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The Jungfrau.

SWITZERLAND

IN SUNSHINE AND SNOW

By

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

AUTHOR OF

"THE ENGLISH CASTLES," "FAMOUS CASTLES AND PALACES
OF ITALY," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTY-SIX PLATES
IN COLOUR AND HALF-TONE*



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The Federal Capital

One, we observe with pleasure, has slipped out and is making off quietly ; but another is being conveyed with obvious gusto and deliberation by the ogre into his capacious mouth—the next instant you realise that the tender limbs will be cracked between his opening jaws. The whole thing is very realistically done. Horrible cannibal, who are you—some hated baron of the Oberland? No, the features are Jewish, and the group evidently relates to the legends circulated in the sixteenth century about child sacrifices by the Hebrews.

A monument more pleasing to the Chosen People should be the Samson Fountain, which, like all these compositions, is full of vigour. The pleasant-faced giant is wrenching open the jaws of a lion which gapes as with astonishment. Samson seems about to extract a tooth. Then there is the fountain bearing the statue of the gentle dame Seiler, the founder of the Insel Hospital, and the fine Renaissance figure of Justice on the Gerechtigkeits brunnen. This dates from 1543. Younger by two years is the Archer Fountain, representing the gaily-uniformed soldier of the period. He is accompanied by a little bear as his esquire. Bears! Berne delights to honour them! They meet your eye at every turn. Here is Bruin again, very fine and martial, armed *cap-à-pie* and upholding a banner. He marches in procession, you will have observed,

Switzerland

round the column of the Kindlifresser ; he upholds each corner of the monument to the victor of Laufen ; you will see him on the cathedral terrace acting as page to the bronze effigy of Berchtold of Zähringen. Feeling that she has not done enough to honour him, Berne has given him a new fountain all to himself in the Bärenplatz. There, in white marble, bears of all sorts and sizes clamber and prowl round the apex of a column on which triumphantly stands the head bear, evidently king of the castle.

Everybody, I take it, loves bears, and I for one can understand why the Bernese never tire of them. Since 1400 or thereabouts a number of these jolly animals have been maintained at the city's expense, just as the Romans have kept wolves and as we ought to keep lions. The French inhumanly carried off these wards of Berne, and one of them, Martin, unpatriotically condescended to become the pet of the Parisians. But in 1815 the republic recovered its bears, and there you can see their descendants to this day, very properly housed in a commodious den just across the Nydeckbrücke. They are very fine beasts, and do credit to their masters and to the liberality of the tourists, who never tire of bombarding them with bread and carrots. The bears do not tire of being bombarded either. At times they will climb a pole for their admirers' entertainment, but they usually receive favours

The Federal Capital

prone on their broad, shaggy backs. They are good-tempered enough, but will not submit to insult. A good many years ago an English tourist, after copious potations of beer, thought it would be excellent fun to go down into the pit one night and give the oldest bear a scare. Bruin growled when disturbed in his sleep, but retired farther into his den. There the Englishman was rash enough to follow him, and paid for his temerity with his life. It is only under such provocation that our friend the bear loses his naturally placid temper, which is usually maintained on a vegetarian diet. These animals are still to be found wild in some of the mountain chains of eastern Switzerland, and even there they are barbarously persecuted. They are handsome, well-meaning brutes, and ask only to be let alone. The human race is not so interesting or amiable that we can afford to do without our four-footed brothers.

A counter-distraction to the bear pit is provided by the Clock Tower in the Kramgasse, now in the heart of the city, but in Berchtold's time its western limit. It contains a clock built in 1527 and restored about sixty years later. Three minutes before each hour a wooden cock crows and flaps his wings. The visitor's attention having been thus arrested, a procession of bears armed with cross-bows issues from the interior of the clock and marches round the figure

Switzerland

of old Father Time. The rooster again crows ; the hour is struck by a jester with cap and bells, Father Time raises his sceptre and beats time, turns his hour-glass, and opens his mouth, while a bear bows before him ; the cock crows for the third time ; and the exhibition is over for another hour. Who would carry a watch when the time of day is impressed upon him by such agreeable devices ?

It will have been seen that there is much of the musical-box, cuckoo-clock character about the capital of Switzerland, a survival of the quaint, childlike humour of the Middle Ages. But the grimmer humour of those days may be tasted in the wonderful Historical Museum, with its remarkable collection of headsman's axes, each of which has chopped off a hundred heads, and the seven hundred and fifty halters which Charles the Bold had thoughtfully provided for the Swiss. These fell into the hands of his intended victims at Morat or Grandson, and are now proudly displayed among the banners, swords, lances and other trophies of those glorious fields. Seven hundred and fifty halters ! Why not seven hundred or eight hundred ? One marvels at such precision in such a matter. Probably the duke decided that fifteen hundred Swiss would be a very proper holocaust, and economically allowed one halter for two men.



The Brügler Fountain, Berne.

To Mrs
APPENDIX

The Federal Capital

The piety of the hardy, haughty Bernese is represented by the Münster, begun in 1421, and finished in 1590. It is largely the work of one of the architects of Strassburg Cathedral, and certainly reminds one of that famous fane. On the portal is illustrated the legend of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. It does not seem to have been taken to heart by the Protestants, who have swept the inside of this glorious church bare of all adornment and left no lamps shining there.

The minster stands high and nobly above the Aar, here spanned by the beautiful Kirchenfeld bridge. Far below the river foams and eddies round rocks and the stout knees of washerwomen. The steep slopes are largely overgrown with gardens and plantations, and are less bare than when the startled horse of Weinzäppli jumped the parapet and was dashed to pieces below, leaving his rider sprawling but unhurt to live for half-a-century longer.

The dignity of Berne is expressed in the white Federal Palace—Curia Confoederationis Helveticae, as the lettering over the façade describes it—which rises so proudly above the Aar and seems to have caught some of the white majesty of the mountains opposite. Here since 1848 the Government of the republic has at last found a permanent habitation, after having been shifted from Baden to Frauenfeld,

Switzerland

from Zurich to Lucerne, and back again so often in the course of ages. Zurich surpasses all other Swiss towns in population and wealth, Geneva claims a vague intellectual superiority, but no one need dispute with Berne her political supremacy. Certainly it has brought her no very substantial increase in wealth or power. The representatives of the cantons come here to transact their political business as expeditiously as possible, and, I should judge, with as little personal expenditure. You may see groups of them lunching or dining at the railway buffet, looking, some of them, as if they had come straight from the plough. I doubt if the institution of tea on the terrace is known to them ; they would be shocked if their house of assembly were referred to as the finest or the worst club in Europe. Republican simplicity reigns at Berne, if nowhere else in the world. Visiting the administrative buildings attached to the parliament house I noticed the word " Bundespräsident " (President of the Confederation) inscribed over an inconspicuous door, just as you might see the word " Cashier " or " District Registrar." I called to mind how an important English railway contractor once knocked at this door and was answered by a man in shirt sleeves, whom he took to be a clerk. It was the President himself. In the hall of the Council of State I sat in this functionary's

The Federal Capital

chair, and, so far from rebuking my presumption, the attendant politely inquired if I was fatigued ! A sitting of the Swiss Parliament I have not assisted at. From the arrangement of the Chamber and the character of the representatives, I should imagine its proceedings to be dignified and business-like. Here men come to make laws for the betterment of their country, not to discuss mediæval precedents and play the party game. I wonder whether the art of blocking bills is understood at Berne, and if they know how to shelve measures passed by a majority of two-thirds of the House. But here, of course, the Cabinet is appointed by the representatives themselves and has to respect their wishes.

The importance of this pretty little city by the Aar is more than national. Close to the railway station I noticed a plate beside an inconspicuous door bearing the words, "Union postale universelle." The Swiss capital is also the world's postal headquarters. Here are settled the colossal accounts which the nations run up against each other for money orders, telegraph charges, and the transport of parcels. The work in this international clearing house must be tremendous. A German waiter sends five shillings from a post-office in Soho to his mother in the Harz mountains, and sooner or later England and Germany must square ac-

Switzerland

counts here. Not less complicated must be the transactions disentangled at the International Railway Clearing House not far away. It is so easy a matter to book yourself or a bale of goods from Lisbon to Odessa. You never ask yourself over whose lines you are travelling. You paid your good money at Lisbon, and are free from further liability. And the price of your ticket must be divided up by a clerk at Berne between a score of different companies and governments in strict proportion to the distance you have travelled on the lines of each. See how these nations treat one another!—even when they are at enmity, for here is the headquarters of the society of the Red Cross, whose emblem will be respected when all other treaties and conventions have been torn to shreds.

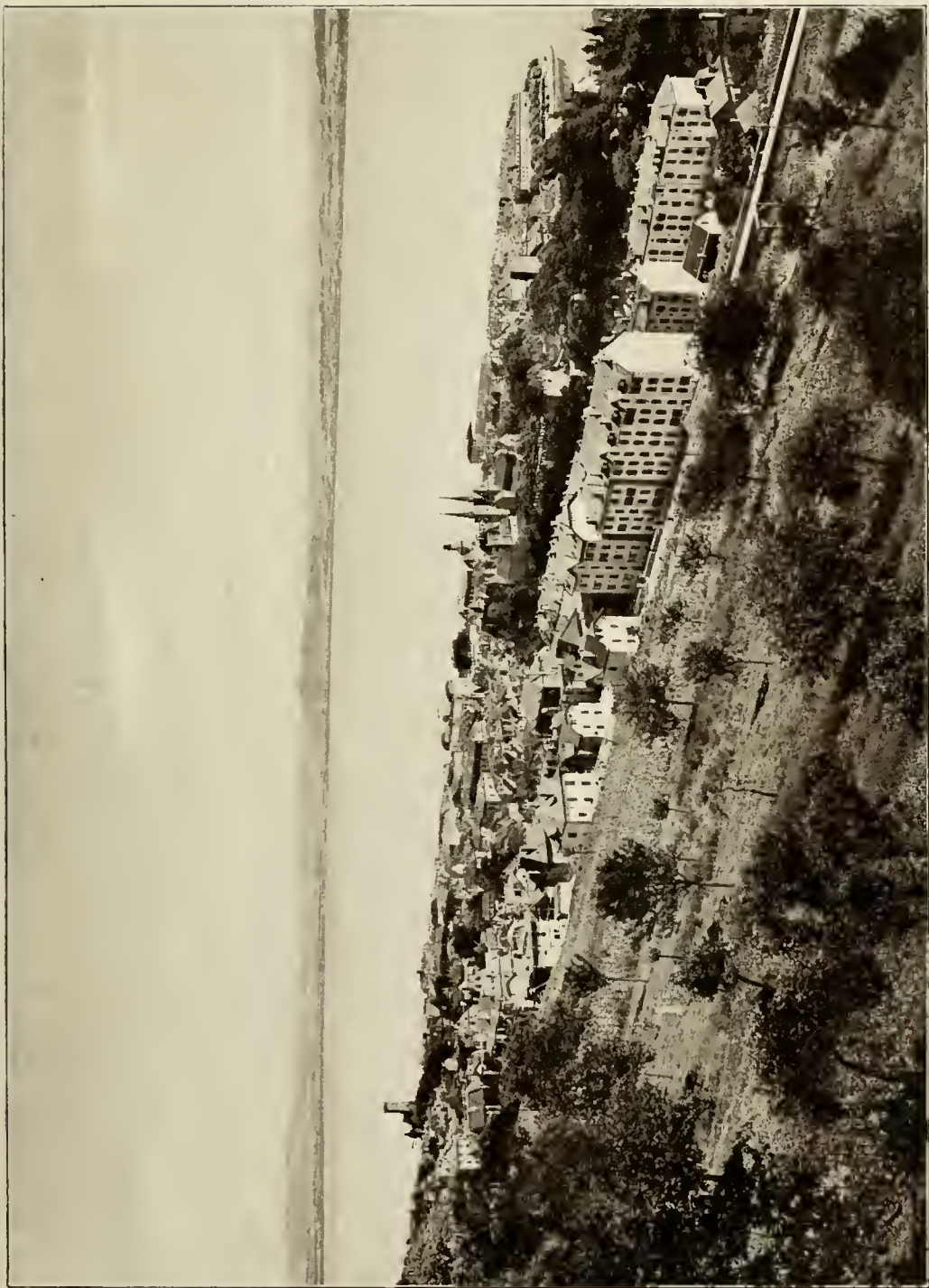
Berne stands for international comity, for the triumph of law and humanity above petty racial rivalries. Herself the keeper of a pact between three widely distinct peoples, she willingly acts as umpire and broker for the rest of the world. Her calm, practical adjustment of such vast European interests points the way to the unification of the nations. Since a world's postal union is possible, why not a world's customs union? Since the nations have pledged themselves to respect the Red Cross flag, why not pledge themselves to respect all flags and to refer their differences, as they refer

The Federal Capital

their railway disputes, to Berne or to The Hague? Since German Catholics, French Protestants, and Italian Free-thinkers can submit to one law because it is just, do not politicians and journalists lie when they dismiss the United States of Europe as an empty dream?

NEUCHATEL

NEUCHATEL is a dull place with an interesting history. As you first see it from the train, thundering and whistling among the gorges of the Jura, it looks picturesque enough, seated by its broad expanse of lake. It forms indeed one of the finest approaches to Switzerland from the west. I remember that the unexpected beauty of the scene very keenly affected some of my fellow-passengers. There were a young Irish couple, for instance, who were so fond of each other that an elderly English lady doubted if they could be lawfully married. When they caught sight of the lake they clutched each other's hands, and the man, in a rich, soft accent, murmured something to the girl about home and the Bay of Dublin. Not wishing to disturb a love scene, I retreated into the next coach. In the little connecting passage which always reminds me of the pull-out part of a camera I nearly fell over a countryman in very loose flannels, stretched out at full length. I asked if he were train-sick. He gasped: "Leave me alone! This beauty overpowers me." I perceived that he was an advanced person, and



Photo/

Neuchâtel.

/Wehrli.

10. 1900.
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Neuchatel

was sure that he wore Jaeger underclothing. I left him alone, and hope he was not overpowered by the conductor, a man who, like Mr Kipps, would have sternly warned him, "No art!"

I wonder how this comparatively new type squares with the Continental conception of an Englishman, which remains pretty much Caran d'Ache's. The Jaegerish Briton is a creature of nomadic habits, and has, moreover, a fancy for straying off the beaten track, where the old convention lingers longest. The tradition must be rudely disturbed by these apparitions in sandals, jibbehs, art serges, and open collars. In certain quarters of Switzerland and Italy, to which friends of mine have penetrated, I expect to find John Bull represented by local art as a rather weedy Oscar Wilde chewing a young carrot.

Had my travelling companions broken their journey at Neuchatel, as I did, their raptures would soon have moderated. The town is very yellow, and, as the French so expressively put it, *morne*. The streets are broad and tree-lined, and very clean and quiet. There is, of course, an efficient service of electric tramways; the station stands very high above the lake, which is rather unfortunate, as it might otherwise impart a little animation to the town.

Switzerland

There is a *jardin Anglais* provided for us elegant islanders, and very neat, clean-swept quays. There is nothing else to do in Neuchatel but stroll up and down these, and inquire every hour or two if there are any letters for you at the post-office. There are one or two enormous hotels where you are set down all by yourself at a small table in the middle of the *salle à manger*, and sit hoping against hope for the appearance of some other traveller. If you stayed long enough, I have no doubt another would in due course appear ; but no one does stay long enough.

I stopped at this melancholy place because a German friend told me that he had had the time of his life there. He was a very young and very German German in those far-off times (away back in the nineties), and was delighted to strum a guitar beneath the windows of one of the numerous girls' pensionnats or to go home from the café with other desperadoes singing part-songs and glees. I fear that he has since forgotten these simple joys, as young Germans do when they grow into prosperous London merchants and go down to the sea in motor cars and traffic in rubber and jungles.

The pensionnats, of which my now opulent friend has such tender recollections, are very numerous at Neuchatel. The inhabitants pride

Neuchatel

themselves on their excellent French, and English girls are sent here in great numbers to acquire it. It is for their special benefit, I suppose, that the benevolent M. Suchard has established his chocolate manufactory in the suburbs of the town. These delightful little ladies collect picture postcards of Phyllis Dare, and all hope to be like her some day. Their coming and going must keep the youth of Neuchatel in a perpetual agony of hopes and fears, and cause the native young ladies (who are rather homely) ecstasies of jealousy. I remember crossing the lake, once upon a time, from Morat to Neuchatel with a party of these schoolgirls, in charge, alas! of their excellent mistress. They were of various nationalities, but I noticed that two of them—I am glad to say the prettiest—had little enamel Union Jacks pinned to their blouses. In a country like Switzerland, where people from all parts of the world meet at hotels or on steamers and trains, it seems to me rather a good plan to advertise one's nationality in this way—unless, indeed, you feel your own countrymen to be bores, as English people affect to do. These schoolgirls, so far from being bores, beguiled the three hours' journey by singing in chorus, and very well their high, shrill, rather thin voices sounded over the silvery waters of the placid lake. The evening hour, the swish of

Switzerland

the water, the vision of the Alps, and these familiar songs, produced in me those emotions which are so delicately rendered by Mr Clifton Bingham. Home-sickness, I have observed, is always acutest at what cyclists term lighting-up time. I suppose this is a faint recrudescence of the instinct of primitive man to seek shelter when darkness approached. You don't feel it when it is really night. A man is as little likely to be home-sick at twelve midnight as at twelve noon. English travellers subject to attacks of this disagreeable sensation ward it off by a hearty tea.

Having nothing much to do at present, Neuchatel thinks and writes a good deal about its past. Most New Castles are very old, and this one is rather older than the New Forest. There was a count at Neuchatel in 1290, when he made an alliance with Fribourg. Later on he allied himself with Berne. The first brunt of Charles the Bold's ire fell on the county in 1476. Twenty miles north along the shore of the lake is the little town of Grandson, with a fine old castle, with the warm, red-peaked roofs which once surmounted our English strongholds. The Burgundians took this castle, and the Swiss confederates, with whom marched a body of Neuchatelois, encamped on the heights to the north-east. The duke could not coax them

Neuchatel

down, so he marched out of the town and feigned a retreat. But when the horns of Uri and Lucerne were sounded close at hand, the retreat became a real one, and presently a rout, in which the Swiss captured enormous booty. In fact this victory, says a Swiss historian, was the richest in spoil ever gained by any people.

