SWITZERLAND— CONQUESTS (1526–1530)

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Chapter 1

Originality of the Swiss Reform

The divisions which the Reformation disclosed within its bosom, on its appearance before the Diet of Augsburg, humbled it and compromised its existence; but we must not forget that the cause of these divisions was one of the conditions of the existence of the regenerated Church. No doubt it would have been desirable for Germany and Switzerland to have agreed; but it was of still greater importance that Germany and Switzerland should have each its original Reform. If the Swiss Reformation had been only a feeble copy of the German, there would have been uniformity, but no duration. The tree, transplanted into Switzerland, without having taken deep root, would soon have been torn up by the vigorous hand that was erelong about to seize upon it. The regeneration of Christianity in these mountains proceeded from forces peculiar to the Helvetic Church, and

received an organization in conformity with the ecclesiastical and political condition of that country. By this very originality it communicated a particular energy to the principles of the Reformation, of much greater consequence to the common cause than a servile uniformity. The strength of an army arises in great measure from its being composed of soldiers of different arms.

The military and political influence of Switzerland was declining. The new developments of the European nations, subsequent to the sixteenth century, were about to banish to their native mountains those proud Helvetians, who for so long a period had placed their two-handed swords in the balance in which the destinies of nations were weighed. The Reformation communicated a new influence in exchange for that which was departing. Switzerland, where the Gospel appeared in its simplest and purest form, was destined to give in these new times to many nations of the two worlds a more salutary and glorious impulse than that which had hitherto proceeded from its halberds and its arquebuses.

The history of the Swiss Reformation is divided into three periods, in which the light of the Gospel is seen spreading successively over three different zones. From 1519 to 1526 Zurich was the center of the Reformation, which was then entirely German, and was propagated in the eastern and northern parts of the confederation. Between 1526 and 1532 the movement was communicated from Berne: it was at once German and French, and extended to the center of Switzerland from the gorges of the Jura to the deepest valleys of the Alps. In 1532 Geneva became the focus of the light; and the Reformation, which was here essentially French, was established on the shores of the Leman lake, and gained strength in every quarter. It is of the second of these periods — that of Berne — of which we are now to treat.

Although the Swiss Reformation is not yet essentially French, still the most active part in it is taken by Frenchmen. Switzerland Romande is yoked to the chariot of Reform, and communicates to it an accelerated motion. In the period we are

about to treat of, there is a mixture of races, of forces, and of characters from which proceeds a greater commotion. In no part of the christian world will the resistance be so stubborn; but nowhere will the assailants display so much courage. This petty country of Switzerland Romande, enclosed within the collosal arms of the Jura and the Alps, was for centuries one of the strongest fortresses of the Papacy.

It is about to be carried by storm; it is going to turn its arms against its ancient masters; and from these few hillocks, scattered at the foot of the highest mountains in Europe, will proceed the reiterated shocks that will overthrow, even in the most distant countries, the sanctuaries of Rome, their images and their altars.

There are two movements in the Church: one is effected inwardly, and its object is its preservation; the other is effected outwardly, and the object aimed at is its propagation. There is thus a doctrinal Church and a missionary Church. These two movements ought never to be separated, and

whenever they are disunited, it is because the spirit of man, and not the Spirit of God prevails. In the apostolic ages these two tendencies were evolved at the same time and with equal power. In the second and third centuries the external tendency prevailed; after the Council of Nice (325) the doctrinal movement resumed the superiority; at the epoch of the irruption of the northern tribes the missionary spirit revived; but erelong came the times of the hierarchy and of the schoolmen, in which all doctrinal powers warred within the Church to found therein a despotic government and an impure doctrine — the Papacy. The revival of Christianity in the sixteenth century, which emanated from God, was destined to renovate these two movements, but by purifying them. Then indeed the Spirit of God acted at once externally and internally. In the days of the Reformation there were tranquil and internal developments; but there was also a more powerful and aggressive action. Men of God had for ages studied the Word, and had peacefully explained its salutary lessons.

Such had been the work of Vesalia, Goch,

Groot, Radewin, Ruybrook, Tauler, Thomas Kempis, and John Wessel; now, something more was required. The power of action was to be combined with the power of thought. The Papacy had been allowed all necessary time for laying aside its errors; for ages men had been in expectation; it had been warned, it had been entreated; all had been unavailing. Popery being unwilling to reform itself, it became necessary for men of God to take its accomplishment upon themselves. The calm and moderate influence of the precursors of the Reform was succeeded by the and holy revolutionary work of the Reformers; and the revolution they effected consisted in overthrowing the usurping power to legitimate authority. the re-establish everything there is a season," says the preacher, "and a time to every purpose under heaven: a time to plant, and a time to pluck up than which is planted; a time to break down, and a time to build up." Of all Reformers, those who carried the aggressive spirit to its highest degree were the men who came from France, and more especially Farel, whose labors we have now to consider.

Never were such mighty effects accomplished by so puny a force. In the government of God we pass in an instant from the greatest to the least of things. We now quit the haughty Charles V and all that court of princes over which he presides, to follow the steps of a schoolmaster; and leave the palaces of Augsburg to take our seats in the lowly cottages of Switzerland.

The Rhone, after issuing, near St. Gothard, from the mountains of the Furka, from beneath an immense sea of eternal ice, rolls its noisy waters through a rugged valley separating the two great chains of the Alps; then issuing from the gorge of St. Maurice, it wanders through a more smiling and fertile country. The sublime Dent du Midi on the south, the proud Dent de Morcles on the north, picturesquely situated opposite each other, point out from afar to the traveller's eye the beginning of this latter basin.

On the tops of these mountains are vast glaciers and threatening peaks, near which the shepherds in the midst of summer lead their numerous flocks to pasture: while, in the plain, the flowers and fruits of southern climes grow luxuriantly, and the laurel blooms beside the most exquisite grapes.

At the opening of one of the lateral valleys that lead into the Northern Alps, on the banks of the Grande Eau that falls in thunder from the glaciers of the Diablerets, is situated the small town of Aigle, one of the most southern in Switzerland. For about fifty years it had belonged to Berne, with the four parishes (mandemens) which are under its jurisdiction, namely, Aigle, Bex, Ollon, and the chalets scattered in the lofty valleys of the Ormonds. It is in this country that the second epoch of the Swiss Reformation was destined to begin.

In the winter of 1526-1527, a foreign schoolmaster, named Ursinus, arrived in this humble district. He was a man of middle stature, with red beard and quick eyes, and who, with a voice of thunder (says Beza) combined the feelings of a hero: his modest lessons were intermingled with new and strange doctrines. The benefices

being abandoned by their titularies to ignorant curates, the people, who were naturally of rude and turbulent habits, had remained without any cultivation. Thus did this stranger, who was no other than Farel, meet with new obstacles at every step.

While Lefevre and most of his friends had quitted Strasburg to re-enter France, after the deliverance of Francis I, Farel had turned his steps towards Switzerland; and on the very first day of his journey, he received a lesson that he frequently recalled to mind.

He was on foot, accompanied by a single friend. Night had closed around them, the rain fell in torrents, and the travelers, in despair of finding their road, had sat down midway, drenched with rain. "Ah!" said Farel, "God, by showing me my helplessness in these little things, has willed to teach me how weak I am in the greatest, without Jesus Christ!" At last Farel, springing up, plunged into the marshes, waded through the waters, crossed vineyards, fields, hills, forests, and valleys,

and at length reached his destination, covered with mud and soaked to the skin.

In this night of desolation, Farel had received a new baptism. His natural energy had been quelled; he became, for some time at least, wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove; and, as not unfrequently happens to men of such disposition, he at first overstepped his aim. Believing that he following the example of the apostles, he sought, in the words of Oecolampadius, "by pious frauds to circumvent the old serpent that was hissing around him." He represented himself to be a schoolmaster, and waited until a door should be opened to him to appear as a reformer. Scarcely had Magister Ursinus quitted the schoolroom and his primers, than, taking refuge in his modest chamber, he absorbed in the Greek and Hebrew became Scriptures, and the most learned treatises of the theologians. The struggle between Luther and Zwingle was commencing.

To which of these two chiefs should the French Reform attach itself?

Luther had been known in France for a much longer time than Zwingle; yet Farel decided in favor of the latter. Mysticism had characterized the Germanic nations during the Middle Ages, and scholasticism those of Roman descent. The French were in closer relation with the dialectician Zwingle than with the mystic Luther; or rather they the mediators between the were two tendencies of the Middle Ages; and, while giving to the christian thought that correct form which seems to be the province of southern nations, they became the instruments of God to spread through the Church the fullness of life and of the Spirit of Christ.

It was in his little chamber at Aigle that Farel read the first publication addressed to the German by the Swiss reformer. "With what learning," cries he, "does Zwingle scatter the darkness! with what holy ingenuity he gains over the wise, and what captivating meekness he unites with deep erudition! Oh, that by the grace of God this work may win over Luther, so that the Church of Christ,

trembling from such violent shocks, may at length find peace!" The schoolmaster Ursinus, excited by so noble an example, gradually set about instructing the parents as well as the children. He at first attacked the doctrine of purgatory, and next the Invocation of Saints. "As for the pope, he is nothing," said he, "or almost nothing, in these parts; and as for the priests, provided they annoy the people with all that nonsense, which Erasmus knows so well how to turn into ridicule, that is enough for them." Ursinus had been some months at Aigle: a door was opened to him; a flock had been collected there, and he believed the looked-for moment had arrived.

Accordingly, one day the prudent schoolmaster disappears. "I am William Farel," said he, "minister of the Word of God." The terror of the priests and magistrates was great, when they saw in the midst of them that very man whose name had already become so formidable. The schoolmaster quitted his humble study; he ascended the pulpit, and openly preached Jesus Christ to the astonished multitude. The work of Ursinus was over: Farel

was himself again. It was then about the month of March or April 1527, and in that beautiful valley, whose slopes were brightening in the warm rays of the sun, all was fermenting at the same time, the flowers, the vineyards, and the hearts of this sensible but rude people.

Yet the rocks that the torrent meets as it issues from the Diablerets, and against which it dashes at every step as it falls from eternal snows, are more trifling obstacles than the prejudice and hatred that were shown erelong in this populous valley to the Word of God.

The Council of Berne, by a license of the 9th of March, had commissioned Farel to explain the Holy Scriptures to the people of Aigle and its neighborhood. But the arm of the civil magistrate, by thus mingling in religious affairs, served only to increase the irritation of men's minds. The rich and lazy incumbents, the poor and ignorant curates, were the first to cry out. "If this man," said they one to another, "continues preaching, it is all over with our benefices and our Church." In the midst of

this agitation, the bailiff of Aigle and the governor of the four mandemens, Jacques de Roverea, instead of supporting the minister of their excellencies of Berne, eagerly embraced the cause of the priests. "The emperor," said they, "is about to declare war against all innovators. A great army will shortly arrive from Spain to assist the Archduke Ferdinand." Farel stood firm. Upon this the bailiff and Roverea, exasperated by such boldness, interdicted the heretic from every kind of instruction, whether as minister or schoolmaster. But Berne caused to be posted on the doors of all the churches in the four mandemens a new decree, dated the 3rd of July, in which their excellencies, manifesting great displeasure at this interdiction "of the very learned Farel from the propagation of the Divine Word, ordered all the officers of the state to allow him to preach publicly the doctrines of the Lord." This new proclamation was the signal of revolt. On the 25th July, great crowds assembled at Aigle, at Bex, at Ollon, and in the Ormonds, crying out, "No more submission to Berne! down with Farel!" From words they soon proceeded to actions. At Aigle the insurgents, headed by the

fiery syndic, tore down the edict, and prepared to fall upon the reformed.

These, promptly uniting and surrounding Farel, resolved to defend him.

The two parties met face to face, and blood was near flowing. The firm countenance of the friends of the Gospel checked the partisans of the priests, who dispersed, and Farel, quitting Aigle for a few days, carried his views farther.

In the middle of the beautiful valley of the Leman, on hills which overlook the lake, stands Lausanne, the city of the bishop and of the Virgin, placed under the patronage of the Dukes of Savoy. A host of pilgrims, assembling from all the surrounding places, knelt devoutly before the image of Our Lady, and made costly purchases at the great fair of indulgences that was held in its precincts. Lausanne, extending its episcopal crosier from its lofty towers, pretended to keep the whole country at the feet of the pope.

But owing to the dissolute life of the canons and priests, the eyes of many began to be opened. The ministers of the Virgin were seen in public playing at games of chance, which they seasoned with mockery and blasphemy. They fought in the churches; disguised as soldiers, they descended by night from the cathedral hill, and roaming through the streets, sword in hand and in liquor, surprised, wounded, and sometimes even killed the worthy citizens; they debauched married women, seduced young girls, changed their residences into houses of ill-fame, and heartlessly turned out their young children to beg their bread. Nowhere, perhaps, was better exemplified the description of the clergy given us by one of the most venerable prelates at the beginning of the sixteenth century: "Instead of training up youth by their learning and holiness of life, the priests train birds and dogs; instead of books, they have children; they sit with topers in the taverns, and give way to drunkenness." Among the theologians in the court of the Bishop Sebastian of Montfaucon, was Natalis Galeotto, a man of elevated rank and great urbanity, fond of the society of scholars, and himself a man of learning,

but nevertheless very zealous about fasts and all the ordinances of the Church. Farel thought that, if this man could be gained over to the Gospel, Lausanne, "slumbering at the foot of its steeples," would perhaps awaken, and all the country with it. He therefore addressed himself to him. "Alas! alas!" said Farel, "religion is now little better than an empty mockery, since people who think only of their appetites are the kings of the Church.

Christian people, instead of celebrating in the sacrament the death of the Lord, live as if they commemorated Mercury, the god of fraud. Instead of imitating the love of Christ, they emulate the lewdness of Venus; and, when they do evil, they fear more the presence of a wretched swineherd than of God Almighty." But Galeotto made no reply, and Farel persevered. "Knock; cry out with all your might," wrote he in a second letter; "redouble your attacks upon our Lord." Still there was no answer. Farel returned to the charge a third time, and Natalis, fearing perhaps to reply in commissioned his who secretary, forwarded a letter to Farel full of abusive language.

For a season Lausanne was inaccessible.

After having thus contended with a priest, Farel was destined to struggle with a monk. The two arms of the hierarchy by which the Middle Ages had been governed were chivalry and monachism. The latter still remained for the service of the Papacy, although falling into decay. "Alas!" exclaimed a celebrated Carthusian, "what obstinate devil would fear to do, a reprobate and arrogant monk will commit without hesitation." A mendicant friar, who dared not oppose the reformer in a direct manner at Aigle, ventured into the village of Noville, situated on the low grounds deposited by the Rhone as it falls into the Lake of Geneva. The friar, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "It is the devil himself who preaches by the mouth of the minister, and all those who listen to him will be damned." Then, taking courage, he slunk along the bank of the Rhone, and arrived at Aigle with a meek and humble look, not to appear there against Farel, whose powerful eloquence terribly alarmed him, but to beg in behalf of his convent a few barrels of the most exquisite wine in

Switzerland. He had not advanced many steps into the town before he met the minster. At this sight he trembled in every limb. "Why did you preach in such a manner at Noville?" demanded Farel. The monk, fearful that the dispute would attract public attention, and yet desirous of replying to the point, whispered in his ear, "I have heard say that you are a heretic and misleader of the people." "Prove it," said Farel. Then the monk "began to storm," says Farel, and, hastening down the street, endeavored to shake off his disagreeable companion, "turning now this way, now that, like a troubled conscience." A few citizens beginning to collect around them, Farel said to them, pointing to the monk, "You see this fine father; he has said from the pulpit that I preach nothing but lies." Then the monk, blushing and stammering, began to speak of the offerings of the faithful (the precious wine of Yvorne for which he had come begging), and accused Farel of opposing them. The crowd had now increased in number, and Farel, who only sought an opportunity of proclaiming the true worship of God, exclaimed with a loud voice, "It is no man's business to ordain any other way of serving God than that which He has commanded. We must keep his commandments without turning either to the right hand or to the left. Let us worship God alone in spirit and in truth, offering to him a broken and a contrite heart." The eyes of all the spectators were fixed on the two actors in this scene, the monk with his wallet, and the reformer with his glistening eye.

Confounded by Farel's daring to speak of any other worship than that which the holy Roman Church prescribed, the friar "was out of his senses; he trembled, and was agitated, becoming pale and red by turns. At last, taking his cap off his head, from under his hood, he flung it on the ground, trampling it under foot and crying: ;I am surprised that the earth does not gape and swallow us up!"Farel wished to reply, but in vain. The friar with downcast eyes kept stamping on his cap, "bawling like one out of his wits;" and his cries resounding through the streets of Aigle, drowned the voice of the reformer.

