

**CLAUDINE: OR, HUMILITY,  
THE BASIS OF ALL THE  
VIRTUES; A SWISS TALE**

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Claudine: or, Humility, the basis of all the virtues; a Swiss tale by Maria Elizabeth Budden

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**MARIA ELIZABETH BUDDEN**

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# CLAUDINE,

OR

HUMILITY, THE BASIS OF ALL THE VIRTUES.

A Swiss Tale.

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“Parmi les hommes le Tout-Puissant a promis la Gloire du Ciel à ceux qui possèdent les plus précieuses vertus.”

CHATEAUBRIAND.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

‘ALWAYS HAPPY’—‘NINA,’—‘TRUE STORIES FROM  
ANCIENT HISTORY,’ &c. &c.

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FIFTH EDITION.

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## DEDICATION.

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THIS little work was written at Besançon, near the Mountains of Jura, near Switzerland, immediately after a delightful tour in that enchanting country.

In this retreat, the Author had the happiness of finding a friend, capable and willing to assist her in drawing a Sketch of Swiss Manners and Customs. To this amiable female she hastens to dedicate the pages embellished by her suggestions.

As a testimony of esteem and attachment,

MADAME L'A \* \* \* \*

is entreated to accept of this expression of the sentiments of the Author.

M. E. B.

*Besançon, Jan. 1821.*



\* \* The deeply interesting event with which the story opens, was described to the Author by the Englishman (perhaps the only Englishman) who witnessed it. Should that agreeable and intelligent traveller ever cast his eyes on this little Work, he will forgive this feeble sketch of his own animated and feeling description.

## CLAUDINE.

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Not many summers have passed, since one of the loveliest and most admired valleys of Switzerland, the rich and beautiful "Val di Bagne," was the scene of an awful calamity.

In the spring of 1815, an immense avalanche (or rather a mass of ice, called a *pointe d'aiguille*, one of the towering points that rise amidst the seas of ice in the Vallais) fell from its lofty scite into a gorge of the mountain, and checked the flow of that branch of the river Drantz that meandered through the quiet and smiling Val di Bagne. The stream, continually fed by numerous rivulets of dissolving snow from the adjacent mountains, deprived of its accustomed

outlet, soon spread itself over the neighbouring plains, and formed a deep and extensive lake, a league in length and three hundred feet in depth.

The size and strength of the enormous icy barrier may be divined, when the vast mass of water it sustained is considered. The inhabitants of the valley, aware of the impending calamity, should the summer's sun dissolve the mighty dam and give liberty to the imprisoned mass of waters, fled with rapidity to the adjacent mountains. The course of such a stream, rapid and powerful, must carry desolation whithersoever it rushed. But time and habit reconcile man to many things, that on the first glance appear terrible and unsupportable. The peasants beheld the mighty mass sustain the pressing waters for so long a period, that they deemed it could sustain them for ever, and by degrees returned to their deserted cottages. They saw that the summer's sun had not injured the icy barrier, and, forgetful that other seasons