Charles, as we know, did not lose heart, but collected another army, determined this time to wipe these pestilent mountaineers out of existence. A mile south of Morat you may see the marble obelisk which marks the place of Switzerland's crowning victory. In the little town itself is another castle, wherein the confederates, under Adrian von Bubenberg, resisted the invaders for eleven days. On 22nd June 1476 the Swiss army advanced to the relief. The advanced guard was forced back by the Burgundians, who pursued them towards the forest, and posted themselves behind quickset hedges. The main body of the confederates came up, and after a desperate struggle drove the enemy from their shelter into the plain to the southward. The rain poured down pitilessly, and not less pitilessly the combat was continued. The Burgundians gave way, leaving from eight to ten thousand men dead on the field. All the bells were rung joyously from Neuchatel to the abbey of St Gall.

Switzerland

In 1504 the countship of Neuchatel passed by inheritance to Louis d'Orleans, duc de Longueville. Eight years later, while France was at war with the confederation, the territory was occupied by the Bernese. The circumstance was of great importance to the Neuchatelois, for at the close of this temporary domination, Farel, the religious reformer, was able to introduce Protestant doctrines into the country.

The canton is not to be congratulated upon its apostle. Erasmus said that he had never met a man more false, more violent, or more seditious than Farel, who was nearly torn to pieces at Montbeliard for having wrenched an image from a priest and thrown it into the river. Another reformer begged this zealot to be an evangelist and not a tyrannical legislator. He seems to have followed this advice for a time, and resorted to "pious frauds" to beguile the Swiss from their ancient faith. He spent his declining years at Neuchatel, and astonished everyone by taking a wife at the age of seventy. He was very urgent, we read, with monks and nuns to break their vows. His indulgence of the weakness of human nature did not extend to heresy, and he was an accomplice of Calvin in murdering Servetus. However, these indiscretions do not appear to have shaken the faith of the Neu-

Neuchatel

chatelois in his doctrines, which are professed (and we hope not practised) by 100,000 out of a population of 126,000.

In 1530 the territory was recovered by the Longuevilles. The overlordship had passed to the Dutch branch of the house of Orange, by a deed executed as far back as 1288. In the year 1532, Neuchatel was erected into a principality, and in 1648 was recognised, like the rest of Switzerland, as outside the Empire. Now in 1707 the house of Longueville came to an end in the person of Marie de Nemours. There were fifteen claimants of the vacant diadem; but the chancellor, Montmollin, got the Council of State to decide in favour of Frederick I., King of Prussia, to whom William III. of England, the last of the suzerain house of Orange, had transferred his rights on his death five years before. The Prussian king was chosen mainly because the other claimants were all Catholics.

Neuchatel, though a principality under a foreign king, continued to be an ally of Berne and Fribourg, and practically a member of the Swiss confederation. In 1806 it was ceded by Frederick William III. to Napoleon, who bestowed it upon Marshal Berthier. The new prince never once set foot in his dominions, but entrusted them to a governor named M. de Lesperut. This gentleman, we are told by a

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local historian, "passed his time in the *salons* of the Neuchatelois nobility. The ladies of that castle still recall the distinguished manner in which he read Corneille and Racine ; but the country was at the mercy of a few nobles, who did not forget to remind the people that the sovereign being the humble servant of a despot could only be a despotic prince, and that they being the servants of that servant, were to act as their master and the master of that master."

The King of Prussia had forgotten all about his remote appanage when in 1814 the nobility aforesaid sent a deputy to congratulate him at Bâle and to request him to resume his sovereignty. This he did, at the same time acquiescing in the formal incorporation of Neuchatel within the confederation. A strange idea for the King of Prussia to be a member of a republican union ! As his Majesty had no time or inclination to bother himself about the affairs of Neuchatel, the government fell entirely into the hands of the aristocracy, who continued the policy of Berthier's day. In 1831 the people began to growl. On the night of 13th September a force of about three hundred conspirators, led by a young man named Bourguin, surrounded the castle and occupied it without resistance. The Council of State appealed for help to Berne, and the federal authorities took

Neuchatel

possession of the stronghold. The electors were consulted and pronounced for a continuance of the monarchy.

During the next sixteen years the conflict waged between republicans and royalists. Life did not wear the tranquil aspect it does now in Neuchatel. But in 1847 the canton committed the mistake of refusing to help the central Government against the Sonderbund. It preferred to remain neutral, as did Kentucky in 1861 and as Cape Colony wished to do in 1899. It was fined five hundred thousand francs. Sure now of the support of the federal authorities, the republicans rose at Le Locle in February 1848, and, under the leadership of A. M. Piaget, forced the princely Government to surrender its powers. The canton became a republic, like all its sisters of the confederation.

His Prussian Majesty had his hands full at home, and could do nothing just then to prevent this subversion of his authority. In 1852, however, he persuaded the other powers to renew their recognition of him as Prince of Neuchatel, and encouraged his partisans to assert his rights. On 2nd September 1856 a band of royalists, headed by the Count de Pourtalés, suddenly attacked and seized the castle of Neuchatel, just as the republicans had done in 1831. They issued proclamations calling

Switzerland

on the people to rally round them and uphold their legitimate prince. The republicans in the mountain district immediately took up the challenge and besieged the castle. They were joined by the federal troops, who on 4th September drove the royalists from their stronghold with a loss of twelve killed and a hundred prisoners.

The leaders of the revolt were, it was announced, to be put on their trial for high treason. The King of Prussia, who had not minded very much the loss of his sovereignty, was not prepared to stand the punishment of his faithful adherents. He threatened the confederation with war unless Pourtalés and his followers were set at liberty. The federal council refused unless Prussia first formally renounced her right to the canton. Napoleon III., whose good offices Switzerland had invoked, recommended the liberation of the royalists ; but the republic stood firm. Prussia got leave from the south German states to march her armies through them to attack Switzerland, and the Swiss mustered an army of 100,000 men under the veteran Dufour. But Napoleon, on 8th January 1858, persuaded the obstinate federalists to give way, and to content themselves with exiling the royalist rebels. In return for this concession, by a treaty signed at Paris on 20th

Neuchatel

April, Prussia renounced all rights to the canton. Switzerland paid the king an indemnity of a million francs, and granted an annuity to all concerned in any way in the late troubles.

And so this anomaly of a king being a member of a republican federation and of a principality forming part of a republic came to an end. It was well indeed for federation and canton that it did so, as the Neuchatelois must have gratefully reflected when war broke out in 1870 between France and their former suzerain. It is not likely that the French would have respected the neutrality of their enemy's principality, and an invasion of the King of Prussia's Swiss appanage would have meant war with the whole of Switzerland. The danger they escaped was brought still more vividly to the mind of the people of the canton when Bourbaki's army, broken and defeated, was hurled back against their frontier at Pontarlier and Les Verrières, and demanded an asylum in Switzerland. Such a demand could hardly have been granted by the vassals of Prussia, and if it had been, assuredly the Prussian army would have followed the fugitives and attacked them on Swiss soil. Count Pourtalés showed such unpatriotic want of foresight that he did not deserve that one of the best streets in Neuchatel should be named after him.

Switzerland

Of the horrors of that awful retreat across the invisible and intangible barrier of the frontier I have read no more vivid description than that given by Paul and Victor Margueritte in their novel, "Les Tronçons du Glaive."

"The evening of the 31st, Clinchant reached Les Verrières, where he found the artillery and baggage waggons collected amid an ever-increasing swarm of scattered troops and deserters. From the French to the Swiss village, negotiations passed between him and General Hertzog, commanding the federal army, and a convention was arranged. Disarmed at the frontier, the men were to proceed to the places that should be appointed, the officers keeping their swords, guns and treasures to be confided to the safe keeping of Switzerland. The signatures having been exchanged, the troops immediately began to cross the line. They had been waiting since the preceding evening in the snow.

"Through the darkness, the tragic defilade began. By the narrow defile behind Pontarlier, by the roads of Les Verrières and Les Fourgs, by the narrowest fissures in the mountains, the compact stream poured, flowed, and trickled. What remained of the 15th, 20th, and 24th corps, a confused mob of infantry, horsemen, gunners, and waggons like moving

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barricades, was heaved forward in a black torrent, dense and continuous. But, covering the retreat, in the defile of La Cluse, between the fort at Joux and the battery in the snow at Larmont, the roar of the cannon, the furious rattle of musketry was heard once again. The Prussian advance-guard, after crossing Pontarlier, took four hundred waggons loaded with provisions, and rose up before the defiles. Mingling with the convoy, they attacked Pallu de la Barrière's division, the general reserve, under cover of which the 18th corps, forming the rear-guard, was then retreating. Two of its regiments made a half-circle, and hastened to join the reserve, the only troops which, out of the hundred thousand men who set out from Bourges and Lyons, kept up heart.

“ These at least were heroes. For seven hours they tramped through blood and snow, striding over corpses, step by step to make their way. Officers and men vied with each other. Pallu's infantry asked him: ‘ Are you satisfied, General? ’ Lieutenant-Colonel Achilli fell bravely. To a flag of truce endeavouring to persuade him that he had no choice but to yield, General Robert answered: ‘ There is still death remaining.’ Until night-fall, thundering from Joux and crackling from La Cluse, the cannon and the musketry covered the parting of the

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roads, and the retreat of the artillery, proclaiming that in this disaster honour was not altogether shipwrecked !

“ Nearly ninety thousand men had already been thrown on to Swiss soil. The procession had lasted two days. From one twilight to the other, all night long, and again on the morrow, across the slopes white with snow, the dark stream flowed down, inexhaustibly. With a slow relentless impulse, the waves starting at the rear pushed on unceasingly, driving the others before them. Between hedges of the federal troops, motionless, leaning on their arms, the tide flowed ever onwards. For the last to enter, the first must march for leagues and hours. Thrown, as they passed, in two enormous piles on each side of the road, were heaped up rifles, ammunition, sabres, revolvers, and pouches. Lances, thrust into the ground, bristled like a leafless forest. Nothing was heard along the whole length of the moving line, but a complaining murmur raised by thousands of dry coughs. Nearly all were limping, with bleeding and swollen feet ; beneath the unkempt hair, shaggy faces showed eyes that gleamed like madmen’s. They shivered in rags that swarmed with vermin. At intervals there passed by waggons and horses ; with the flesh worn off their bones,

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many having been saddled for weeks—living ulcers with manes and tails eaten away; so hungry were they that they gnawed the wood at the back of the waggons.

“ At this sight the inhabitants, assembled by hundreds, their hands laden with gifts, began to weep. Hastening from the towns, villages and solitary huts, they brought clothing, bread, money, drink and meat. The very poorest gave.

“ Into great wooden troughs overflowing with warm milk, bowls held at arm’s length were plunged in turn without ceasing, filled, and emptied at a draught. Sometimes by the roadside fell the dying, senseless, mute; they were raised up kindly. Barns and stables soon were full, and at a distance in the plain, the schools and churches. A boundless charity held out its arms, touched to compassion by this flood of horrors, such as man never remembered to have seen.”

The horses so hungry that they gnawed the backs of the waggons! Nothing is so horrible in horrible war as the sufferings of the animals who are its absolutely involuntary, innocent victims. I confess the wrongs inflicted on horses and cattle during our South African campaign affected me more poignantly than the hardships endured by the men. And by a heart-

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less paradox the humanities of war, extended under the Red Cross to the most guilty of human combatants, are denied to these helpless irresponsible non-combatants. Perhaps such a scene as the French novelists have described might have done good to our journalists who sneer at dreams of peace among the nations and exert themselves to foment national jealousies. Most of these gentry have never seen, and don't intend to see, a shot fired in anger, it is to be noted.

While staying at Neuchatel I walked out to a little place on the lake called Auvernier, where I had an excellent tea at an inn called the "Poisson." This was the reward but not the object of my excursion, which had been to inspect the far-famed lake-dwellings of Auvernier. For if the fisherman on the Lake of Neuchatel does not see "the round towers of other days in the wave beneath him shining," he may bump his keel at low water on the piles which supported the villages of an even remoter generation. The lake, in times beyond the ken of history, seems to have been studded with these strange abodes of primitive man. No less than fifty "villages" have been counted.

It was probably not on the score of health that the lake-dweller chose to fix his habitation on the waters; nor was it that craving for

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luxury, against which the genial Horace thundered and which moved the Roman plutocrat to build his villa out among the lapping waves until even "the fishes felt the ocean shrink." Protection against a neighbouring tribe was all that was craved of the old stoneman, an ark among the bulrushes where he might be safe from his hereditary foe. And so he set to work laboriously to hew down trees, to sharpen their trunks and drive them as stakes into the mud at the bottom of the lake, buttressing them with loose heaps of stones. On these he laid horizontal beams of wood and twisted stems, and lo! a spacious platform above the water some few hundred feet from land, from which the Neolith might with impunity hurl insults at his less ingenious neighbour on the shore. Then came the speculative builder, and erected what the skin-clad auctioneer no doubt described as "highly desirable modern residences." Their walls were wattle-work bound together with clay. Reeds or rushes from the lake, the bark of trees, and straw (probably pilfered from a hostile clan) went to the making of the roof. The floor was clay, with flat stone slabs let in to form the hearth. Of doors and windows we have no details; the latter probably were lacking. The dwellings varied considerably in size, reach-

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ing at times the palatial proportions of twenty-seven by twenty-two feet.

The lake man did not love to dwell alone. Each platform seems to have been thickly crowded with huts, with only about three feet of space between. Here he lived with his wives and his sons and his daughters, his uncles and his cousins, his oxen and his asses, in emulation of Noah. Probably, stabled in the lake below him he kept his pet hippopotamus, or behemoth, or whatever were the prehistoric equivalents of the Persian cat and the Pekinese.

The watery stronghold has always been dear to the heart of the Celtic peoples. In Ireland it persisted well into the sixteenth century, and in the wilder Scottish Highlands are scattered evidences that it was not despised by the chieftains of Ossian and Fingal. These lacustrine Venices in times of peace were often connected with the strand by a long and narrow gangway, built so that it might easily be destroyed when the war-note sounded over the hills. Then when there were things a-doing on the mainland the prehistoric warriors, at dead of night, would shoot silently over the waters in long canoes of bark, deftly steering among the shadows on the lake to elude a watchful eye. One of these canoes has been found deeply embedded in the mud at the bottom of Lake Neuchatel. A curious

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structure it is, forty feet in length by only four in breadth, hollowed out of a tree-trunk. The lake-dweller must have had the skill of an Oxford blue to sail so frail a craft in safety.

The settlements at Auvernier tell of two remote societies. One dates back to the age of stone, the other to the days when men first learned the art of Tubal-Cain and fashioned their implements of bronze. This is the more interesting and the richest in relics. Only twelve feet below the surface of the lake it lay for thousands of years, unsuspected of the fishermen, guarding the secrets of "old forgotten far-off things, and battles long ago." To the archæologist it speaks of a race of beings, intelligent, highly socialised, not lacking in culture. They practised agriculture, and knew several varieties of wheat and barley. They spun linen, flax and wool, which supplemented the skins of beasts as clothing. Their food and houses seem to have been superior to those of more historic times. The pottery that has been recovered is fine in texture, and of an elegant shape, ornamented with waving lines that recall the Greek.

As might be expected, most of the relics dredged up from the submerged villages are implements of warfare. There are spear-heads in stone and bronze, axes, sickles, knives and

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hammers that have been lodged in the museum at the little town of Boudry—Marat's birth-place—on the road from Neuchatel to Lausanne ; and most important of all from the archæologist's point of view are six bronze swords, all richly chased, which prove their masters to have achieved some distinction in the art of warfare.

It is curious that of all the hundreds of the lake-villages of Switzerland not one has yielded what can be regarded as a religious relic. There has been found nothing approaching an idol or an image. Can it be possible that the primitive men of the Stone and Bronze ages were untrammelled by the superstitions that have weighed down primitive peoples from the dawn of history to the present day ?

But in other respects at any rate they were strangely like their far-off descendants. They had their little vanities. Rings and twisted necklaces have come to light, and bracelets enough to delight our Saxon forefathers. Beads of stone and amber, and very rarely of silver, adorned the daughters of the race. But most common article of all are—hairpins ! Unlike the modern article, these are elaborate affairs of bronze, their heads ornamented with plates and bands of gold. In length they sometimes measure sixteen inches, and at a crisis I can imagine their fair owners using them as a

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formidable weapon to revenge some insult offered by their lovers. I like to think of these prehistoric women, with vigorous bodies and suntanned flesh, fastening these barbaric bodkins in their long hair with conscious coquetry; and I like to think of the dusky evenings in old Helvetia, when the lake-dwelling warrior made his primeval courtship while the water rippled through the rushes, and the winds ruffled the violet shadows on the lake. And over all the stars shone on the eternal snows and on the eternal passions of humanity.

THE PAYS DE VAUD

IN the early dawn of my childhood I heard a voice, unrecognisable now, singing of the "beautiful Pays de Vaud." I thought it would be pleasant to go to that country, where, I gathered, Nature, a great green kindly lady, sat with an open picture-book on her lap, ready to show it to all comers. Nearly twenty years passed before my desire was fulfilled, and though the Pays de Vaud is indeed beautiful, it fell very far short of the country of my childish imagining. But I can say as much, unfortunately, of other and wider realms than the country of Agassiz.

I think the glamour in this instance must have worn thin very early, for I certainly felt no thrill of hope or exultation as I rode one autumn morning for the first time across the rivulet which divides the canton of Neuchatel from the canton Vaud, and struck southwards past the peaked towers of historic Grandson, along the shore of the placid lake. Montreux was my destination, and I knew that a stiff climb lay between me and Lausanne. Yet I spared an hour to Yverdon, where the statue of Pestalozzi looks towards the old Burgundian chateau in



Photo/

Lausanne.

/Wehrli.

1870

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which he carried out his system of education. The little town wore a martial rather than a scholastic air just then. Its three streets re-echoed to the tramp of the soldier-citizens, while guns limbered up rumbled past as though an enemy's camp fires lit the Jura. The state of the country roads had already reminded me that a state of mimic war prevailed around Yverdon, and that the confederation was exercising her sons in arms. They looked smart, alert and formidable, these Helvetic infantrymen, in whose caps it seems strange to see the cross the soldier of other lands has learnt to associate with peace and mercy. Leaving the din and circumstance of glorious war behind, I pushed on past the quiet little spa and casino of Yverdon, well suited by its leafy tranquillity for nervous folk, and saw rising before me the black and cloudy uplands of the Pays de Vaud. I had chanced upon a blank page in Nature's picture-book.

As I toiled up those endless winding ascents I had time to think over the history of the land, and, finding I knew so little about it, to promise myself further instruction. It has been written in considerable detail by the patriotic men of learning in whom this soil seems so prolific. In these erudite tomes you may read how the country fell upon the death of the last Duke of Zähringen to Count Peter of Savoy, "the little

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Charlemagne," and how he and his successors endeared themselves to the Vaudois by their respect for justice and liberty. The happy land was not even taxed, but consented of its own accord from time to time to supply funds with which to carry on the government. Moudon was the seat of the Count's bailiff; Lausanne remained the exclusive domain of its bishop.