At length one of the spectators, who stood

beside him, plucked him by the sleeve, and said, "listen to the minister, as he is listening to you." The affrighted monk, believing himself already half-dead, started violently and cried out: "Oh, thou excommunicate! layest thou thy hand upon me?" The little town was in an uproar; the friar at once furious and trembling, Farel following up his attack with vigor, and the people confused and amazed. At length the magistrate appeared, ordered the monk and Farel to follow him, and shut them up, "one in one tower and one in another." On the Saturday morning Farel was liberated from his prison, and conducted to the castle before the officers of justice, where the monk had arrived before him. The minister began to address them: "My lords, to whom our Savior enjoins obedience without any exception, this friar has said that the doctrine which I preach is against God. Let him make good his words, or, if he cannot, permit your people to be edified." The violence of the monk was over. The tribunal before which he was standing, the courage of his adversary, the power of the movement which he could not resist, the weakness of his cause, — all alarmed him, and he

was now ready to make matters up. "Then the friar fell upon his knees, saying: My lords, I entreat forgiveness of you and of God. Next turning to Farel: And also, Magister, what I preached against you was grounded on false reports. I have found you to be a good man, and your doctrine good, and I am prepared to recall my words." Farel was touched by this appeal, and said: "My friend, do not ask forgiveness of me, for I am a poor sinner like other men, putting my trust not in my own righteousness, but in the death of Jesus." One of the lords of Berne coming up at this time, the friar, who already imagined himself on the brink of martyrdom, began to wring his hands, and to turn now towards the Bernese councillors, now towards the tribunal, and then to Farel, crying, "Pardon, pardon!" — "Ask pardon of our Savior," replied Farel. The lord of Berne added; "Come tomorrow and hear the minister's sermon; if he appears to you to preach the truth, you shall confess it openly before all; if not, you will declare your opinion: this promise in my hand." The monk held out his hand, and the judges retired.

"Then the friar went away, and I have not seen him since, and no promises or oaths were able to make him stay." Thus the Reformation advanced in Switzerland Romande.

But violent storms threatened to destroy the work that was hardly begun.

Romish agents from the Valais and from Savoy had crossed the Rhone at St. Maurice, and were exciting the people to energetic resistance.

Tumultuous assemblages took place, in which dangerous projects were discussed; the proclamations of the government were torn down from the church-doors; troops of citizens paraded the city; the drum beat in the streets of excite the populace against the reformer: everywhere prevailed riot and sedition. And hence, when Farel ascended the pulpit on the 16th February, for the first time after a short absence, some papist bands collected round the gate of the church, raised their hands in tumult, uttered savage cries, and compelled the minister to break off his sermon.

The council of Berne thereupon decreed that the parishioners of the four mandemens should assemble. Those of Bex declared for the Reform; Aigle followed their example, but with indecision; and in the mountains above Ollon, the peasants, not daring to maltreat Farel, excited their wives, who rushed upon him with their fulling-clubs. But it was especially the parish of the Ormonds which, calm and proud at the foot of its glaciers, signalized itself by its resistance. A companion of Farel's labors, named Claude (probably Claude de Gloutinis), when preaching there one day with great animation, was suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the bells, whose noise was such that one might have said all hell was busy pulling them. "In fact," says another herald of the Gospel, Jacques Camralis, who chanced to be present, "it was Satan himself, who, breathing his anger into some of his agents, filled the ears of the auditors with all this uproar." At another time, some zealous reformers having thrown down the altars of Baal, according to the language of the times, the evil spirit began to blow with violence in all the chalets scattered over

the sides of the mountains; the shepherds issued precipitously like avalanches, and fell upon the church and the evangelicals. "Let us only find these sacrilegious wretches," cried the furious Ormondines; "we will hang them, — we will cut off their heads, — we will burn them, — we will throw their ashes into the Great Water." Thus were these mountaineers agitated, like the wind that roars in their lofty valleys with a fury unknown to the inhabitants of the plains.

Other difficulties overwhelmed Farel. His fellow-laborers were not all of them blameless. One Christopher Ballista, formerly a monk of Paris, had written to Zwingle: "I am but a Gaul, a barbarian, but you will find me pure as snow, without any guile, of open heart, through whose windows all the world may see." Zwingle sent Ballista to Farel, who was loudly calling for laborers in Christ's vineyard. The fine language of the Parisian at first charmed the multitude; but it was soon found necessary to beware of these priests and monks disgusted with popery. "Brought up in the slothfulness of the cloister, gluttonous and

lazy," says Farel, "Ballista could not conform to the abstemiousness and rude labors of the evangelists, and soon began to regret his monk's hood. When he perceived the people beginning to distrust him, he became like a furious monster, vomiting wagonloads of threats." Thus ended his labors.

Notwithstanding all these trials, Farel was not discouraged. The greater the difficulties, the more his energy increased. let us scatter the seed everywhere," said he, "and let civilized France, provoked to jealousy by this barbarous nation, embrace piety at last. Let there not be in Christ's body either fingers, or hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or arms, existing separately and working each for itself, but let there be only one heart that nothing can divide. Let not variety in secondary things divide into many separate members that vital principle which is one and simple. Alas! the pastures of the Church are trodden under foot, and its waters are troubled! Let us set our minds to concord and peace. When the Lord shall have opened heaven, there will not by so many disputes

about bread and water. A fervent charity — that is the powerful battering-ram with which we shall beat down those proud walls, those material elements, with which men would confine us." Thus wrote the most impetuous of the reformers. These words of Farel, preserved for three centuries in the city where he died, disclose to us more clearly the intimate nature of the Great Revolution of the sixteenth century, than all the venturesome assertions of its popish interpreters.

Christian unity thus from these earliest moments found a zealous apostle.

The nineteenth century is called to resume the work which the sixteenth century was unable to accomplish.

Chapter 2

State

Of all the Swiss cantons, Berne appeared the least disposed to the Reformation. A military state may be zealous for religion, but it will be for an external and a disciplined religion: it requires an ecclesiastical organization that it can see, and touch, and manage at its will. It fears the innovations and the free movements of the Word of God: it loves the form and not the life. Napoleon, by restoring religion in France in the Concordat, has given us a memorable example of this truth. Such, also, was the case with Berne. Its government, besides, was absorbed in political interests, and although it had little regard for the pope, it cared still less to see a reformer put himself, as Zwingle did, at the head of public affairs. As for the people, feasting on the "butter of their kine and milk of their sheep, with fat of lambs," they remained closely shut up within the narrow circle of their material wants. Religious questions were not to the taste either of the rulers

or of their fellow-citizens.

The Bernese government, being without experience in religious matters, had proposed to check the movement of the Reform by its edict of 1523.

As soon as it discovered its mistake, it moved towards the cantons that adhered to the ancient faith; and while that portion of the people whence the Great Council was recruited, listened to the voice of the reformers, most of the patrician families, who composed the Smaller Council, believing their power, their interests, and their honor menaced, attached themselves to the old order of things. From this opposition of the two councils there arose a general uneasiness, but no violent shocks. Sudden movements, repeated starts, announced from time to time that incongruous matters were fermenting in the nation; it was like an indistinct earthquake, which raises the whole surface without causing any rents: then anon all returns to apparent tranquillity. Berne, which was always decided in its politics, turned in religious matters at one time to the right, and at another to the left; and declared that it would be neither popish nor reformed. To gain time was, for the new faith, to gain everything.

What was done to turn aside Berne from the Reformation, was the very cause of precipitating it into the new way. The haughtiness with which the five primitive cantons arrogated the guardianship of their confederates, the secret conferences to which Berne was not even invited, and the threat of addressing the people in a direct manner, deeply offended the Bernese oligarchs. Thomas Murner, a Carmelite of Lucerne, one of those rude men who act upon the populace, but who inspire disgust in elevated minds, made the cup run over. Furious against the Zurich calendar, in which the names of the saints had been purposely omitted, he published in opposition to it the "Almanac of Heretics and Church-robbers," a tract filled with lampoons and invectives, in which the portraits of the reformers and of their adherents, among whom were many of the most considerable men of Berne, were coupled with the most brutal inscriptions. Zurich and Berne

in conjunction demanded satisfaction, and from this time the union of these two states daily became closer.

This change was soon perceived at Berne. The elections of 1527 placed a considerable number of friends of the Reform in the Great Council; and this body, forthwith resuming its right to nominate the members of the Smaller Council, which had been usurped for twenty years by the Bannerets and the Sixteen, removed from the government the most decided partisans of the Roman hierarchy, and among others Gaspard de Mulinen and Sebastian de Stein, and filled the vacancies with members of the evangelical majority. The union of Church and State, which had hitherto checked the progress of the Reform in Switzerland, was now about to accelerate its movements.

The reformer Haller was not alone in Berne. Kolb had quitted the Carthusian monastery at Nuremberg, in which he had been compelled to take refuge, and had appeared before his compatriots, demanding no other stipend than the

liberty of preaching Jesus Christ. Already bending under the weight of years, his head crowned with hoary locks, Kolb, young in heart, full of fire, and of indomitable courage, presented boldly before the chiefs of the nation that Gospel which had saved him. Haller, on the contrary, although only thirty-five years old, moved with a measured step, spoke with gravity, and proclaimed the new doctrines with unusual circumspection. The old man had taken the young man's part, and the youth that of the graybeard.

Zwingle, whose eye nothing escaped, saw that a favorable hour for Berne was coming, and immediately gave the signal. "The dove commissioned to examine the state of the waters is returning with an olive-branch into the ark," wrote he to Haller; "come forth now, thou second Noah, and take possession of the land. Enforce, be earnest, and fix deeply in the hearts of men the hooks and grapnels of the Word of God, so that they can never again be rid of them." — "Your bears," wrote he to Thomas ab Hofen, "have again put forth their claws. Please God that they do not

draw them back until they have torn everything in pieces that opposes Jesus Christ." Haller and his friends were on the point of replying to this appeal, when their situation became complicated. Some of the radicals, arriving at Berne in 1527, led away the people from the evangelical preachers "on account of the presence of idols." Haller had a useless conference with them. "To what dangers is not Christianity exposed," cried he, "wherever these furies have crept in!" There has never been any revival in the Church, without the hierarchical or radical sects immediately endeavoring to disturb it. Haller, although alarmed, still maintained his meekness. "The unalterable magistrates are desirous of banishing them," said he; "but it is our duty to drive out their errors, and not their persons. Let us employ no other weapons than the sword of the Spirit." It was not from popery that the Reformers had learned these principles. A public disputation took place. Six of the radicals declared themselves convinced, and two others were sent out of the country.

The decisive moment was drawing near. The

two great powers of the age, the Gospel and the Papacy, were stirring with equal energy; the Bernese councils were to speak out. They saw on the one hand the five primitive cantons taking daily a more threatening attitude, and announcing that the Austrian would soon reappear in Helvetia, to reduce it once more into subjection to Rome; and on the other they beheld the Gospel everyday gaining ground in the confederation. Which was destined to prevail in Switzerland — the lances of Austria or the Word of God? In the uncertainty in which the councils were placed, they resolved to side with the majority. Where could they discover a firm footing, if not there? Vox populi, vox Dei. "No one," said they, "can make any change of his own private authority: the consent of all is necessary." The government of Berne had decide between two mandates, both emanating from its authority: that of 1523, in favor of the free preaching of the Gospel, and that of 1526, in favor "of the sacraments, the saints, the mother of God, and the ornaments of the churches." State messengers set out and traversed every parish: the people gave their votes against every law contrary

to liberty, and the councils, supported by the nation, decreed that "the Word of God should be preached publicly and freely, even if it should be in opposition to the statutes and doctrines of men." Such was the victory of the Gospel and of the people over the oligarchy and the priests..

Contentions immediately arose throughout the canton, and every parish became a battle-field. The peasants began to dispute with the priests and monks, in reliance on the Holy Scriptures. "If the mandate of our lords," said many, "accords to our pastors the liberty of preaching, why should it not grant the flock the liberty of acting?" — "Peace, peace!" cried the councils, alarmed at their own boldness. But the flocks resolutely declared that they would send away the mass, and keep their pastors and the Bible.

Upon this the papal partisans grew violent. The banneret Kuttler called the good people of Emmenthal, "heretics, rascals, wantons;" but these peasants obliged him to make an apology. The bailiff of Trachselwald was more cunning. Seeing

the inhabitants of Rudersweil listening with eagerness to the Word of God, which a pious minister was preaching to them, he came with fifers and trumpeters, and interrupted the sermon, inviting the village girls by words and by lively tunes to quit the church for the dance.

These singular provocations did not check the Reform. Six of the city companies shoemakers, weavers, merchants, bakers, stonemasons, and carpenters) abolished in the churches and convents of their district all masses. anniversaries, advowsons, and prebends. others (the tanners, smiths, and tailors) prepared to imitate them; the seven remaining companies were undecided, except the butchers, who enthusiastic for the pope. Thus the majority of the citizens had embraced the Gospel. Many parishes throughout the canton had done the same; and the avoyer d'Erlach, that great adversary of the Reformation, could no longer keep the torrent within bounds.

Yet the attempt was made: the bailiffs were

ordered to note the irregularities and dissolute lives of the monks and nuns; all women of loose morals were even turned out of the cloisters. But it was not against these abuses alone that the Reformation was levelled; it was against the institutions themselves, and against popery on which they were founded.

The people ought therefore to decide. — "The Bernese clergy," said they, "must be convoked, as at Zurich, and let the two doctrines be discussed in a solemn conference. We will proceed afterwards in conformity with the result." On the Sunday following the festival of Saint Martin November), the council and citizens unanimously resolved that a public disputation should take place at the beginning of the succeeding year. "The glory of God and his Word," said they, "will at length appear!" Bernese and strangers, priests laymen, all were invited by letter or by printed notice to come and discuss the controverted points, but by Scripture alone, without the glosses of the ancients, and renouncing all subtleties and abusive language.

Who knows, said they, whether all the members of the ancient Swiss confederation may not be thus brought to unity of faith?

Thus, within the walls of Berne, the struggle was about to take place that would decide the fate of Switzerland; for the example of the Bernese must necessarily lead with it a great part of the confederation.

The Five Cantons, alarmed at this intelligence, met at Lucerne, where they were joined by Friburg, Soleure, and Glaris. There was nothing either in the letter or in the spirit of the federal compact to obstruct religious liberty.

"Every state," said Zurich, "is free to choose the doctrine that it desires to profess." The Waldstettes, on the contrary, wished to deprive the cantons of this independence, and to subject them to the federal majority and to the pope. They protested, therefore, in the name of the confederation, against the proposed discussion. "Your ministers," wrote they to Berne, "dazzled and confounded at Baden by the brightness of truth, would desire by this new discussion to hide their shame; but we entreat you to desist from a plan so contrary to our ancient alliances." — "It is not we who have infringed them," replied Berne; "it is much rather your haughty missive that has destroyed them. We will not abandon the Word of our Lord Jesus Christ." Upon this the Roman cantons decided on refusing a safe-conduct to those who should proceed to Berne. This was giving token of sinister intentions.

The Bishops of Lausanne, Constance, Basle, and Sion, being invited to the conference under pain of forfeiting all their privileges in the canton of Berne, replied that, since it was to be a disputation according to the Scriptures, they had nothing to do with it. Thus did these priests forget the words of one of the most illustrious Roman doctors of the fifteenth century: "In heavenly things man should be independent of his fellows, and trust in God alone." The Romanist doctors followed the example of the bishops. Eck, Murner,

Cochloeus, and many others, said wherever the went: "We have received the letter of this leper, of this accursed heretic, Zwingle. They want to take the Bible for their judge; but has the Bible a voice against those who do it violence? We will not go to Berne; we will not crawl into that obscure corner of the world; we will not go and combat in that gloomy cavern, in that school of heretics. Let these villains come out into the open air, and contend with us on level ground, if they have the Bible on their side, as they say." The emperor ordered the discussion to be adjourned; but on the very day of its opening, the council of Berne replied, that as every one was already assembled, delay would be impossible.

Then, in despite of the doctors and bishops, the Helvetic Church assembled to decide upon its doctrines. Had it a right to do so? No; — not if priests and bishops were appointed, as Rome pretends, to form a mystic bond between the Church and our Lord; Yes — if they were established, as the Bible declares, only to satisfy that law of order by virtue of which all society

should have a directing power. The opinions of the Swiss reformers in this respect were not doubtful. The grace which creates the minister comes from the Lord, thought they; but the Church examines this grace, acknowledges it, proclaims it by the elders, and in every act in which faith is concerned, it can always appeal from the minister to the Word of God. Try the spirits — prove all things, it says to the faithful. The Church is the judge of controversies; and it is this duty, in which it should never be found wanting, that it was now about to fulfill in the disputation at Berne.

The contest seemed unequal. On one side appeared the Roman hierarchy, a giant which had increased in strength during many centuries; and on the other, there was at first but one weak and timid man, the modest Berthold Haller. "I cannot wield the sword of the Word," said he in alarm to his friends. "If you do not stretch out your hands to me, all is over." He then threw himself trembling at the feet of the Lord, and soon arose enlightened and exclaiming, "Faith in the Savior gives me courage, and scatters all my fears." Yet he could

not remain alone: all his looks were turned towards Zwingle: "It was I who took the bath at Baden," wrote Oecolampadius to Haller, "and now it is Zwingle who should lead off the bear-dance in Berne." — "We are between the hammer and the anvil," wrote Haller to Zwingle; "we hold the wolf by the ears, and know not how to let him go. The houses of De Watteville, Noll, Tremp, and Berthold are open to you.

