

light, which was a miserable hut. He knocked and called until some one looked out and demanded who he was and what brought him there. Mr. Bower replied that he was a stranger, and had lost his way. "Way!" cried the man, "there is no way here to lose!" "Why, where am I?" said Mr. B. "In the Canton of Berne!" "In the Canton of Berne!" said Mr. B., "Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. B. in raptures, "that I am in the Canton of Berne!" "Thank God you are!" replied the man, "but for God's sake how came you here?" Mr. B. begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him; he did so, and Mr. B. inquired if he had heard any thing of a person who had lately escaped from the Inquisition. "Aye! heard of him, we have all heard of him, after sending off so many expresses and so much noise about him! God grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Mr. B. said, "I am the very person!" The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of pleasure in her countenance, and, making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, as most of the borderers do, but she could not, and Mr. Bower not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her compliments in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him—if they had a bed for themselves he should have it, but he should have some clean straw and what covering they possessed.

The good man hastened to get off

Mr. B's, wet clothes and wrap something about him till they were dry, and the wife to get ready what victuals they had, which, probably for the first time, they regretted were no better than a little sour grout* and new laid eggs. "A fresh egg," Mr. B. said, "was a novelty," and no doubt he so esteemed at the time and in such company. Three eggs were served up with the grout and he made a comfortable meal, after which he enjoyed what may be properly termed repose, for it was quiet and secure.

As soon as he arose in the morning the honest Swiss and his wife, who had been long awake, but would not stir lest they should disturb him, came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast the husband set out with him to direct him the road to Berne, which was at no great distance, but previously insisted on returning with him a little way to shew him the road he had taken the preceding night. Mr. Bower did not much like this. The man, perceiving his doubt, reproved him for distrusting that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved him, and soon convinced him that he only wanted to increase his dependence on it for the future by shewing him the danger which he had escaped; for he saw that he and his horse had passed a dreadful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, and the very sight of which made him shudder. The peasant accompanied him for several miles on the road to Berne, until there was no probability of losing

* Grout is cabbage and curds salted and put down together in a fivkin, and is used by the Swiss peasant as their ordinary food.