In an evil hour for the Vaudois, the Count and many of the nobles espoused the cause of Charles the Bold. Following on their victory at Grandson, the Switzers overran the country and left it in a state of anarchy. The nobility, who had long been jealous of the towns, aspired to virtual independence. Some of the towns remained loyal to Savoy, others thought that in their submission to Berne lay their only safeguard against the barons. The uncertainty of their political destiny notwithstanding, the people laughed and possibly grew fat. Bonivard, writing at the beginning of the sixteenth century, reports: "I lived at a certain place in this country while the pest was ravaging it . . . yet all the while you might have seen the girls dancing to the sound of the *viriolis* and singing songs as if it were shrove-tide." The Vaudois were, in fact, on the eve of a long Lent. In 1522, in the midst of this political and social anarchy, the doctrines of Luther were introduced into

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the country by an ex-monk named Lambert. He met with a hostile reception, as also did Farel, who opened a conventicle at Aigle. The magistrates and clergy ordered the expulsion of these innovators. The Bernese were not slow to avail themselves of this new pretext for interference in the affairs of their derelict neighbours. They sent Rodolphe Nägili, one of their most energetic captains, to Aigle with orders to protect Farel and force the reformed religion upon the inhabitants. This was not, however, to be done all at once. Farel could only preach with the sword of Berne flashing behind him, and an image-desecrating expedition met with a stout resistance.

Meanwhile the Duke of Savoy had pledged Vaud to the Bernese as a guarantee that he would not molest Geneva. In 1535 that city embraced the Protestant creed. This was more than her suzerain could stand, and he at once attacked her. The patricians of Berne were not the men to miss such a chance. They marched an army into the Pays de Vaud to claim fulfilment of the pledge, and after trifling resistance occupied the territory as far as the Lake of Lemman. Lausanne had thrown off the yoke of her bishop and was also crushed in the tight embrace of the bear from the Aar.

The Vaudois had soon reason to regret the change of rulers. The old faith was remorsefully

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extirpated, and the property of the Church was seized by the new Government. Yet, strange to say, as in England, the people have continued attached to the religion which was thus forced upon them by their masters for purely political objects. The Bernese were at once Pope and Cæsar. They expelled the Catholic clergy and excluded the natives of the country from all share in the government. Taxes were levied without the consent of the states, which ceased to be summoned. All authority was vested in the bailiff, who was chosen from among the patricians of Berne for a term of six years, during which he lived like a prince at the sole expense of the subject people. Nor was this a merely passive tyranny. The Bernese had a perfect craze for legislation and harassed the unfortunate province by an ever-increasing multitude of laws and ordinances. Their Excellencies, as they styled themselves, were clever enough, moreover, to foment dissensions between the gentry and the common people, and, in short, pursued the policy of the worst Italian oligarchies. Under their harsh administration, however, education made rapid strides, and public security was rigorously maintained.

For nearly two hundred years the patient Vaudois bore this heavy yoke without a murmur. They paid the taxes and fought in the armies of their oppressors. Having taken an honour-

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able share in the victory of Bremgarten, they made so bold as to ask their rulers to convoke the estates of Moudon to consider the grievances of the country. Their Excellencies rejected the proposal with contempt. At last, in 1723, Major Davel, a Vaudois officer who had distinguished himself in the service of Berne, determined to raise his country to the rank of a canton. He was a hare-brained visionary and dreamer, wholly unsuited to head such an enterprise. Without taking anyone into his confidence he marched his battalion into Lausanne, and, having surrounded the town hall, submitted his demands for the convocation of the estates and the recognition of the liberties of Vaud to the Bernese governors. These crafty officials affected sympathy with the movement, and De Crousaz, one of their number, persuaded the Major to pass the night in his house while the proposals were duly considered. Next morning, on his way to the town hall, Davel was to his astonishment arrested by the commander of a force the magistrates had introduced into the town overnight. No mercy was shown him by the ruthless and grasping oligarchy. He was imprisoned at the Porte Saint Maire, and put to "the question," which means that he was tortured by the crushing of his wrists and ankles. Finally he was beheaded at Vidy, outside Lausanne, on 24th April 1723,

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predicting that his life would be found not to have been sacrificed in vain.

His prophecy was fulfilled. The roar of the French Revolution began to echo among the hills of Vaud, and the people roused themselves from their ignoble apathy. Their celebrated countryman, Laharpe, who had been the tutor of the Tsar Alexander, had the ear of the Directory and moved them on behalf of his little Fatherland. The first risings were suppressed with bloodshed by the Bernese, who maintained their arrogant bearing to the last. But in 1797 they received a stern warning from Paris that they would be held responsible individually for any injury done to the persons or property of the Vaudois. In January the French troops crossed the frontier, and on the 24th the colours of the new Lemanic Republic were hoisted over the town hall of Lausanne. The Government of Berne was at an end, and Vaud was for the first time in history a nation.

Her identity was presently lost in the Helvetic Republic — one and indivisible — and again emerged as one of the sovereign cantons of the reformed confederation established under the auspices of Napoleon. There were in Vaud, as in all countries, many people who sighed for their accustomed chains, but on the whole the new canton showed more gratitude than the other Swiss states for the enormous benefits France



Photo]

Vevey.

[Wehrli.

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had conferred on the country. When darkness overspread the earth again after Waterloo, there was a rumour that the power of Berne was to be restored. But it was too late. Where the flag of the Revolution had once waved, the old rotten order of things could never recover its full strength again. The English reinstated Ferdinand VII. in Spain and expelled the French, but the seed of liberty took root in the peninsula all the same. Similarly Vaud survived the downfall of her liberator. She remains a self-governing state in a republican confederation ; and to emphasise her love of liberty she puts that word first in her device—*Liberté, Patrie*.

Not a very glorious history ! illumined only by that isolated episode of Davel's martyrdom. One wishes these people had not so meekly accepted the rule and religion of the stranger, though larger and more powerful communities have made no shame of doing so. Yet, thanks to some mysterious federal rights possessed by the canton of Fribourg in these parts, Romanism still lingers at the dull little town of Echallens on the summit of the watershed, which I reached after a wearisome climb from Yverdon. Such is the zeal of the Vaudois for the creed forced upon them by alien tyrants that in this poor little oasis of the old faith I found an evangelical missionary establishment. Like most enterprises of the kind, its first appeal was to the

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corporal needs of man : attached to the Christian Young Men's Institute is a restaurant where I made a hasty meal. It was meagre enough, consisting of eggs fried in butter as bitter and salt as Calvin's creed ; and I consoled myself by reflecting that such fare was likely to prejudice all who partook of it, once for all, against this most unlovely and unethical system of faith and morals.

A mile or two beyond this dismal town I saw the Lake of Geneva spread out below me—a vast, profoundly blue expanse, dotted with white sails and pearl-grey smudges of smoke ; to right and left stretched the green shores, flecked by white-walled towns ; straight before me, rising from invisible bases, Mont Blanc lifted its dome above the clouds—the bulwark, as it seemed, of a far, aerial kingdom. The sun was shifting towards Geneva. Its rays were pale gold and were caught over the Alps of Savoy by a fleet of curling clouds sailing to the north. As I gazed a great bird rose up, as it seemed, from the dust before my wheel, dazed me for an instant with a whirr and ruffling of great wings, and then with these wide outstretched speeded across the lake into France.

It was good to let my noiseless wheel rush down that long, winding slope into Lausanne, ever quickening its pace and forcing the mountain air into my face and lungs. The chill of the

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bleak uplands of Echallens was gone, and an immense exhilaration possessed me. In those moments I was intensely conscious of my youth and of the present. Most happiness is retrospective or prospective. The joy of the senses belongs to the moment.

Such thrills are more often experienced on the higher Alps far above the snow-line than approaching sedate scholastic Lausanne. The capital of the canton Vaud is a city of the Bath and Cheltenham type—given up to leisure, lettered ease, and the amenities of artificial life. Here nature is contemplated, admired and shut out. It is a town suited to scholars and old maids. It stands a little way back from the lake as if afraid to wet its feet. One understands why such a place bore so long the oppressive yoke of Berne—tragedy, blood, strife, would be out of harmony with its essential atmosphere. In spite of its changes of masters, Lausanne has been unusually fortunate in avoiding these disagreeable things. When the Bernese invaded the country the bishop fled without testing the powers of resistance of his strong castle which still looms over the city. The religion of Lausanne was then decided, not by the appeal to arms usual in such cases, but by a controversy in the cathedral between Calvin and the Catholic theologians. If the black Pope of Geneva really won in this battle of words, his opponents must

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have been phenomenally poor dialecticians! However, it is admitted that when the people had heard enough they hastened to ransack the church while their masters confiscated the bishop's property. Even Davel's *pronunciamiento* failed to stain the streets with blood. Meanwhile the townsfolk were subjected to an ecclesiastical tyranny from which the Holy Office would have refrained. It was the golden age of Stiggins. You were fined or imprisoned if you didn't go to church; dancing, card-playing, snuff-taking and tobacco-smoking were criminal offences; the men's wigs were not allowed to exceed a certain size; the women of the bourgeoisie were forbidden to wear more than one petticoat at a time—though I should imagine that violations of this last-mentioned law could not very easily have been detected. It was always Good Friday in Lausanne; but the Calvinistic churches have always been respecters of persons and were careful to explain that these laws did not apply to the gentry and the magistrates.

The gentry were not easily reached by the spiritual shepherds of Lausanne. Having no part in the government of their own country, they went abroad when young and often distinguished themselves as soldiers, scholars and statesmen in the service of foreign powers. I have named Laharpe. M. Vulliet, the historian

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of the canton, mentions, among other illustrious natives, Generals Haldimand and Ribeaupierre, of the British and Russian services respectively, and several others who seem to have made a stir in the literary circles of their day. These exiles returned sooner or later to the city by the lake, and tempered the puritanical atmosphere with the graces if not the gallantries of the courts they had left. The academies of Geneva and Lausanne furnished pastors and martyrs to the Huguenot communities in the south of France, but at home the spirit of Calvin was modified by the charm of "madrigals, impromptus and stanzas to Chloe. . . . It was a joyous but also a serious society."

These cultured townsfolk attracted the friends they had made amid other scenes, and by the middle of the eighteenth century, Lausanne, like Geneva, had become a favourite resort of the polite world. Perhaps the town's best claim to the affectionate remembrance of mankind is that here Gibbon completed his stupendous work. Voltaire liked the place, Madame de Staël was bored there. Much has been written, and I shall say no more, of the literary associations of the Vaudois capital. "All the amenities of society and sound philosophy," wrote the great historian, "have found their way into the part of Switzerland in which the climate is most agreeable and wealth abounds.

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The people here have succeeded in grafting the politeness of Athens upon the simplicity of Sparta.”

One wishes they had likewise grafted the patriotism of Thrasybulus on the valour of Leonidas. But Lausanne had found out that she pleased the elegant foreigner, and she has dreaded ever since everything that might drive him away. You must not look for heroes at health resorts, nor expect to hear a new Marseillaise at Margate. Lausanne still profits handsomely by foreign gold. Her schools swarm with English boys and girls, and there is a large resident English colony. In some parts of the town you might fancy yourself in Bath or Cheltenham. Elderly gentlemen of the Anglo-Indian type pass you discussing the iniquities of the Liberal Government and predicting that their country is going to the dogs—which is perhaps the reason why they elect to spend their pensions and educate their children in a republican country.

There appear to be no manufactures or serious industries in the pleasant Vaudois capital, but it flourishes exceedingly for all that. The outskirts resound with the hammering of builders and carpenters; there is considerable show of modest opulence. In native society, the academic and legal elements predominate, for this is the seat not only of a

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university but of the supreme federal tribunal. This was established at Lausanne as a solatium for all the other federal institutions having been fixed in German-speaking cantons. Now the Bernese have to come up for judgment among the people they looked down upon as slaves.

Tourists and globe-trotters do not stay long in Lausanne, and scarcely give more than a glance at its historic monuments. The castle of St Maire, where the bishops reigned and revelled, and Davel spent his last night, is now sadly modernised and houses the cantonal administration. The cathedral was built by Catholic hands and still looks fair and stately outside ; since the Calvinist conquest the interior has been swept and garnished, and seems to have been taken possession of by spirits other than those of religion.

Finding yourself on the shore of the lake, you may be tempted to cross over into Savoy ; or, if you have not had enough of the odour of puritanism, may follow the shore to Geneva past dull Morges and picturesque Nyon. It is worth while to turn aside for a glance at Vufflens, the grandest castle on Swiss soil. " This magnificent feudal manor," exclaims a German traveller, " symbolises the power of those proud barons, the vassals of the kings of Burgundy and the dukes of Savoy, who were all but the equals of their suzerain. All the poetry of the middle

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age seems to reside in the mighty towers of this imposing monument. The image of the rude agitated life which once filled this lonely neighbourhood with noise and strife impresses on us more forcibly the charm of the soft and peaceful existence which is led to-day at the foot of these towers."

The castle is formed by two buildings: the keep or donjon, fifty-four metres in height, and a square palace or residential block adjacent, flanked at each angle with a round tower. Keep and towers blossom out at their summits into the heavy machicolated galleries so common in Italy and carry high-pitched and pinnacled roofs. Certain parts of the stronghold may date from the twelfth century, but the keep as a building is not older than the first decade of the fifteenth century, and was restored in 1860. The interior of the castle presents a curious combination of styles, the work of successive generations. The vaulting of the baronial hall reminds one of St Mark's, Venice. It need not be said that the view from the platform of the keep embraces a magnificent expanse of mountain and lake.

In the opposite direction, from Lausanne you may proceed always beside the lake towards Vevey and Montreux. With every stride you take new mountains come into view, new combinations of white peaks and ragged rocks



Photo]

Gathering Narcissus at Montreux.

[J. W. McLellan.

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rival each other in sublimity, till at last the glorious sun-kissed Dent du Midi closes the prospect. Vevey itself is a little Lausanne, thriving, pleasant, and a favourite resort of foreign gentlefolk. Its name is gratefully remembered in the world's nurseries. Vevey is also the emporium of a drink not made for babes or brown cats. It is the capital of the wine district, and Swiss wine, it should be said, is by no means to be despised. The natives like it so well that drunkenness is their besetting weakness. Vevey has always been devoted to the cult of Bacchus and has found gold at the bottom of the cup. A fraternity of vine-dressers seems to have existed here from the earliest times, but its archives were unhappily burnt in 1688. To this "abbey of the vine-growers" is due the institution of the celebrated Fête des Vignerons, which has for hundreds of years been held in the market-place at Vevey at various and ever-lengthening intervals. This is almost the greatest festival in Switzerland and attracts an immense concourse. In 1833 more than 25,000 visitors flocked into the town; in 1889 no fewer than 170,000 strangers were present. Special music and dances are prepared for the pageant, in which the actors are without exception natives, though they usually number over a thousand.

"The fête des vigneronns," writes Armand

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Vautier, "is the great national, patriotic, and popular feast, the festival of agriculture, truly born of the soil on which it is celebrated. Its poetry is thoroughly impregnated with the odour of the spot, in spite of its repeated incursions into the domain of mythology. In the beginning it was a simple parade of the confraternity of vine-growers, dedicated to St Urban, which went through the streets of Vevey, celebrating the culture of the vine. Later on, the other agricultural industries became entitled to a place: Ceres, then Pales, were joined with Bacchus. The highlands, with their goat-herds and flocks, were next brought in and became the most popular element of the festival. Subsequent to 1791, four troops were organised, corresponding to the four seasons. Groups were added to groups, the number of characters became imposing. Thanks to a very serious preparation, they have proved that the Vaudois are capable of becoming, at a given moment, an artistic people. The varied tableaux which succeed each other in this national epopea—the cortèges of gods with their priests, shepherds, harvesters, goat-herds, fauns, and bacchantes, dances intervening, mediæval Switzers bringing up the rear—have usually a somewhat incoherent effect. It is an odd mixture of pagan mythology and Christian elements, of realism and convention. And yet these tableaux harmonise

The Pays de Vaud

under the gaze of the onlooker ; as in a Vaudois landscape, a Roman monument, a feudal tower and modern city are embraced in the same frame without producing any sense of incongruity.”