Come, then, and command the battle in person." Zwingle did not hesitate. He demanded permission of the Council of Zurich to visit Berne, in order to show there "that his teaching was full of the fear of God, and not blasphemous; mighty to spread concord through Switzerland, and not to cause troubles and dissension." At the very time that Haller received news of Zwingle's coming,

Oecolampadius wrote to him: "I am ready, if it be necessary, to sacrifice my life. Let us inaugurate the new year by embracing one another to the glory of Jesus Christ." Other doctors wrote to the same effect. "These, then," cried Haller with emotion, "these are the auxiliaries that the Lord sends to my infirmity, to aid me in fighting this rude battle!" It was necessary to proceed with circumspection, for the violence of the oligarchs and of the Five Cantons was well known. The doctors of Glaris, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Constance, Ulm, Lindau, and Augsburg assembled at Zurich, to proceed under the same escort as Zwingle, Pellican, Collin, Megander, Grossman, the commander Schmidt, Bullinger, and a great number of the rural clergy, selected to accompany the reformer.

"When all this game traverses the country," said the pensioners, "we will go a-hunting, and see if we cannot kill some, or at least catch them and put them into a cage." Three hundred chosen men, selected from the companies of Zurich and from the parishes within its precincts, donned their breastplates and shouldered their arquebuses; but in order not to give the journey of these doctors the appearance of a military expedition, they took neither colors, fife, nor drum; and the trumpeter of the city, a civil officer, rode alone at the head of the company.

On Tuesday the 2nd of January they set out. Never had Zwingle appeared more cheerful. "Glory by to the Lord," said he, "my courage increases every day." The burgomaster Roust, the town-clerk of Mangoldt, with Funck and Jaekli, both masters of arts, and all four delegated by the council, were on horseback near him. They reached Berne on the 4th of January, having had only one or two unimportant alarms.

The Cordeliers's Church was to serve as the place of conference. Tillmann, the city architect, had made arrangements according to a plan furnished by Zwingle. A large platform had been erected, on which were placed two tables, and around them sat the champions of the two parties. On the evangelical side were remarked, besides Haller, Zwingle, and Oecolampadius, many distinguished men of the Reformed Church, strangers to Switzerland, as Bucer, Capito, and Ambrose Blarer. On the side of the Papacy, Dr. Treger of Friburg, who enjoyed a high reputation, appeared to keep up the fire of the combat. As for

the rest, whether through fear or contempt, the most famous Roman doctors were absent.

The first act was to publish the regulations of the conference. "No proof shall be proposed that is not drawn from the Holy Scriptures, and no explanation shall be given of those Scriptures that does not come from Scripture itself, explaining obscure texts by such as are clear." After this, one of the secretaries, rising to call over the roll, shouted with a loud voice that re-echoed through the church, — The Bishop of Constance! No one replied. He did the same for the Bishops of Zion, Basle, and Lausanne.

Neither of these prelates was present at this meeting, either in person or by deputy. The Word of God being destined to reign alone, the Roman hierarchy did not appear. These two powers cannot walk together. There were present about three hundred and fifty Swiss and German ecclesiastics.

On Tuesday, 7th January 1528, the burgomaster Vadian of St. Gall, one of the

presidents, opened the disputation. After him the aged Kolb stood up and said: "God is at this moment agitating the whole world; let us, therefore, humble ourselves before him;" and he pronounced with fervor a confession of sins.

This being ended, the first thesis was read. It ran thus: "The holy christian Church, of which Christ is the sole head, is born of the Word of God, abideth in it, and listeneth not to the voice of a stranger." ALEXIS GRAT, a Dominican monk. — "The word sole is not in Scripture. Christ had left a vicar here below." HALLER. — "The vicar that Christ left is the Holy Ghost." TREGER. — "See then to what a pass things have come these last ten years. This man calls himself a Lutheran; that a Zwinglian; a third, a Carlstadtian; a fourth an Oecolampadist; a fifth, an Anabaptist....." BUCER. — "Whosoever preaches Jesus as the only Savior, we recognize as our brother. Neither Luther, nor Zwingle, nor Oecolampadius, desires the faithful to bear his name. Besides, you should not boast so much of a mere external unity. When Antichrist gained the upperhand throughout the

world, in the east by Mahomet, in the west by the pope, he was able to keep the people in unity of error. God permits divisions, in order that those who belong to him may learn to look not to men, but to the testimony of the Word, and to the assurance of the Holy Ghost in their hearts. Thus then, dearly beloved brethren, to the Scriptures, the Scriptures! O Church of Berne, hold fast to the teaching of Him who said, Come unto me, and not, Come unto my vicar!" The disputation then turned successively on Tradition, the Merits of Christ, Transubstantiation, the Mass, Prayer to the Saints, Purgatory, Images, Celibacy, and the Disorders of the Clergy. Rome found numerous defenders, and among others, Murer, priest of Rapperswyl, who had said: "If they wish to burn the two ministers of Berne, I will undertake to carry them both to the stake." On Sunday the 19th of January, the day on which the doctrine of the mass was attacked, Zwingle, desirous of acting on the people also, went into the pulpit, and reciting the Apostles' Creed, made a pause after these words: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall

come to judge the quick and the dead." These three articles," said he "are in contradiction to the mass." All his hearers redoubled their attention; and a priest, clothed in his sacerdotal vestments, who was preparing to celebrate the holy sacrifice in one of the chapels, stopped in astonishment at Zwingle's words. Erect before the consecrated altar on which lay the chalice and the body of the Savior, with eyes fixed upon the reformer, whose words electrified the people, a prey to the most violent struggles, and beaten down by the weight of truth, the agitated priest resolved to give up everything for it. In the presence of the whole assembly, he stripped off his priestly ornaments, and throwing them on the altar, he exclaimed: "Unless the mass reposes on a more solid foundation, I can celebrate it no longer!" The noise of this conversion, effected at the very foot of the altar, immediately spread through the city, and it was regarded as an important omen. So long as the mass remains, Rome has gained everything: as soon as the mass falls, Rome has lost all. The mass is the creative principle of the whole system of Popery.

Three days later, on the 22nd January, was the feast of St. Vincent, the patron of the city. The disputation that had been continued during Sunday was suspended on that day. The canons asked the council what they were to do. "Such of you," replied the council, "as receive the doctrine of the theses ought not to say mass; the others may divine worship as usual." Every perform preparation was accordingly made for solemnity. On St. Vincent's eve the bells from every steeple announced the festival to the inhabitants of Berne. On the morrow the sacristans lit up the tapers; incense filled the temple, but no one appeared. No priests to say mass, no faithful to hear it! Already there was a vast chasm in the Roman sanctuary, a deep silence, as on the field of battle, where none but the dead are lying.

In the evening it was the custom for the canons to chant vespers with great pomp. The organist was at his post, but no one else appeared. The poor man left thus alone, beholding with sorrow the fall of that worship by which he gained his bread, gave utterance to his grief by playing a mourning-hymn

instead of the majestic Magnificat: "Oh, wretched Judas, what hast thou done, that thou hast thus betrayed our Lord?" After this sad farewell, he rose and went out. Almost immediately, some men, excited by the passions of the moment, fell upon his beloved organ, an accomplice in their eyes of so many superstitious rites, and their violent hands broke it to pieces. No more mass, no more organ, no more anthems! A new Supper and new hymns shall succeed the rites of popery.

On the next day there was the same silence. Suddenly, however, a band of men with loud voices and hasty step was heard. It was the Butchers' Company that, at this moment so fatal to Rome, desired to support it.

They advanced, carrying small fir-trees and green branches, for the decoration of their chapel. In the midst of them was a foreign priest, behind whom walked a few poor scholars. The priest officiated; the sweet voices of the scholars supplied the place of the mute organ, and the butchers retired proud of their victory.

The discussion was drawing to a close: the combatants had dealt vigorous blows. Burgauer, pastor of St. Gall, had maintained the real presence in the host; but on the 19th January he declared himself convinced by the reasonings of Zwingle, Oecolampadius, and Bucer; and Matthias, minister of Saengen, had done the same.

A conference in Latin afterwards took place between Farel and a Parisian doctor. The latter advanced a strange argument. "Christians," said he, "are enjoined to obey the devil; for it is said, Submit unto thine adversary (Matthew 5:25); now, our adversary is the devil. How much more, then, should we submit to the Church!" Loud bursts of laughter greeted this remarkable syllogism. A discussion on baptism and other subjects terminated the conference.

The two councils decreed that the mass should be abolished, and that every one might remove from the churches the ornaments he had placed there. Immediately twenty-five altars and a great number of images were destroyed in the cathedral, yet without disorder or bloodshed; and the children began to sing in the streets (as Luther informs us): By the Word at length we're saved From a God in a mortar brayed.

The hearts of the adherents of the Papacy were filled with bitterness as they heard the objects of their adoration fall one after another. "Should any man," said John Schneider, "take away the altar of the Butchers' Company, I will take away his life." Peter Thorman compared the cathedral stripped of its ornaments to a stable. "When the good folks of the Oberland come to market," added he, "they will be happy to put up their cattle in it." And John Zehender, member of the Great Council, to show the little value he set on such a place of worship, entered it riding on an ass, insulting and cursing the Reform. A Bernese, who chanced to be there, having said to him, "It is by God's will that these images have been pulled down," — "Say rather by the devil's," replied Zehender; "when have you

ever been with God so as to learn his will?" He was fined twenty livres, and expelled from the council. "What times! what manners!" exclaimed many Romanists; "what culpable neglect! How easy would it have been to prevent so great a misfortune! Oh! if our bishops had only been willing to occupy themselves more with learning and a little less with their mistresses." This Reform was necessary. When Christianity in the fourth century had seen the favor of princes succeed to persecution, a crowd of heathens rushing into the church had brought with them the images, pomps, statues, and demi-gods of paganism, and a likeness of the mysteries of Greece and Asia, and above all of Egypt, had banished the Word of Jesus Christ from the christian oratories. This Word returning in sixteenth century, a purification must necessarily take place; but it could not be done without grievous rents.

The departure of the strangers was drawing near. On the 28th January, the day after that on which the images and altars had been thrown down, while their piled fragments still encumbered here and there the porches and aisles of the cathedral, Zwingle crossing these eloquent ruins, once more ascended the pulpit in the midst of an immense crowd. In great emotion, directing his eyes by turns on these fragments and on the people, he said: "Victory has declared for the truth, but perseverance alone can complete the triumph. Christ persevered even until death. Ferendo vincitur fortuna.

Cornelius Scipio, after the disaster at Cannae, having learned that the generals surviving the slaughter meditated quitting Italy, entered the senate-house, although not yet of senatorial age, and drawing his sword, constrained the affrighted chiefs to swear that they would not abandon Rome. Citizens of Berne, to you I address the same demand: do not abandon Jesus Christ." We may easily imagine the effect produced on the people by such words, pronounced with Zwingle's energetic eloquence.

Then, turning towards the fragments that lay near him: "Behold," said he, "behold these idols!

Behold them conquered, mute, and shattered before us! These corpses must be dragged to the shambles, and the gold you have spent upon such foolish must henceforward be devoted comforting in their misery the living images of God. Feeble souls, ye shed tears over these sad idols; do ye not see that they break, do ye not hear that they crack like any other wood, or like any other stone? Look! here is one deprived of its head.....(Zwingle pointed to the image, and all the people fixed their eyes upon it); here is another maimed of its arms. If this ill usage had done any harm to the saints that are in heaven, and if they had the power ascribed to them, would you have been able, I pray, to cut off their arms and their heads?" "Now, then," said the powerful orator in conclusion, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage (Galatians 5:1). Fear not!

That God who has enlightened you, will enlighten your confederates also, and Switzerland, regenerated by the Holy Ghost, shall flourish in righteousness and peace." The words of Zwingle were not lost. The mercy of God called forth that of man. Some persons condemned to die for sedition were pardoned, and all the exiles were recalled. "Should we not ave done so," said the council, "had a great prince visited us? Shall we not much more do so, now that the King of kings and the Redeemer of our souls has made his entry among us, bearing an everlasting amnesty?" The Romish cantons, exasperated at the result of the discussion, sought to harass the return of the doctors. On arriving before Bremgarten, they found the gates closed. The bailiff Schutz, who had accompanied them with two hundred men-at-arms, placed two halberdiers before Zwingle's horse, two behind him, and one on each side; then putting himself at the reformer's left hand, while the burgomaster Roust stationed himself on the right, he ordered the escort to proceed, lance in rest. The avoyers of the town being intimidated, came to a parley; the gates were opened; the escort traversed Bremgarten amidst an immense crowd, and on the 1st February reached Zurich without accident, which Zwingle re-entered, says Luther, like a conqueror. The

Roman-catholic party did not dissemble the check they had received.

"Our cause is falling," said the friends of Rome. "Oh! that we had had men skilled in the Bible! The impetuosity of Zwingle supported our adversaries; his ardor was never relaxed. That brute has more knowledge than was imagined. Alas! alas! the greater party has vanquished the better." The Council of Berne, desirous of separating from the pope, relied upon the people. On the 30th January, messengers going from house to house convoked the citizens; and on the 2nd February, the burgesses and inhabitants, masters and servants, uniting in the cathedral, and forming but one family, with hands upraised to heaven, swore to defend the two councils in all they should undertake for the good of the State or of the Church.

On the 7th February 1528, the council published a general edict of Reform, and "threw for ever from the necks of the Bernese the yoke of the four bishops, who," said they, "know well how to

shear their sheep, but not how to feed them." At the same time the reformed doctrines were spreading among the people.

In every quarter might be heart earnest and keen dialogues, written in rhyme by Manuel, in which the pale and expiring mass, stretched on her deathbed, was loudly calling for all her physicians, and finding their advice useless, at length dictating with a broken voice her last will and testament, which the people received with loud bursts of laughter.

The Reformation generally, and that of Berne in particular, has been reproached as being brought about by political motives. But, on the contrary, Berne, which of all the Helvetic states was the greatest favorite of the court of Rome — which had in its canton neither a bishop to dismiss nor a powerful clergy to humiliate — Berne, whose most influential families, the Weingartens, Manuels, Mays, were reluctant to sacrifice the pay and the service of the foreigner, and all whose traditions were conservative, ought to have opposed the

movement. The Word of God was the power that overcame this political tendency. At Berne, as elsewhere, it was neither a learned, democratic, nor a sectarian spirit that gave birth to the Reformation. Undoubtedly the men of letters, the liberals, the sectarian enthusiasts, rushed into the great struggle of the sixteenth century; but the duration of the Reform would not have been long had it received its life from them. The primitive strength of Christianity, reviving after ages of long and complete prostration, was the creative principle of the Reformation; and it was erelong seen separating distinctly from the false allies that had presented themselves, rejecting an incredulous learning by elevating the study of the classics, checking all demagogic anarchy by upholding the principles of true liberty, and repudiating the enthusiastic sects by consecrating the rights of the Word and of the christian people.

But while we maintain that the Reformation was at Berne, as elsewhere, a truly christian work, we are far from saying that it was not useful to the canton in a political sense. All the European states that have embraced the Reformation have been elevated, while those which have combated it have been lowered.

Chapter 3

The Reform accepted by the People

It now became a question of propagating throughout all the canton the Reform accomplished in the city. On the 17th February, the council invited the rural parishes to assemble on the following Sunday to receive and deliberate upon a communication. The whole Church, according to the ancient usage of Christendom, was about to decide for itself on its dearest interests.

The assemblies were crowded; all conditions and ages were present. Beside the hoary and the trembling head of the aged man might be seen the sparkling eye of the youthful herdsman. The messengers of the council first read the edict of the Reformation. They next proclaimed that those who accepted it should remain, and that those who rejected it should withdraw.

Almost all the assembled parishioners remained in their places. An immense majority of the people chose the Bible. In some few parishes this decision was accompanied with energetic demonstrations. At Arberg, Zofingen, Brugg, Arau, and Buren, the images were burnt. "At Stauffberg," it was said, "idols were seen carrying idols, and throwing one another into the flames." The images and the mass had disappeared from this vast canton. "A great cry resounded far and wide," writes Bullinger. In one day Rome had fallen throughout the country, without treachery, violence, or seduction, by the strength of truth alone. In some places, however, in the Hasli, at Frutigen, Unterseen, and Grindewald, the malcontents were heard to say: "If they abolish the mass, they should also abolish tithes." The Roman form of worship was preserved in the Upper Simmenthal, a proof that there was compulsion on the part of the state.

The wishes of the canton being thus manifested, Berne completed the Reformation. All excesses in gambling, drinking, and dancing, and all unbecoming dress, were forbidden by

proclamation. The houses of ill-fame were destroyed, and their wretched inhabitants expelled from the city. A consistory was appointed to watch over the public morals.

Seven days after the edict, the poor were received into the Dominican cloister, and a little later the convent of the Island was changed into an hospital; the princely monastery of Konigsfield was also devoted to the same useful purpose. Charity followed everywhere in the steps of faith.

"We will show," said the council, "that we do not use the property of the convents to our own advantage;" and they kept their word. The poor were clothed with the priests' garments; the orphans decorated with the ornaments of the church. So strict were they in these distributions, that the state was forced to borrow money to pay the annuities of the monks and nuns; and for eight days there was not a crown in the public treasury. Thus it was that the State, as it has been continually asserted, grew rich with the spoils of the Church! At the same time they invited from Zurich the

ministers Hofmeister, Megander, and Rhellican, to spread throughout the canton the knowledge of the classics and of the Holy Scriptures.

At Easter the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time according to the evangelical rites. The two councils and all the people, with few exceptions, partook of it Strangers were struck with the solemnity of this first communion. The citizens of Berne and their wives, dressed in decent garments, which recalled the ancient Swiss simplicity, approached Christ's table with gravity and fervor; the heads of the state showed the same holy devotion as the people, and piously received the bread from the hands of Berthold Haller. Each one felt that the Lord was among them.

