

defence and political preservation of their honor, have further adorned it with the tributes of their Love—where Genius has reared its Altar in every Glen on which its gifts may be offered—where every unknown Stream has been sung by its shepherds, and every Mountain re-echoed to the Songs of those who dwell beneath its brow—whose natives, with a kind of indefinable Piety have connected even Religion with the spot of their birth, and who doomed to leave it might, without profanity, exclaim with Adam :

This most afflicts me, the departing hence,
Where I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where was vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate !
So many grateful Altars would I hear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or in monument to ages !

Let those nations then alone claim these happy Laurels—this peaceful and delightful Fame, who have to boast of simple and invariable manners—of fixed desires—of constant tastes and uniform lives—“where,” to borrow the words of the Foreigner I have quoted, “the soul enjoys that original and attractive repose of heart—that inexpressible charm which attends the antient habits of a simple people—that obscure and quiet routine of humble labour—those calm and serious joys—those affections interwoven with life—those passions which endure to the grave !” O happiness without regret—rest without sadness—security without apathy.

Few nations have received such marks of general interest as the Swiss. The Traveller amongst them lays aside his enquiries to admire, the Poet finds he must become a Historian, and the Historian that he must be a Poet,—the Moralist finds his theories vanish into their original chaos,—the Philosopher, softened at the sight of happiness like theirs, “wishes he had never doubted,”—and the remembrance of those scenes—of those ages of happiness, recur to bewilder the Statesman, even at the moment when the Senate hangs upon his words—when the light of his eloquence seemed to have penetrated the dark clouds of Political error, and he seemed a being inspired to save, protect or bless nations ! “I love the people of Switzerland” said Mr. Fox, in one of his speeches, “for I have seen and known their happiness !” Never did a nation receive from such a man, and in such a place, so affecting a testimony. In the midst of the assembled Deputies of the greatest Monarchy—composed of the descendants of its ancient Chivalry—of those who “by Brand, by Bridle, or by Oar” had risen to Nobility ; of those benefactors of man, who almost justify the language of the Poet, “all is the gift of Industry !” In the midst of these, the greatest Orator and Patriot—the most learned Gentleman and the most refined Scholar ; and born in the class of our Nobility, spoke these words : as if to show, that Truth in her fairest form, presided in that august Assembly. O England, thou alone hast sustained this height in the morality of Political Empire. O peaceful and happy Land that merited such praise. The song so often spoken of, the *Ranz des Vaches*, is not one of