Beyond Vevey, the lake shore is embanked and begins to merit the name of the Swiss Riviera. The mountains come closer and closer to the water, the clean, white road is bordered by a long succession of villas with gardens and balconies looking on the lake. Presently the houses assume a more palatial aspect, grandiose hotels line the route, and perch on the flanks of the overhanging mountains. We have reached that long, irregular band of villages—Vernex, Veytaux, Clarens, Territet, Montreux, Chillon—which goes by the last name but one. Montreux is pre-eminently the resort of French Switzerland, and one of the oldest. Clarens is indissolubly associated with Rousseau, who wandered here dreaming of Heloïse ; Chillon has been immortalised by Byron. For well over a century these associated villages have attracted foreigners in search of blue sky, clear waters, and noble prospects. Montreux claims to be a resort all the year round, but it is dull and stuffy at the height of summer. The hotels swarm then, as at all times, with Russian grand dukes, but they contribute little to the entertainment of visitors. There is a casino,

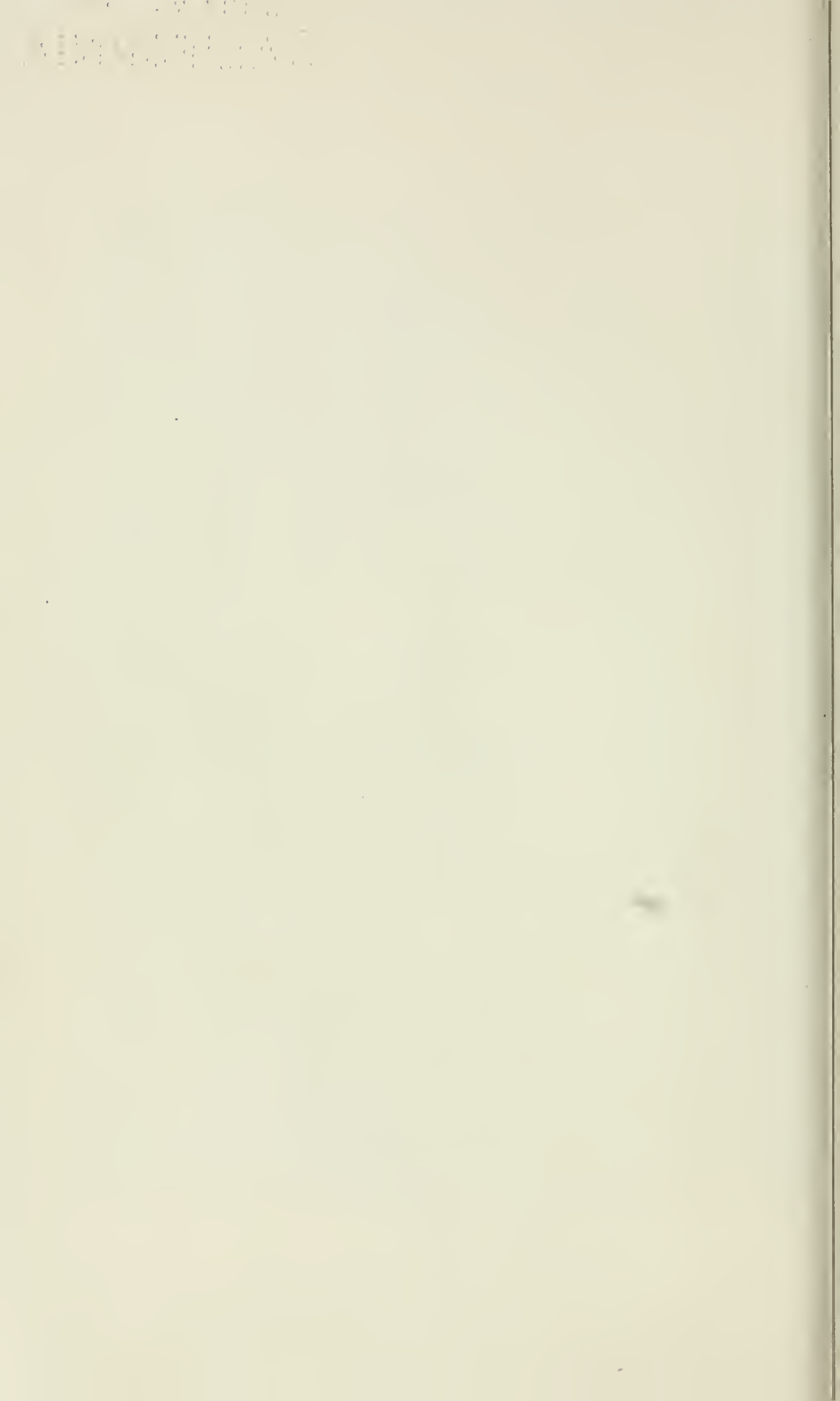
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of course, where you may listen to improving music, and any number of tea-shops where you get excellent pastry and thin tea. In the calm days of August and September there is little else to do but to sit on the terrace of your hotel and watch the play of the light on the Dent du Midi. The mountain encroaches so closely on the lake that walks are only possible along the shore, and then by a road crowded with houses and narrowed by a tramway track. Behind you, there are any number of climbs and scrambles up the mountains to Glion, Caux, Les Avant, and the other winter resorts above Montreux.

In summer, in fact, there is little to draw strangers here except the famous castle of Chillon jutting out into the blue water on the road to Villeneuve. The venerable pile is in excellent repair and is visited by swarms of tourists, who are kept severely in order by an elderly gendarme—one of the few seen in the canton. Most people know something of the history of the castle; but the following notes prepared at the time of my first visit may refresh the traveller's memory.



Chillon.



CHILLON

WASHED on all sides but one by the waters of the lake, the castle of Chillon seems to carry the natural fortifications of the mountains in one unbroken sweep down to the very margin of the waters, so skilful—or fortunate—was its thirteenth-century architect. The present fortress is invested for most English visitors with a romantic glamour through the genius of Lord Byron. But long before the Gothic arches were moulded the advantages of the site were recognised by the lords of the surrounding country. For what could be handier than the lake whose waters lapped the castle's very foundations when one had enemies to dispose of? Relics of the Bronze Age have been found on its rocky platforms. There are undoubted traces of a Roman edifice, and as early as the ninth century the records speak of a massive and gloomy tower, built in what was then a savage spot where nothing was visible but "the sky, the Alps and the Lake of Lemman." Even this prospect was all too often shut out from the wretched inmates by the thick walls of the Carlovingian stronghold.

The history of Chillon, indeed, is the history

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of its dungeons. The first illustrious prisoner whose name the chronicles have preserved was the Count Wala, Abbot of Corbie, the trusted favourite of Charlemagne. Here in 830 he was shut up by Louis the Debonnair, for Louis' sons had been in revolt against their father and Wala was known to be the friend and counsellor of Lothair, though the unfortunate man's counsels were never followed. But his captivity was neither very long nor very irksome. When Lothair took the field a second time against his father, Wala was hurried away to another prison, farther removed from the reach of the rebel. A few years later the cell of the monk was substituted for that of the captive, and in the monastery of Bobbio, in Lombardy, Wala passed out of a turbulent world.

In 1254 the present castle was begun by Peter of Savoy, "the little Charlemagne," who made it his favourite residence. Says an old song :

“ Le vaillant comte Pierre
Possédait maint vallon,
Et pour son nid de pierre,
Le manoir de Chillon ;
Nid planté dans les ondes
Dont les lames profondes
Bercent le vieux château
Sur l'eau,
Sur le bord de l'eau
Bercent le vieux chateau
Sur l'eau.”

Chillon

But amid the ups and downs of war it happened that Peter himself was once confined here as prisoner with eighty of his knights and barons. After this the princes of Savoy lost their love for the watery fortress and Chillon came to be used only as a State prison.

In the fourteenth century a pestilence, a kind of Black Death, swept through the neighbouring country of Vieux-Chablais. The cry went up amongst the Vaudois that the wells were poisoned. In the Middle Ages there was but one cause recognised for every pestilence, famine or sudden death that devastated the land—the Jews. And so the dungeons of Chillon were filled to overflowing with these unfortunates. Many were burned alive by order of the judges of Savoy. But the people accused their magistrates of undue indulgence to the criminals. They broke into the castle, and seizing on all the prisoners, without regard to age or sex or any form of law, hurried them pell-mell to the flames. The instigators of this horrible outrage were punished with rewards and honours.

But it was through the captivity of François Bonivard that Chillon became a household word in England. Byron, knowing, as he afterwards confessed, nothing about his life, seized on the name of Bonivard as a peg on which to hang a panegyric to liberty. “The Prisoner of Chillon” and the fine sonnet that precedes

Chillon

With these tragic lines beating in his head the traveller gazes in silent horror at the thick iron rings let into the pillars of the dungeon, to which Bonivard was chained. But the account of the prisoner's sufferings given by history is less harrowing than that evolved by Byron.

François indeed bore a brave part in the fight against Savoy, and acquitted himself well towards his adopted town, Geneva. But he was no high-souled martyr burning with devotion to religious liberty. He was a jolly man of the world, this François, hospitable, a great *viveur*, well seasoned with Rabelaisian *gros sel*, equally attracted by the popping of the corks or the rustle of a petticoat.

In his early youth Bonivard had been placed under the care of his uncle, Jean-Amé Bonivard, Prior of St Victor, on the outskirts of Geneva. Here he had followed his childish bent, growing fat and learning much about a naughty world, until it was discovered that he could not even read! Straightway the protesting François was sent off to a respectable and learned abbot in Piedmont, where a considerable amount of knowledge was forced into his reluctant, but by no means sluggish, brain. Thence he proceeded to the university of Turin, and later to Fribourg and Strasburg. Then came news of his uncle's death to interrupt his joyous life; but Jean-Amé had bequeathed to his scapegrace nephew,

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with the Pope's consent, the Abbey of St Victor. François returned in high feather to Geneva, to make merry with his ecclesiastical revenues, though strenuously refusing to enter holy orders.

At this time there was a strong patriotic party in Geneva plotting to throw off the yoke of Savoy. François threw himself wholeheartedly into this dangerous game, boldly tossing down the gauntlet to Duke Amadeus. Along with St Victor he had inherited from his uncle the manor of Cartigny, and also some old bronze artillery which Jean-Amé had directed him to melt down and cast into a peal of bells for the abbey. But Bonivard preferred to present them to his friends in the city for less peaceful purposes, a hostile act which Amadeus never forgot.

But meantime Geneva was beginning to give ear to the doctrines of the Reformation. François embraced the theories with avidity, though feeling it quite unnecessary to square his conduct with them. He went to Rome, to find, he said, "irrefutable arguments" against the Papacy.

On his return he called together the leading lights among the reformers, announcing that he was going to read to them the two books then most in favour with the cardinals. But alas! the favoured literature of Rome proved to be in the style approved by less holy men. There was consternation among that assembly of

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Genevan gowns and bands. Interest and chuckles of sensual delight fought hard with pious horror, until there rose up an austere divine, who with righteous wrath rebuked the simple youth. Then with great dignity the man of God retired, taking with him the soberer of his followers, and François finished up his reading amid the plaudits of those listeners who remained. "I always knew," cried the unrepentant one, "that in every man there dwells a swine, whether he be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant of Geneva! Long live human nature!"

Now, the Church in all her majesty swooped down upon the abbot of St Victor. The Eucharist was forbidden him for two years, and meantime he was advised to quit Geneva. After a period of adventurous wanderings he returned to his adopted city, only to find that his old revolutionary comrade, Berthelier, had been put to death. He himself was seized and forced by the Duke of Savoy to resign his priory. For a time he was imprisoned, but, on the intercession of the Bishop of Geneva, was allowed to retire to his manor of Cartigny. Here he established himself "with six arquebuses and six pounds of gunpowder given to him by the people of Geneva." On his gate he hung a warning to those who might dare to enter; to drive his moral home a carcass creaked in chains on a neighbouring gibbet.

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But both Savoy and the Vatican were outraged at this independence ; a troop of soldiers surrounded the house, and François was forced to fly. Geneva gave him refuge, but Amadeus sent him word that outside its sheltering walls he need expect no mercy. At this point his mother fell ill, and François courageously set out to pay his filial respects. At Moudon he fell into a trap, and was taken prisoner by a company of archers, who carried him off to the chateau of Chillon.

Thus began his six years of imprisonment. At first he was comfortably lodged, but when the Duke came to visit him François received him with disrespect. Raising his fingers to his nose, he complained of the smell of sulphur that entered with his Highness. But the joke cost him dear, for he was straightway thrown into the underground dungeon, where the rest of his captivity was spent.

Bonivard seems to have borne his imprisonment in that philosophical spirit with which the Middle Ages were accustomed to regard these small vicissitudes of life. There is actually a pathway trodden by his footsteps in the dungeon floor, but while recognising the unvarying courage of the prisoner, I cannot bring myself to look upon this prison as “ a holy place, and its sad floor an altar.”

When the Bernese troops swept triumphantly

Chillon

through the Pays de Vaud in 1536, they opened the doors of Chillon to the prisoner. The Genevese received him with open arms, took the burden of his poverty upon themselves, made him a member of the Council of State with a pension of two hundred crowns a year, and gave him a house to live in. "Bonivard," says the historian, Jean Senebier, "when he left his prison behind him, had the pleasure of finding Geneva free and reformed." Reformed the city undoubtedly was, too much so for the ex-Prior of St Victor; but though freed from the domination of Savoy, there was little liberty in the city whose morals and manners Calvin regulated.

François' joyous past had not been forgotten by the burghers. It was specially laid down that he must lead a decent and sober life, that his children, if he had any, must be born in wedlock, that on no account must he take a young female to be his housekeeper. For the reformers, though profoundly ignorant of any broad principles of morality, were fanatically devoted to the legal forms of respectability. François submitted with a sigh, and married Catherine Baumgartner, who took his affairs thoroughly in hand. She succeeded in getting many privileges for her husband from the Council, not forgetting "half an ell of velvet for a petticoat" as a reward for her own exer-

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tions. But his matrimonial affairs were a sore trial both to Bonivard and to Geneva. The old Adam was by no means dead within him ; his conduct after his first wife's death soon brought the heavy hand of the Council down upon him. A threat to lodge him in the Hôtel de Ville under the stern eye of the holy men drove him post haste again into matrimony.

Jeanne d'Armeis was his second choice, a widow well endowed with property. They did not get on well together, and François was summoned before the Council on a charge of beating her severely. He managed, however, to persuade the judges that his wife deserved it—never in those days a very difficult task, when the whole duty of woman was to obey her husband. But Jeanne followed her predecessor quickly to the grave, and after the manner of the reformers, François promptly took another wife, also blessed with property. For twelve years she ministered to him as a good wife should, and then died, and her money passed to her son by a former marriage.

François felt aggrieved, and received into his house Catherine de Courtavonne, a nun who had been driven from her convent by the Reformation, and with her a *soi-disant* cousin. Catherine's manners had lost the austerity of monastic life, and the house of Bonivard soon became the one spot where the sternly repressed mirth and

Chillon

gaiety of Geneva could overflow. Unfortunately these goings-on could not be hidden. The genial host was rebuked sternly by the city magnates, and threats of dire penalties were levelled at him, unless he should instantly sanctify his relationship with Catherine by presenting her with a wedding ring.

The old man grumbled, but gave in. Much to the astonishment of pious Geneva, the marriage ceremony did not put a stop to the joyous gatherings at his house. It was hardly to be expected that François could refrain from satirising these unco guid. One night, under the influence of the good Rhine wine, he rashly recited a scandalous chorus he had composed about "ces messieurs de Genève." It was enthusiastically received by his guests, who all took up the refrain. As they reeled homewards that night, they made the streets of Calvin's city ring with its ribald measures.

The excited diners were taken into custody, and a strict examination was made into the domestic affairs of M. de St Victor. The comedy quickly turned to tragedy. Catherine de Courtavonne was accused of infidelity to her husband, and was brought to trial. François did all he could to save her, swearing that never had she given him reason for suspicion. "Ces messieurs" knew better. The Reformation had unloosed some of the most hideous

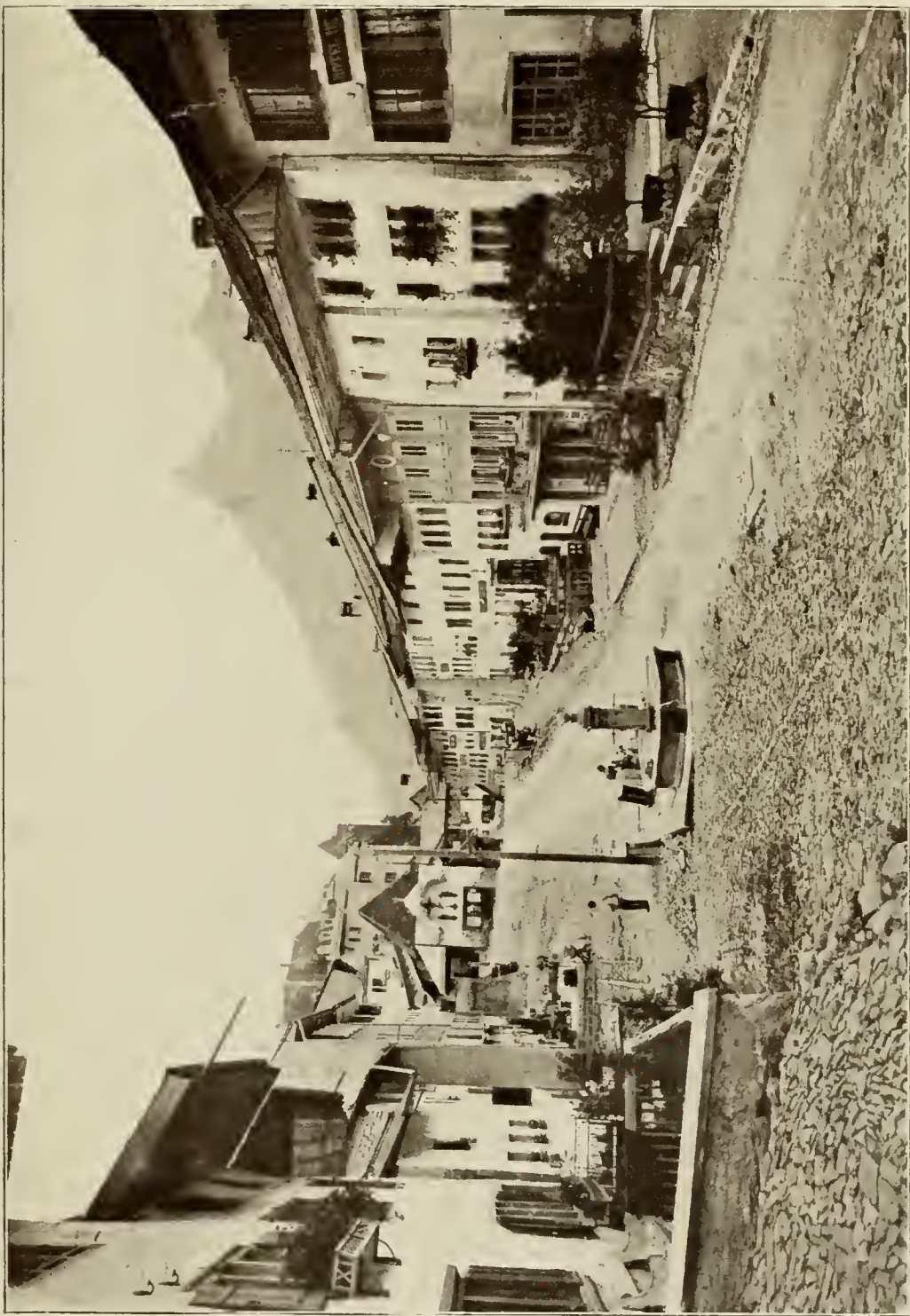
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passions of mankind. To these Catherine fell a victim.

Her cousin, who was said to be her paramour, was beheaded. Catherine was tied up in a sack, and thrown into the Rhone.

Such were the gentle and most Christian customs of the Reformed or Protestant Church of Geneva.

Bonivard did not live long after this horrible murder. In 1570 he died childless, murmuring with his latest breath against the oppressors of his adopted city. But notwithstanding, he made the republic his heir, leaving all his books and manuscripts to form the nucleus of a public library. His beautiful fifteenth-century editions can still be seen at Geneva. "He loved knowledge," says Senebier, "and did all he could to give it a home in this rising city." Freedom he loved as well, but, delivering his city from one tyranny, he unwittingly handed it over to another far more intimate and oppressive.



Photo

Gruyères.

J. W. McLellan.

1870

IN ARCADIA

AMID the clangour and fuss of the tourist whirl you may listen in vain for the melody which has charmed the Switzer out of the ranks of foreign armies and haunts the ears of the opulent hotel director in London and Paris. The "Ranz des Vaches" is rarely heard near the great tourist centres. It will greet you with every sunset on the lush green uplands which overlook the Sarine and the Broye. There the herdsman still melodiously calls the cattle home, and there you still expect to find Phyllis flirting with Corydon in costumes designed by Watteau. If Little Bo-peep has not yet found her sheep, the canton Fribourg, most of all the Gruyère district, is the place to look for them.