Thus Hofmeister, charmed at this solemn service, exclaimed: "How can the adversaries of the Word refuse to embrace the truth at last, seeing that God himself renders it so striking a testimony!" Yet everything was not changed. The friends of the Gospel witnessed with pain the sons of the chief families of the republic parading the

streets in costly garments, inhabiting sumptuous houses in the city, dwelling in magnificent mansions in the country — true seignorial abodes, following the chase with hound and horn, sitting down to luxurious banquets, conversing licentious language, or talking with enthusiasm of foreign wars and of the French party. "Ah!" said the pious people, "could we but Switzerland revive with its ancient virtues!" There was soon a powerful reaction. The annual renewal of the magistracy being about to take place, the councillor Butschelbach, a violent adversary of the Gospel, was ejected for adultery; four other senators and twenty members of the Great Council were also replaced by friends of the Reformation and of the public morality. Emboldened by this victory, the evangelical Bernese proposed in the diet that every Swiss should renounce foreign service. At these words the warriors of Lucerne started under their weighty amour, and replied with a haughty smile: "When you have returned to the ancient faith we will listen to your homilies." All the members of the government, assembled at Berne in sovereign council, resolved to set the

example, and solemnly abjured the pay of foreign princes. Thus the Reformation showed its faith by its works.

Another struggle took place. Above the lake of Thun rises a chain of steep rocks, in the midst of which is situated a deep cavern, where, if we may believe tradition, the pious Breton, Beatus, came in ancient times to devote himself to all the austerities of an ascetic life; but especially to the conversion of the surrounding district that was still heathen. It was affirmed that the head of this saint, who had died in Gaul, was preserved in this cavern; and hence pilgrims resorted thither from every quarter. The pious citizens of Zug, Schwytz, Uri, and Argovia, groaned, as they thought that the holy head of the apostle of Switzerland would hereafter remain in a land of heretics. The abbot of the celebrated convent of Muri in Argovia and some of his friends set out, as in ancient times the Argonauts went in quest of the golden fleece. They arrived in the humble guise of poor pilgrims, and entered the cavern; one skillfully took away the head, another placed it mysteriously in his hood,

and this was all that Rome saved from the shipwreck. But even this conquest was more than doubtful. The Bernese, who had gained information of the procession, sent three deputies on the 18th May, who, according to their report, found this famous head, and caused it to be decently interred before their eyes in the cemetery belonging to the convent of Interlaken. This contest about a skull 1453 characterizes the Church that had just given way in Berne before the vivifying breath of the Gospel. Let the dead bury their dead.

The Reformation had triumphed in Berne; but a storm was gathering unperceived in the mountains, which threatened to overthrow it. The State in union with the Church recalled its ancient renown. Seeing itself attacked by arms, it took up arms in its turn, and acted with that decision which had formerly saved Rome in similar dangers.

A secret discontent was fermenting among the people of the valleys and mountains. Some were still attached to the ancient faith; others had only quitted the mass because they thought they would be exempted from tithes. Ancient ties of neighborhood, a common origin, and similarity of manners had united the inhabitants of the Obwald (Unterwalden) to those of the Hasli and of the Bernese Oberland, which were separated only by Mount Brunig and the high pass of the Yoke. A rumor had been set afloat that the government of Berne had profaned the spot where the precious remains of Beatus, the apostle of these mountains, were preserved, and indignation immediately filled these pastoral people, who adhere firmer than others to the customs and superstitions of their forefathers.

But while some were excited by attachment to Rome, others were aroused by a desire for liberty. The subjects of the monastery of Interlaken, oppressed by the monkish rule, began to cry out, "We desire to become our own masters, and no longer pay rent or tithes." The provost of the convent in affright ceded all his rights to Berne for the sum of one hundred thousand florins; and a bailiff accompanied by several councillors, went

and took possession of the monastery. A report was soon spread that they were about to transfer all the property of the convent to Berne; and on the 21st April bands of men from Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Ringelberg, Brienz, and other places, crossed the lake, or issued from their lofty valleys, and taking forcible possession of the cloister, swore they would go even to Berne in quest of the goods which the citizens had dared to take from them.

They were quieted for a time; but in the beginning of June, the people, at the instigation of Unterwalden, again arose in all the Hasli. The Landsgemeinde having been convoked, it decided by a majority of forty voices for the reestablishment of the mass. The pastor Jaekli was immediately expelled; a few men crossed the Brunig, and brought back some priests from Unterwalden, to the sound of fifes and trumpets. They were seen from afar descending the mountain, and shouts, both loud and long, replied to them from the bottom of the valley. At last they arrived: — all embraced one another, and the

people celebrated the mass anew with great demonstrations of joy. At the same time, the people of Frutigen and of the fertile valley of Adelboden assailed the castellan Reuter, carried off his flocks, and established a Roman-catholic priest in the place of their pastor. At Aeschi even the women took up arms, drove out the pastor from the church, and brought back the images in triumph. The revolt spread from hamlet to hamlet and from valley to valley, and again took possession of Interlaken. All the malcontents assembled there on the 22nd October, and swore, with hands upraised to heaven, boldly to defend their rights and liberty.

The republic was in great danger. All the kings of Europe, and almost all the cantons of Switzerland, were opposed to the Gospel. The report of an army from Austria, destined to interpose in favor of the pope, spread through the reformed cantons. Seditious meetings took place every day, and the people refused to pay their magistrates either quit-rent, service, tithes, or even obedience, unless they shut their eyes to the designs of the Roman-catholics. The council

became confused. Amazed and confounded, exposed to the mistrust of some and to the insults of others, they had the cowardice to separate under the pretext of gathering the vintage, and folding their arms, in the presence of this great danger, they waited until a Messiah should descend from heaven (says a reformer) to save the republic. The ministers pointed out the danger, forewarned and conjured them; but they all turned a deaf ear. "Christ languishes in Berne," said Haller, "and appears nigh perishing." The people were in commotion: they assembled, made speeches, murmured, and shed tears!

Everywhere — in all their tumultuous meetings — might be heard this complaint of Manuel on Papists and the Papacy: With rage our foes their hateful threats denounce, Because, O Lord, we love Thee best of all; Because at sight of Thee the idols fall; And war and bloodshed, shuddering, we renounce.

Berne was like a troubled sea, and Haller, who listened to the roaring of the waves, wrote in the

deepest anguish: "Wisdom has forsaken the wise, counsel has departed from the councillors, and energy from the chiefs and from the people. The number of the seditious augments every day. Alas!

What can the Bear, oppressed with sleep, oppose to so many and to such sturdy hunters? If Christ withdraw himself, we shall all perish." These fears were on the point of being realized. The smaller cantons claimed to have the power of interfering in matters of faith without infringing the federal compact. While six hundred men of Uri kept themselves ready to depart, eight hundred men of Unterwalden, bearing pine branches in their hats, symbols of the old faith, with haughty heads, with gloomy and threatening looks, crossed the Brunig under the ancient banner of the country, which was borne by Gaspard de Flue, a very unworthy grandson of the great Nicholas. This was the first violation of the national peace for many a year. Uniting at Hasli with the men of Brienz, this little army crossed the lake, passed under the cascades of Giesbach, and arrived at Unterseen, thirteen hundred strong, and ready to march on

Berne to re-establish the pope, the idols, and the mass in that rebellious city. In Switzerland, as in Germany, the Reformation at its outset met with a peasant war. At the first success, new combatants would arrive and pour through the passes of the Brunig upon the unfaithful republic. The army was only six leagues from Berne, and already the sons of Unterwalden were proudly brandishing their swords on the banks of the lake of Thun.

Thus were the federal alliances trodden under foot by those very persons who aspired to the name of conservatives. Berne had the right to repel this criminal attack by force. Suddenly calling to mind her ancient virtues, the city roused herself, and vowed to perish rather than tolerate the intervention of Unterwalden, the restoration of the mass, and the fiery violence of the peasants. There was at that moment in the hearts of the Bernese one of those inspirations that come from above, and which save nations as well as individuals. "Let the strength of the city of Berne," exclaimed the avoyer d'Erlach, "be in God alone, and in the loyalty of its people." All the council and the

whole body of the citizens replied by noisy acclamations. The great banner was hastily brought forth, the townspeople ran to arms, the companies assembled, and the troops of the republic marched out with the valiant avoyer at their head.

Scarcely had the Bernese government acted thus energetically, before it saw the confidence of friends increase, and the courage of its adversaries diminish. God never abandons a people who are true to themselves. Many of the Oberlanders became intimidated, and deserted the ranks of the revolt. At the same time deputies from Basle and Lucerne represented to Unterwalden that it was trampling the ancient alliances under foot. The rebels, disheartened by the firmness of the republic, abandoned Unterseen, and retired to the convent of Interlaken. And soon after, when they beheld the decision of their adversaries, distressed besides by the cold rains that fell incessantly, and fearing that the snow, by covering the mountains, would prevent their return to their homes, the men of Unterwalden evacuated Interlaken during the night. The Bernese, to the number of five thousand men, entered it immediately, and summoned the inhabitants of the Hasli and of the bailiwick of Interlaken to assemble on the 4th November in the plain that surrounds the convent. The day being arrived, the Bernese army drew up in order of battle, and then formed a circle within which D'Erlach ordered the peasants to enter. Hardly had he placed the rebels on the left and the loyal citizens on the right, before the muskets and artillery fired a general discharge, whose report reechoing among the mountains, filled the insurgents with terror. They thought it the signal of their death. But the avoyer only intended to show that they were in the power of the republic. D'Erlach, who addressed them immediately after this strange exordium, had not finished his speech, before they all fell on their knees, and, confessing their crime, begged for pardon. The republic was satisfied: the rebellion was over. The banners of the district were carried to Berne, and the Eagle of Interlaken in union with the Wild-goat of Hasli, hung for a time beneath the Bear, as a trophy of this victory. Four of the chiefs were put to death, and an amnesty was granted to the remainder of the rebels. "The

Bernese," said Zwingle, "as Alexander of Macedon in times of old, have cut the Gordian knot with courage and with glory." Thus thought the reformer of Zurich; but experience was one day to teach him, that to cut such knots is required a different sword from that of Alexander and of D'Erlach. However that may be, peace was restored, and in the valleys of the Hasli no other noise was heard than the sublime tumult borne afar by the Reichenbach and the surrounding torrents, as they pour from the mountain-tops their multitudinous and foaming waters.

While we repudiate on behalf of the Church the swords of the Helvetic bands, it would be unwise not to acknowledge the political advantages of this victory. The nobles had imagined that the Reformation of the Church would endanger the very existence of the State. They now had a proof to the contrary: they saw that when a nation receives the Gospel, its strength is doubled. The generous confidence with which, in the hour of danger, they had placed some of the adversaries of the Reformation at the head of affairs and of the

army, produced the happiest results. All were now convinced that the Reformation would not trample old recollections under foot: prejudices were removed, hatred was appeased, the Gospel gradually rallied all hearts around it, and then was verified the ancient and remarkable saying, so often repeated by the friends and enemies of that powerful republic — "God is become a citizen of Berne."

Chapter 4

Reformation of St. Gall

The reformation of Berne was decisive for several cantons. The same wind that had blown from on high with so much power on the country of De Watteville and Haller, threw down "the idols" in a great part of Switzerland. In many places the people were indignant at seeing the Reformation checked by the timid prudence of diplomatists; but when diplomacy was put to flight at Berne, the torrent so long restrained poured violently onwards.

Vadian, burgomaster of St. Gall, who presided at the Bernese disputation, had scarcely returned home, when the citizens, with the authority of the magistrates, removed the images from the church of St. Magnus, carried to the mint a hand of the patron saint in silver, with other articles of plate, and distributed among the poor the money they received in exchange; thus, like Mary, pouring their precious ointment on the head of Christ. The

people of St. Gall, being curious to unveil the ancient mysteries, laid their hands on the abbey itself, on the shrines and crosses which had so long been presented to their adoration; but instead of saintly relics, they found, to their great surprise, nothing but some resin, a few pieces of money, several paltry wooden images, some old rags, a skull, a large tooth, and a snail's shell! Rome, instead of that noble fall which marks the ends of great characters, sunk in the midst of stupid superstitions, shameful frauds, and the ironical laughter of a whole nation.

Such discoveries unfortunately excited the passions of the multitude. One evening some evil-disposed persons, wishing to alarm the poor nuns of St.

Catherine, who had obstinately resisted the Reform, surrounded the convent with loud cries. In vain did the nuns barricade the doors: the walls were soon scaled, and the good wine, meat, confectionaries, and all the far from ascetic delicacies of the cloister became the prey of these

rude jesters.

Another persecution awaited them. Doctor Schappeler having been appointed their catechist, they were recommended to lay aside their monastic dress, and to attend his heretical sermons "clothed like all the world," said the sister Wiborath. Some of them embraced the Reform, but thirty others preferred exile. On the 5th February 1528, a numerous synod framed the constitution of the church of St. Gall.

The struggle was more violent at Glaris. The seeds of the Gospel truth, which Zwingle had scattered there, prospered but little. The men in power anxiously rejected every innovation, and the people loved better "to leap and dance, and work miracles, glass in hand," as an old chronicle says, "than to busy themselves about the Gospel." The Landsgemeinde having pronounced, on the 15th May 1528, in favor of the mass by a majority of thirty-three voices, the two parties were marked out with greater distinctness: the images were broken at Matt, Elm, and Bettschwanden, and as each man

remained aloof in his own house and village, there was no longer in the canton either council of state or tribunal of justice. At Schwanden, the minister Peter Rumelin, having invited the Romancatholics to a disputation with him in the church, the latter, instead of discussing, marched in procession to the sound of drums round the place of worship in which the Reformed were assembled, and then rushing into the pastor's house, which was situated in the middle of the city, destroyed the stoves and the windows: the irritated Reformed took their revenge and broke the images. On the 15th April 1529, an agreement was concluded, by virtue of which every man was free to choose between the mass and the sermon.

At Wesen, where Schwytz exercised sovereignty conjointly with Glaris, the deputies of the former canton threatened the people. Upon this the young men took the images out of the churches, carried them to an open place near the banks of the picturesque lake of Wallenstadt, above which soar the mountains of the Ammon and of the Seven Electors, and cried: "Look! this road (that by the

lake) leads to Coire and to Rome; that (to the south) to Glaris; this other (to the west) to Schwytz; and the fourth (by the Ammon) to St. Gall. Take which you please! But if you do not move off, you shall be burnt!" After waiting a few moments, these young people flung the motionless images into the fire, and the Schwytz deputies, eyewitnesses of this execution, withdrew in consternation, and filled the whole canton with projects of vengeance that were but too soon realized.

In the canton of Appenzell, where a conference had been opened, there suddenly appeared a band of Roman-catholics, armed with whips and clubs, and crying out: "Where are these preachers? we are resolved to put them out of the village." These strange doctors wounded the ministers and dispersed the assembly with their whips. Out of the eight parishes of the canton, six embraced the Reform, and Appenzell became finally divided into two little sections, the one Romanist and the other Reformed.

In the Grisons religious liberty was proclaimed; the parishes had the election of their pastors, several castles were rased to the ground to render all return to arbitrary government impossible, and the affrighted bishop went and hid in the Tyrol his anger and his desire for vengeance. "The Grisons," said Zwingle, "advance daily. It is a nation that by its courage reminds us of the ancient Tuscans, and by its candor of the ancient Swiss." Schaffhausen, after having long "halted between two opinions," at the summons of Zurich and of Berne removed the images from its churches without tumult or disorder. At the same time the Reformation invaded Thurgovia, the valley of the Rhine, and other bailiwicks subordinate to these cantons. In vain did the Roman-catholic cantons, that were in the majority, protest against it. "When temporal affairs are concerned," replied Zurich and Berne, "we will not oppose a plurality of votes; but the Word of God cannot be subjected to the suffrages of men." All the districts that lie along the banks of the Thur, of the Lake of Constance, and of the Upper Rhine, embraced the Gospel. inhabitants of Mammeren, near the place where the

Rhine issues from the lake, flung their images into the water. But the statue of St. Blaise, after remaining some time upright, and contemplating the ungrateful spot whence it was banished, swam across the lake to Catahorn, situated on the opposite shore, if we may believe the account of a monk named Lang. Even while running away, Popery worked its miracles.

Thus were the popular superstitions overthrown Switzerland, and sometimes not without violence. Every great development in human affairs brings with it an energetic opposition to that which has existed. It necessarily contains aggressive element, which ought to act freely, and by that means open the new path. In the times of the Reformation the doctors attacked the pope, and the people the images. The movement almost always exceeded a just moderation. In order that human nature may make one step in advance, its pioneers must take many. Every superfluous step be condemned, and yet we must acknowledge their necessity.

Let us not forget this in the history of the Reformation, and especially in that of Switzerland.

Zurich was reformed; Berne had just become so: Basle still remained, before the great cities of the Confederation were gained over to the evangelical faith. The reformation of this learned city was the most important consequence resulting from that of the warlike Berne.

For six years the Gospel had been preached in Basle. The meek and pious Oecolampadius was always waiting for happier times. "The darkness," said he, "is about to retire before the rays of truth." But his expectation was vain. A triple aristocracy—the superior clergy, the nobles, and the university—checked the free expansion of christian convictions. It was the middle classes who were destined to effect the triumph of the Reformation in Basle. Unhappily the popular wave invades nothing without tossing up some foul scum.

