

Drawn by F. Nicholson

From a Sketch by the Hon^{ble} M^r Fortescue

LUCERNA.

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NARRATIVE
OF AN EXCURSION TO THE
MOUNTAINS OF PIEMONT,

AND
RESEARCHES AMONG THE
VAUDOIS, OR WALDENSES,
PROTESTANT INHABITANTS OF THE COTTIAN ALPS;



WITH MAPS, PLATES, AND

An Appendix,

CONTAINING COPIES OF ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS, AND OTHER INTERESTING DOCUMENTS, IN
ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MANNERS OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE.

BY THE REV.
WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY, M.A.

RECTOR OF NORTH FAMBRIDGE, ESSEX;

AUTHOR OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL," "ACADEMIC ERRORS," &c.

" Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma 'n lor vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino
Tra l' erba verde e' l bel monte vicino
Levan di terra al Ciel nostr' intelletto."

PETRARCH, Son. 10.

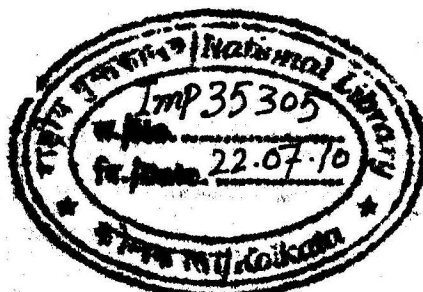
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D E D I C A T E D,

BY EXPRESS PERMISSION,

TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

G E O R G E T H E F O U R T H

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

&c. &c. &c.



TO

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

SIRE,

HAVING been honoured with Your Majesty's gracious permission to lay before You this Narrative, which is principally occupied in detailing researches made into the present condition and ancient history of the VAUDOIS, or WALDENSES, I embrace, with sincere satisfaction, the hope that a community, which has often found relief and protection from Your August Predecessors, may engage some portion of Your Royal regard.

Such favour has this extraordinary race of people found in the sight of those Monarchs who have

successively swayed the sceptre of these dominions, that for the last two hundred years scarcely has there reigned a Sovereign who has not espoused their cause. To whom, indeed, could the **DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH** be more consistently expected to extend their regards than to the descendants of those primitive confessors, who had transmitted to them the Faith they so strenuously upheld.

I cannot but express my humble conviction, that should circumstances ever render Your Benevolent Interposition necessary, this interesting people would not need to have recourse to precedents to move Your Majesty in their behalf. In such an event they would find their most sure and earnest advocate in Your Majesty's own breast.

Sensible as I am of the high distinction of being admitted to approach Your August Presence with this volume, I am still more gratefully impressed

with the feeling of the prospect it opens to the Vaudois, of obtaining a large share of Your Sympathy; conscious that a just and righteous cause will never reach Your Majesty's ears without exciting a proportionate interest, and securing a corresponding support.

I have the honour to be,

SIRE,

with profound Respect,

Your Majesty's most dutiful Subject,

and most devoted Servant,

WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY.

WANSTEAD,
May 20, 1824.



P R E F A C E.

IN the course of the last and present century, the press has teemed with accounts of excursions made to almost every part of the known world ; but the picturesque valleys at the eastern foot of the Cottian Alps, with the magnificent mountains which surround them, and the extraordinary race of people, who inhabit this romantic region, would seem, from the little notice that has been taken of them, to have escaped the researches of the tourist. Independent of the unrivalled attractions of the scenery, there are higher considerations, which might have induced travellers, and particularly those from Protestant states, to visit these Alpine fastnesses, which nature seems to have reserved for the theatre of uncommon events. It was here that the Reformed Religion had its birth, and that its martyrs and champions made the first effectual resistance to Papal tyranny ; and here too may yet be found that primitive Christianity, those simple manners, and noble traits of character, which must have distinguished the ancient natives of a district, where the corrup-

tions, introduced elsewhere by the Roman hierarchy, were never tolerated.

I am not aware of any publication, that has anticipated this attempt to call the attention of readers to the scenes described in the following pages, nor do I know of any volume in which the present condition of the Vaudois, and their former interesting history, is brought under review in the form which I have here adopted. The list of books, inserted in the Appendix, No. I. contains the principal authorities, which have been consulted for the purpose of giving a correct sketch of the ancient Waldensian churches: these books are, for the most part, very rare, and if they were not so, the distance of time at which they were printed, and the periods of history that they comprise, would show, that the writer of a narrative, who brings the relation down to the last year, is taking up ground, that has not yet been occupied, unless indeed by an occasional pamphlet.

My principal object is to make the singular community, which forms the leading subject of this volume, more known to the world, than it has lately been*; and to re-announce, what seems to be almost forgotten, that the race of the old Waldenses, of whom such extraordinary tales have been told by crusaders, inquisitors, troubadours, romancers, and historians, still exists in

Those who take an interest in the Vaudois must regret, that they have not found a more conspicuous place in Mr. Southey's admirable work, "The Book of the Church."

the Vaudois, still occupies the strong holds of rock and mountain, from which their fathers never could be driven, and still resembles the ancient stock in every thing that constitutes "A PEOPLE OF GOD." I have therefore chosen to throw a great part of my materials into the more attractive form of a traveller's narrative, interwoven with incidents, anecdotes, and observations, in order that I may catch the attention of such readers, as would not engage with a work professedly ecclesiastical.

The weightier matter, and such as could not conveniently be introduced in the Narrative, but which is indispensable towards an illustration of the subject, is added in an Appendix, which has been adopted in preference to notes, as the latter are sometimes thought to interrupt the continuity of a relation, and are often overlooked entirely.

The documents contained in the Appendix will not be thought cumbersome or unessential to the work, by those who love to grapple with the subject. They will assist the researches of such as are inclined to investigate the opinions and conduct of the Waldenses, as opposed to the Romanists; and will enable them to trace the former, with the interruption of very short intervals, from the primitive, through the dark and middle ages, to the present enlightened times; and to recognize their political existence from century to century, either in the writings of their barbes, in the bulls of popes, or in the edicts of princes.

One of the maps, that of "part of Savoy and Piemont," is delineated upon a larger scale, and in a more accurate style, than could have been otherwise accomplished, if I had not been fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of a grand topographical chart of Piemont, which was lately made, under the direction of scientific persons, employed by the Sardinian government. The other, that of the "three valleys of Lucerna, San Martino, and Perosa," is taken from an old map, drawn by Valerius Crassus, in the year 1640.

I am proud to acknowledge how much I am obliged to my friend, the Rev. John Lamb, the present Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and Master of Corpus Christi College, for facilitating my access to the valuable Vaudois manuscripts, deposited in the University Library, and for furnishing me with the fac-similes that front pages 217, 226, and in the Appendix, p. x.

To the Honourable Mrs. Fortescue I am also more indebted, than I know how to express in adequate terms, for permitting me to embellish my volume with Mr. Nicholson's six lithographic drawings, from her faithful and beautiful sketches of the scenery in the valley of Lucerna. I employed an artist of Turin, to go from that city to the Vaudois villages, for the purpose of taking views both of the landscape and buildings; but when they were finished and transmitted to me in England, I had the mortification of finding that most of them proved such indiffer-

ent performances, that it would be useless to have them engraved. The views of the churches of San Giovanni, Villaro, and La Torre, and of the interior of the latter, drawn on stone by Mr. King, from the originals by the Piemontese draughtsmen, are the only four which I could venture to retain out of the whole collection, and these are merely inserted to give an idea of the construction of the Vaudois churches.

