime, Mr. Norman had sought the chamber of the major, who had just arisen, and was sitting in a great chair. His arm had been set, but it pained him much, for the bone had been badly shattered, and it was a serious question with the surgeon whether to let the forearm remain, or take it off. However, he was forced to let it remain for the time, as Kendrick swore that he would not have it off.

"It is rather duffersome, I must confess, goin' back to that place; but it mayn't be so bad as we think for. At any rate, I don't see how we kin help goin'." These plucky cases is a watchin' on us so 't we can't help ontic each other's arms. Ef we could only do that, we might have a look."

"At this point, the order was given for setting forward again, and the party was soon upon the road to Norman Hall. Robert tried to speak with Lapman, but he could not get a chance. The Tory seemed to mistrust his intent, and kept out of his way. When he found that there was no hope in that direction, he tried his wits to see if there were not some plan possible by which he could rid himself and his companions of their bonds. But he pondered in vain—they were watched too carefully.

At length they entered the park, and ere long stood within the carriage yard of the mansion. Mr. Norman had seen them approaching, and he came out; and when he saw Robert Renshaw in captivity he clapped his hands, and fairly leaped from the ground: He was very anxious to know what it all meant, and Lapman was very ready to tell him. In the first place, did he know the prisoners?

James Norman, Esquire, rather thought he did.

And did he know that a heavy price had been set upon the Rebel captain's head?

Of course he did. "Well," said Lapman, with some deference, "I and my companions heard that the young pirate was at his mother's, in the wood, and we thought we'd catch him if we could, for them two hundred pounds aint to be got at more'n once in a life time by such haps as us. So we



took a tramp over from Stanwich, an' we just had the luck to hit 'em as they was makin' off." "Ah—yes, yes. You found them at their house, did you?" "No. Their house is all burnt down. Somebody set it afire. We found a dead man in the bushes close by, and was a-goin' to fetch him out with us; but, as luck would have it, just as we reached the woods, we saw the chap we was after, with two more, makin' for the ruins, and we watched 'em, and waylaid 'em, and caught 'em."

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