It is true that the Gospel had many friends in

the councils: but being men of a middle party, they tacked backwards and forwards like Erasmus, instead of sailing straight to the port. They ordered "the pure preaching of the Word of God;" but stipulated at the same time that it should be "without Lutheranism." The aged and pious Bishop Utenheim, who was living in retirement Bruntrut, tottered daily into the church, supported by two domestics, to celebrate mass with a broken voice. Gundelsheim, an enemy of the Reformation, him erelong; and on succeeded the September, followed by many exiles and with a train of forty horses, he made his triumphal entry into Basle, proposing to restore everything to its ancient footing. This made Oecolampadius write in alarm to Zwingle: "Our cause hangs upon thread." But in the citizens the Reform found a compensation for the disdain of the great, and for the terrors inspired by the new bishop. They organized repasts for fifty and a hundred guests each; Oecolampadius and his colleagues took their seats at these tables with the people, where energetic acclamations and reiterated cheers greeted the work of the Reformation. In a short time even the council appeared to incline to the side of the Gospel.

Twenty feast-days were retrenched, and the priests were permitted to refuse celebrating the mass. "It is all over with Rome," was now the cry.

But Oecolampadius, shaking his head, replied; "I am afraid that, by wishing to sit on two stools, Basle will at last fall to the ground." This was at the period of his return from the discussion at Berne. He arrived in time to close the eyes of his pious mother; and then the reformer found himself alone, succumbing under the weight of public and domestic cares; for his house was like an inn for all fugitive Christians. "I shall marry a Monica," he had often said, "or else I shall remain a bachelor." He thought he had now discovered the "christian sister" of whom he was in search. This was Wilibrandis, daughter of one of the Emperor Maximilian's knights, and widow of a master of arts named Keller, — a woman already proved by many trials. He married her, saying: "I look to the ordinances of God, and not to the scowling faces of men." This did not prevent the sly Erasmus from exclaiming: "Luther's affair is called a tragedy, but I maintain it is a comedy, for each act of the drama ends in a wedding." This witticism has been often repeated. For a long time it was the fashion to account for the Reformation by the desire of the princes for the church-property, and of the priests marriage. This vulgar method stigmatized by the best Roman controversialists as "a proof of a singularly narrow mind. — The Reformation originated," add they, "in a true and christian, although unenlightened zeal." The return of Oecolampadius had still more important consequences for Basle than it had for himself. The discussion at Berne caused a great sensation there. "Berne, the powerful Berne, is reforming!" was passed from mouth to mouth. "How, then!" said the people one to another, "the fierce Bear has come out of his den.....he is groping about for the rays of the sun.....and Basle, the city of learning — Basle, the adopted city of Erasmus Oecolampadius, remains in darkness!" On Good Friday (10th April 1528), without the knowledge of the council and Oecolampadius, five workmen of the Spinner's Company entered the church of St. Martin, which was that of the reformer, and where the mass was already abolished, and carried away all the "idols." On Easter Monday, after the evening sermon, thirty-four citizens removed all the images from the church of the Augustines.

This was going too far. Were they desirous, then, of drawing Basle and its councils from that just medium in which they had till this moment so wisely halted? The council met hastily on Tuesday morning, and sent the five men to prison; but, on the intercession of the burghers, they were released, and the images suppressed in five other churches. These halfmeasures sufficed for a time.

On a sudden the flame burst out anew with greater violence. Sermons were preached at St. Martin's and St. Leonard's against the abominations of the cathedral; and at the cathedral the reformers were called "heretics, knaves, and profligates." The papists celebrated mass upon mass. The burgomaster Meyer, a friend of the Reform, had with him the majority of the people;

the burgomaster Meltinger, an intrepid leader of the partisans of Rome, prevailed in the councils: a collision became inevitable. "The fatal hour approaches," says Oecolampadius, "terrible for the enemies of God!" On Wednesday the 23rd December, two days before Christmas, hundred citizens from all the companies, pious and worthy men, assembled in the hall of the Gardeners' Company, and there drew up a petition to the senate. During this time the friends of popery, who resided for the most part in Little Basle and the suburb of St. Paul, took up arms, and brandished their swords and lances against the reformed citizens at the very moment that the latter were bearing their petition to the council, and endeavored, although ineffectually, to bar their road. Meltinger haughtily refused to receive the petition, and charged the burghers, on the faith of their civic oath, to return to their homes. The burgomaster Meyer, however, took the address, and the senate ordered it to be read.

"Honored, wise, and gracious Lords," it ran, "we, your dutiful fellow-citizens of the companies, address you as well-beloved fathers, whom we are ready to obey at the cost of our goods and of our lives. Take God's glory to heart; restore peace to the city; and oblige all the pope's preachers to discuss freely with the ministers.

If the mass be true, we desire to have it in our churches; but if it is an abomination before God, why, through love for the priests, should we draw down His terrible anger upon ourselves and upon our children?" Thus spoke the citizens of Basle. There was nothing revolutionary either in their language or in their proceedings. They desired what was right with decision, but also with calmness. All might still proceed with order and decorum. But here begins a new period: the vessel of reform is about to enter the port, but not until it has passed through violent storms.

Chapter 5

Crisis in Basle

The bishop's partisans first departed from the legal course. Filled with terror on learning that mediators were expected from Zurich and Berne, they ran into the city, crying that an Austrian army was coming to their aid, and collected stones in their houses. The reformed did the same. The disturbance increased hourly, and in the night of the 25th December the Papists met under arms: priests with arquebuse in hand were numbered among their ranks.

Scarcely had the reformed learned this, when some of them running hastily from house to house, knocked at the doors and awoke their friends, who, starting out of bed, seized their muskets and repaired to the Gardeners' Hall, to rendezvous of their party. They soon amounted to three thousand.

Both parties passed the night under arms. At every moment a civil war, and what is worse, "a

war of hearths," might break out. It was at last agreed that each party should nominate delegates to treat with the senate on this matter. The reformed chose thirty men of respectability, courage, faith, and experience, who took up their quarters at the Gardeners' Hall.

The partisans of the ancient faith chose also a commission, but less numerous and less respectable: their station was at the Fishmongers' Hall.

The council was constantly sitting. All the gates of the city, except two, were closed; strong guards were posted in every quarter. Deputies from Lucerne, Uri, Schaffhausen, Zug, Schwytz, Mulhausen, and Strasburg, arrived successively. The agitation and tumult increased from hour to hour.

It was necessary to put an end to so violent a crisis. The senate, faithful to its ideas of half-measures, decreed that the priests should continue to celebrate the mass; but that all, priests and

ministers, should preach the Word of God, and for this purpose should meet once a week to confer upon the Holy Scriptures. They then called the Lutherans together in the Franciscan church, and the Papists in that belonging to the Dominicans.

The senate first repaired to the former church, where they found two thousand five hundred citizens assembled. The secretary had hardly read the ordinance before a great agitation arose. "That shall not be," cried one of the people. "We will not put up with the mass, not even a single one!" exclaimed another; and all repeated, "No mass, no mass, — we will die sooner!" The senate having next visited the Dominican church, all the Romanists, to the number of six hundred, among whom were many foreign servants, cried out: "We are ready to sacrifice our lives for the mass. We swear it, we swear it!" repeated they with uplifted hands. "If they reject the mass — to arms! to arms!" The senate withdrew more embarrassed than ever.

The two parties were again assembled three

days after. Oecolampadius was in the pulpit. "Be meek and tractable," said he; and he preached with such unction that many were ready to burst into tears. The assembly offered up prayers, and then decreed that it would accept a new ordinance, by virtue of which, fifteen days after Pentecost, there should be a public disputation, in which no arguments should be employed but such as were drawn from the Word of God: after this a general vote should take place upon the mass, that the majority should decide the question, and that in the meanwhile the mass should be celebrated in three churches only; it being however understood, that nothing should be taught there that was in opposition to the Holy Scriptures.

The Romanist minority rejected these propositions: "Basle," said they, "is not like Berne and Zurich. Its revenues are derived in great measure from countries opposed to the Reformation!" The priests having refused to resort to the weekly conferences, they were suspended; and during a fortnight there was neither sermon nor mass at the cathedral, or in the churches of St.

Ulric, St. Peter, and St. Theodore.

Those who remained faithful to Rome resolved upon an intrepid defense.

Meltinger placed Sebastian Muller in the pulpit at St. Peter's, from which he had been interdicted, and this hot-headed priest vented such abusive sarcasms against the Reform, that several of the evangelicals, who were listening to the sermon, were insulted and nearly torn in pieces.

It was necessary to arouse Basle from this nightmare, and strike a decisive blow. "Let us remember our liberty," said the reformed citizens, "and what we owe to the glory of Christ, to public justice, and to our posterity." They then demanded that the enemies of the Reformation, friends and relations of the priests, who were the cause of all these delays and of all these troubles, should no longer sit in the councils until peace was reestablished.

This was the 8th February. The council notified

that they would return an answer on the morrow.

At six o'clock in the evening, twelve hundred citizens were assembled in the corn-market. They began to fear that the delay required by the senate concealed some evil design. "We must have a reply this very night," they said. The senate was convoked in great haste.

From that period affairs assumed a more threatening attitude in Basle.

Strong guards were posted by the burghers in the halls of the different guilds; armed men patrolled the city, and bivouacked in the public places, to anticipate the machinations of their adversaries; the chains were stretched across the streets; torches were lighted, and resinous trees, whose flickering light scattered the darkness, were placed at intervals through the town; six pieces of artillery were planted before the town-hall; and the gates of the city, as well as the arsenal and the ramparts, were occupied. Basle was in a state of siege.

There was no longer any hope for the Romish party. The burgomaster, Meltinger, an intrepid soldier and one of the heroes of Marignan, where he had led eight hundred men into battle, lost courage. In the darkness he gained the banks of the Rhine with his son-in-law, the councillor Eglof d'Offenburgh, embarked unnoticed in a small boat, and rapidly descended the stream amid the fogs of the night. Other members of the council escaped in a similar manner.

This gave rise to new alarms. "Let us beware of their secret maneuvers," said the people. "Perhaps they are gone to fetch the Austrians, with whom they have so often threatened us!" The affrighted citizens collected arms from every quarter, and at break of day they had two thousand men on foot. The beams of the rising sun full on this resolute but calm assembly.

It was midday. The senate had come to no decision: the impatience of the burghers could be restrained no longer. Forty men were detached to

visit the posts. As this patrol was passing the cathedral, they entered it, and one of the citizens, impelled by curiosity, opened a closet with his halberd, in which some images had been hidden. One of them fell out, and was broken into a thousand pieces against the stone pavement. The sight of these fragments powerfully moved the spectators, who began throwing down one after another all the images that were concealed in this place.

None of them offered any resistance: heads, feet, and hands — all were heaped in confusion before the halberdiers. "I am much surprised," said Erasmus, "that they performed no miracle to save themselves; formerly the saints worked frequent prodigies for much smaller offenses." Some priests ran to the spot, and the patrol withdrew.

A rumor, however, having spread that a disturbance had taken place in this church, three hundred men came to the support of the forty. "Why," said they, "should we spare the idols that light up the flames of discord?" The priests in

alarm had closed the gates of the sanctuary, drawn bolts, raised barricades, and prepared everything for maintaining a siege. But the townspeople, whose patience had been exhausted by the delays of the council, dashed against one of the doors of the church: it yielded to their blows, and they rushed into the cathedral. The hour of madness had arrived. These men were no longer recognizable, as they brandished their swords, rattled their pikes, and uttered formidable cries: were they Goths, or fervent worshippers of God, animated by the zeal which in times of yore inflamed the prophets and the kings of Israel? However that may have been, these proceedings were disorderly, since public authority alone can interfere in public reforms. Images, altars, pictures all were thrown down and destroyed. The priests who had fled into the vestry, and there concealed themselves, trembled in every limb at the terrible noise made by the fall of their holy decorations. The work of destruction completed without one of them venturing to save the objects of his worship, or to make the slightest remonstrance. The people next piled up the

fragments in the squares and set fire to them; and during the chilly night the armed burghers stood round and warmed themselves at the crackling flame. The senate collected in amazement, and desired to interpose their authority and appease the tumult; but they might as well have striven to command the winds. The enthusiastic citizens replied to their magistrates in these haughty words: "What you have not been able to effect in three years, we will complete in one hour." In truth the anger of the people was no longer confined to the cathedral.

They respected all kinds of private property; but they attacked the Churches of St. Peter, St. Ulric, St. Alban, and of the Dominicans; and in all these temples "the idols" fell under the blows of these good citizens of Basle, who were inflamed by an extraordinary zeal. Already they were making preparations to cross the bridge and enter Little Basle, which was devoted to the cause of popery, when the alarmed inhabitants begged to be allowed to remove the images themselves, and with heavy hearts they hastily carried them into the upper

chambers of the church, whence they hoped to be able after a time to restore them to their old position.

They did not stop at these energetic demonstrations; the most excited talked of going to the town-hall, and of constraining the senate to accede to the wishes of the people; but the good sense of the majority treated these brawlers as they deserved, and checked their guilty thoughts.

The senators now perceived the necessity of giving a legal character to this popular movement, and of thus changing a tumultuous revolution into a durable reformation. Democracy and the Gospel were thus established simultaneously in Basle. The senate, after an hour's deliberation, granted that in future the burghers should participate in the election of the two councils; that from this day the mass and images should be abolished throughout all the canton, and that in every deliberation which concerned the glory of God or the good of the state the opinion of the guilds should be taken. The people, delighted at having obtained these

conditions, which secured their political and religious liberty, returned joyful to their houses.

It was now the close of day. On the morrow, Ash-Wednesday, it was intended to distribute the ruins of the altars and other ornaments of the church among the poor, to serve them for firewood. But these unhappy creatures, in their eagerness for the fragments, having begun to dispute about them, great piles were constructed in the cathedral close and set on fire. "The idols," said some wags, "are really keeping their Ash-Wednesday today!" The friends of popery turned away their horror-stricken this sacrilegious from sight, eyes Oecolampadius, and shed tears of blood. "Thus severely did they treat the idols," continues the reformer, "and the mass died of grief in consequence." On the following Sunday hymns in German were sung at every church; and on the 18th February a general amnesty was published. Everything was changed in Basle. The last had first, and the first last. While become Oecolampadius, who a few years before had entered the city as a stranger, without resources and

without power, found himself raised to the first station in the Church, Erasmus, disturbed in the quiet study whence during so long a period he had issued his absolute commands to the world of letters, saw himself compelled to descend into the arena.

But this king of the schools had no desire to lay down his scepter before the sovereign people. For a long time he used to turn aside his head when he met his friend Oecolampadius. Besides, he feared by remaining at Basle to compromise himself with his protectors. "The torrent," said he, "which was hidden underground has burst forth with violence, and committed frightful ravages. My life is in danger: Oecolampadius possesses all the churches. People are continually bawling in my ears; I am besieged with letters, caricatures, and pamphlets. It is all over: I am resolved to leave Basle. Only shall I or shall I not depart by stealth? The one is more becoming, the other more secure." Wishing as much as possible to make his honor and his prudence agree, Erasmus desired the boatman with whom he was to descend the Rhine to depart from an unfrequented spot. This was opposed by the senate, and the timid philosopher was compelled to enter the boat as it lay near the bridge, at that time covered with a crowd of people. He floated down the river, sadly bade adieu to the city he had so much loved, and retired to Friburg in Brisgau with several other learned men.

New professors were invited to fill the vacant chairs in the university, and in particular Oswald Myconius, Phrygio, Sebastian Munster, and Simon Grynaeus. At the same time was published an ecclesiastical order and confession of faith, one of the most precious documents of this epoch.

Thus had a great transformation been effected without the loss of a single drop of blood. Popery had fallen in Basle in despite of the secular and spiritual power. "The wedge of the Lord," says Oecolampadius, "has split this hard knot." We cannot, however, help acknowledging that the Basle Reformation may afford ground for some objections. Luther had opposed himself to the power of the many. "When the people prick up

their ears, do not whistle too loud. It is better to suffer at the hand of one tyrant, that is to say, of a king, than of a thousand tyrants, that is to say, of the people." On this account the German Reformer has been reproached for acknowledging no other policy than servilism.

Perhaps when the Swiss Reformation is canvassed, a contrary objection will be made against it, and the Reform at Basle in particular, will be looked upon as a revolution.

The Reformation must of necessity bear the stamp of the country in which it is accomplished: it will be monarchical in Germany, republican in Switzerland. Nevertheless, in religion as in politics, there is a great difference between reformation and revolution.

In no sphere does Christianity desire either despotism, servitude, stagnation, retrogression, or death. But while looking for progress, it seeks to accomplish it by reformation and not by revolution.

Reformation works by the power of the Word, of doctrine, cultivation, and truth; while revolution, or rather revolt, operates by the power of riot, of the sword, and of the club.

Christianity proceeds by the inner man, and charters themselves, if they stand alone, cannot satisfy it. No doubt political constitutions are one of the blessings of our age; but it is not sufficient for these securities to be committed to parchment; they must be written in the heart, and guaranteed by the manners of the people.

Such were the principles of the Swiss Reformers; such were those of the Reform at Basle, and by these it is distinguished from a revolution.