In this dilemma, Mrs. Fortescue most kindly made me an offer of a selection from her valuable portefeuille, and expressed her regret, that from several untoward circumstances, she was not able to make more than five sketches in the Vaudois country. The letter in which this gratifying proffer was communicated, contained an observation, which I cannot but transcribe, as it contains so strong a confirmation of the account which this volume is meant to give of the Vaudois, and the transcendent beauties and sublimities of nature, by which they are environed.

“ I do not know any part of the continent that we more lamented not being able to explore than this: the scenery promised a rich harvest for the pencil, and the inhabitants, particularly the pastors, are a most interesting people. I assure you we are not a little pleased, that their sufferings, which they bear with Christian resignation, will now be made known.”

This leads me again to advert to the principal object which I have in view in the publication of this work, viz. that of

bringing the Vaudois under notice ; because it has been the occasion of my hurrying the following pages through the press with greater rapidity, than perhaps is strictly consistent with an author's reputation. It is of importance to the interests of the Vaudois, to bring their claims, and distressed condition, before those, with whom the decision, with regard to the proposed relief, will rest, *at this particular period* ; and I have not suffered any thing else to interfere with this paramount consideration.

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ERRATA.

- Page 23, in the last note, *for 4, read 3.*
 — 97, line 10, *for vesper, read vespers.*
 — 98, — 17, *for humble, read humbler.*
 — 99, — 2, *for belive, read believe.*
 — 114, last line, *for practice, read practise.*
 — 130, line 14, *for herd, read heard.*
 — 168, — 28, *for javerint, read juverint.*
 — 204, — 6, *for Petit du Bourg, read Du Petit-Bourg, et passim Du Petit-Bourgh, for de Petit Bourg.*
 — 217, lines 5 and 13, *for 27th November, read 25th November.*
 — 217, line 25, *for Hilaire, read Hyllaire.*
 — 238, — 1, *for ligion, read religion.*
 In Appendix, page vi, line 20, *for Gerderii, read Gerdesii.*
 — lxxiv, line 17, *for at, read as.*
 — cliv, line 1, *for quid at, read quod ad.*



NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Secluded situation of the Vaudois—Derivation of their name—Inducements to make the excursion—Peyrani's letter—Romantic accounts of Waldensian heroism—Passage across the Channel from Dover to Calais—Fog at sea—Dull journey from Calais to Paris—French equestrians and sportsmen—Awkward machinery—Frightful looking crucifix—State of religion in Paris—Chapel of British ambassador—English Liturgy—Sunday evening amusements—Leave Paris—Journey towards the South of France—Forest of Fontainebleau—Nemours—Moonlight scenery—Old châteaux—Sabbath in France—Sabbath day in England—Its effect on the character of the nation—Nevers—Anecdote—Moulins—Inscription in the cathedral—Votive tablets—Sterne—Poor Maria—Village near Moulins—Landscape—Appearance of plenty—Palisse—French traveller—Road from Palisse to Lyons—Lyons—Rousseau—Les Etroits—Library of Lyons—Caligula's edict—Charitable Institutions at Lyons—Hotel Dieu—Veterinary school—Magnificence of Lyons—Alarm of fire at night—Peter Waldo—The reformer of Lyons—Peter Waldo—Waldo's translation of the Scriptures—Waldo persecuted—Flies from Lyons—Death of Waldo—Waldo, not the founder of the Waldensian church—Antiquity of the Vaudois—Rainerus, the inquisitor—The Vaudois reformers anterior to those of Lyons—Attend Protestant chapel—Extempore preaching—Communion service in Protestant chapel—Organ—Sacred music.

AMIDST the wildest and most secluded of those Alpine fastnesses, which lie between the Clusone and the Pelice, two mountain torrents that fall into the river Po, there is a small

community of hardy and resolute men, who have continued to maintain their religious independence against the supremacy of the Roman Church for more than a thousand years. Subjects of the present King of Sardinia, and of the ancient Dukes of Piemont and Savoy, and inhabitants of that part of the Province of Pinerolo, which is nearest to the frontiers of France, they do not entirely assimilate either with the Italians or the French, in manners, customs, religion, or language. Their situation in the heart of the valleys, which extend along the eastern foot of the Cottian Alps, between Mount Viso and the Col de Sestrieres, first gave them the name of Vallenses, Waldenses, or Vaudois^a, a name which has since been employed to distinguish them as a reformed and episcopal Church.

^a “ Les premiers qui nommoient les Vallées *Vaux*, en nommoient les habitans *Vaudois*, n'entendans purement par le nom de *Vaudois* que les habitans des *Vaux*, comme les autres les appelloient *Valdesi* ou *Valdenses*, ayant égard au mot de *Val*, ou même, si vous voulez, au mots Latin et Italien de *Vallis* ou *Valle*: comme en effét le nom de *Valdesi* en Italien, et de *Valdenses* en Latin, ne leur a été donné que de ceux qui parloient ces langues, au lieu que parmi eux ils se nommoient *Vaudés* en leur langue, ou *Vaudois* par ceux qui vouloient mieux parler François, mais toujours soit *Vaudés*, soit *Vaudois* du nom de *Vaux*, par ce qu'ils habitoient les *Vaux*, à raison de quoy les anciens Latins les nommoient *Vallenses*, et quelques fois comme Thuanus, *Convallenses*, eû égard à l'assemblage de ces Vallées.— Porquoy non donc les *Vaudés* ou *Vaudois* de leur *Vaux*, comme *Montagnards* de leur *Montagnes*, et *Alpinois* de leur *Alpes*, et *Cisalpins*, *Transalpins*, ou *Inalpins*, selon qu'ils demeurent ~~deçà~~, de la, ou dans les *Alpes*? D'où il soit arrivé en suite que ce nom de *Vaudois* ait passé pour le nom de leur Religion, ou comme il plaît à Messieurs de Rome, pour une sect, certainement il n'est guères mal-aisé de le diviner, puisque c'est une methode dont les exemples sont sans nombre, d'entendre par le nom des habitans d'un lieu, la Religion qu'ils professent.—Generalment chacun entend par un Albigeois une personne qui suit la doctrine que les Vaudois des Vallées introduiserent en Albi de Languedoc. De cette même façon des que les habitans des *Vaux*, se sont ouvertement opposés au Pape, parler d'un Vaudois ou parler d'un heretique, a toujours été la même chose chez Messieurs de Rome.”—LEGER, p. 17.

There are few spots which present more attractions to the eye or to the imagination than these picturesque retreats of the Vaudois, which I was induced to visit by one of those accidental circumstances, to which we sometimes owe the most agreeable events of our life.

I happened to attend a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on the day when a very affecting letter^b was read to the Board by the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, the late Secretary, which was signed "Ferdinand Peyrani, Minister of Pramol," and requested that some aid might be sent in books or money to the ancient protestant congregation in the mountains of Pie-

^b "A communication has likewise been received from M. Peyrani, one of the Pastors of the ancient Protestant Church of the Waldenses. He states that the numbers who now remain in the valleys of Piemont amount to 18,000; that they are divided into thirteen parishes, with an equal number of pastors, and are the subjects of their lawful sovereign the King of Sardinia. He enters at some length into a description of their past and present state, and represents the difficulties which they have now to encounter as very serious. The stipends of the Clergy are low; provisions are at a high price; and they have no private fortunes. Some of them are reduced to the greatest distress, and the expence of bringing up their children to succeed them in the ministry is greater than they are able to bear. Since peace has been restored on the Continent, they have also been exposed to fresh injuries from the Roman Catholics. The principal object, however, of M. Peyrani was to request the assistance of the Society in furnishing books for their churches.