The valley famed all the world over for its cheese is the Switzerland of romance, not the Switzerland of the climber and the artist. The snowclad mountains charm but do not overawe. They rise as a benign background to the light green of the meadows and the dark green of the pines ; they are seen at the ends of groves made for lovers' dalliance ; and the chalets on their verdant slopes are ideal nests for pastoral mates. Here we are in Arcadia, and here the

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traditions of that happy land have lingered longest.

The region, it need not be said, was not named after its most renowned and esteemed product. Old chroniclers averred that Gruyerius was the chief of the band of Vandals who first settled in the lower valley, or else that this band had adopted as its device that wandering bird, the crane. From *grue* to Gruyère the transition is easy—easier than from Vandals to Arcadians. For a long time these barbarians never ventured to penetrate into the upper valley, which was closed against them by a formidable barrier of rock and guarded, as they believed, by a frightful demon. At last, while hunting the bear, an intrepid youth scaled the mountain-wall and gazed for the first time on the green pastures of the upper Gruyère, into which he led his comrades, rejoicing exceedingly.

So the whole region became peopled, and, like the rest of what is now Switzerland, it became part of the Burgundian kingdom. In the tenth century it was known as Ogo, a contraction probably of the German Hochgau, and Turimbert founded the line of counts, to whom the shepherds and shepherdesses, the cheese-makers and the cowherds, looked for six centuries for guidance. These paternal sovereigns dwelt in the high-peaked castle which surmounts the little town of Gruyères. You climb up to it by

In Arcadia

a steep and toilsome path known as the Charrière des Morts, possibly because of the ghastly crucifix, with gaping red wounds, which greets your eyes at the town gate. Restored and rebuilt heaven knows how many times, the castle to-day looks much as it must have looked in its prime, thanks to the loving care of its present owner and his immediate predecessor. It was at one time the property of a M. Bovy of Geneva, whose brother, Daniel, an artist of repute, has recorded the history of the Gruyère in fine vigorous fashion on the walls of the hall of honour. There you may see the coming of Gruyerius into the valley, and next the departure of the men of Gruyère for the crusade, headed by the knights, Hugues and Turnius: they give their lands to the Abbey of Rougemont, and crying: "S'agit d'aller! reviendra qui pourra!" they leave the castle and the drawbridge is drawn up behind them. Turnius and Hugues, it need not be said, proved themselves the bravest knights in the Christian host. Not less remarkable were the feats of the counts who stayed behind, one of whom is shown delivering a beautiful stranger from a long captivity upon the taking of the town of Rue. Nor does the painter leave uncommemorated the valour of those heroic shepherds, Clarimbart and Ulric Bras-de-fer, who drag the count from the midst of a horde of enemies, and hold the pass against

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him for many hours, till their great swords become literally glued to their horny hands with blood. They were terrible fellows, these Gruyèriens, and worthy of them were their wives, who, being left alone and attacked by the Bernese, put them to flight by driving against them a flock of goats with flaming torches stuck on their horns! In this heroic manner did the counts and people of Gruyère maintain their liberties against the powerful republics of Fribourg and Berne.

But it was in the arts of peace that the counts most excelled, surpassing indeed all their contemporaries in their knowledge of the *gay saber*. They did everything they could to make themselves and their subjects happy. In dance and song they delighted. One Sunday good Count Rodolphe and five courtiers took hands and started to dance on the castle terrace. Presently they danced down into the town. The lads and lasses came out and joined hands with them. Away they went, dancing all through the summer night over hill and dale and meadow. The cowherds left their oxen and followed, the goats skipped after the dancers. The Count was well-nigh exhausted, but he would not give in. He was, as we should say, a sportsman. At last, on Tuesday morning, seven hundred dancers collapsed, completely blown, in the market-place of Gessenay, having

In Arcadia

traversed the whole long valley from end to end. Those were days when folk could dance indeed.

Then came the joyous days of Count Antoine, who would lead the "Ranz des Vaches" and could pipe against any of his lusty cowherds and sprightly milkmaids. He it was who held a great picnic on the bank of the lac d'Arnon, and feasted the swains on twenty chamois and a thousand cheeses. But alas! a storm came on and all the tents were overset. Corydon and Phyllis were drenched to the skin, and the jovial Count was well-nigh drowned while swimming the torrent of the Tourneresse.

Nor did these good counts neglect the more serious duties of their station. They traversed the country, sometimes on foot, settling disputes under the greenwood tree, dowering poor maidens and otherwise consoling them, reconciling lovers, and showering gold and silver on all who came their way. So at least Count Pierre III. was assured that his ancestors behaved by his wise fool, Girard Chalamala, who was a living archive of the little state. You may see his strange-looking house outside the castle, distinguished by frightful gargoyles. It was acquired, to save it from destruction, by M. Victor Tissot, the author of "La Suisse Inconnue." On its walls may be read some of the fool's sayings, such as "The secret of little souls is known only to little souls," which sounds profound. Here

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the jester used to hold his courts of folly, to which his master was admitted on condition that he removed his spurs. This precaution was necessary, for his lordship had cruelly kicked his fool when, on being asked what he thought of the new countess, he answered: "If I were lord of Gruyères I would rather keep my pretty mistress than marry an ugly wife." Chalamala also exerted himself to keep alive the *château d'amour* tourneys, in which a wooden castle was vigorously defended and attacked by bands of young men. In after years the castle of love was garrisoned by the prettiest girls of the town—at Fribourg at least—and was attacked by youths armed with garlands and nosegays. The fortress always surrendered on terms, which were that every damsel should give one of the besiegers a kiss. My authority for the existence of this custom—the "Conservateur suisse" published at Lausanne in 1814—asserts, to the immense relief of us moderns, that these proceedings were conducted with the utmost seemliness and always in presence of the fathers, mothers, and as many maiden aunts as could be got together.

The wise Chalamala died in 1349, leaving his friend, the parson of Gruyères, fifteen sous to buy a cow with, and to the Count, his master, his cap and bells and all his debts. The annals he had collected of the history of the county were

In Arcadia

stored in the castle, but were unluckily destroyed by fire.

You may see a copy of his will hung on the castle walls, and you are also shown the chamber of Luce d'Albergeuse, the loveliest shepherdess in the country, whom the last count but one made his mistress at the cost of the finest mountain in his realm. Near Montsalvens they point out a path called the *charrière de crève cœur*, because along it, they say, the countess, with a breaking heart, saw her husband ride in quest of his leman. I doubt very much if high-born dames in those days were much troubled by their lord's wandering fancies. They married for place and power, and there could have been little pretence of love on either side. Their vanity may have been hurt, not their heart. It is the forsaken mistress that I pity, who, after having ruled for years practically as queen, found herself suddenly hustled out of sight or even sometimes compelled to bow before her lover's new bride. I cannot see why a woman who marries from worldly gain should grumble if her husband, having fulfilled his bargain, chooses to bestow his affections elsewhere.

But the joyous life of the counts of Gruyères could not last for ever. They danced away the shoes off their feet and the clothes off their back. They literally sold portions of their patrimony

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for a song. And they had taught their people to dance and sing all day, not to amass wealth on which taxes could be levied. The merchants of Berne and Fribourg were always ready to lend the Arcadians money, and these light-hearted folk never asked themselves how it was to be paid back. The counts skipped about like kids and frolicked with their subjects, but often returned home to find their creditors awaiting them with a bill us long as their *coraule*. Michel, who became count in 1539, speedily found himself bankrupt. He had passed his youth at the Court of François Premier, where he had contracted expensive tastes, which he was unable to curb.

In the ballads of the Gruyère he is hailed as :

“ Michel li preux, li beaux,
Fleur de tous aulters damoiseaux.”

He was in reality a futile sort of person, remarkable only for the magnitude of his debts. He was first neither in the dance nor the field. He worked hard for the King of France but achieved no particular distinction in his service ; and the 4000 men he sent to fight for his Majesty at Ceresole fled from the field like their namesakes, the cranes. Nor did he show to much advantage in his relations with a Polish prince, Frederick, Duke of Liegnitz. This potentate, a bankrupt like the Count, paid a visit to Switzer-

In Arcadia

land to escape his creditors and quartered himself at the castle of Gruyères. He persuaded Michel to lend him 2000 crowns, which his unfortunate host had to borrow, and went off to spend them at Fribourg. Hearing that he was living in great style, the Count followed him and presented him with a bill not only for the money lent but for the cost of his entertainment. The Duke tartly replied that he would refund the loan, but certainly not the cost of his board and lodging at Gruyères. Had he known that the Count carried on business as an innkeeper he would have gone elsewhere. All the same, the tribunal of Fribourg ordered him to pay the full amount claimed. As he had not a crown in his pocket, he had to leave his jewels as security, and these Michel had to share with the innkeeper who had accommodated the Duke at Fribourg. The unfortunate Count now owed not less than a million and a half francs of our money. He married a rich widow of Burgundy, who placed her fortune at his disposal, but this proved to be a mere drop in the ocean of his debts. He borrowed right and left, sinking ever deeper into the mire. As a last resource, he appealed to his subjects to take upon themselves all his liabilities, offering in return to make them free sovereign burgesses like those of the forest cantons. The Arcadians were not too simple to refuse. Finally, on 9th November

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1554, the commission appointed by the cantons to liquidate the Count's affairs adjudged his dominions to his creditors and released his subjects from their allegiance. On the same day the last Count of Gruyères and his wife quitted his ancestral castle for ever, and the little state, having endured under one dynasty six hundred years, was divided between the towns of Fribourg and Berne.

Michel, heartlessly abandoning his natural daughter, Guillauma, in the castle of Oron, passed into the service of France. He made vain efforts to recover his county through the mediation of the kings of France and Spain, and died in the Netherlands in the year 1576. Such was the unromantic end—sold up by brokers!—of the race which resembled most closely the princes of old romance. Idylls in real life often do finish like that.

The castle, at any rate, has recovered much of its former glory, and is probably much better kept and furnished than it was in the days of the counts. Besides the frescoes by Bovy, you may see panels painted by his friends Corot, Baron, Salzmänn, and other modern masters, while his guests at the castle. You will enjoy most the glimpses of mountain and valley from the loops in the thick walls; and feel something of that exhilaration which caused count and cowherd to take hands and dance away.

THE VALAIS

THE Valais is the Cinderella of the cantons. A long, narrow trench, excavated by the Rhone and its parent glaciers, it is completely shut out from the rest of the world by gigantic mountain-walls, which approach so closely towards the bend in the river as almost to forbid egress. Such a cul-de-sac seems to have been designed as a refuge for the unfitted to survive ; and indeed Hans Andersen's chamois hunter described it as having been a bagful of cretins and hot air. Then, he told little Rudy, the French came and made a hole at each end of the bag, killed all the cretins, and let in the air. Since then a real hole has been made through the Simplon mountain, and another is being pierced in the Lötschberg to the north of it. So the four winds of heaven blow now through the valley, and the cretins have had no choice but to slink up the lateral slopes. Along the furrow of the Rhone rush trains from Paris to Milan and Brindisi, soon to be met near Brieg by the expresses from Berne and Germany and the far north. The Valais, so closed in that we marvel that its existence should have been suspected by the ancients, has now become a great international highway.

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It is a country of contrasts, this Swiss canton. Ice and snow permanently cover a larger proportion of ground here than in any other of the confederate states. Nowhere else in Switzerland do the mountains soar so high, or is Nature more majestic and terrible in her frown. The Matterhorn and Monte Rosa delight the most venturesome mountaineers, and between these peaks lane-like valleys run headlong down through a score of climates to the Rhone, where little white cities sit embowered in orchards and vineyards, scorching beneath an African sky. In the canton Valais the camel and the reindeer might each find a home.

Its isolation notwithstanding, the region has from time immemorial been the battleground of contending races, of Latin and Celt, Romance against Teutonic. The skeletons of castles which gleam white on the hillocks by the Rhone are mementoes of the long struggle between barons and people, feudal lord and chartered town, which was the Pax Romana of the bastard Empire. Conquered by the legionaries after a great fight at Octodura or Martigny, fifty-seven years before Christ, the people of the valley became so Romanised as to lose all traces of their Celtic origin. Succeeding waves of barbarians left little pools behind them, which also became absorbed in the Latin stream. Meanwhile a bishop arose at Sion, and to him Rodolphe III.,



Photo/

Sion.

/Wehrli.

1875

1875

The Valais

last king of the second Burgundy, granted sovereign rights over the valley from the Furka down to the Trient. This was in the year 999, and for seven hundred years the country was involved in the hopeless, bloody tangle of the mediæval political structure. Jurisdiction overlapped jurisdiction, there were lords spiritual and lords temporal, towns free, towns half-free, towns subject; barons who held of the emperor, barons who held of the bishop, barons who held of both; freemen, serfs, ecclesiastics; all sorts and conditions of men, owning each half-a-dozen masters. No wonder that the race withered, that disease flourished, that rapine and murder ran riot, where no man knew whose business it was to govern or where he might call the land his own.

In the thirteenth century a band of Germans from the Häsli valley near Meiringen crossed the Grimsel and settled on the upper reaches of the Rhone. About the same time we first hear of the seven dizains or communes which the bishop had endowed with certain liberties. These were Sion, Sierre, Leuk, Visp, Raron, Brieg, and Conches. All but the two first of them became thoroughly Germanised by the settlers, which was perhaps why the Emperor Charles IV. was persuaded in the year 1354 to confirm their charters and to forbid the Count of Savoy to interfere with them. In defiance

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of the Imperial injunction, upon the murder of Bishop Tavelli in 1375, Count Amadeus VI. promptly installed his cousin, Edouard of Belley, in the vacant see. The communes, however, would have none of the new prelate and drove him out of Sion. Thenceforward there was open war between the men of the dizains and their neighbour from over the Alps. The Germans of the upper Valais inflicted a severe defeat on the Count's lieutenant and his allies in the country itself, but the Latins of Sion and Sierre had to ask mercy of the Count upon their knees. In the end Savoy was left in possession of all the territory below the Trient. Checked in this direction, the men of the upper communes allied themselves with the forest cantons, and occupied themselves with expeditions into the valley of Ossola. They again met with a reverse, and in their rage and disappointment looked round for a weaker foe. They found one in an ally of the hated Savoy, the lord of Raron, a noble who had already offended the people by his insistence upon the elementary laws of sanitation. This early municipal reformer was condemned in a popular assembly near Brieg by a process peculiar to the Valais. A man stood in the midst of the crowd holding the Mazze, a huge club on which was carved the rude likeness of a human face in deep affliction. The grotesque image was questioned as to the

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author of his woes. "Is it Silinen? Is it Asperlin?" The Mazze was silent. "Is it Raron?" The image bowed its head. Thereupon the men present raised their arms to signify adhesion to the cause of the wronged, and each drove a nail into the symbolical victim's body in testimony of their sympathy—which seems an odd way of expressing it. Thus adorned, the Mazze was carried round like a fiery cross; wherever it appeared the people took up arms. Before the righteous wrath of the unwashed, the hygienist of Raron fled in dismay. The men of the dizains wrecked his castles and those of his allies. Upon the intervention of Berne, the communes made good the damage they had done, but the nobles were only suffered to return upon relinquishing all their feudal claims. After this, I presume, the worthy townfolk were free to build dung-heaps in the open street and no one had to wash his face more than once a year.

Having thus crushed the nobles and vindicated the rights of the dirty, the Germans of the Valais in 1457 scored a final victory over their Latin compatriots by getting one of their number, Walther Supersaxo, elected bishop. They next allied themselves with Berne, and, finding that the Count of Savoy was leagued with Charles the Bold against their ally, overran the lower Valais and held it by right of

Switzerland

sword. Savoy never recovered her hold on the valley.

Switzerland is the land of strange aristocracies. So far from regarding themselves as the liberators of the people downstream, the people upstream regarded them as their subjects and deemed themselves their lords. Outwardly it was merely the ridiculous supremacy of one group of hamlets over another ; in reality it was the domination of German over Latin-Celt and of the men who had always held their own over the men who had not. As in Vaud, the Latins had good reason to regret the change of masters. In 1512 the little state, thus aggrandised, took part in the Milanese war, and was henceforward reckoned an ally of the Swiss confederates. Her weight was always thrown on the side of the Catholic cantons, but the Protestants were numerous enough to secure toleration. Combining with these dissenters, the democrats of the dizains in 1613 wrung from the chapter of the vacant see a renunciation of all the bishop's temporal powers over the valley. Soon after, Antoine Stockalper, a member of one of the most famous families in the region, was detected in a conspiracy to restore the Episcopal authority. He was tortured and beheaded at Leuk. But no gratitude was shown to the Protestants, who had a hard fight to preserve their liberties down to the approach of the Revolution.

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As in Vaud, so in Valais. Upon the news of what was passing in France, the downtrodden peasantry of the lower valley rose against the bailiffs set over them by the seven dizains. They were subdued and cruelly punished. But when the French army appeared on the frontiers of Vaud, the village oligarchy thought conciliation the wiser policy. In the cathedral of Sion they solemnly renounced all claims to supremacy over their countrymen in the lower Valais, and declared them admitted to equal political rights. They might have spared themselves this surrender, for presently the whole Valais was annexed to the Frenchified Helvetic confederation. The men of the seven dizains sullenly acquiesced. The moment the Roman bayonets gleamed on the Simplon they threw off the mask, and attacked the French with unexampled fury. Having taken an officer prisoner, they buried him up to the waist and stoned him to death. The French took a fearful revenge. They fell upon these savages by night, and cut them to pieces; they drove their Muscovite allies helter-skelter over the Alps and ravaged the valley from Sion to the Furka.

Unluckily for the reactionaries of the Valais, Napoleon had perceived that the shortest road into Italy lay through their country. With scowls and inward apprehension, the village tyrants beheld the emissaries of civilisation at

Switzerland

work, making roads, bridging streams, levelling rocks, and finally ringing round the Simplon itself with a broad highroad—fit for cannon—into Italy. The conquest of their valley, the greybeards groaned, was now for ever accomplished. The armies of Europe could march at will up and down the Rhone; worse still, they might be followed by pestilent ideas of freedom and fraternity.