There were, it is true, some excesses. Never perhaps has a reformation been accomplished among men without some mixture of revolution. But it was doctrines, however, that were in question at Basle: these doctrines had acted powerfully on the moral convictions and on the lives of the people; the movement had taken place

within before it showed itself without. But more than this: The Reformation was not satisfied with taking away; it gave more than it took; and, far from confining itself to the work of destruction, it scattered rich blessings over all the people.

Chapter 6

Farel's Commission

The recoil of the discussion at Berne had overthrown Popery in a considerable part of German Switzerland. It was also felt in many of the churches of French Switzerland, lying at the foot of the Jura, or scattered amid the pine-forests of its elevated valleys, and which up to this time had shown the most absolute devotion to the Roman pontiff.

Farel, seeing the Gospel established in the places where the Rhone mingles its sandy waters with the crystal Leman, turned his eyes to another quarter. He was supported by Berne. This state, which possessed jointly with Friburg the bailiwicks of Morat, Orbe, and Granson, and which had alliances with Lausanne, Avenches, Payerne, Neufchatel, and Geneva, saw that both its interest and its duty alike called it to have the Gospel preached to its allies and subjects. Farel was empowered to carry it among them, provided he

obtained the consent of the respective governments.

One day, therefore, journeying towards Morat, Farel arrived and preached the Gospel at the foot of those towers and battlements that had been attacked at three different periods by the armies of Conrad the Salic, Rodolph of Hapsburg, and Charles the Bold. Erelong the friends of the Reform amounted to a great number. A general vote having nevertheless declared in favor of the Pope, Farel proceeded to Lausanne.

He was at first driven away by the bishop and the clergy, but soon reappeared provided with a letter from the lords of Berne. "We send him to you," said their excellencies to the authorities of the city, "to defend his own cause and ours. Allow him to preach the Word of God, and beware that you touch not a hair of his head." There was great confusion in the councils. Placed between Berne and the bishop, what could they do? The Council of Twenty-four, finding the matter very serious, convoked the Council of Sixty; and this body

excusing itself, they convoked the Council of Two Hundred, on the 14th November 1529. But these in their turn referred the business to the Smaller Council.

No one would have anything to do with it. The inhabitants of Lausanne, it is true, complained loudly of the holy members of their chapter, whose lives (they said) were one long train of excesses; but when their eyes turned on the austere countenance of Reform, they were still more terrified. Besides, how deprive Lausanne of her bishop, her court, and her dignitaries? What! no more pilgrims in the churches, — no more suitors in the ecclesiastical courts, — no more purchasers in the markets, or boon companions in the taverns! — The widowed and desolate Lausanne would no longer behold the noisy throng of people, that were at once her wealth and her glory! — Better far a disorder that enriches, than a reform that impoverishes! Farel was compelled to depart a second time.

He returned to Morat, and soon the Word

gained over the hearts of the people. On feast-days, the roads from Payerne and Avenches were covered with merry bands, who laughingly said to one another, "Let us go to Morat and hear the preachers!" and exhorted each other slily, as they went along the road, "not to fall into the nets of the heretics." But at night, all was changed. Grasped by the strong hand of truth, these very people returned, — some in deep thought, others discussing with animation the doctrines they had heard. The fire was sparkling throughout all this district, and spreading in every direction its long rays of light. This was enough for Farel: he required new conquests.

At a short distance from Morat lay one of the strongholds of Popery — the earldom of Neufchatel. Joan of Hochberg, who had inherited this principality from her ancestors, had married, in 1504, Louis of Orleans, duke of Longueville. This French nobleman having supported the King of France in 1512, in a war against the Swiss, the cantons had taken possession of Neufchatel, but had restored it to his widow in 1529.

Few countries could have presented greater difficulties to the daring reformer. The Princess of Longueville, residing in France in the suite of Francis I, a woman of courtly habits, vain, extravagant, always in debt, and thinking of Neufchatel only as a farm that should bring her in a large revenue, was devoted to the Pope and Popery. Twelve canons with several priests and chaplains formed a powerful clergy, at whose head was the provost Oliver of Hochberg, natural brother to the princess. Auxiliaries full of zeal flanked this main army. On the one side there was the abbey of the Premonstrantes of Fontaine-Andre, three quarters of a league beyond the town, the monks of which, after having in the twelfth century cleared the ground with their own hands, had gradually become powerful lords and, on the other side, the Benedictines of the Island of St. John, whose abbot, having been deposed by the Bernese, had taken refuge, burning with hatred and vengeance, in his priory at Corcelles.

The people of Neufchatel had a great respect

for ancient rights, and it was easy to take advantage of this state of feeling, considering the general ignorance, to maintain the innovations of Popery. The canons improved the opportunity. For the instructions of the Gospel they substituted pomps and shows. The church, situated on a steep rock, was filled with altars, chapels, and images of saints; and religion, descending from sanctuary, ran up and down the streets, and was travestied in dramas and mysteries, mingled with indulgences, miracles, and debauchery. The soldiers of Neufchatel, however, who had made the campaign of 1529 with the Bernese army, brought back to their homes the liveliest enthusiasm for the evangelical cause. It was at this period that a frail boat, quitting the southern bank of the lake, on the side opposite Morat, and carrying a Frenchman of mean appearance, steered towards the Neufchatel shore. Farel, for it was he, had learned that the village of Serriere, situated at the gates of Neufchatel, depended as to spiritualities on the evangelical city of Bienne, and that Emer Beynon, the priest of the place, "had some liking for the Gospel." The plan of his campaign

immediately drawn up. He appeared before parson Emer, who received him with joy; but what could be done? for Farel had been interdicted from preaching in any church whatever in the earldom. The poor priest thought to reconcile everything by permitting Farel to mount on a stone in the cemetery, and thus preach to the people, turning his back upon the church. A great disturbance arose in Neufchatel. On one side the government, the canons, and the priests, cried, "Heresy!" but on the other, "some inhabitants of Neufchatel, to whom God had given a knowledge of the truth," flocked to Serriere. In a short time these last could not contain themselves: "Come," said they to Farel, "and preach to us in the town." This was at the beginning of December. They entered by the gate of the castle, and leaving the church on the hill to the left, they passed in front of the canons' houses, and descended to the narrow streets inhabited by the citizens. On reaching the market-cross, Farel ascended a platform and addressed the crowd, which gathered together from all the neighborhood, — weavers, vine-dressers, husbandmen, a worthy race, possessing more feeling than imagination.

The preacher's exterior was grave, his discourse energetic, his voice like thunder: his eyes, his features, his gestures, all showed him a man of intrepidity. The citizens, accustomed to run about the streets after the mountebanks, were touched by his powerful language.

"Farel preached a sermon of such great efficacy," says a manuscript, "that he gained over much people." Some monks, however, with shaven crowns glided among his hearers, seeking to excite them against the heretical minister. "Let us beat out his brains," said some. "Duck him, duck him!" cried others, advancing to throw Farel into a fountain, which may still be seen near the spot where he preached. But the reformer stood firm.

This first preaching was succeeded by others. To this Gospel missionary every place was a church; every stone, every bench, every platform was a pulpit. Already the cutting winds and the snows of December should have kept the Neufchatelans around their firesides; "the canons made a vigorous defense;" and in every quarter

"the shorn crowns" were in agitation, supplicating, menacing, shouting, and threatening, — but all was useless.

No sooner did this man of small stature rise up in any place, with his pale yet sunburnt complexion, with red and uncombed beard, with sparkling eye and expressive mouth, than the monks' labor was lost: the people collected around him, for it was the Word of God that fell from his lips.

All eyes were fixed on him: with open mouth and attentive ears they hung upon his words. And scarcely did he begin to speak, when — Oh! wonderful work of God! he himself exclaims — this multitude believed as if it had but one soul.

The Word of God carried the town, as it were, at the first assault; and throwing down the devices Rome had taken ages to compose, established itself in triumph on the ruins of human traditions. Farel saw in imagination Jesus Christ himself walking in spirit through the midst of this crowd, opening the

eyes of the blind, softening the hard heart, and working miraclesso that scarcely had he returned to his humble residence before he wrote to his friends with a heart full of emotion: "Render thanks with me to the Father of mercies, in that he has shown his favor to those bowed down by a weighty tyranny;" and falling on his knees, he worshipped God. But during this time what were the adherents of the pope doing in Neufchatel?

The canons, members of the General Audiences, of which they formed the first estate, treated both priests and laymen with intolerable haughtiness.

Laying the burden of their offices on poor curates, they publicly kept dissolute women, clothed them sumptuously, endowed their children by public acts, fought in the church, haunted the streets by night, or went into a foreign country to enjoy in secret the product of their avarice and of their intrigues. Some poor lepers placed in a house near the city were maintained by the produce of certain offerings. The rich canons, in the midst of

their banquets, dared take away the bread of charity from these unhappy wretches.

The Abbey of Fontaine-Andre was at a little distance from the town. Now the canons of Neufchatel and the monks of Fontaine were at open war.

These hostile powers, encamped on their two hills, disputed each other's property, wrested away each other's privileges, launched at one another the coarsest insults, and even came to blows. "Debaucher of women!" said the canons to the Abbot of Fontaine-Andre, who returned the compliment in the same coin. It is the Reformation which, through faith, has reestablished the moral law in Christendom, — a law that Popery had trodden under foot.

For a long time these conventual wars had disturbed the country. On a sudden they ceased. A strange event was passing in Neufchatel, — the Word of God was preached there. The canons, seized with affright in the midst of their disorders,

looked down from their lofty dwellings on this new movement. The report reached Fontaine-Andre. The monks and priests suspended their orgies and their quarrels. The heathen sensualism that had invaded the Church was put to the rout; Christian spiritualism had reappeared.

Immediately the monks and canons, so long at war, embrace and unite against the reformer. "We must save religion," said they, meaning their tithes, banquets, scandals, and privileges. Not one of them could oppose a doctrine to the doctrine preached by Farel: to insult him was their sole weapon. At Corcelles, however, they went farther. As the minister was proclaiming the Gospel near the priory, the monks fell upon him: in the midst of them was the prior Rodolph de Benoit, storming, exciting, and striving to augment the tempest. He even had a dagger in his hand, according to one writer. Farel escaped with difficulty.

This was not enough. Popery, as it has always done, had recourse to the civil power. The canons, the abbot, and the prior, solicited the governor

George de Rive at the same time. Farel stood firm. "The glory of Jesus Christ," said he, "and the lively affection his sheep bear to his Word, constrain me to endure sufferings greater than tongue can describe." Erelong, however, he was compelled to yield. Farel again crossed the lake; but this passage was very different from the former. The fire was kindled! — On the 22nd December he was at Morat; and shortly after at Aigle.

He was recalled thence. On the 7th January, religion was put to the vote at Morat, and the majority was in favor of the Gospel. But the Romish minority, supported by Friburg, immediately undertook to recover its ancient position by insults and bad treatment. "Farel! Farel!" cried the reformed party. A few days after this, Farel, accompanied by a Bernese messenger, scaled that magnificent amphitheater of mountains above Vevay, whence the eye plunges into the waters of the Leman; and soon he crossed the estates of Count John of Gruyere, who was in the habit of saying, "We must burn this French Luther!" Scarcely had Farel reached the heights of

Saint Martin de Vaud, when he saw the vicar of the place with two priests running to meet him. "Heretic! devil!" cried they. But the knight, through fear of Berne, remained behind his walls, and Farel passed on.

The reformer, not allowing himself to be stopped by the necessity of defending himself in Morat, or by the inclemency of the season, immediately carried the Gospel to those beautiful hills that soar between the smiling waters of lakes Morat and Neufchatel into the villages of the Vully. This maneuver was crowned with the most complete success. On the 15th February four deputies from the Vully came to Morat to demand permission to embrace the Reform, which was immediately granted them.

"Let our ministers preach the Gospel," said their excellencies of Berne to the Friburgers, "and we will let your priests play their monkey tricks. We desire to force no man." The Reform restored freedom of will to the christian people. It was about this time that Farel wrote his beautiful letter

"To all lords, people, and pastors," which we have so often quoted. The indefatigable reformer now went forward to new conquests. A chain of rocks separates the Juran valley of Erguel, already evangelized by Farel, from the country of the ancient Rauraci, and a passage cut through the rock serves as a communication between the two districts. It was the end of April when Farel, passing through the Pierre-Pertuis, descended to the village of Tavannes, and entered the church just as the priest was saying mass. Farel went into the pulpit: the astonished priest stopped, — the minister filled his hearers with emotion, seemed to them an angel come down from heaven. Immediately the images and the altars fell, and "the poor priest who was chanting the mass could not finish it." To put down Popery had required less time than the priest had spent at the altar.

A great part of the bishopric of Basle was in a few weeks gained over to the Reformation.

During this time the Gospel was fermenting in Neufchatel. The young men who had marched with Berne to deliver Geneva from the attacks of Savoy, recounted in their jovial meetings the exploits of the campaign, and related how the soldiers of Berne, feeling cold, had taken the images from the Dominican church at Geneva, saying: "Idols of wood are of no use but to make a fire with in winter." Farel re-appeared in Neufchatel. Being master of the lower part of the town, he raised his eyes to the lofty rocks on which soared the cathedral and the castle. The best plan, thought he, is to bring these proud priests down to us. One morning his young friends spread themselves in the streets, and posted up large placards bearing these words: "All those who say mass are robbers, murderers, and seducers of the people. Great was the uproar in Neufchatel. The canons summoned their people, called together the clerks, and marching at the head of a large troop, armed with swords and clubs, descended into the town, tore down the sacrilegious placards, and cited Farel before the tribunal as a slanderer, demanding ten thousand crowns damages.

The two parties appeared in court, and this was

all that Farel desired. "I confess the fact," said he, "but I am justified in what I have done. Where are there to be found more horrible murderers than these seducers who sell paradise, and thus nullify the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ? I will prove my assertion by the Gospel." And he prepared to open it, when the canons, flushed with anger, cried out: "The common law of Neufchatel, and not the Gospel, is in question here! Where are witnesses?" But Farel, constantly reverting to that fearful assertion, proved by the Word of God that the canons were really guilty of murder and robbery. To plead such a cause was to ruin Popery. The court of Neufchatel, that had never heard a similar case, resolved according to ancient custom to lay it before the council of Besancon, which not daring to pronounce the first estate of the General Audiences guilty of murder and robbery, referred the matter to the emperor and to a general council. Bad causes gain nothing by making a disturbance.

At every step they wished to drive him back, Farel made one in advance.

The streets and the houses were still his temple. One day when the people of Neufchatel were around him, "Why," cried they, "should not the Word of God be proclaimed in a church?" They then hurried Farel along with them, opened the doors of the Hospital Chapel, set the minister in the pulpit, and a numerous crowd stood silent before him. "In like manner as Jesus Christ, appearing in a state of poverty and humility, was born in a stable at Bethlehem," said the reformer; "so this hospital, this abode of the sick and of the poor, is today become his birthplace in the town of Neufchatel." Then feeling ill at ease in the presence of the painted and carved figures that decorated the chapel, he laid his hands on these objects of idolatry, removed them, and broke them in pieces. Popery, which anger had blinded, now took a step that it undoubtedly had a right to take, but which destroyed it: it had recourse to the secular arm, and the governor sent a deputation to the Bernese council, praying the removal of Farel and his companions.

But almost at the same time deputies from the

townspeople arrived at Berne. "Did not these hands bear arms at Interlaken and at Bremgarten to support your Reformation?" said they, "and will you abandon us in ours?" Berne hesitated. A public calamity was at that time filling the whole city with mourning. One of the most illustrious citizens of the republic, the Banneret of Weingarten, attacked by the plague, was expiring amid the tears of his sons and of his fellow-citizens. Being informed of the arrival of the Neufchatelans, he rallied his waning strength: "Go," said he, "and beg the senate in my name to ask for a general assembly of the people of Neufchatel for Sunday next." This message of the dying banneret decided the council.

The deputies from Berne arrived in Neufchatel on the 7th August. Farel thought that during the debates he had time to make a new conquest, and quitted the city. His zeal can be compared only to St. Paul's. His body was small and feeble, but his activity was wholly apostolic: danger and bad treatment wasted him every day, but he had within him a divine power that rendered him victorious.

Chapter 7

Valangin

At the distance of a league from Neufchatel, beyond the mountain, extends the Val de Ruz, and near its entrance, in a precipitous situation, where roars an impetuous torrent surrounded by steep crags, stands the town of Valangin. An old castle, built on a rock, raises its vast walls into the air, overlooking the humble dwellings of townspeople, and extending its jurisdiction over five valleys of these lofty and severe mountains, at that time covered with forests of pine, but now peopled by the most active industry. In this castle dwelt Guillemette de Vergy, dowager-countess of Valangin, strongly attached to the Romish religion and full of respect for the memory of her husband. A hundred priests had chanted high mass at the count's burial; when many penitent young women had been married, and large alms distributed; the curate of Locle had been sent to Jerusalem, and Guillemette herself had made a pilgrimage for the repose of the soul of her departed lord.

Sometimes, however, the Countess of Gruyere and other ladies would come and visit the widow of Vergy, who assembled in the castle a number of young lords. The fife and tambourine re-echoed under its vaulted roofs, chattering groups collected in the immense embrasures of its Gothic windows, and merry dances followed hard upon a long silence and gloomy devotion. There was but one sentiment that never left Guillemette — this was her hatred against the Reformation, in which she was warmly seconded by her intendant, the Sieur of Bellegarde.