"It was resolved, in consequence of this letter, that the sum of forty pounds should be granted to M. Peyrani, and be laid out partly in the French works on the Society's list, and partly in the purchase of copies of a book of Psalms and Hymns, which is in use among the Vaudois, and of which the Society's correspondent stated them to be particularly in want. The resolution was communicated to M. Peyrani; and in acknowledging the receipt of the Secretary's letter, and the kindness of the Society, he takes occasion to regret the misfortunes which have deprived the Waldensian Church of the benefit of an episcopal government." See Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, p. 115, for the year 1820.

mont, who were struggling hard against poverty and oppression. Of these Vaudois at the time I had but an imperfect knowledge, but from the moment my attention was thus directed to the subject, it took complete possession of me; and the books, to which I now applied for farther information, confirmed me in my purpose of visiting this people in their native valleys.

Some of the narratives that I read seemed to give quite a romantic, and even fabulous air, to the conflicts which this little community (never exceeding twenty thousand men) had the courage to hold with their powerful neighbours; and my expectations were raised by several of the descriptions to see a region which would appear more like fairy land, than the theatre of real achievements. Every vale and glen is represented in these relations as sacred ground, from having been ennobled by some exploit in defence of liberty or religion, or consecrated to the memory of a hero who had bled, or a martyr who had suffered there. One writer calls the valleys of these Vaudois, "an holy asylum which God has wonderfully and even miraculously fortified;" and a popish author, who wrote against the Vaudois, bears this remarkable testimony to their successful resistance of aggression. "Toutes sortes de gens en divers temps, par un très-grand effort, ont en vain essayé de les arracher, car contre l'opinion de tout le monde ils sont toujours demeurez vanqueurs, et du tout invincible^d." But highly coloured as such accounts may be thought to be, an investigation into the history of these mountaineers, and a survey of their country, will clearly prove, that neither the extraordinary events in the one, nor the beauty or sublimity of the other, have been exaggerated.

It was on the 11th of December, 1822, that I crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais, on my way to Piemont, in search

of these secluded valleys and their patriarchal inhabitants. Three young men, Mr. Colville Coverley Jackson, Mr. John Saville Hallifax, and Mr. Robert Dampier Hallifax, were the companions of my journey; and we flattered ourselves that the mildness with which the month had set in, promised a favourable season for the excursion. It was our intention to make the tour of Italy after our visit to the Vaudois, and that we might have the whole year before us, we improvidently made our arrangements so as to begin where, with better judgment, we should have ended; but there are so many things which occur to control the movements of the traveller, that it is in vain to argue upon regrets when the journey is concluded. Mountain scenery will no doubt be seen to most advantage in the summer; but if those, who have a few months only at their disposal, are resolved to make the most of that time, they must regulate their movements less by choice than necessity.

The deceitfulness of a winter's sun was never felt more truly than on the day we sailed for the coast of France. It was a clear, bright, and warm morning when we left Dover: the vessel made her way calmly, yet rapidly, through the waves, and in three hours we expected to land on the opposite shores; but in mid-channel the atmosphere began to thicken, and at half past one a dense fog came on. We knew that we were nearing Calais; but, instead of the cheerful salutations of the French boatmen, we had the melancholy notes of the leads-man, and the portentous warning of quarter-less-three, proclaimed the necessity of keeping off the land, lest we should get a-ground upon the sand-banks. Not an object could be seen from the packet, but the faint sounds of a bell, which were borne on the air from one of the churches in the town, gave us notice to cast anchor and to wait till it should clear up. It was evening before we

landed. A cold frost commenced at night ; and, in a thick mist, we started for Paris the next morning.

Our more experienced travellers, however, comforted us with the assurance that there was not much beauty of scenery between Calais and Paris, and that we had now proof positive that fogs and vapours were not confined to England. The same weather continued nearly all the way to the capital ; great part of the journey was performed at night, and we arrived at Meurice's hotel, having seen but little, and consequently much disposed to criticise. It is, besides, at all times difficult to divest ourselves of the prejudices arising from the habits of years ; and, I must frankly confess, that in our first view of things, we were inclined to look at them only in comparison with the superiority we had left behind in England. Of course there was no lack of objects for spleen to feed upon ; for where indeed would not spleen find something to gratify its appetite. It is, in one respect, like Shakspeare's jealousy, and may be said to make the meat it feeds on. The French equestrians and sportsmen were peculiarly ridiculous to untravellered Englishmen ; the former on sorry beasts, in a stiff jog trot, with large ill-made saddles, and trappings of the last century ; the latter, with curs for pointers, and old muskets for fowling-pieces, in pursuit of blackbirds and green-finches, objects worthy of such an equipment.

Then, too, the awkward and inconvenient vehicles, from the diligence to the travelling carriages, and the coarse harness and rope traces of the horses, contrasted with the gay attire of some of the postillions, were also subjects of derision ; and not less so the imperfect condition of machinery in general. But, viewed in connexion with the advancement of the mind, there were other things which we noticed with feelings very different to those of merriment. For example, the hideous looking cruci-

fixes, erected at intervals on the road-side, which seem more like a mockery, than a record, of the most important event in Christian history. Can a clumsy representation of our Lord's sufferings on the cross, with an image, whose features are frightfully distorted, surrounded with all the implements that are supposed to have been used at the crucifixion, and the whole carved in petty detail, and presenting a combination of objects which is any thing but reverend ;—can such a sight raise the thoughts from earth to heaven ?

A Sunday in Paris, (December 15) with the sight of open shops, and hundreds of busy tradesmen, did not help to satisfy my mind as to the efficacy of what the Romanists consider the external helps and adjuncts of religion. Processions of priests, and an ostentatious display of popish emblems, are again to be seen in the metropolis of France ; but the spirit of devotion does not seem to be much moved by these outward signs of it. Considering, however, what this country was a few years back, we have cause to congratulate her even upon the slightest symptoms of religious observances. There is a tale in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, where it is told, that the holy word, Alla, God, accidentally pronounced, broke the enchantment over a whole city of idolaters, and restored its inhabitants, who had been changed into stone, to their human form. The transformation of hearts of stone to hearts of flesh, may not be far distant even in France.

It was delightful to turn out of streets, where the Sabbath presents no appearance of being a day of rest or holiness, into the court-yard of the British Ambassador, and to find our way into his chapel ; for there, at least, there was some evidence that a reverential esteem of things sacred was not quite effaced from every heart in this gay and noisy capital. The congregation consisted of about six hundred ; and a devout air prevailed among

all present. It is not easy to believe, that when persons are in a strange land, they can go into a place of worship, where the language of prayer and praise is heard in the well-known terms of our beautiful Liturgy, without being seriously affected. Many of those who were assembled upon this occasion, were absentees from their native soil, whom illness, or afflicting events, had sent abroad in search of health, or composure of mind. Others had left behind them objects most dear to their affections, and had brought away regrets, which neither amusements, nor society, nor change of scene, nor time itself, could soften. To each of these the formulary of our Church spoke something so applicable to their immediate condition, that many of the passages might almost appear to have been composed for their particular cases, and could not have been heard with indifference.

