

newspapers, almost from all foreign society. You would as soon think of meeting Unitarians in the hollow of Mount Lebanon, as in such a secluded district. Yet you find here some who have a much better right to the name than the Druses of Mount Lebanon. As I was descending the valley of the Upper Rhine, in one of the most magnificent breaks of the mountain chain, the diligence stopped for a few moments at the small village of Splugen, where a gentleman entered and took his seat by me, whom I saw at once to be a man of more refinement than the rough companions who filled the other seats. I found that, though the Romanick was his native tongue, he could speak the German as perfectly. Discovering from some casual observation that I was an American, he took an occasion to speak of his great interest in that land, especially as the country which had produced Washington, the "most perfect character," as he believed, "of modern times." And for some minutes he went on to express his admiration for him who was equally great in war and peace, as a general and as a ruler, and great, too, in his dignified retirement. I listened with delight, of course—with greater delight to hear in such a place, such hearty words of praise for him whom all Americans revere.

After a while, with some embarrassment, he added, "There is another American whom I have learned to admire, though perhaps you will not sympathize with me here. I think that next to Washington, he is the greatest man that your country has produced. I mean Rev. Dr. Channing. Have you ever read his writings?" I answered that I had not only read his writings, but that I had heard him preach, was present at his funeral, knew