Guillemette and the priests had in fact reason to tremble. The 15th August was a great Romish festival — Our Lady of August, or the Assumption, which all the faithful of the Val de Ruz were preparing to keep. This was 1483 the very day Farel selected. Animated by the fire and courage of Elijah, he set out for Valangin, and a young man, his fellow-countryman, and, as it would appear, a distant relation, Anthony Boyve, an ardent Christian and a man of decided character,

accompanied him. The two missionaries climbed the mountain, plunged into the pine forest, and then descending again into the valley, traversed Valangin, where the vicinity of the castle did not give them much encouragement to pause, and arrived at a village, probably Boudevilliers, proposing to preach the Gospel there. Already on all sides the people were thronging to the church; Farel and his companion entered also with a small number of the inhabitants who had heard him at Neufchatel. The reformer immediately ascended the pulpit, and the priest prepared to celebrate The combat began. While Farel preaching Jesus Christ and his promises, the priest and the choir were chanting the missal. The solemn approached: the ineffable transubstantiation was about to take place: the priest pronounced the sacred words over elements. At this instant the people hesitate no longer; ancient habits, an irresistible influence, draw them towards the altar; the preacher is deserted; the kneeling crowd has recovered its old worship; Rome is triumphant.....Suddenly a young man springs from the throng, — traverses the

choir, — rushes to the altar, — snatches the host from the hands of the priest, and cries, as he turns towards the people: "This not the God whom you should worship. He is above, — in heaven, — in the majesty of the Father, and not, as you believe, in the hands of a priest." This man was Anthony Boyve.

Such a daring act at first produced the desired effect. The mass was interrupted, the chanting ceased, and the crowd, as if struck by a supernatural intervention, remained silent and motionless. Farel, who was still in the pulpit, immediately took advantage of this calm, and proclaimed that Christ "whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things." Upon this the priests and choristers with their adherents rushed to the towers, ran up into the belfry, and sounded the tocsin.

These means succeeded: a crowd collected, and if Farel had not retired, his death and Boyve's would have been inevitable. "But God," says the chronicle, "delivered them." They crossed the

interval that separates Boudevilliers from Valangin, and drew near the steep gorges of the torrent 1484 of the Seyon. But how traverse that town, which the tocsin had already alarmed?

Leaving Chaumont and its dark forests to the left, these two heralds of the Gospel took a narrow path that wound beneath the castle: they were stealing cautiously along, when suddenly a shower of stones assailed them, and at the same time a score of individuals, — priests, men, and women, — armed with clubs, fell furiously upon them. "The priests had not the gout either in their feet or arms," says a chronicler; "the ministers were so beaten, that they nearly lost their lives." Madame de Vergy, who descended to the terrace, far from moderating the anger of the priests, cried out: "Drown them — drown them! throw them into the Seyon — these Lutheran dogs, who have despised the host!" In fact, the priests were beginning to drag the two heretics towards the bridge. Never was Farel nearer to death.

On a sudden, from behind the last rock that

hides Valangin in the direction of the mountain, there appeared "certain good persons of the Val de Ruz, coming from Neufchatel" and descending into the valley. "What are you doing?" asked they of the priests, with the intention no doubt of saving Farel; "put them rather in a place of safety, that they may answer for their proceedings? Would you deprive yourselves of the only means in your power of discovering those infected by the poison of heresy?" The priests left off at these words, and conducted the prisoners to the castle. As they were passing before a little chapel, which contained an image of the virgin, "Kneel down," said they to and Boyve, showing them the statue; "prostrate yourselves before Our Lady!" "Farel began to admonish them: "Worship one God alone in spirit and in truth," said he to them, "and not dumb images without life or power." But they, continues the chronicle, "greatly vexed at his words and his firmness, inflicted on him so many blows, that he was covered with blood, which even spirted on the walls of the chapel. For a long time after the traces of it might still be seen." They resumed their march — they entered the town —

they climbed the steep road that led to the esplanade where Guillemette de Vergy and her attendants waited for the "Lutherans;" so that, continues the chronicle, "from beating them thus continually, they were conducted all covered with filth and blood to the prisons, and let down almost lifeless into the dungeon (croton) of the castle of Valangin." Thus had Paul at Lystra been stoned by the Jews, drawn out of the city, and left for dead. The apostles and the reformers preached the same doctrine and suffered the same treatment.

It may perhaps be said, that Farel and Boyve were too violent in their attack; but the Church of the Middle Ages, which had fallen back into the legal spirit of Judaism, and into all the corruptions that flow from it, needed an energetic opposition to lead it again to the principle of grace.

Augustine and St. Paul reappeared in the Church of the sixteenth century; and when we read of Boyve rushing in great emotion on those who were about to worship the bread of the mass, may we not recall to mind the action of St. Paul, rending

his clothes, and running in among the people, who were desirous of worshipping "men of like passions with themselves?" Farel and Boyve thrust into the dungeons of the castle, could, like Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, "sing praises unto God." Messire de Bellegarde, ever ready to persecute the Gospel, was preparing for them a cruel end, when some townsmen of Neufchatel arrived to claim them.

Madame de Valangin dared not refuse, and at the demand of the Bernese even instituted an inquiry, "to put a good face on the matter," says a manuscript. "Nevertheless the priest who had beaten Farel most, never after failed to eat daily at the lady's table, by way of recompense." But this was of little consequence: the seed of truth had been sown in the Val de Ruz.

At Neufchatel the Bernese supported the evangelical citizens. The governor, whose resources were exhausted, sent deputies to the princess, "begging her to cross the mountains to appease her people, who were in terrible trouble in

consequence of this Lutheran religion." Meantime the ferment increased. The townspeople prayed the canons to give up the mass: they refused; whereupon the citizens presented them their reasons in writing, and begged them to discuss the question with Farel. Still the same refusal! — "But, for goodness' sake, speak either for or against!" It was all of no use!

On Sunday, the 23rd of October, Farel, who had returned to Neufchatel, was preaching at the hospital. He knew that the magistrates of the city had deliberated on the expediency of consecrating the cathedral itself to the evangelical worship. "What then," said he, "will you not pay as much honor to the Gospel as the other party does to the mass?.....And if this superstitious act is celebrated in the high church, shall not the Gospel be proclaimed there also?" At these words all his hearers arose. "To the church!" cried they; "to the church!" Impetuous men are desirous of putting their hands to the work, to accomplish what the prudence of the burgesses had proposed. They leave the hospital, and take Farel with them. They

climb the steep street of the castle: in vain would the canons and their frightened followers stop the crowd: they force a passage.

Convinced that they are advancing for God's glory, nothing can check them. Insults and shouts assail them from every side, but in the name of the truth they are defending, they proceed: they open the gates of the Church of our Lady; they enter, and here a fresh struggle begins. The canons and their friends assembled around the pulpit endeavor to stop Farel; but all is useless. They have not to deal with a band of rioters. God has pronounced in his Word, and the magistrates themselves have passed a definitive resolution. The townspeople advance, therefore, against the sacerdotal coterie; they form a close battalion, in the center of which they place the reformer. They succeed in making their way through the opposing crowd, and at last place the minister in the pulpit without any harm befalling him. Immediately all is calm within the church and without; even the adversaries are silent, and Farel delivers "one of the most effective sermons he had hitherto preached." Their eyes are opened; their emotion increases; their hearts are melted; the most obstinate appear converted; and from every part of the old church these cries resound: "We will follow the evangelical religion, both we and our children, and in it will we live and die." Suddenly a whirlwind, as it were, sweeps over this multitude, and stirs it up like a vast sea. Farel's hearers desire to imitate the pious King Josiah.

"If we take away these idols from before our eyes, will it not be aiding us," said they, "in taking them from our own hearts? Once these idols broken, how many souls among our fellow-citizens, now disturbed and hesitating, will be decided by this striking manifestation of the truth! We must save them as it were by fire." This latter motive decided them, and then began a scene that filled the Romanists with horror, and which must, according to them, bring down the terrible judgment of God on the city.

The very spot where this took place would seem to add to its solemnity.

To the north, the castle-walls rise above the pointed crags of the gloomy but picturesque valley of the Seyon, and the mountain in front of the castle presents to the observer's eye little more than bare rocks, vines, and black firs. But to the south, beneath the terrace on which this tumultuous scene was passing, lay the wide and tranquil waters of the lake, with its fertile and picturesque shores; and in the distance the continuous summits of the higher Alps, with their dazzling snows, their immense glaciers, and gigantic peaks, stretch far away before the enraptured eye.

On this platform the people of Neufchatel were in commotion, paying little attention to these noble scenes of nature. The governor, whose castle adjoined the church, was compelled to remain an idle spectator of the excesses that he could not prevent; he was content to leave us a description of them. "These daring fellows," says he, "seize mattocks, hatchets, and hammers, and thus march against the images of the saints." They advance — they strike the statues and the altars — they dash them to pieces. The figures carved in the fourteenth

century by the "imagers" of Count Louis are not spared; and scarcely do the statues of the counts themselves, which were mistaken for idols, escape destruction. The townspeople collect all these fragments of an idolatrous worship; they carry them out of the church, and throw them from the top of the rock.

The paintings meet with no better treatment. "It is the devil," thought they with the early Christians, "who taught the world this art of statues, images, and all sorts of likenesses." They tear out the eyes in the pictures of the saints, and cut off their noses. The crucifix itself is thrown down, for this wooden figure usurps the homage that Jesus Christ claims in the heart. One image, the most venerated of all, still remains: it is our Lady of Mercy, which Mary of Savoy had presented to the collegiate church; but our Lady herself is not spared. A hand more daring than the rest strikes it, as in the fourth century the colossal statue of Serapis was struck. "They have even bored out the eyes of Our Lady of Mercy, which the departed lady your mother had caused to be made," wrote the governor to the

Duchess of Longueville.

The reformed went still further: they seized the patens in which lay the corpus Domini, and flung them from the top of the rock into the torrent; after which, being desirous of showing that the consecrated wafers are mere bread, and not God himself, they distributed them one to another and ate them.....At this sight the canons and chaplains could no longer remain quiet. A cry of horror was heard; they ran up with their adherents, and opposed force to force. At length began the struggle that had been so much dreaded.

The provost Oliver of Hochberg, the canons Simon of Neufchatel and Pontus of Soleilant, all three members of the privy council, had repaired hastily to the castle, as well as the other councillors of the princess. Until this moment they had remained silent spectators of the scene; but when they saw the two parties coming to blows, they ordered all "the supporters of the evangelical doctrine" to appear before the governor. This was like trying to chain the winds. Besides, why should

the reformers stop? They were not acting without legitimate authority. "Tell the governor," replied the townspeople haughtily, "that in the concerns of God and of our souls he has no command over us." George de Rive then discovered that his authority failed against a power superior to his own. He must yield, and save at least some remnants. He hastened therefore to remove the images that still remained, and to shut them up in secret chambers. The citizens of Neufchatel allowed him to execute this measure. "Save your gods," thought they, "preserve them under strong bars, lest perchance a robber should deprive you of the objects of your adoration!" By degrees the tumult died away, the popular torrent returned within its channel, and a short time after, in commemoration of this great day, these words were inscribed on a pillar of the church: — L'AN 1530, LE 23 OCTOBRE, FUT OTEE ET ABATTUE L'IDOLATRIE DE CEANT PAR LES BOURGEOIS. An immense revolution had been effected. Doubtless it would have been better if the images had been taken away and the Gospel substituted in their place with calmness, as at Zurich; but we must take into consideration the

difficulties that so profound and contested a change brings with it, and make allowance for the inexperience and excesses inseparable from a first explosion. He who should see in this revolution its excesses only, would betray a singularly narrow mind. It is the Gospel that triumphed on the esplanade of the castle. It was no longer a few pictures or legends that were to speak to the imagination of the Neufchatelans: the revelation of Christ and of the apostles, as it had been preserved in the Holy Scriptures, was restored to them. In place of the mysteries, symbols, and miracles of Popery, the Reformation brought them sublime tenets, powerful doctrines, holy and eternal truths. Instead of a mass, void of God, and filled with human puerilities, it restored to them the Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, his invisible yet real and mighty presence, his promises giving peace to the soul, and his Spirit, which changes the heart, and is a sure pledge of a glorious resurrection. All is gain in such an exchange.

Chapter 8

The Romanists demand a Ballot

The governor and his trusty friends had not, however, lost all hope. "It is only a minority," said they at the castle, "which has taken part in the destruction of the images; the majority of the nation still obeys the ancient doctrine." M. de Rive had yet to learn that if, in a popular movement, the minority only appears, it is in some cases because the majority, being of the same mind with it, prefers leaving the action to others. However that may be, the governor, thinking himself upon sure ground, resolved to put the preservation of the mass to the vote. If the majority were doubtful, the combined influence of the government and clergy would make it incline to the side of Rome. The friends of the Reformation perceiving this trick, and feeling the necessity of securing the integrity of the votes, demanded the presence of Bernese commissioners. This was at first refused. But Neufchatel, divided into two hostile parties, might at any time see her streets run blood: De Rive therefore called Berne to his aid.

Anthony Noll and Sulpice Archer, both members of the council, with Jacques Tribolet, bailiff of the Isle of St. John, all three devoted to the Reform, made their entry into Neufchatel on the 4th November, — an eventful day for the principality, and one which would decide its reformation. The deputies proceeded to the castle, where they spoke with great haughtiness. "Their excellencies of Berne," said they to the governor, "are much astonished that you should oppose the true and pure Word of God. Desist immediately, or else your state and lordship may suffer for it." George de Rive was amazed; he had thought to summon helpers, and he had found masters. He made, however, an attempt to escape from the strait in which he was caught. The Roman-catholic cantons of Lucerne, Friburg, and Soleure, were also allies of the state. The governor insinuated to the Bernese deputies, that he might well claim their intervention. At these words the deputies

indignantly arose, and declared to M. de Rive, that if he did so, he might be the cause of his sovereign's losing Neufchatel.

The governor saw the impossibility of escaping from the net into which he had fallen. There remained no alternative but submission, and to watch the current of events which it was impossible for him to direct.

It was not thus with the canons and the nobles. Not considering themselves beaten, they surrounded the Bernese; and mingling religion and politics, as is their wont in similar cases, endeavored to shake them. "Do you not see," said they, "that unless we support the spiritual power, we shall compromise the civil power? The surest bulwark of the throne is the altar! These men, whose defenders you have become, are but a handful of mischief-makers: the majority are for the mass!" — "Turn which way you like," replied one of the stubborn Bernese, "even though the majority should be on your side, still you must go that way; never will our lordships abandon the

defenders of the evangelical faith." The people assembled at the castle for the definitive vote. The destiny of Neufchatel was about to be decided. On one hand were crowded around the governor the privy council, the canons, and the most zealous of the Romanists; on the other were to be seen the four aldermen, the towncouncil, and a great number of the citizens, gravely ascending the steep avenue leading to the government-house, and drawing up in front of their adversaries. On both sides there was the same attachment to their faith and the same decision; but around the canons were anxious minds, troubled hearts, downcast eyes, while the friends of the Reform advanced with uplifted heads, firm looks, and hearts full of hope.

George de Rive, wishing to gain over their minds, began to address them.

He described the violence with which the reformed had broken the images and thrown down the altars; "And yet," continued he, "who founded this church? It was the princess's predecessors, and

not the citizens. For which reason, I demand that all those who have violently infringed our sovereign's authority, be obliged to restore what they have taken away, so that the holy mass and the canonical hours may be celebrated anew." Upon this the prudhommes of Neufchatel advanced. They were not a troop of young and giddy persons, as the Papists had pretended; they were grave citizens, whose liberties were guaranteed, and who had weighed what they had to say. "By the illumination of the Holy Ghost," replied they, "and by the holy doctrines of the Gospel, which are taught us in the pure Word of God, we will show that the mass is an abuse, without any utility, and which conduces much more to the damnation than to the salvation of souls. And we are ready to prove, that by taking away the altars, we have done nothing that was not right and acceptable to God." Thus the two parties met face to face with "great hatred and division," says the Bernese report. The arbitrators consulted together. The governor persisted, feeling that this movement would decide the future. A few votes would suffice for the triumph of Rome, and he reckoned on gaining them by his assurance. "You should understand," said he, "that the majority of this town, men and women, adhere firmly to the ancient faith. The others are hot-headed young soldiers, vain of their persons, and puffed up with the new doctrine." — "Well!" replied the Bernese deputies, "to prevent all mischief, let us settle this difference by the plurality of suffrages, in accordance with the treaty of peace made Bremgarten between the cantons." This was what the reformed desired. "The vote! the vote!" cried they according to the expression consecrated to such cases. But the lord of Prangins and the priests, who had desired it when they were alone, shrunk back in the presence of Berne. "We ask for time," said they. If the reformed allowed themselves to be cheated by these dilatory measures, all was over. When once the Bernese had quitted Neufchatel, the governor and the clergy would easily have the upperhand. They therefore remained firm.

"No, no!" said they, "now! — no delay! — not a day! not an hour!" But the governor, in the face of a proceeding that would decide the legal fall of Popery, trembled, and obstinately opposed the cries

of the people. The magistrates were already indignant, the burghers murmured, and the most violent looked at their swords. "They were resolved to compel us, sword in hand," wrote the governor to the princess. A fresh storm was gathering over Neufchatel. Yet a few more minutes' resistance, and it would burst forth upon the church, the town, and the castle, destroying not only statues, images, and altars, but "there would have remained dead men," said the lord of Rive. He gave way in trouble and affright.