But what is a congregation of six hundred out of the thousands of English who flock to Paris. "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" There is reason to fear that the contagion spreads, and that Parisian levity of manners infects more of our countrymen than we are willing to allow. I was invited to an evening party by an English family; and, after the chapel scene, I did not expect to find a Sunday evening trifled away, or rather outraged, by cards and dancing, high stakes, and waltzing; but it was so, and the few French who were present were suffered to be the pitch-pipes of the coterie, and to regulate the amusements of the closing hours of a Sabbath day!

Our stay in Paris was but very short, and, during the greater part of the time, I was confined to my room with a cold upon my lungs. The weather was intolerable. Fortunately, on the first day of our departure for the South, (the 21st of December) we had a clear bright sky to add to the interest of a journey perfectly new to us. The sun shone brilliantly for several hours,

and the glittering of his rays on the frozen waters of the streams and canals, imparted a degree of cheerfulness to the landscape, which scarcely allowed us to regret that we were travelling in the winter. We entered the forest of Fontainebleau at twilight, and the increasing shades of the evening fell timely enough to throw a sombre colouring over every object, which accorded well with the gloomy character of the scenery. The forest of Fontainebleau possesses all the romantic and poetical features of a forest: the picturesque, the dreary, the solitary, and the magnificent. Its dismal thickets, masses of rock and stunted shrubs, intermixed with venerable and branching-timber trees, present a scene altogether of uncommon grandeur.

Without making any stop in the town, we journeyed through the night; and just as we left Nemours, the moon shone forth in all her splendour, and upon a scene that cannot be described without losing some portion of its beauty. A broad stream runs for several miles to the right of the road, and a ridge of hills enclose it on the left, whose fantastically-shaped rocks and crags assumed a variety of forms, as the moon-beams played among them. The châteaux which we passed looked as if they had been standing for centuries; and as we gazed at some of their antiquated roofs and gables, we amused ourselves with the idea, that the flower of the ages that are gone, the Chevalier Bayard, or Henri le Grand himself, might have taken up his abode in these habitations of olden times.

Early in the morning of the 22d, we descended the steep declivity that leads to Briare; and here what Reichard calls "a new soil, and a new sky," really burst upon our sight. A boldly expanding country, abounding in vineyards, was spread before us, while the Loire rolled along with a magnificence that it can have in the wintry season only, and carried with it huge masses of ice that reflected a thousand colours under the rising sun. In

summer, the volume of its waters is considerably diminished, and in many places it is then a mere current, bordered by a bed of sand.

At Pouilly, a town which is said to have 2500 inhabitants, though it is no easy matter to determine how the few houses which it contains can find room for them, we had an opportunity of observing the influence of the Sabbath upon the rustics of France. They appeared to be absolutely indifferent to the holiness of the day : they were buying and selling, treating and exchanging, and pursuing their several occupations. Strings of carts, herds of swine, and droves of cattle, were passing and re-passing as if it were a market day. Even the few females whom we saw directing their steps to church, had none of that decent appearance, and Sabbath-day preparation, which we observe in England. How the inseparable connexion between revealed religion and human happiness, displays itself at every view ! We are commanded to sanctify the Sabbath ; but “ the Sabbath was made for man ;” that is, it is subordinate to, and intended for his good. Its proper observance imparts enjoyment and gladness of heart, as well as seriousness to the disposition ; and there can be no doubt that the solemnity, the decency, the cheerfulness, and the independent leisure of an English Sabbath, contribute largely to form the steady and manly character of the nation. When we neglect this day as much as our Roman Catholic neighbours do, we shall probably become like most of them, degraded in condition, as well as debased in sentiment and principle : and those who would introduce continental usages and amusements, to the interruption of our present quiet mode of spending the Sunday, are either inimical or indifferent to that spirit of rational independence, which prevails among the middle and lower orders of the community ; or they do not know upon what the national character depends.

In our way through Nevers we met with a much more striking instance of what has been called "interesting confidence," and "affecting sensibility," than that of throwing fruit or flowers into a travelling carriage as it rolls along the road : an experiment in which there may be as much policy as simplicity, for it is almost sure of making a purchaser. It was dusk when we entered Nevers, but girls of all ages followed our vehicle; and when it stopped, they thrust into it baskets of bead necklaces and bracelets, beautifully worked. Handsome features do not distinguish the females of the Nivernois, but there was light enough to perceive that one of these girls had the sweetest expression in her face that can be imagined. It was one of those lovely countenances, so exquisitely indicative of amiability and goodness, as to rivet the attention, and to force you to become a convert to Lavater. We read the character of the wearer at a glance; and a little incident gave manifest proof that the favorable impression was not raised without reason. One of her companions, whilst importuning us to buy her trinkets, spoke of a sick and infirm mother, upon which this interesting girl withdrew her own basket, and intimated that the claims of the other were more urgent. Who could refuse to purchase a few articles of both under such an appeal?

We stopped at Moulins for one day. In the church of Notre Dame there is a tomb which attracted our attention. It represents a body in a state of corruption, sculptured with hideous fidelity. Under it is the following inscription, dated 1557.

Olim. formoso. fueram. qui. corpore. putri.
Nunc. sum. Tu. simili. corpore. Lector. eris.

My body, which was once beautiful, is now in a state of putrefaction.

Reader, yours will be the same."

One person only was in the church, and that a middle-aged woman. She was reading her missal before a shrine with such earnestness, as not to be disturbed by, or take the slightest notice of, the strangers whose curiosity had drawn them to the scene of her devotion.

It was here, that for the first time, I noticed a vestige of the old Pagan custom of hanging up a votive tablet in a temple after some signal preservation. The little side chapels and shrines were decorated with small images of saints, wreaths and chaplets of flowers, and tinsel hearts. There were also several painted representations of cures and deliverances ascribed to the Virgin, or to the interposition of patron saints. Some were such as might excite a smile, either by their performance or superstitious tendency ; but one was extremely affecting. It was a small picture, not badly executed, representing an infant in its cradle, and at the point of death ; its parents kneeling by it, and praying for its recovery : the child was restored, and this was the memorial of their gratitude. We could have wished that the praise had been given where alone it was due ; but even though it was the votive offering of a superstitious adoration of saints, it was superstition too pious and amiable to be sneered at.

Moulins has not much to amuse a stranger ; and to have an object for a walk, it was proposed to go in search of the spot which Sterne has assigned as the scene of his interview with poor Maria. There are so many localities in Sterne's tale of Maria, that my young companions thought it a fair field of research, and away we went to follow him through his descriptions. " When we had got within half a league of Moulins," says the story, which every body remembers, " at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar,—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree." The distance from Moulins, the opening in the road, the thicket and the brook,

were so many realities it was thought, even if there were no love-lorn and melancholy Maria, to render this classic ground; and at about two miles from Moulins, we reached a spot which answered to the description plainly enough. Several aged poplars shaded the road, a small stream crossed it, and pursued its course through ground, which had evidently been once a thicket. It was now cleared, for the most part, of its bushes and brambles; but a few remain, and with them an abundance of those old pollards, which are generally allowed to stand, and to point out a spot which was once consecrated to the Dryads. At the foot of one old tree, the brook ran so closely, that we should have gone away satisfied that this was the very tree, and perhaps we should have searched its bark to find if the names of Maria and Sterne were cut upon it, if it had not unfortunately been an *elm* instead of a *poplar*.