In 1802 Napoleon, to remove his road from the control of the Helvetic confederation, suddenly erected Valais into the Rhodanic Republic. In 1810 as abruptly he declared this ephemeral state a part of the French empire under the name of Department of the Simplon. We can imagine with what joy the Germans of the seven dizains, yearning for the Egyptian night, welcomed the Austrian invaders three years later. True, they had to join the reorganised confederation; but they took care in framing their cantonal constitution to secure the ascendancy of the upper valley over the much more populous lower. Nowhere were aristocratic privileges more tenaciously maintained than in Switzerland, possibly because they represented in so many cases the tradition of the sword. For over thirty years the little country was torn between the Conservative and Liberal factors, representing roughly the German and French elements of the population. In 1839 there was

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open war in the valley. There was a Liberal Government at Sion, a reactionary Government at Sierre. The former defeated the latter in a pitched battle at Bramois. Thinking themselves betrayed by their commander, De Courten, the losers murdered his aged brother in his own house. A savage streak ran ever through these men of the upper glaciers. In 1844 they turned the tables on their opponents and defeated them with considerable bloodshed at Trient. Having secured control of the canton, they carried it into the Sonderbund, and shared the overthrow of that ill-fated combination. Even when the other Catholic cantons had laid down their arms, Valais, in her wolfish, stubborn way, meditated resistance; but wisdom prevailed over ferocity, and her council by a narrow majority decided on submission to the central power.

Since the triumphant entry of the federal troops, Sion has become the seat of an intensely Liberal Government, but, half-feudal, half-rustic, still bears on her physiognomy the impress of her past. High over the town, the bishop's castle of Tourbillon mounts guard over the valley; southward, you may climb up to the better-preserved stronghold of Valeria, enshrining the ancient chapel of St Catharine, and thence look down on a third castle, that of Majoria, first inhabited by the town major or

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governor, then by the bishop when he lost his temporal power. The actual residence of his lordship adjoins the cathedral, a rather pleasing structure described in the guide-book as a mixture of Romanesque and Early Pointed architecture. One of the few "sights" in the little town is the house of George Supersaxo, a sixteenth-century member of a famous local family. He was the leader of the French faction, despite his German descent, and was driven out of the country, to die within sight of it at Vevey. He it was who demolished the castle of Batraz built by Peter of Savoy in 1260 in the vicinity of Martigny. He was the father of twenty-three children who are represented with him and his wife over an altar in the pilgrimage church of Glis.

Supersaxo flourished during the episcopate of Matthew Schinner, whose life reminds one of that of his contemporary Wolsey. He was born, the child of poor parents, near Viesch, and with great difficulty and amid severe privations succeeded in educating himself for the priesthood. Luckily for him one of his uncles became Bishop of Sion, and, recognising the young ecclesiastic's talents, after a time abdicated in his favour. The new prelate distinguished himself by his zeal for the papacy and was employed by Julius II. to preach a crusade against the French throughout Switzerland. To his solicitations was due in

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great part the defeat of the invaders of the Milanese. In 1516, Schinner was sent to the Court of England, as envoy to the Emperor Maximilian, and obtained a heavy subsidy from Henry VIII. to carry on the war against France. The Bishop of Sion became a powerful prince, and was rewarded for his services to the Pope by the cardinal's hat—an honour very rarely conferred, I believe, on the Swiss or their subject nationalities.

Brieg, the next most important town in the Valais—now, perhaps, the most important—is a Spanish-looking place, also abounding in memorials of the aristocratic period. It was the residence of many wealthy families engaged in trade with Italy. The foremost of these were the Stockalpers, who attained in the seventeenth century to the position held by the Pfyffers at Lucerne. Gaspard Stockalper was called the King of the Simplon. He was a knight of the Empire, a citizen of Milan, a baron of Savoy, grand bailiff of his own country. Having amassed an immense fortune in the salt trade, he built the enormous palace which still remains the largest private building in Switzerland. Composed of several wings and enclosing many courts, this mansion is redeemed from mere heaviness by its tall, graceful towers, which, surmounted by tin cupolas in the Saracen style, form landmarks for miles around. A graceful

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double bridge named the Bridge of Sighs leads across the public street to the curious chapel. Within, the vast halls are given up to dust and silence, except in the wing where the Simplon railway administration has installed its offices. The palace by its splendour excited the jealousy and cupidity of the dizains of Valais. In 1678, Stockalper was cited before an irregularly constituted tribunal to answer a charge of malversation. Knowing what justice to expect from his judges, the old Baron fled across the Alps, abandoning the greater part of his immense property.

A hospice on the pass commemorates the charity of this unfortunate merchant-prince ; while the great Ursuline convent, dating from 1663, illustrates his zeal for the Catholic faith. Brieg has fared better at the hands of time and the invader than Visp, to the westward, whose old mansions are now divided into wretched tenements ; or than the once wealthy villages, higher up the Rhone, which one passes in dreary and apparently endless succession till the work of man becomes lost in the glory of the everlasting snow.

Near Viesch is one of the most curious and beautiful sights of Switzerland, the Märjelen See, the lake which disappears at intervals in a single night. Most probably when you have toiled up the bridle-path that meanders up and round the

The Valais

mountain you will come suddenly upon a lake whose still, deep blue waters reflect the shadows of the snow-crowned peaks of the Strahlhorn and the Eggishorn. Roughly triangular in form, it measures between two and three miles from base to apex, with an average breadth of a quarter of a mile. The western shore is overhung by lofty, sharply serrated cliffs hewn out of virgin ice. They are an intense hyacinth-blue in colour, except at the margin of the waters, where they are broken up into floes and small boulders of dazzling whiteness, just as though some old magician had frozen the waters as they broke in foam. Through the wonderful translucency of this ice barrier you may see into the fissured heart of the great Aletsch glacier. If it is summer and the Swiss sunshine is beating down, the cliffs will slowly transform themselves, before your eyes, into a thousand fairy shapes amid a kaleidoscopic blaze of colour.

But it may be that you will find only a deep hollow where you looked for a lake, with cliffs double the height the guide-books lead you to expect. For sixteen times within the last thirty years, after an exceptional spell of heat, have the ice walls given way under the enormous pressure of the waters. Fissures appear in all directions, until quite suddenly the wall is pierced right through and under the Aletsch glacier. The lake water moves swiftly away,

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often to carry havoc and destruction into the valley of the Rhone.

You will be particularly fortunate if you should visit the Märjelen See when this strange subsidence is taking place, for the lake gives no warning of its coming disappearance. For about a day there is a gradual sinking of the level of the waters that would pass unnoticed but for the ice-floes which are stranded. Then suddenly comes a roar from beneath the glacier, and the thunder of rushing waters. Huge ice-boulders lower themselves from the overhanging cliffs and come crashing and splashing into the blue-green waters down below. Lower and lower sinks the water ; ever more intensely blue are the masses of ice, newly exposed to view.

Terror seizes the hearts of shepherds or cow-boys who hear the sinister sound. They will leave their cattle on the mountain-side and fly down into the Rhone valley to warn the inhabitants of the approaching menace. Custom decrees that the first messenger who brings the news shall be presented with a new pair of shoes at the expense of the valley : a reward, one would think, hardly proportionate to the service rendered when the valley folk are thus enabled to remove their flocks and herds to a place of safety.

Above Viesch you may follow the Rhone to its famed cavern in the ice, and beyond, where



[Wehrli.

The Märjelen See.

Photo]

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the road from Uri zigzags down the Furka like frozen forked lightning. Over this pass and the gloomy Grimsel, by which the first Germans came into the Valais, pours year after year a dense, enthusiastic, clamant stream of tourists of every nationality under heaven. Some are absorbed by the railway at Brieg and distributed over Savoy, the Pays de Vaud, and the world beyond; others are disgorged at Visp and diverted into the long valley of Zermatt. Comparatively few penetrate the two parallel valleys beyond, those of Anniviers and Hérens, which were, I fancy, first described by Victor Tissot. The people of the Val d'Anniviers are said to be descended from the Huns; and you have only to look at their ugly faces to believe it. They are at any rate nomadic, like the tribesmen of Attila, and in the vintage season migrate to Sierre, where you may see their cottages standing empty at other times of the year. "The parish priest of Vissoye," says M. Tissot, "migrates at the head of his flock, with the schoolmaster, the president, and all the authorities. The families follow one after the other, like a caravan in the desert. First comes the mule, heavily laden, led by the head of the family, with the little children snugly packed in the panniers, like birds in their nests; then the wife, taking charge of the goats, the sheep, and the calves; and behind her the pigs trot grunt-

Switzerland

ing along, driven by a thin little girl with tangled hair, or a toothless old woman armed with a thick stick." The vineyards at Sierre are owned by the communes of the valley jointly, and the people go out to cultivate them as a body to the sound of fife and drum.

They must, I imagine, welcome this annual outing, for life in their own valley is so cheerless that it is called by pious people the Valley of Heaven. The thoughts of these curious peasants turn perpetually gravewards. Marriage and birth are for them the occasions of sighings and groanings; but a funeral is the pretext for universal rejoicing and for display. "We save up all our lives for our funerals," observe the peasants; a practice which suggests that their ancestors should be looked for among the London poor rather than on the steppes of Asia. They know neither song nor dance; and like most people who think a lot about a future life, they devote all their interests and energies to increasing their worldly possessions. In striking contrast to these sad, grasping folks are their neighbours of the Val d'Hérens. They are a vigorous race, who love wine, woman, and song, gaudy costumes, and an occasional fight; for which reason the pious people aforesaid call this the Devil's Valley. Not having the wisdom of the children of light, they do not ask a dowry from their brides, but make of their

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marriages a festival to which all their neighbours are bidden. “ In former days the bride’s maids wore crowns of artificial flowers, while the bridegroom and his men wore black coats. After the first meal the guests went out and threw into the air handfuls of apples, which they caught in their hats ; and those who caught the most were sure to be the happiest during the year. Then they promenaded through the village, and danced on the green to the music of a violin.”

Knowing something of the characters of the two peoples, you will not be surprised to hear that in the struggles for freedom in the first half of last century the natives of the Heavenly Valley took no part, but that the merry men of Evolène in the Val d’Hérens fought and bled for their own and their countrymen’s liberty. The Anniviards were no doubt too busy burying their dead and adding field to field to help them, except by their prayers.

THE DOGS OF ST BERNARD

IN a small room in the natural history museum of Berne is preserved the stuffed body of Barry, the illustrious St Bernard dog. He is exhibited here as a specimen of the Swiss fauna. His virtues and the nobility of his career deserve a monument far grander than that of the mercenaries of Lucerne. They died warring against their fellow-men in defence of a bad government : the dog battled with the giant forces of nature in the service of humanity, and died after saving, some say forty, others, seventy, lives of men and women.

In the huge, dignified dog you have benevolence and heroism incarnate. His body is itself a monument and embodiment of all that is good in this world—beauty, courage, kindness, abnegation, fidelity. Of how many of the greatest heroes and sages could as much be said ? *Pertransiit Barry benefaciendo* should be the device on a monument to which all mankind should subscribe in gratitude to their best and most unselfish friend. It is true that if the merits of our dogs were recorded, the fame of our best men would be sadly dimmed in contrast. The best with us is the commonplace with the dog.

The Dogs of St Bernard

It was not, unfortunately, given to Barry to die on the field of honour, as has so often been asserted. According to this legend he was shot by a benighted traveller whom he was about to rescue, and who mistook him for a wolf. Barry escaped the honours of martyrdom, and was alive at Berne as late as 1815. With him the original St Bernard breed seems to have expired.

The pass which has given its name to these canine lords was itself named after a holy man, who dwelt there in the tenth century. This Bernard was the son of a Savoyard baron, Richard de Menthon, and is said, of course, to have manifested the usual uncanny, saintly characteristics in his earliest childhood. However, he could do something more than resist temptation, and when the Saracens, who had settled on the Riviera, penetrated the valley of Aosta, he armed the people against them and drove them far to the south. The infidels had, unfortunately, destroyed the hospice which had long existed on the head of the pass into the Rhone valley. This Bernard rebuilt, and in that dreary solitude—still the highest habitation but one in Europe—he passed the rest of his pilgrimage on earth.

The pass in those days was the most frequented highway into Italy. Over it came pilgrims from France and the Netherlands and even

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distant Britain on their way to Rome and Jerusalem. Every year you might hope to see an archbishop, sometimes an emperor with a splendid train of knights and men-at-arms. The hospice rose in importance, and in the twelfth century was entrusted to the Augustinians, or Austin canons, as they were called in England. Every passer-by left an offering—unlike the modern traveller's, strictly proportionate to his means—and the monastery grew wealthy and powerful. Their riches could have benefited the canons themselves but little in those chilly solitudes, but doubtless flowed into the coffers of the mother house at Martigny and other foundations of the widespread order. Century after century went by, but these good men kept eternal watch on that high pass, ready to succour the benighted wanderer and to guide the wayfarer into the plains below. At the end of the eighteenth century travellers of a new kind came across the pass and returned year after year. Europe was up in arms, and the legions of France and Austria poured over the mountains in dark and turbulent streams. In May 1800 came Napoleon himself. With him the wealth of the monastery seemed to depart. With the opening of other passes, the traffic over the St Bernard rapidly lessened. Fewer and fewer travellers cross every year, and these few are mostly poor Italian labourers. The occasional

The Dogs of St Bernard

tourists that swell their ranks are not remarkable for their munificence, grudging the monks the bare cost of their accommodation. Every year the task of maintaining the hospice becomes harder. Meanwhile such are the rigours of their life that the monks can endure this stern service only twelve or fifteen years. Then, worn out and with shattered health, they are sent down to the mother house of Martigny.

The dogs, who share their heroic labours, are fabled to be descended from St Bernard's own four-legged companion, who, to judge from the picture in the refectory, was a bloodhound. However, the St Bernard to this day has a good many of the bloodhound's marks. Another tradition has it that the parents of the race were a native mastiff and a Danish bull bitch. Whatever their progenitors may have been, persistent in-breeding, with a special function in view, produced in the long run a distinct species of dog. The race seems to have continued pure down to the days of Barry. In 1815, the winter being of unusual severity, the females, contrary to custom, were called on for service on the pass. They nearly all perished, and it was suspected that in-breeding had weakened the most valuable qualities of the tribe. At the beginning of 1830, therefore, the surviving dogs were paired with long-haired Newfoundland bitches. The results were not uniformly satisfactory. Many

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of the dogs inherited the long hair of their mothers, and were liable to be weighed down and buried by accumulations of snow. They were sold, therefore, or given to benefactors of the monastery, among others to M. Pourtalés of Muri, M. Rougement of Morat, and Colonel Risold of Berne. These dogs were red, with white marks, black face and neck, strongly built, deep-chested, and taller than the living representatives of the breed. From them are descended nearly all the St Bernards of this country, into which, to the great contentment of all true patriots, they were introduced in the sixties. A St Bernard dog is said to have been seen in England in the thirteenth century, and another, looking more like a mastiff, was brought from the hospice to Leasowe Castle in the Waterloo year; but neither of these animals left any posterity recognised in the stud-books.

It is the short-coated cousins of our British dogs who do duty on the great St Bernard. During the winter the canons send out patrols in each direction, composed of two of their number, or of their lay assistants, the sturdy *marronniers*. These parties are each preceded by two of the dogs, one of whom carries a little keg of kirsch round his neck, the other a small, tightly-rolled blanket. If they come upon a fallen traveller, one of the two stays by him,



Photo]

The Bonspiel, Wengen.

[J. W. McLellan.

The Dogs of St Bernard

licking his face and hands, while the other goes back to fetch his human assistants. It is the special duty of these noble dogs to trace the passes. The peculiar formation of the mountains makes it impossible for the most experienced guides to do this, after a fresh fall of snow, unassisted by canine sagacity and instinct.

There is a similar hospice on the Simplon, served by the same community and the same race of dogs. These creations of mediæval charity and brotherliness are rapidly becoming obsolete, now that the Alps are pierced at so many points with tunnels and the passes themselves are better managed and engineered. It would be a pity if the splendid faculties of the St Bernard dog were suffered to die out and the enormous potentialities of the canine race for love and service were again wasted. Man tends to become more and more of a machine. In a world composed of electricians, engineers, biologists, vivisectors, water-works directors and what not, we shall sadly miss the unselfish, emotional, noble-hearted dog.

THE GUIDES

UNLIKE the faithful hound immortalised by Longfellow, the guide grows every day more in demand, as the passion for mountain-climbing becomes more general. It has always seemed to me a fine calling this, mastering the mountains and braving the avalanche. The responsibility of the guide is immense, his authority at the moment of danger unquestioned. He also is a mercenary, if you will, but his greatest glory is to save life. The good guide emulates the virtues of the St Bernard dog.

Even for those born in the shadow of the mountains, the training for this manly profession is long and arduous. The earlier he makes up his mind that he will follow it the better, for as a boy he can practise clambering and climbing on the lowest slopes of the hills round his village. The Swiss schools will look after his physical training. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he runs errands for the guides, perhaps is able to introduce them to clients. Presently he gets taken on by one of these great men as a porter, and joins the climbing parties. He may pass five or six summers thus, all the while keeping his eyes and ears well open and familiarising

The Guides

himself with the mountain tracks and the practice of his craft. In the winter he studies English, perhaps some other language, and spends as much time as he can with his masters.

At the age of twenty-three he presents himself at the Führerkurs or "guides' course," which is held every two years at Sion in the Valais, and at other centres. He must bring with him a certificate of good character from the head of his commune, and testimonials of his fitness from well-known guides, extending over at least three years. The course is conducted by the Swiss Alpine Club, one of the instructors being a medical man. The lectures deal with the relations of guides and their employers, the proper equipment of both, the geography and natural history of the candidate's region, the use of charts and instruments, and first-aid to the injured. Each of these subjects occupies a day, and four more days are devoted to testing the abilities and fitness of the aspirants. An adjoining peak is selected, and the party, professors and students, ascend to the summit and there pass the night. The next morning at this breezy altitude a *viva voce* examination takes place, and the would-be guides are questioned as to the paths they have taken, their peculiar methods of dealing with obstacles, their reasons for having taken this or that course, the distances of adjoining mountains,

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and of the villages below. This concluded, the party descends by the most difficult route that can be devised. The candidates are then subjected to a week's military discipline, and at the end of that time may hope to be presented with the diploma of a fully qualified guide. At Chamounix, before anyone can sit for examination he must be certified by a commissioned guide to have made ten dangerous ascents, including the complete tour of Mont Blanc.

Having thus superintended the education of the guide, the Swiss Alpine Club never ceases to watch over his welfare. Some years ago it introduced a scheme, which may or may not have become law, for the compulsory insurance of guides. The club was prepared to pay five-eighths of the premium, if the Government would contribute another eighth; so that a guide could, for instance, by paying eight francs a year, insure his life for 4000 francs. Those acquainted with the psychology of the dangerous trades need not be told that there is no great eagerness among these professional mountaineers to avail themselves of these advantages, even at such a low rate.