At the news of this concession, the partisans of Rome saw all their danger.

They conferred, they concerted their measures, and in an instant their resolution was taken: they were resolved to fight. "My lord," said they, turning to M. de Rive, and touching the hilt of their swords, "all of us who adhere to the holy Sacrament are resolved to die martyrs for our holy faith." This demonstration did not escape the notice of the young soldiers who had returned from the Genevese war. One minute more and the swords

would have been drawn, and the platform changed into a battlefield.

Monseigneur de Prangins, more wily than orthodox, shuddered at the thought. "I cannot suffer it," said he to the most violent of his party; "such an enterprise would forfeit my mistress's state and lordship." — "I consent," said he to the Bernese, "to take the votes, with reserve nevertheless of the sovereignty, rights, and lordship of Madame." — "And we," replied the townspeople, "with the reserve of our liberties and privileges." The Romanists, seeing the political power they had invoked now failing them, felt that all was lost. They will save their honor at least in this great shipwreck; they will subscribe their names, that posterity may know who had remained faithful to Rome. These proud supporters of the hierarchy advanced towards the governor; tears coursed down their rough cheeks, betraying thus their stifled anger. They wrote their signatures as witnesses at the foot of the solemn testament that Popery was now drawing up on Neufchatel, in the presence of the Bernese deputies. They then asked,

with tears in their eyes, "that the names and surnames of the good and of the perverse should be written in perpetual memory, and declared that they were still good and faithful burghers of Madame, and would do her service unto death!" The reformed burgesses were convinced that it was only by frankly bearing testimony to their religious conviction that they could discharge their duty before God, their sovereign, and their fellowcitizens. So that the Catholics had scarcely protested their fidelity towards their lady, when, turning towards the governor, the reformed cried out: "We say the 1494 same in every other thing in which it shall please our Mistress to command us, save and except the evangelical faith, in which we will live and die." Everything was then prepared for taking the votes. The Church of Our Lady was opened, and the two parties advanced between the shattered altars, torn pictures, mutilated statues, and all those ruins of Popery, which clearly foretold to its partisans the last and irrevocable defeat it was about to undergo. The three lords of Berne took their station beside the governor as arbitrators of the proceedings and presidents of the

assembly, and the voting began.

George de Rive, notwithstanding the despondency of his friends, was not altogether without hope. All the partisans of the ancient worship in Neufchatel had been forewarned; and but a few days previously the reformed themselves, by refusing a poll, had acknowledged the numerical superiority of their adversaries. But the friends of the Gospel in Neufchatel had a courage and a hope that seemed to repose on a firmer basis. Were they not the victorious party, and could they be vanquished in the midst of their triumph?

The two parties, however, moved forward, confounded with one another, and each man gave his vote in silence. They counted each other: the result appeared uncertain; fear froze each party by turns. At length the majority seemed to declare itself; — they took out the votes, — the result was proclaimed. A majority of eighteen voices gave the victory to the Reformation, and the last blow to the Papacy!

The Bernese lords immediately hastened to profit by this advantage. "Live henceforth," said they, "in good understanding with one another; let the mass be no longer celebrated; let no injury be done to the priests; and pay to your Lady, or to whomever they may be justly due, all tithes, quitrent, cense, and revenues." These different points were proclaimed by the assembly, and a report was immediately drawn up, to which the deputies, the governors, and the magistrates of the city of Neufchatel affixed their respective seals. Farel did not appear in all this business: one might have said that the reformer was not at Neufchatel: the citizens appealed only to the Word of God; and the governor himself, in his long report to the princess, does not 1495 once mention him. It was the apostles of our Lord, St. Peter, St. John, St.

Paul, and St. James, who by their divine writings re-established the true foundations of the Church in the midst of the people of Neufchatel. The Word of God was the law of the prudhommes. In vain will the Roman Church say, "But these very Scriptures, — it is I who give them to you;

you cannot therefore believe in them without believing in me." It is not from the Church of Rome that the Protestant Church receives the Bible.

Protestantism has always existed in the Church. It has existed alone in every place where men have been engaged in the study of the Holy Scriptures, of their Divine origin, of their interpretation, and in their dissemination. The Protestantism of the sixteenth century received the Bible from the Protestantism of every age. When Rome speaks of the hierarchy, she is on her own ground: as soon as she speaks of the Scriptures, she is on ours. If Farel had been put forward in Neufchatel, he would not perhaps have been able to stand against the pope; but the Word of Christ alone was concerned, and Rome must fall before Jesus.

Thus terminated, by a mutual contract, that day at first so threatening. If the reformed had sacrificed any of their convictions to a false peace, disorder would have been perpetuated in Neufchatel. A bold manifestation of the truth, and the inevitable shocks that accompanied it, far from destroying society, preserved it. This manifestation is the wind that lifts the vessel from the rocks and brings it into the harbor.

The Lord of Prangins felt that, between fellow-citizens, "it is better to touch one another, even if it be by collision, than to avoid each other continually." The free explanation that had taken place had rendered the opposition of the two parties less irritating. "I give my promise," said the governor, "to undertake nothing against the vote of this day, for I am myself a witness that it has been honest, upright, without danger, and without coercion." It was necessary to dispose of the spoils of the vanquished party: the governor opened the castle to them. Thither were transported the relics, the ornaments of the altars, the church papers, and even the organ; and the mass, expelled from the city, was there mournfully chanted every day.

All the ornaments, however, did not take this road. Some days after, as two citizens, named Fauche and Sauge, were going out together to their

vineyards, they passed a little chapel, in which the latter had set up a wooden figure of St. John. He said to his companion, "There is an image I shall heat my stove with tomorrow." And, in fact, as he returned, he carried away the saint and laid it down in front of his house.

The next morning he took the image and put it on the fire. Immediately a horrible explosion spread dismay through this humble family. The trembling Fauche doubted not that it was a miracle of the saint, and hastened to return to the mass. In vain did his neighbor Sauge protest to him upon oath that, during the night, he had made a hole in the statue, filled it with gunpowder, and closed it up again. Fauche would listen to nothing, and resolved to flee from the vengeance of the saints. He went and settled with his family at Morteau in Franche Comte. Such are the miracles upon which the divinity of Rome reposes!

By degrees everything became settled: some of the canons, as Jacques Baillod, William de Pury, and Benedict Chambrier, embraced the Reformation. Others were recommended by the governor to the priory of Motiers, in the Val de Travers; and, in the middle of November, at the time when the winds began to rage among the mountains, several canons, surrounded by a few singing-boys, — sad relics of the ancient, powerful, rich, voluptuous, and haughty chapter of Neufchatel, — painfully climbed the gorges of the Jura, and went to conceal in these lofty and picturesque valleys the disgrace of a defeat, which their long disorders and their insupportable tyranny had but too justly provoked.

During this time the new worship was organized. In room of the high-altar were substituted two marble tables to receive the bread and wine; and the Word of God was preached from a pulpit stripped of every ornament. The preeminence of the Word, which characterizes the evangelical worship, replaced in the church of Neufchatel the pre-eminence of the sacrament, which characterizes Popery. Towards the end of the second century, Rome, that ancient metropolis of all religions, after having welcomed the christian

worship in its primitive purity, had gradually transformed it into mysteries; a magic power had been ascribed to certain forms; and the reign of the sacrifice offered by the priest had succeeded to the reign of the Word of God. The preaching of Farel had restored the Word to the rights which belonged to it; and those vaulted roofs, which the piety of Count Ulric II had, on his return from Jerusalem, dedicated to the worship of the Virgin, served at last, after four centuries, to nourish the faithful, as in the time of the apostles, "in the words of faith and of good doctrine."

Chapter 9

Reaction preparing

The convention, drawn up under the mediation of Berne, stipulated that "the change should take place only in the city and parish of Neufchatel." Must the rest of the country remain in darkness? This was not Farel's wish, and the zeal of the citizens, in its first fervor, effectually seconded They visited the surrounding villages, exhorting some, combating others. Those who were compelled to labor with their hands during the day went thither at night. "Now, I am informed," writes the governor to the princess, "that they are working at a reformation night and day." George de Rive, in alarm, convoked the magistrates of all the districts in the earldom. These good folks believed that their consciences, as well their places, depended upon Madame de Longueville. Affrighted at the thought of freely receiving a new conviction from the Word of God, they were quite ready to accept it from the countess as they would a new impost; — a sad helotism, in which religion springs from the soil, instead of descending from heaven! "We desire to live and die under the protection of our lady," said the magistrates to the Lord of Rive, "without changing the ancient faith, until it be so ordered by her." Rome, even after her fall, could not receive a deeper insult.

These assurances of fidelity and the absence of the Bernese restored De Rive's confidence, and he secretly prepared a reaction among the nobles and the lower classes. There is in every historical catastrophe, in the fall of great establishments, and in the spectacle of their ruins, something which excites and improves the mind. This was what happened at the period in question. Some were more zealous for Popery after its fall than in its day of power. The clergy gliding into the houses said mass to a few friends mysteriously called together around a temporary altar. If a child was born, the priest noiselessly arrived, breathed on the infant, made the sign of the cross on its forehead and breast, and baptized it according to the Roman ritual. Thus they were rebuilding in secret what had

been overthrown in the light of day. At length a counter-revolution was agreed upon; and Christmasday was selected for the restoration of Roman-catholicism.

While the Christians' songs of joy should be rising to heaven, the partisans of Rome were to rush into the church, expel the heretical assembly, overthrow the pulpit and the holy table, restore the images, and celebrate the mass in triumph. Such was the plan of the Neufchatelan vespers. The plot got wind. Deputies from Berne arrived at Neufchatel on the very eve of the festival. "You must see to this," said they to the governor: "if the reformed are attacked, we, their co-burghers, will protect them with all our power." The conspirators laid down their arms, and the Christmas hymns were not disturbed.

This signal deliverance augmented the devotion and zeal of the friends of the Gospel. Already Emer Beynon of Serriere, where Farel had one day landed from a small boat, ascending the pulpit, had said to his parishioners: "If I have been a good priest, I desire by the grace of God to be a still better pastor." It was necessary for these words to be heard from every pulpit. Farel recommenced a career of labors, fatigues, and struggles, which the actions of the apostles and missionaries alone can equal.

Towards the end of the year 1530, he crossed the mountain in the middle of winter, entered the church of Valangin, went into the pulpit, and began to preach at the very moment that Guillemette de Vergy was coming to mass. She endeavored to shut the reformer's mouth, but in vain, and the aged and noble dowager retired precipitately saying: "I do not think this is according to the old Gospels; if there are any new ones that encourage it, I am quite amazed." The people of Valangin embraced the Gospel. The affrighted lieutenant ran to Neufchatel, thence to Berne, and on the 11th February laid his complaint before the council; but all was useless.

"Why," said their excellencies of Berne to him, "why should you disturb the water of the river? let it flow freely on." Farel immediately turned to the parishes on the slopes between the lake and Mount Jura. At Corcelles a fanatic crowd, well armed and led on by the curate of Neufchatel, rushed into the church where the minister was preaching, and he did not escape without a wound. At Bevay, the abbot John of Livron and his monks collected a numerous body of friends, surrounded the church, and having thus completed the blockade, entered the building, dragged the minister from the pulpit, and drove him out with blows and insults. Each time he reappeared, they pursued him as far as Auvernier with stones and gun-shots.

While Farel was thus preaching in the plain, he sent one of his brethren into the valley; it was John de Bely, a man of good family from Crest in Dauphiny. Beyond Valangin, at a little distance from Fontaine, on the left side of the road to Cernier, was a stone that remains to this day. Here in the open air, as if in a magnificent temple, this herald of the Gospel began to proclaim salvation by grace. Before him stretched the declivity of Chaumont, dotted with the pretty villages of Fenin,

Villars, Sole, and Savagnier, and beyond, where the mountains fell away, might be seen the distant and picturesque chain of the Alps. The most zealous of his hearers entreated him to enter the church. He did so; but suddenly the priest and his curate "arrived with great noise." They proceeded to the pulpit, dragged Bely down; and then turning to the women and young persons of the place, "excited them to beat him and drive him away." John de Bely returned to Neufchatel, hooted and bruised, like his friend after the affair at Valangin; but these evangelists followed the traces of the Apostle Paul, whom neither whips nor scourges could arrest. De Bely often returned to Fontaine. The mass was abolished erelong in this village; Bely was its pastor for twenty-seven years; his descendants have more than once exercised the ministry there, and now they form the most numerous family of agriculturists in the place.

Farel, after evangelizing the shores of the lake to the south of Neufchatel, had gone to the north and preached at St. Blaise. The populace, stirred up by the priests and the lieutenant, had fallen upon him, and Farel escaped from their hands, severely beaten, spitting blood, and scarcely to be recognized. His friends had thrown him hurriedly into a boat, and conveyed him to Morat, where his wounds detained him for some time.

At the report of this violence the reformed Neufchatelans felt their blood boil. If the lieutenant, the priest, and his flock have bruised the body of Christ's servant, which is truly the altar of the living God, why should they spare dead idols? Immediately they rush to St. Blaise, throw down the images, and do the same at the abbey of Fontaine-Andre, — a sanctuary of the ancient worship.

The images still existed at Valangin, but their last hour was about to strike.

A Frenchman, Anthony Marcourt, had been nominated pastor of Neufchatel. Treading in Farel's footsteps, he repaired with a few of the citizens to Valangin on the 14th June, a great holiday in that town. Scarcely had they arrived

when a numerous crowd pressed around the minister, listening to his words. The canons, who were on the watch in their houses, and Madame de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde from their towers, sought how they could make a diversion against this heretical preaching? They could not employ force because of Berne. They had recourse to a brutal expedient, worthy of the darkest days of Popery, and which, by insulting the minister, might divert (they imagined) the attention of the people, and change it into shouts and laughter. A canon, assisted by the countess's coachman, went to the stables and took thence two animals, which they led to the spot where Marcourt was preaching.

We will throw a veil over this scene: it is one of those disgraceful subjects that the pen of history refuses to transcribe. But never did punishment follow closer upon crime. The conscience of the hearers was aroused at the sight of this infamous spectacle. The torrent, that such a proceeding was intended to check, rushed out of its channel. The indignant people, undertaking the defense of that religion which their opponents had wished to

insult, entered the church like an avenging wave; the ancient windows were broken, the shields of the lords were demolished, the relics scattered about, the books torn, the images thrown down, and the altar overturned. But this was not enough: the popular wave, after sweeping out the church, flowed back again, and dashed against the canons' houses.

Their inhabitants fled in consternation into the forests, and everything was destroyed in their dwellings.

Guillemette de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde, agitated and trembling behind their battlements, repented, but too late, of their monstrous expedient.

They were the only ones who had not yet felt the popular vengeance.

Their restless eyes watched the motions of the indignant townspeople.

The work is completed: the last house is

sacked! The burghers consult together. — O horror! — they turn towards the castle, — they ascend the hill, — they draw near. Is then the abode of the noble counts of Arberg about to be laid waste? But no! — "We come," said the delegates standing near the gate of the castle, "we are come to demand justice for the outrage committed against religion and its minister." They are permitted to enter, and the trembling countess orders the poor wretches to be punished who had acted solely by her orders. But at the same time she sends deputies to Berne, complaining of the "great insults that had been offered her." Berne declared that the reformed should pay for the damage; but that the countess should grant them the free exercise of their worship. Jacques Veluzat, a native of Champagne, was the first pastor of Valangin. A little later we shall see new struggles at the foot of Mount Jura.

Thus was the Reformation established at Valangin, as it had been at Neufchatel: the two capitals of these mountains were gained to the Gospel.

Erelong it received a legal sanction. Francis, marquis of Rothelin, son of the Duchess of Longueville, arrived in the principality in March 1531, with the intention of playing on this small theater the part of a Francis I. But he soon found out that there are revolutions which an irresistible hand has accomplished, and that must be submitted to. Rothelin excluded from the estates of the earldom the canons who had hitherto formed the first power, and replaced them by four bannerets and four burgesses. Then, availing himself of the principle that all abandoned property falls to the state, he laid his hands upon their rich heritage, and proclaimed freedom of conscience throughout the whole country. All the necessary forms having been observed with Madame, the politic M. de Rive became reformed also.

Such was the support Rome received from the state, to which she had looked for her deliverance.

A great energy characterized the Reformation of French Switzerland; and this is shown by the

events we have just witnessed. Men have attributed to Farel this distinctive feature of his work; but no man has ever created his own times; it is always, on the contrary, the times that create the man.

The greater the epoch, the less do individualities prevail in it. All the good contained in the events we have just related came from that Almighty Spirit, of which the strongest men are but weak instruments. All the evil proceeded from the character of the people; and, indeed, it was almost always Popery that began these scenes of violence. Farel submitted to the influence of his times, rather than the times received his. A great man may be the personification and the type of the epoch for which God destines him: he is never its creator.

But it is time to quit the Jura and its beautiful valleys, brightened by the vernal sun, to direct our steps towards the Alps of German Switzerland, along which thick clouds and horrible tempests are gathering. The free and courageous people, who dwell there below the eternal glaciers, or on the smiling banks of the lakes, daily assume a fiercer

aspect, and the collision threatens to be sudden, violent, and terrible. We have just been witnessing a glorious conquest: a dreadful catastrophe awaits us.