We did not return to Moulins by the high way, but struck into a cross road, which took us through a scene that amply compensated for the fatigue of a ramble of several hours. It led to a green lane, bordered on each side by some of those pretty little enclosures of corn and meadow land, which are much less common in France than in England. And soon afterwards we came to a village, where every cottage had its own orchard or vineyard: the vines, unlike those low stunted plants, which render most of the vineyards in France, Swisserland, and Germany, so uninteresting to the eye, were trained to fruit trees, that the fruit and foliage might fall in those clusters and festoons, which add so much to the scenery in Italy. Each cottage had also its scores of poultry before the door,—fowls, turkeys, and geese; and adjoining to most of the farm-houses, were large stacks of every kind of corn. This aspect of plenty struck me the more forcibly, from my having observed this same season a very different appearance in England, where few corn-stacks were standing,

the pressure of the times having unhappily obliged most of the farmers to thresh out the greater part of their crop as quickly as they could, to carry the grain to market for an immediate supply of money.

We were at Palisse on Christmas day, a dull country town, which would have left nothing in our recollection, if the festival of our Lord's nativity had not been celebrated there with all the solemnity which Popish rites can put forth, even in such a place, upon such an occasion. A military band, and a large body of conscripts, who were marching through the town, added to the gaiety of the day. We had some conversation with two agreeable young Frenchmen at Palisse, from whom we endeavoured to gain some information as to our route; but although one of them had been in Italy, and had made some stay in Turin, he knew nothing of the Protestant valleys of Piemont. What surprised us still more was, that he had been educated in the Polytechnic school at Paris, talked of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and quoted Virgil and Horace, but yet appeared to be lost when we spoke of Hannibal's passage over the Alps. I question very much if he recollected any part of the Carthaginian general's history, or had ever heard of his march along the banks of the Rhone, although he was a native of Vienne. The other young man had just purchased his discharge from a dragoon regiment, in which he had served as a private. It cost him 1800 francs, or about 70*l.* to procure a substitute.

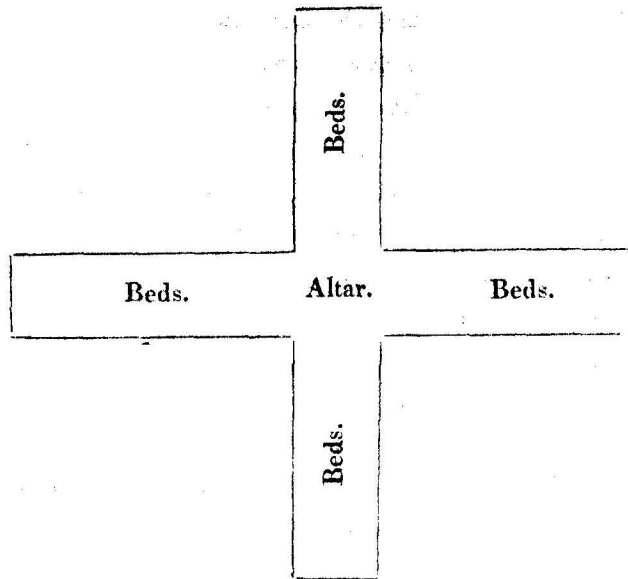
After leaving Palisse, on our road to Lyons, we began to have some fine views of the mountains of Auvergne, and the bridge which is thrown across a torrent, at the distance of about six miles from Palisse, was the most magnificent object we had seen since we left Paris. If the season had been favourable, we should have enjoyed the first distinct view of the Alps from the heights above Lyons; but, unluckily, the weather was so thick,

that during the four days we remained in that city, where we arrived on the 26th of December, we saw nothing of the fine prospects, which are so much its boast. Lyons is said to have been founded by Lucius Munatius Plancus, and they give a curious derivation of its name: Lucii Dunum, Luc-dunum, Lug-dunum, Lyons. The etymology of mount Fourvieres is equally forced, that it may have the honour of a Roman origin: Forum vetus, Forum-viel, Fort-viel, Four-vieres. The tower upon its summit commands, upon a clear day, as fine a panoramic view as can be conceived; but we were obliged to be satisfied with being told this was the case, and to confine our attention to what is contained within the city. Rousseau, who was always extravagant, (but perhaps less so in this instance than in many others,) was such an enthusiastic admirer of some of the environs of Lyons, that he professes to have passed a whole night on the banks of the Saone, at a spot called "Les Etroits," and gives the following description of his midnight ramble. "The evening was serene, the air was fresh without being too cold; the setting sun had left some crimson clouds, whose reflexion added a rosy tint to the waters below, and the trees upon the terrace were full of nightingales, who were singing to each other. I proceeded in a sort of ecstasy; and, surrendering up my whole soul, and every sense, to the enjoyment of the scenery, I pursued my walk far into the night without experiencing the least fatigue. At last I lay down in voluptuous repose, in a sort of grotto, upon the terrace. The trees above were the canopy of my bed, a nightingale was directly above me; I fell asleep in the middle of his song. My slumber was delightful, and my waking was still more so. It was a brilliant morning. My opening eyes were fixed now upon the waters, and then upon the green verdure and the lovely landscape." The same writer, in his endeavours to describe the munificent affluence of the merchants of Lyons, has condescended

to borrow a thought from the volume, whose creed he affected to hold in contempt. "Et son peuple opulent semble un peuple de rois."—"The crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth." Isaiah xxiii. 8.

The opulence and munificence of the merchants of this city may still be the same; but to judge from our visit to the public library, their literary taste must be on the decline. It is a fine building, and is said to contain 100,000 volumes; but it does not appear that they are frequently visited; and we indeed did not meet with a single student: nor was there any accommodation for visitors, either chairs, fire, pens, ink, or paper: a reproach, by the bye, from which certain great libraries in our own country are not more exempt than that of which I am complaining. It seemed as if this former seat of the Muses was one of the most deserted places in the world, and that the edict of Caligula had been again proclaimed, who is said to have established a lyceum of elocution at Lugdunum, and to have enacted that if any body should produce a bad composition, he should be compelled to efface the writing with his tongue, that is, to lick it out, or be thrown into the Rhone. The filth which was accumulated at the entrance of the library, was even more appalling than the air of desertion which reigned within. Nuisance of every sort lay on the stairs, and in the corridor. After witnessing such proofs of the estimation in which the Lyonese held their public library, we were not a little amused with the following sentimental and philosophical description, which a French guide book gives of the terrace leading out of the library, "Une grande terrasse de soixante dix pas de longueur joint la grande salle de la bibliothèque, et procure a l'homme studieux la faculté de se promener, de respirer un air pur, de mediter tranquillement sur l'objet de ses travaux, ou de s'entretenir avec un ami sur ce qui peut les perfectioner et en assurer le succès."