It is not every guide that submits to this long noviciate. In an interesting contribution to *The Traveller*, ten years ago, Mrs Aubrey Le Blond spoke of the unorthodox beginning of Joseph Imboden, of St Nicholas. His father

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would not allow him to embrace this dangerous calling, and apprenticed him to a shoemaker. Having managed to save twenty francs, he left his employer, at the age of sixteen, and took up position outside the Riffel Hotel at Zermatt, offering his services to every traveller as a guide. As he had no certificate and no testimonials, no one would employ him. "At last," he said, "my twenty francs were all but spent when I managed to persuade a young Englishman to let me take him up Monte Rosa. I told him I knew the mountain well and would not charge him high. So we started. I had never set foot on a glacier before or on any mountain, but there was a good track up the snow, and I followed this, and there were other parties on Monte Rosa, so I copied what they did, and roped my gentleman as I saw the guides doing theirs. It was a lovely day, and we got on very well, and my gentleman was much pleased and offered me an engagement to go to Chamounix with him over higher passes.

"I said to him, 'Herr, until to-day I have never climbed a mountain, but I am strong and active, and I have lived among mountaineers and mountains, and I am sure I can satisfy you if you will take me.'

"He was quite ready to do so, and we crossed the Col du Géant and went up Mont Blanc, but could do no more as the weather was bad.

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Then he wrote a great deal in my book, and since then I have never been in want of a gentleman to guide.”

Another amateur guide, less fortunate than Imboden, saw no one to imitate when the time came to rope his party together. He trusted to luck, and put the rope round their necks, walking between them himself as if he were leading them to execution. In this way they trudged for many hours over mountain and glacier, without, strangely enough, breaking their necks.

The canine virtues by which the Swiss have redeemed less honourable occupations have been exhibited to a heroic degree by the Alpine guides. Their roll of honour would reach from the top to the bottom of Mont Blanc. There was old Jean Antoine Carrel, who died of exhaustion after bringing his party in safety through a terrific storm; there was Knabel, who threw himself over the side of an ice arête to save the party who, one by one, had been dragged by the fall of their companions down the other side; and Gentinette, whose comrade had been killed before his eyes by a falling stone precipitating the whole party into a crevasse, and who, himself wounded, carried, pulled, and pushed his half-conscious charge up the steep ice slope into safety. “Never return without your party” is a rule to which the guides with very few exceptions have always

The Guides

lived up. Their skill and endurance have been brought into service far from their own land. It was Zurbriggen, a Swiss guide, who assisted Sir Martin Conway to scale the Andes. Others have exercised their craft in Norway, or the Caucasus, and the mighty Himalayas. Wherever there is an apparently inaccessible mountain, one of these quiet, unpretending Swiss peasants will find a way to scale it.

AN OLD SWISS WATERING-PLACE

MY earliest recollections of Baden in Aargau are not agreeable. They may serve, however, as a warning to my countrymen not to place their trust in Swiss time-tables. Obsolete Bradshaws, ABC's and time-tables have, I am convinced, wrecked more lives than our English laws and the Goodwin Sands put together.

For a certain particular reason I wished to be in Paris on Wednesday afternoon. Consulting a time-sheet displayed at Bellinzona railway station, I ascertained that a train left Zurich about half-past eight on the evening of Tuesday, which would bring me to my destination about six in the morning. I boarded the St Gotthard express with a light heart, congratulating myself that I should have three hours in which to dine and digest at Zurich before starting on my long night journey. The day was fine. I revelled in the sunshine of Switzerland after long exposure to the rigours of an Italian spring. The climate of Italy, I long ago decided, is fitted only for the manufacture of ice-creams. The farther north we went the brighter the sun shone. The run down towards the Lake of Lucerne was as invigorating as a toboggan



Photo/

Baden in Aargau.

/Wehrli.

NO. 100
1875

An Old Swiss Watering-Place

slide. A hardy German even proposed to open one of the windows, seeing there were about forty passengers breathing the air of the same car ; but his hardihood was indignantly checked by his fellow-countrymen. Presently a man came and sat down beside me. I thought he did so because I had taken the precaution of sitting opposite an exceedingly pretty girl from Lugano. But it seemed that he knew me. He was one of a jovial band of commercial travellers whom I had met in the train between Brescia and Milan. Though an Italian, he lived at Winterthur, and thither he was now returning. He had to change trains at Zurich. I expressed myself, in Pickwickian French, as happy in the prospect of his company. In reality, I cursed him for putting an end to all chance of a conversation with the pretty girl. I told him I was going on that night to Paris. He said I would have to hurry, as the last train was timed to depart a few minutes after our arrival. I assured him he was wrong. He said he had never heard of the eight-o'clock train, but made no doubt that I was right. By the time we got to Zürich I was quite fond of the man. He said he had half a mind to pass the night there, but on issuing from the station we found the streets swarming with people and the hotels besieged. At a turning we were confronted by a group of fellows in the costume

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of the fourteenth century. There was a great carnival in full swing. Zurich was celebrating some historic event and the *turnvereine* had assembled. Not a seat was to be had in bier-halle, restaurant, or bun-shop. The Italian was dismayed. "No chance of a bed here to-night!" he muttered; "I must go on at once to Winterthur." And he incontinently fled. I, on the contrary, was delighted that I had come at so opportune a moment. Never could I have seen the city so gay, so animated. It was brimming and frothing with the old mediæval German jollity. As to dinner, I could have it on the train. In the meantime it was amusing to watch the desperation of the visitors turned away from one hotel after another.

I strolled, tired, but airily, on to the vast departure platform, and inquired from which platform the "eight — et cetera" for Paris might be expected to leave. The porter stared at me in surprise and contempt. "There is no such train," he informed me coldly; "the last train for Paris left two hours ago. There is no other till to-morrow morning."

The time-sheet at Bellinzona gave the winter service, to delude homeless foreigners and keep them in Switzerland in the interests of the hotel proprietors.

I resigned myself to the inevitable. No matter, I would pass the night in Zurich. But

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now the animation of the town, the plight of the merrymakers, assumed a new and terrible significance. The horror of my situation dawned upon me. I could not get away from the town, but perhaps I could not stay in it either. A frantic search, extending over three hours, satisfied me that shelter in Zurich was not to be had that night for love or money. The fatal word "Besetzt" bade fair to be engraved on my brain. I returned to the station. I approached the same porter. "I must get out of this town," I told him; "this is no place for me. Is there a train going anywhere in the direction of Paris to-night?" He replied with a scornful expression which I cannot explain that I could go as far as Olten. When I boarded the train I found that fifty or so persons in the same plight as I had also hit on the same expedient. They also were going to Olten. I artfully got out at a place named Baden. To my disgust, a dozen of these wretches followed me. Near the station the friendly light of an inn shone on us through open doors. We all broke into a run. I led. Within a stride of the threshold I fell prone over my gladstone bag. The field swept by with a rush. I picked myself up only to learn that my fall had lost me the only remaining vacancy on the roof of the dog's kennel.

Seizing my bag with something between a sob and a curse, I charged down the next street.

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Everybody had gone to bed. It began to rain. As there seemed to be no policemen about, I resolved to encamp for the night on a doorstep. At that moment a wayfarer hove in sight. I was glad to perceive that he was drunk. A drunken man would be more likely than anybody to know all the inns of a town. I accosted him, and he was sober enough to appreciate my predicament. With the kindness born of good beer, he gripped one of the handles of my bag, and led me, staggering, to the door of an inn with the appropriate sign of "The Angel." He thundered at the door, hiccupped good-night, and vanished. I became conscious of three dark forms surrounding me. These mean wretches had tracked me from the station, and were now ready to snatch the very blankets from beneath me. The door opened, and I fell on to the mat. The porter harangued me in the patois of the canton Aargau, which I did not understand. I brushed him aside and walked upstairs. Talking the most horrid gibberish, he showed all four of us into a room with three beds. I placed my bag on one, and began to undress. In the row that followed I took no part or interest. I rather gathered that one of the three had ordered the room in advance, and would not share it with the others. The porter, I suppose, concluded from my resolute bearing that it was I who had bespoken the room. In the long run two of the

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travellers departed in dudgeon, to sleep in the rain, I conjecture, and one of the other beds was immediately occupied by a Swiss farmer, who slept in his clothes with a bowler hat set firmly on his head.

This experience was somewhat more thrilling than it may seem in the narration, and has enabled me at all events to applaud the prudence of those ladies who keep trains waiting till they have received the personal assurance of every official on the platform and of the more respectable passengers that it does not go anywhere near their destination. Man is too proud to ask about trains—he consults the time-table; woman, on the contrary, scans her Bradshaw with obvious misgivings and goes off to get his information confirmed by the bookstall boy or the cloakroom attendant.

In this unexpected manner I found myself in the Swiss Baden, a place which I had never thought or wished to visit. I knew vaguely that it had been the scene of many important events in the history of Switzerland, and that it was once the usual meeting-place of the federal assemblies. It was selected for this honour, I imagine, in order that the austere delegates might refresh themselves with the waters and relax their sobriety in the gaieties for which the place was world-famous. For Baden is the Bath or Tunbridge Wells of Switzerland, and

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as such was resorted to by those inveterate holiday-makers, the Romans. In the Middle Ages it was the most fashionable and frequented spa in Europe. Indeed it seems to have been a pleasant enough spot, with manners very different from those common to most mediæval communities. Through Baden Poggio Bracciolini passed in 1416, and so delighted was he with the place that straightway he sat down and wrote to his friend Niccolo Niccoli a long, vivacious account of the customs of its inhabitants and *habitués*. "The ancients," he wrote, "used to boast of the baths of Puteoli, whose attractions drew the Romans in swarms, but I do not think they can come near Baden for pleasure, nor can they stand comparison in any way. For the great charm of Puteoli lay rather in its soft climate and splendid buildings than in the gaiety of the life of the bathers. But here we owe nothing to the scenery, and everything else is framed for pleasure; so that very often I think that Venus has come hither from Cyprus, bringing in her train joys from every corner of the world. And visitors to these waters, though they have never read the fantastic tales of Heliogabalus, obey so faithfully the goddess' pleasant commands, so exactly reproduce her tender whims, that though nature is their only teacher they are all masters—and mistresses—of the arts of love. . . ."

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“The wealthy town of Baden . . . lies within a circle of mountains, near a wide and swiftly-flowing river that falls into the Rhine six miles from the town. About half-a-mile away on the river bank is a very handsome group of villas, built for the use of bathers. A fine square occupies the centre, and all round about are splendid inns to accommodate the crowd of visitors.

“Each house has its own private baths for the use of the inmates only, and baths both public and private number about thirty. Only two, however, are public and open to view. These are the bathing places of the lower orders, and hither flock indiscriminately women and men, boys and girls, the two sexes separated only by a railing. . . .

“But in the private houses, bathing is more decent. The two sexes are separated by a partition ; but this is pierced by tiny windows which allow the men and women bathers to take refreshments together, to talk to and caress each other in their accustomed manner. Above the baths is a kind of gallery in which people assemble to watch and talk to the bathers. For everyone is allowed to come and go as he pleases, to chatter and joke with those in the water. The women, as they go in and out of the water, make a liberal display of their figures ; there are no doors nor attendants but no one thinks any evil. In many places the baths have but one entrance

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for men and women, and amusing encounters often occur between the sexes, both most lightly clad. The men wear bathing drawers, the women thin smocks of linen, slashed at the sides, so that they hide neither the neck, the breast nor arms."

Poggio goes on to say how the women give *al fresco* entertainments in the baths, to which the men are bidden as guests. Himself and his companions were invited sometimes to these watery feasts. The Italian, however, ungallantly refused, not, he hastens to assure us, from modesty, "which is considered boorish and ill-bred," but because of his ignorance of the language. He felt he would appear foolish to the syrens of the baths unless he could engage them in badinage and compliment. But two of his companions, less sensitive, ventured in, and Poggio seems torn between contempt for the poor figure they cut and envy of the kindness with which their hostesses received them. For his part the chronicler retired to the gallery to look on, and thickened the air with exclamation marks. The ways of the Baden husbands were beyond his comprehension. They seemed not to regard their wives as personal property! They trusted them freely, half-clad, in the company of strange men! "*Permirum est videre quanta simplicitate vivant!*" What simple-minded fools they must be to imagine their wives would not deceive them if they had a chance!

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Life passes gaily in the water into which the visitors plunge some three or four times a day. There is dancing, wine and song and playing on the harp. "It is a pleasing sight to see the young girls ripe for love and wedlock, splendid in physique, clad like goddesses, tuning up their strings. Their scanty draperies spread out and float on the water. You would think them second Venuses!"

These mermaidens have a pretty custom of begging gifts from the spectators, who "shower down small coins on the most beautiful, which they catch partly in their hands, and partly they hold out their garments to receive, falling over each other in the scramble, often discovering secrets the most carefully hidden. And garlands of many-coloured flowers are thrown down to them which while still in the water they twist round their hair. . . . The mere wishing to be sober would be the height of folly."

But regretfully does Bracciolini feel that the height of pleasure is denied him, since he cannot speak to the goddesses. There only remains for him to feast his eyes on the spectacle, to make the girls scramble for flowers and coins, to accompany them to and from the baths. Perhaps he would have had a better time had he been less faint-hearted.

After supper the merrymakers of Baden continue their revels on dry land. There is a large

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tree-shaded meadow near the river, where the visitors while away the evening with dancing, singing and tossing a ball, filled with little bells, which all the others try to catch. "I think," says the envious Poggio, "that this must be the place where the first man was created, which the Hebrews call *Gamedon*, which means 'garden of pleasure.' For if pleasure can make life blessed, I do not see what this place lacks of perfection and of the completest happiness."

Even in Poggio's day the value of the waters of Baden in overcoming sterility were recognised, and crowds of women flocked thither with that end in view. But the gay life attracted even more of all ranks and both sexes from every corner of the world. "Lovers and their mistresses, and all the butterflies of life crowd to the place to enjoy the pleasures they desire. Many feign sickness of the body, whose only malady is of the imagination. You will see many beautiful women, without husbands or relatives, with two maids and one serving-man, or some ancient cousin or chaperon whom it is easier to deceive than to entertain. And most of them arrive in garments heavy with gold and silver, and decked out with jewels; so that you would imagine them to have come for some splendid wedding rather than to a watering-place.

"Hither also come vestal virgins, or to speak

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more truly virgin priestesses of Flora. Hither come abbots, monks, friars and priests who live with more licence than the other visitors : when they bathe at the same time as the women, they throw aside all their religion, and twist their hair with silken ribbons. It is the one object of all to flee from sadness, to pursue happiness, to think of nothing but how to live joyously, and to drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs. They do not bother about dividing up the common stock of happiness, but seek to lavish on all what is individual."

And so the light-hearted mediæval crowd passes before our eyes, their joyous hedonism in happy contrast to the repression and asceticism that passed—and still passes—for virtue. "It is wonderful," exclaims the astonished Italian traveller, "how in so great a throng of nearly a thousand men, of manners the most diverse, no quarrels arise, no discords, no brawls nor disagreements. Husbands see their wives caressed, see them alone with strangers, and are in no wise troubled or amazed. All this seems natural to their affectionate minds. And so jealousy, which torments most husbands, has no place whatever among them. Its name is neither known nor heard. . . .

"Easily contented these people live from day to day, turning each day into a festival, without seeking after great riches; what wealth they have,

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they enjoy, fearing nothing for the future. If misfortune comes to them, they bear it bravely. They have a motto which makes them wealthy : ' He alone has lived, who has lived joyously.' ”

And so regretfully Poggio Bracciolini passes on his journey to less idyllic spots.

Some time within the succeeding century the frequenters of this Swiss Eden must have eaten of the forbidden fruit. My lord of Montaigne, who visited the place in 1580, assures us that “ ladies who are fain to take their bath with daintiness and decency can repair to Baden with confidence, for they will be alone in the bath, which is like an elegant cabinet, light with glazed windows, painted panelling, and clean flooring. Everywhere are chairs and small tables for reading or gaming while in the bath. The bather may empty and fill the bath as often as he likes, and will find a chamber adjoining. These baths are placed high in a valley commanded by the slopes of high mountains, which nevertheless are fertile and well cultivated. The water when drunk tastes rather flat and soft, like water heated up, and there is a smell of sulphur about it, and a certain prickling flavour of salt. Amongst the people of the place it is chiefly used in the bath, in which they subject themselves also to cupping and bleeding, so that I have at times seen the water in the two public baths the colour of blood. Those who

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drink it by habit take a glass or two at the most. The guests as a rule stay six or seven weeks, and some or other frequent the baths all through the summer. No country sends so many visitors as Germany, whence come great crowds." M. de Montaigne speaks highly of the accommodation provided for these guests. "The lodgment is magnificent. In the house where we stayed three hundred mouths had to be fed every day; and while we were there, beds were made for one hundred and seventy sojourners. It possessed seventeen stoves and eleven kitchens, and in the house adjoining were fifty furnished chambers, the walls of all the rooms being hung with the coats-of-arms of all the gentry who had lodged therein."

The itinerant philosopher mentions that there are uncovered public baths, frequented by poor folk. Though catering for all tastes, among others for these of "ladies of daintiness and decency," Baden still persisted in the path of primitive innocence and made a feature of mixed bathing. This was a matter of much wonder and amusement to that delightful old traveller, Thomas Coryate, the Odcombian leg-stretcher, who took the waters here in August 1608. He remarks, like Poggio, on the extreme complaisancy of the husbands who looked on at their wives "not only talking and familiarly discoursing with other men, but also sporting

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after a very pleasant and merry manner. For the verie name of jalousie is odious in this place." Mr Coryate adds that notwithstanding he would never get accustomed to that sort of thing were he a married man! "At this time of the year," he informs us, "many wooers come thither to solace themselves with their beautiful mistresses. Many of these young ladies had the hair of their head very curiously plaited in locks, and they wore certaine pretty garlands upon their heads made of fragrant and odoriferous flowers. A spectacle exceeding amorous."

There is no such spectacle at the present day to lure the traveller from the town of Baden to the baths, which, I was informed, lay about a mile away. Everything there is conducted nowadays with that regard for the proprieties which is the glory of the Swiss nation. The thought of what used to go on there would cause the present frequenters to blush like the Jungfrau at sundown. The place, though now so demure and sedate, is still extensively patronised by the Swiss themselves and occasional French and Germans. There is a kursaal; and a kur tax, which is not very onerous as it is payable by the day and ranges from two to six pence a head according to the rank of the visitor's hotel.