But, for the honour of Lyons, it should be recorded, that if works of literature are neglected, those of humanity are not ; and that few cities in Europe can shew more useful or more charitable establishments. At the head of these stands L'Hotel Dieu, the noblest institution of the kind in all France, perhaps in all the world. It receives under its care the sick, the lame, the wounded, and the insane, *les femmes en couche*, and the foundling. Even the victims of crime and vice, as well as those of accident or malady, find admission here ; and, after the example of our blessed Lord, who, when he fed the seven thousand, did not enquire who were sinners, and who were not, its doors are open to all who require assistance. For each description of sufferers, as well for male as female, there is a separate compartment : and upon so large a scale is this establishment, that four thousand five hundred unfortunates may be relieved at the same time. It is supported in part by settled funds, and in part by voluntary contributions. I cannot describe the effect which the spacious rooms, the airy halls, and the ample provision for the comfort and convalescence, as well as the cure of the patients, had upon my mind. All the beds are furnished with iron posts and frames, and nothing can exceed the cleanliness, the regularity, and the good and tender management, which prevail in this glorious institution. Among other things, it is so arranged, that the position of the altar, and the space allotted for the daily administration of divine service, enable every person in the hospital, whether in his bed or not, to hear the voice of the officiating minister, the whole building being in the form of a cross, and the chapel in the centre, thus :



Among other excellent institutions at Lyons, I was much interested by that of the Veterinary School. In England, much as the breed of horses is cultivated, and the animal itself valued and petted, the profession of veterinary surgeon is by no means encouraged as it should be; but here the hippiatric art is so patronized, that "L'ecôle Royale Vétérinaire" has its own pharmacy, its cabinet of natural history, its botanical garden, its spacious laboratory, and every thing else which is necessary for the improvement of the student.

There are few cities in France to be compared with Lyons, either in situation, antiquities, or splendour; but it is too much of a manufacturing and trading town; the prejudices of its inhabitants against the English are too deep-rooted, and its revolutionary atrocities are too recent, to make it a desirable residence for a stranger. Its two magnificent rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, its hill-begirt site, its charming promenades, its museum, and its antique-looking edifices, are noble objects; but who would willingly remain long in a place where he knows that a

strong national antipathy prevails against him? We were disturbed at midnight by alarming cries of fire: bells sounded, drums beat, and voices called loudly for assistance. We rose from our beds, and hastened to the spot, where we lent our aid in passing the hand buckets from the Rhone to the burning houses. When we thought the fire was nearly extinguished, and that we had performed our part in the labour, we endeavoured to return to our hotel, but for a length of time the soldiers on duty would not permit us to depart, but obliged us to continue the exercise, very much to the delight of the mob, who were pleased to see the predicament in which four Englishmen had placed themselves. The Gazette of Lyons afterwards did us the honour to mention our names, and to talk of the services we had rendered upon the occasion.

One of the objects of my stay at Lyons was connected with the history of the extraordinary people, who will form the principal subject of this volume. I was anxious to learn whether there were still existing any remains of the sect of Peter Waldo, who has often been mistaken as the founder of the Vaudois Church; whereas, in fact, he derived his doctrine from it. There have been so many religious changes in the South of France, and the revolutionary spirit was so active and successful in this city, that it is difficult to prove that any opinions have been steadily maintained from one age to another. At all events the Protestants here have no pretensions whatever to consider themselves upon a footing with the Vaudois, either in antiquity, perseverance, sound doctrine, or simplicity of life and manners.

“Ce qui a donné juste sujet au grand et judicieux de Beze de nous assurer, dans son livre des Hommes Illustres, pag. 985, que bien loin que les Vaudois des Vallées eussent pris leur nom de *Valdo* de *Lyon*, que luy tout au contraire a premièrement été nommé *Valdo*, parce qu’il avoit reçu la Doctrine des *Vaudois*.”—
LEGER, p. 16.

The reformer of Lyons, Peter Waldo, has acquired a degree of celebrity, to which, whatever were his real merits, he certainly had no claim. As the great patron and supporter of a sect who boldly resisted the corrupt innovations of the Church of Rome, he demands our admiration; but nothing can be collected from his history, which could warrant our ascribing to him the superior character of the founder of a Protestant Church. Happily for the cause of truth, the courage, zeal, and piety of Waldo were most conspicuous at a period when the Papal hierarchy began to put its threats in execution against all who questioned its infallibility. But even these great qualities would not have been sufficient to raise the spirits of the reformers of the twelfth century, if the means of this great and good man had not been equal to his strength of mind. His extensive mercantile engagements gave him opportunities of conversing with strangers, and of learning what were the general sentiments upon those practices of idolatry, which accompanied the doctrine of transubstantiation; and his riches and influence enabled him to assert his own opinions the more boldly, and to countenance those who were friends to the same doctrines. It was about the year 1160 that Waldo first began to take a decided part with those, who refused submission to the continued encroachments of the See of Rome. All his wealth was employed in their service; and at length he resorted to a measure which put the seal upon their undertaking, that of diffusing the Scriptures among his countrymen in their

It must not be understood that Waldo made a complete translation of the Holy Scriptures, *parts* only of the sacred volume were rendered into French upon this occasion. The first *entire Bible* in the French language was translated and printed by Robert Olivetan, a native of the Valleys, at Neufchatel, in the year 1535 or 1537. Beza, as quoted by Leger, speaking of this, says, "Il faut avouer que c'est par le moyen des Vaudois des Vallées, que la France a aujourd'hui la Bible en son language."

own tongue. This, in my opinion, is the greatest praise of Peter of Lyons. Latin had, for several centuries, continued to be the language of the southern part of Christendom. The Bible, and books of devotion, were all written in this language; and when it ceased to be spoken in its purity, there was no provision for those who could not understand it. Waldo's opulence, and perhaps his learning, gave him the power of having translations of the Scripture executed and distributed in the vulgar tongue, and of dispersing also such collections of passages from the ancient fathers as accorded with his own doctrines. He also maintained, at his own expence, several persons, who were employed to recite and expound these translations to the people; and hence, most probably, proceeded the name of the disciples of Waldo, and the opinion that he was the preacher and apostle of a new faith: an opinion which the Roman Catholics were glad to encourage; for it has ever been their object to represent the Waldenses as a sect of late date, and to vindicate the antiquity and universal recognition of their own dogmas.

The enemies of Popery, being thus provided with copies of the Scriptures in their own tongue, were encouraged to declare themselves with the greater confidence, because they were now able to explain to the people that they were not advancing doctrines of their own, but a pure faith, as it really existed in the Bible. They were able to argue effectually, that the tenets of their adversaries were in direct opposition to the divine oracles; and they boldly defied the Papists to justify their practices by any reference to the canons of the New Testament. As long as Waldo and his friends confined themselves to the grounds which had already been taken up, the hierarchy of Rome suspended its thunders; but as soon as they employed that invincible engine, the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, they were immediately anathematized and excommunicated. For three years after his first

condemnation by the Archbishop of Lyons, which took place in 1172, Waldo contrived to remain concealed in the city or its environs; but at length Pope Alexander the Third fulminated his threats and terrors so effectually against all, who should dare to hold the slightest communication with the reformer, that, for his friends' sake, he fled from Lyons, and became a wanderer for the rest of his life. At first he took refuge in Dauphiné, with an intention possibly of finding his way to the secluded valleys of Pragela, or Angrogna, among the Vaudois Protestants of Piemont. But the persecution was too fierce on this side of France, and he was obliged to make his escape towards the western provinces. For a short time he was sheltered in Picardy; but there was no resting-place in the dominions of Philip Augustus for any of his subjects, who presumed to question the papal prerogative. Germany was his next asylum; and it is supposed that he finally escaped into Bohemia, and there died previous to the year 1179. Such are the outlines of Waldo's history; from no part of which can it be gathered, or even presumed, that the Protestant Church of Piemont is to ascribe its origin to him. We can find no trace of him whatever in Italy; and while his name never occurs prior to the year 1160, we can adduce incontrovertible evidence that the Vaudois had existence as a church, and were recorded as separatists from Rome, long before that period.

In the library of the University of Cambridge there is an old manuscript* of the date 1100, which speaks of the Vaudois by name. There is also another at Cambridge, dated 1120, forty years anterior to any mention of Waldo, containing several sermons of the pastors of the Vaudois, or Valdenses of the Alpine valleys, and a treatise on Antichrist, in which there is the following passage:—"These things are a cloak, in which Antichrist

hides his wickedness, that he may not be rejected as a pagan. Knowing these things, *we depart from Antichrist*, according to express scriptural directions

^b Rainerus, the inquisitor of the middle of the thirteenth century, whose business it was to ascertain and report the origin of the opinions of the heretics of Lyons, is so far from attributing their rise to Peter Waldo, that he declares the heresy to be of long establishment, and to have taken deep root.

“ The heresy of the Vaudois, or poor people of Lyons, is of great antiquity. Among all sects that either are, or have been, there is none more dangerous to the church, than that of the Leonists, and that for three reasons: the first is, because it is the sect of the longest standing of any; for some say that it hath been continued down ever since the time of Pope Sylvester; and others, ever since that of the Apostles. The second is, because it is the most general of all sects; for scarcely is there any country to be found where this sect hath not spread itself. And the third, because it has the greatest appearance of piety; because, in the sight of all, these men are just and honest in their transactions, believe of God what ought to be believed, receive all the articles of the Apostles' creed, and only profess to hate the Church of Rome.”

The opinion of Seyssel, Archbishop of Turin, in his book dated 1547, is equally against the notion of Waldo's being the founder of the sect; and even goes to attach a different origin to the Leonists, or Lyonists, themselves. “ La sect des Vaudois a pris e son commencement d'un certain Leon, homme très-religieux du temps de Constantin le Grand, qui ayant detesté l'avarice de Silvestre,” &c. &c.

Another book of the date of 1608, printed at Paris with the approbation of the clergy, contains the answer of the theologian Dungald *, to the Treatise of Claude, Bishop of Turin, in the ninth century, wherein he charges Claude with having occasioned the separation and apostasy of his flock from the Church of Rome. Now the inhabitants of the three Valleys were then part of his flock, and are the only people who have persevered from that early date in their separation from the Roman See †.

I trust that while I am upon the subject of Lyons, I have said enough to prove, that although the churches of the Vaudois in Piemont may have reason to thank Peter Waldo for the first translation of part of the Scriptures into the vulgar

* Dungald wrote about 828. This book is entitled, “ Liber responsionum adversus Claudii Taurinensis sententias.” See Appendix, No. 8.

† See Appendix, No. 4. Allix endeavours to shew that the churches of the north of Italy were all independent of Rome at this period.

There is a numerous protestant congregation at Lyons ; but it is by no means so distinct a community as that which drew my attention to the valleys on the other side of the Alps. The Protestants are intermixed with other Lyonese families, occupy no separate district, and have not that ecclesiastical discipline to keep them together as effectually, as the church government and pastoral authority of the Vaudois.

It was on the last Sunday of the year 1822, a sacrament day, that I attended service at the chapel, which was originally the " Loge du Change," and still exhibits its former inscription, "*Virtute duce, comite fortunâ.*" Many of the edifices in Lyons have changed their destination, and this among the rest. The Palais des Arts, was an abbey belonging to the Benedictines ; the Théâtre des Celestins, was an abbey of the Celestines ; most of the barracks were monasteries ; and the House of Correction was anciently occupied by the Jesuits.

tongue, and for spreading their doctrines, he has not the least claim to be considered as their founder.

An additional and very strong argument might be drawn from a comparison between the irregularity of Waldo's followers, and the scrupulous adherence to the forms of church government, which has always distinguished the Vaudois. Waldo himself is acknowledged by his historians to have assumed the pastoral functions and character, and to have persuaded others to do the same. His persecutions, and the extraordinary crisis at which he began to preach, and to expose the errors of the Church of Rome, and the necessity of his taking upon himself the office, which he could not regularly obtain by the imposition of hands, has justified him, according to the opinion of most persons, in this assumption. An ecclesiastical writer has made a very judicious observation upon Waldo's conduct as a self-ordained pastor. " Let not such extraordinary cases give a sanction to many self-created teachers, who disturb rather than strengthen the hands of faithful pastors, by their irregular proceedings." But the Vaudois, whose zeal has always been tempered by discretion, have never allowed any circumstances, however trying, to warrant an usurpation of the clerical character : the holy functions have been uniformly confined to such as have been canonically admitted to them ; and the power of administering the sacraments, from the earliest to the latest period of their history, has been most scrupulously withheld from unordained persons.

We were rather late, and lost the beginning of the service, which consisted of the reading of some chapters from the Old and New Testament, and the decalogue. When we entered, the minister was offering up his petitions to heaven from a form of prayer. The three first verses of a canticle, called the Cantic of Zachariah, were then sung, by the whole congregation, to the solemn notes of the organ.

Béni soit à jamais le grand Dieu d'Israel ;
L'auteur de tous les biens, tout-puissant, éternel,
Qui, touché de nos cris et de notre misère,
Dans nos pressans besoins s'est montré notre Père.

Dans ses compassions il nous a visités ;
Par son bras invincible il nous a rachetés ;
Et malgré nos péchés, ce Dieu tendre et propice,
A fait lever sur nous le soleil de justice.

La maison de David, ce grand Roi des Hebreux,
Nous donne ce jour un Sauveur glorieux,
Qui vient nous affranchir d'un funeste esclavage,
Et nous faire obtenir un céleste héretage.

The sermon followed ; it was delivered extempore, or from memory, with much animation, fluency, and action ; but, at the same time, with a propriety of manner, and an absence of all extravagance, which it would be better if we could notice in many of those English preachers, who venture to give their exhortations without having them written out. Long pauses were made during the sermon, of which the congregation seemed to take advantage, for the purpose of coughing, sneezing, &c. : there was so much of this, that, it was pretty clear, colds are almost as general here as in England at the same season : and though Lyons is represented as being extremely favoured by mildness of air in the winter, we did not find it so ; but, on the contrary, the cold was intense, and the atmosphere very thick. Another

prayer was read, from the formulary, after the sermon; then the Lord's prayer, and the Apostles' creed. Next was sung the Cantic of Simeon, and three short benedictions concluded this part of the service.

The minister next began the Communion service, by reading, from his book of prayers, an explanation of the institution. He then addressed a prayer to God, that the communicants might participate in faith, humility, and charity: one sentence was extremely like part of our own supplication; "*Vivement touchés de ce don précieux, nous nous consacrons entièrement à toi; nous te présentons nos corps et nos esprits en sacrifice vivant et saint.*" This was succeeded by two invitations to the people, to approach the holy table. The minister then quitted the pulpit, from which he had delivered the whole of his prayers, sermon, and exhortations, and stood at the table with another clergyman to assist him. He dispensed first to his colleague, and then to himself. After this the communicants, who consisted of two-thirds of a very large congregation, approached the table in two bodies, of which the men formed one, and the women the other. They passed the table in solemn order; and, as they passed, received the bread from one minister, and the cup from the other. The form of consecration and distribution was as follows: "The bread which we break, is the communion of the body of Jesus Christ our Lord."—"The cup of benediction, which we bless, is the communion of the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord." These words, or some sentences from Scripture, were repeated to each person, as he received the bread or the wine. Nothing could be more touching, more imposing, than this simple ceremony, which appealed to the heart, and its best affections. During the whole time of the solemnity, the organ continued to play in its softest tones, and they harmonized with the voice of the ministers, and the calm devotion of the communicants, in a way which must be felt, to be rightly understood.

CHAPTER II.

Leave Lyons—Severe winter—Scenery in France—compared with landscapes in England—French and English villages—Gaul and Britain on ancient medals—Hannibal's passage of the Alps—Discovery of a silver votive Buckler—Pont de Beauvoisin—Letters examined—Enter Savoy—The river Guiers—Melancholy condition of the peasantry of Savoy—Sterne's Sentimental Journey—Addison's remarks on several parts of Italy—Tremendous pass—La Chaille—Les Echelles—Montagna della Grotta—Charles Emanuel II.—The persecutor of the Vaudois—Enter the defile of Aiguebelle—The river Arc—A French disputant—Description of the passage of the Alps—The various features of the mountain—Cultivation—Vines—View of sun-rise among the Alps—Cascades—Torrents—Masses of ice—Alpine sublimity—Fortress on the mountain—Lans-le-bourg—Mount Cenis—Cross the mountain on a sledge—Description of the grand route over Mount Cenis—Attack of the French upon Mount Cenis—Hospice—Plain of St. Nicholas—Murat—Traineaux—Mountain prospects—View of Italy from the Alps—Hannibal—Polybius—Livy—Route of the Carthaginian army.

ON Monday evening, December 30, we left Lyons, and commenced our journey to the Alps with all those feelings of expectation, which the name of these tremendous barriers of Italy is calculated to inspire. Livy's fine wintry descriptions, and Eustace's glorious picture of the eternal snows, and frightful passes, which we were going to encounter at the most trying period of an inclement winter, were fresh in our recollection; and we were delighted even with the unusual inhospitality of the season, because it would afford us a better opportunity of ascertaining how far their accounts are correct. We had seen too little of

the boasted landscapes of *La Belle France*, to regret that we were not travelling in the summer, or to be convinced that they are of that superior order of beauty, as to bear any comparison with the rich landscapes of merry England. When we are speaking of a mountainous region, it is at once understood what is meant by fine scenery ; but perhaps it is not easy to agree upon the essentials which are to constitute beautiful scenery in a flat country. Most people, however, concur in filling up the prospect with groves and streams, gentle undulations of hill and dale, vineyards or hop-grounds, a gay intermixture of corn and meadow land, hedge rows, and groupes of timber trees, and frequent enclosures of various forms and sizes. But, to complete the picture in an Englishman's eyes, there must be the village spire and green, the snug cottage and neat garden, and the substantial farm-house ; and he must be occasionally greeted with the sight of a park and mansion-house, and with that general aspect of cheerful comfort, which the residence of the nobility and gentry of a nation, at the hospitable seats of their ancestors, never fails to impart. Every tourist knows that ornamental gardening, the art of laying out grounds to advantage, and the taste for a country life, do not prevail among the French ; that the châteaux of the noblesse are formal, and often melancholy-looking, buildings ; and that pretty hamlets or villages are rarely to be seen. I do not remember passing through one which had attractions sufficient to make me say, what I have so often thought in England, " Here I could pitch my tent ; I could take up my abode in this sweet place, and never desire a lovelier spot." These observations are made with all due allowance for the season of the year in which I was travelling.

" Where are the cattle upon a thousand hills ?" is a question, which every body puts who looks for flocks and herds to adorn the landscape. These are not to be seen in France at any time

of the year, in that abundance which we should presume from the fertility of the country. In former days, Gaul was so famous for her cattle, that, in old medals, she is often represented with a sheep at her side, to signify the multitude of her flocks, and the richness of her pastures ; but now, where you see one flock of sheep, or one field with cattle grazing in it in France, you see ten in England. The wealth of Gaul¹ was anciently so proverbial in this respect, that Horace mentions it among the most enviable products of the world :

“ Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrigonia Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis
Crescunt vellera Pascuis —.” B. iii. O. 16.

We took no interest in our journey from Lyons till we arrived at Bourgoin, the ancient Bergusium. Here we flattered ourselves that we were following, pretty nearly the same route which Hannibal took in his passage over the Alps. An able Dissertation^{*} on this subject was published about three years ago, by a member of the University of Oxford ; and I am inclined to follow the line of march which this writer has traced, in preference to any other that has been laid down. He conducts the Carthaginian army along the banks of the Rhone to Vienne, the

¹ Speaking of Gaul, and ancient medals, reminds me, that the representation of Britain on some of the Roman coins, was not unlike that which appears on our present copper coins. The reverse of an Antoninus Pius, has Britain sitting on a globe, placed in the water. Addison's interpretation of this figure, is rather too conjectural : he says, it meant to denote that Britain was *mistress of a world*, separated from the Roman empire by the interposition of the sea. The Romans were too fond of speaking of Britain in terms of contempt, to pay her this compliment ; but, at all events, the present condition of the British empire is more conformable to its ancient emblem, than that of France to hers.

See “ A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps.” Oxford, 1820.

Vienna of the Allobroges ; and proceeds to argue, with a great deal of ingenuity and probability, that it must have taken an easterly direction from thence, passed over the Mont du Chat, into the plains of Chamberry, followed the course of the river Isere from Montmeillan to Moutier and Scez, crossed over the Graian Alps, or Little St. Bernard, pursued the banks of the Doire¹ through Aoste (Augusta Prætorica), and Ivree (Eporedia), and so to Turin, the capital of the Taurini.

A curious discovery, which was made about a hundred years ago at Le Passage, a village very near the road by which we were travelling, makes it more than a dream of the imagination to suppose, that we were, for a few miles at least, in the track of the most enterprising soldier who ever dared encounter the Roman arms. A peasant ploughed up a large stone, which attracted his notice ; he dug under it, and found a round silver plate, of twenty-seven inches in diameter, and weighing 344 ounces. The engraving in the centre of this relic of antiquity, argues strongly in favour of its being Carthaginian : it represents a lion and a palm tree, and under them, in a sort of *exergue*, the torn limbs of some animal. The French Academy pronounced the plate to be a votive buckler, and the lion and the palm-tree to be the ordinary emblems of Carthage. It is still to be seen in the King's Library at Paris. Tradition says, what is not unlikely, that the village of Passage derives its name from the celebrated march of Hannibal ; and its position renders it extremely probable that here, if any where, he would offer up his vows for a safe passage over the mountains, and deposit a votive offering, as a memorial of the hazardous expedition. It is at Passage that the

¹ The Doire, Dora, or Duria, rises on Mount Blanc, and falls into the river Po, between Crescentino, and Brusaco ; and another river of the same name flows from the Cottian Alps, by Susa and Pianezza, and joins the waters of the Po near Turin. The former was anciently called the Duria Major.