LUCERNE, TO-DAY AND LONG AGO

LUCERNE and Geneva, the two great strongholds of Switzerland's rival creeds, have been captured by the world, if not by its traditional allies, and are the gayest and most frivolous of Swiss cities. The Catholic capital had never assumed the virtuous airs of the Protestant Rome, and has therefore lost less of its original character in accepting its later destiny. Lucerne remains Catholic while she welcomes the Gentile, the Jew, and the heretic with open arms. She cherishes old traditions, while she turns a smiling face to the world—a white façade of gorgeous modern hotels with a kursaal, the very rendezvous of fashion and levity, prominent among them. Truly there is nothing austere or forbidding about this little city set on the shore of its green lake, embosomed in yet greener hills, and flanked by tall white-capped mountains. Lucerne is used to strangers. Her importance rose and fell with the rate of traffic over the St Gotthard, and to-day she is the vortex of the tourist whirl, the centre of the foreigner industry.

In winter no deader spot can well be imagined than this. The hotels are shuttered, all the

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shops near them closed. The lion sculptured in the rock—Lucerne's chief monument—is carefully packed up behind sacking and canvas. Ice blocks float in the dark green river, a mist veils all the mountains. In the streets you meet very few people, and these are the sombrest figures. The men are cloaked and hooded, the women seem to be wearing all their frocks and petticoats at one time, with the dullest, drabbest outermost. Dante would be baffled to describe a gloom so Cimmerian. It is a kind of Eskimo's hell. You hurry to the railway station to inquire the next train to anywhere else.

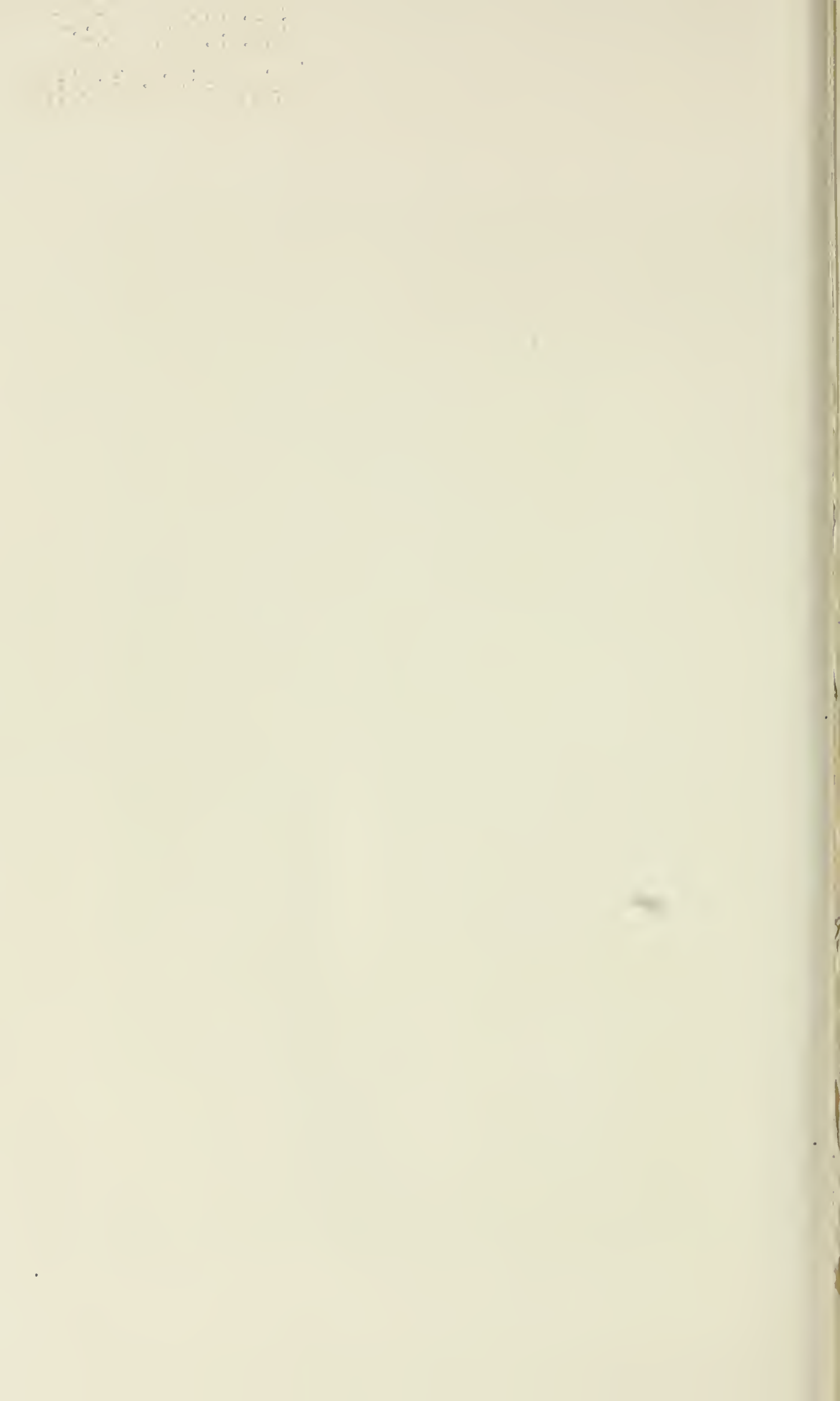
But in summer the town is gleaming white and dazzlingly sunny, and uncommonly stuffy at times. The tourist is in full possession. He and she are of all possible varieties. Juno-like Viennese ladies swim through be vies of charming but dumpy Parisiennes, graceful but immature Englishwomen, smart but crude American girls. You are brushed aside by a very assertive couple from the Fatherland—a bulky dame in a drab ulster with a peaked cap set on her flaxen curls, accompanied by a fat man breaking out of a light frock-coat suit, with which he has the effrontery to wear a bowler hat. This interesting couple are usually followed by one or more *backfisch*—gawky damsels of fifteen or sixteen summers, very bony, and with little promise



J. W. McLellan.

The Wasserthurm, Lucerne.

[Photo]



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as yet of bulking like mamma, but probably wearing spectacles like papa. These odd and rather unkindly treated types we are pleased to take as representative of their great nation, just as the French still cling to Caran d'Ache's caricature of us Britons. As likely as not, the lilylike woman, exquisitely gowned, who passed just now, escorted by a man of the Lewis Waller type, are Germans also. The specimens we have met most often form our conception of a national type. The German who had spent his stay in England in one of his Majesty's prisons would have as correct an impression of English people as most travellers with their limited experience obtain. We have some unprepossessing representatives at Lucerne in the shape of the cheapest trippers. I understand that benevolent agencies will give you a week in "Lovely Lucerne" and bring you back again for four and a half guineas—not much more than 'Arry would spend in twice the time at Margate. And 'Arry often avails himself of these facilities. He is housed generally at chalets and pensions well outside the town, but he strolls into it, with a cricket cap on his head, a "quiff" or curl over his low forehead, a low collar displaying his manly neck, a quiet tweed suit, and very yellow boots. He has a habit of straying into the most expensive tea-shops—even occasionally restaurants—and setting the whole place in an

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uproar when his bill is presented. He is firmly persuaded that he is being swindled whenever he is asked to pay for anything. He is always inquiring for English steak and for "Guinness" and "small Bass," though he knew quite well before he started that he would not be able to obtain them. He generally buys a great quantity of Swiss cigars, and induces his companions to do the same. Englishmen of all ranks, it must be admitted, talk as much about tobacco as the Italians do about food and Englishwomen about dress. The English cheap tripper, then, is not a very dignified or pleasing type, but he is immeasurably superior to the corresponding type of any other nationality. He can eat his food without disgusting his neighbours, he is well washed and clear skinned, and has a certain pride in his appearance and self-respect. I admit that the low-class Englishman can be a vulgar brute enough, and that in no country in the world do women stare more insolently and insult each other by stage whispers more outrageously than in England; but for sheer unadulterated brutish vulgarity the low-class Parisian and Berlin 'Arry can easily bear away the palm from the Cockney.

Herded with these vulgarians are often noticed trippers of a very different stamp. Lucerne, like the Normandy coast, is specially attractive to people whose travel-hunger is out

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of all proportion to their means. There are earnest young men from the English midlands, insatiably curious for foreign sights and scenes, and pathetically anxious to make their money go literally as far as third-class trains will take it. There are governesses and elderly unmarried women, too, whose sole glimpse of life and reality consists in these annual trips abroad. These are the correspondents who harass "the travel editors" of our illustrated journals with inquiries after pensions at three to four francs a day and as to the possibility of travelling across Spain or Hungary third-class. They advertise in the same columns for companions of similarly ambitious and inexpensive tastes. Some of these "Constant Readers" and "Poor Gentlewomen" do not seem to care where they go, so long as it is "on the Continent." And the patient travel editor, realising this, will recommend them to a "nice, extremely moderate place, very quiet" such as Morges or Isleten or Bourgy-lès-Epinards, which he is "sure they would like," with "an English Church service," where they can live in a respectable pension for ladies only at fifteen francs a week. Not a very enjoyable holiday, one would think; but to some of these quiet gentlefolk it means an adventure and brings a spice of romance into withered, arid lives.

Travel or residence abroad under such con-

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ditions is, of course, quite a different thing from being "in a fix" or "getting landed," an experience which most globe-trotters rather enjoy. In what the Germans would call my "wander-years," I found myself at Coblenz with about five shillings more than my fare to a town in France where I wanted to go or to a place in England where I didn't. About three of these shillings I spent on a reply-paid telegram to my French friends, asking them to telegraph at once if I could come or not. The reply was to be addressed to me at the post-office. I was told by the clerk I might expect it within an hour. It did not come in an hour, or two hours. I began to get anxious and even more hungry. I invested a mark in luncheon, walked about the Göbenplatz and the Rheinanlagen, and called at the post-office every half-hour. No reply came by the time the office closed. I had now one mark to spare. I spent it on a bed. My reply, "Venez de suite," was awaiting me at the office next morning. On consulting the fare-table at the station I found I had, after all, two marks and a few pfennig more than the price of a third-class ticket. But I had to live during nearly twenty-four hours! I solved the problem by travelling *fourth-class* to the German frontier and by living on dry biscuits and water throughout that long, hot journey.

I am quite sure that many of the strangers

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one sees at Lucerne have never been in such straits. Mingling with the economically-disposed tourists I have mentioned are those splendid and opulent persons who have succeeded the travelling milords of the post-and-courier days, and seem to spend all their lives in motor cars and first-class hotels. Before the motor was invented these people must have lived in the hotels and sleeping-cars instead, for no one ever met them walking or driving. Their views of the country even now must be mainly derived from the windows of such caravanserais as the National and the Axenstein. They think in terms of hotels rather than towns, and never stay long anywhere, except at Nice or Monte Carlo. While every English person wants to be like them, the Swiss hotel proprietors and chefs, who see so much of them and are on such familiar terms with them, have no such ambition. The Swiss want to be rich, not elegant or smart. Perhaps, also, this is because society outside the Anglo-Saxon world is divided vertically, not horizontally. A man rises within his own section, along his own ladder of life—from a humble hotel servant he rises to be a big hotel proprietor, just as the little artist aspires to the rank of a great artist. Each aims at eminence in his own calling. With us it is different. Men of all professions aim at the same goal, and none thinks himself successful

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till he is received, not by the heads of his own profession, but by the governing, supreme set, Society with the large S. In Switzerland every bear climbs his own pole.

At Lucerne the kursaal is a common meeting-place for all sorts of visitors, of all nationalities. The five-guinea trippers come there, with their caps crammed in their pockets, to risk a five-franc piece on the chance of the spinning pea, and feel that they are gamblers indeed. They rub shoulders with enormous Hebrews in "smokings," as the French call dinner-jackets, and with their beshawled, white-shouldered womenfolk. Casinos and gambling places resemble each other very much all the world over, but here you soon perceive that the gamesters are not in earnest and that no one is likely, in consequence of big losses, to pitch himself into the lake just outside. From the windows of the big hotels often proceeds a sound of revelry by night; the foreigners are dancing even in Lucerne, which used to frown on such dangerous frivolity and limited it to three or four days in the year.

The strains of the "Merry Widow" penetrate even the cloisters of the mother church of the canton, dedicated to the patron saint of sportsmen, St Leger, or St Leodegar, a name from which philologists, in a way known only to themselves, derive that of the town. The

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church keeps abreast of the times and has organ recitals every evening, which you pay a franc to hear. The building dates only from the sixteenth century—the towers are so old—but as a foundation dates from 750, when a monastery of Benedictines was established here. This was the beginning of Lucerne. A small fishing village sprang up, which in 1291 was sold, with other Swiss fiefs, by the abbot Berchtold to the house of Hapsburg. This change of masters led to the formation of the league between the forest cantons, which Lucerne herself was slow to join. Indeed, her men attacked Unterwalden when the men of that canton were helping their confederates at Morgarten. In 1332, however, the town joined the league, and won a recognition of partial independence from her overlord. Some of the citizens still hankered after the Austrian yoke. In 1343 they met to betray their native town, in a vault under the Tailors' Guildhouse. A boy chanced to penetrate into the cellar. "Hearing the sound of muttering," writes Etterlin, the old chronicler, "and the clashing of arms, he was afraid and thought the place haunted, and turned to flee; but some men gave chase, and held him fast. They threatened his life, that he should tell no man what he had seen. He promised and went with them. And thus he heard their deliberations. And when no one more gave heed unto him, he quietly

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crept from thence, went up the steps by the house of the tailors into the street, and looked about if he might see a light. This he saw in the Guild room of the butchers, where the men were wont to sit up later than in other rooms. He went in, and saw many men drinking and playing. Here he sat him down behind the stove, and began to say: 'Oh! stove, stove!' But no one gave heed unto him. Then cried he again: 'Oh! stove, stove! May I speak?' The men now became aware of his presence, mocked him and thought him mad, and asked him who he was and what he wanted. 'Oh! nothing, nothing,' was his answer. Then began he a third time and said: 'Oh! stove, stove! I must make my complaint to thee, since I may speak to no man—to-night there are men gathered under the great vault at the corner, who are going to commit murder.' As soon as the men heard that, they ran out in great haste, gave the alarm, made prisoners of the conspirators, and forced them to swear fealty."

Lucerne soon became impatient even of Austria's merely nominal claims upon her allegiance. In 1386 Duke Leopold advanced with a mighty army to chastise his rebellious vassals. The confederates rallied in defence of their ally, and on 9th July defeated and killed the Duke on the little plateau above Sempach. With the banners and spoils taken on that memorable

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day the Lucerners were able to decorate their town for many a long year after. Entlibuch, Kriens, and Horw were brought under their rule, and within the next hundred years the canton had acquired its present dimensions.

The old town to-day lies close against the swirling Reuss, and with its picturesque old houses, painted and gabled, probably does not greatly differ in aspect from its fifteenth or sixteenth century self. The first house of stone in Lucerne was built in 1398, and thereafter building a stone house was, says Mr Sowerby,¹ often made a condition of admission to citizenship. "The houses being at first entirely of wood, the regulations to prevent fires were very strict. No wood, whether for building or burning, was to remain more than one night in the street. Between vespers and early mass, no smith's work was allowed, no threshing or winnowing, no working with tow or melted tallow, and no juniper wood or small twigs might be burned. The fire brigade was composed of citizens, who in case of a fire had to remain until dismissed by the mayor [schultheiss]; the women had to stand at the doors of their houses with lights; the members of the Klein and Gross Rath, armed with axes, formed a guard. The gates were closed every night at curfew, and the streets patrolled by one member of the Klein

¹ "The Forest Cantons."

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Rath, two of the Gross Rath, three citizens, and a sergeant [weibel]. Not until 1764, at the instance of Valentin Meyer, the town council employed a paid watch and guard of 150 men, and the members of the council could sleep undisturbed."

Against human foes the town was protected on the land side by the wall with nine towers, which still remains. The wall dates from 1385, but the Zeitthurm or Clock Tower is believed to be a hundred years older and to have been erected on the site of the little castle of Tannenberg. Only thirty marks silver were paid in compensation for the demolition of this stronghold. There was another "castle" where the Nollithurm now stands, and there the Abbot of Marbach, the superior of the prior of Lucerne, was received with befitting ceremony by his vassals. The Musegg hill, on which these towers stand, is the scene, every 25th of March, of the procession called the Romfahrt, instituted about 1250. It took the place of an annual pilgrimage to Rome, to return thanks for the deliverance of the town from a fire. "The procession has only twice failed to take place on the appointed day. In 1653 it was deferred until July 25th on account of the peasant war, and in 1785, on account of the deep snow, it was put off till March 27th, and then only took place in the town. The priest who delivered the sermon

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in 1553 was Domitas Hurilaeus, Archbishop of Cashel, who was afterwards murdered.”

The Swiss are and always have been as fond of holidays and public ceremonies as the modern English. On the Wednesday and Thursday after Easter a miracle play was enacted every five years in the Wine Market, where Lux's pretty fountain now stands. The stage was provided by the municipality, which entertained all visitors at its own expense. This lavish hospitality proved so costly that the play was given up early in the seventeenth century. There was, however, always plenty of money in Lucerne. The famous Ludwig Pfyffer, who took part in the French religious wars, was worth three quarters of a million of our money and was nicknamed the Swiss King. The guilds were very wealthy, and upon their extinction in 1870 were able to distribute considerable sums among their members. These corporations often included several district trades. The Safran Guild was composed of crafts as diverse as sculptors and ropemakers, and was named after one of its members who had distinguished himself in the Burgundian wars. In his honour the guild organised a procession on the last Thursday of carnival known as the “Fritschi-auszug,” which was at one time a march past of all the able-bodied men of the town.

Life seems to have been jolly enough in the

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quaint old town, though from time to time the city fathers, as elsewhere in these days, exerted themselves to make everybody solemn and glum. The wealthy Pfyffers, many of whom had served in the French Guards, did much to make things lively ; so also did the few Italian families settled in the town. The council passed stupid laws against card-playing, regulating dress, and so forth, but no one dared to enforce these against the aristocratic families. The townsmen's daughters, however, were limited to two or three dances a year, and forced to carry on their flirtations as best they could in the shadow of the covered-in bridges.

The oldest of these was the Hofbrücke, which existed in one form or another since 853, and was demolished in 1857. It was over thirteen hundred feet in length and extended from the southern end of the modern Seebrücke to a point now some distance inland from the lake. It was decorated, like the remaining bridges of the period, with paintings, in this case from sacred history, bearing the names of the donors or restorers. Upon it was a chapel built by the famous Swiss King. His arms were subsequently removed from the structure, when his heirs had refused to bear the cost of restoration. This bridge was the favourite promenade of the Lucerners, and must have closely resembled the two existing wooden bridges which span the

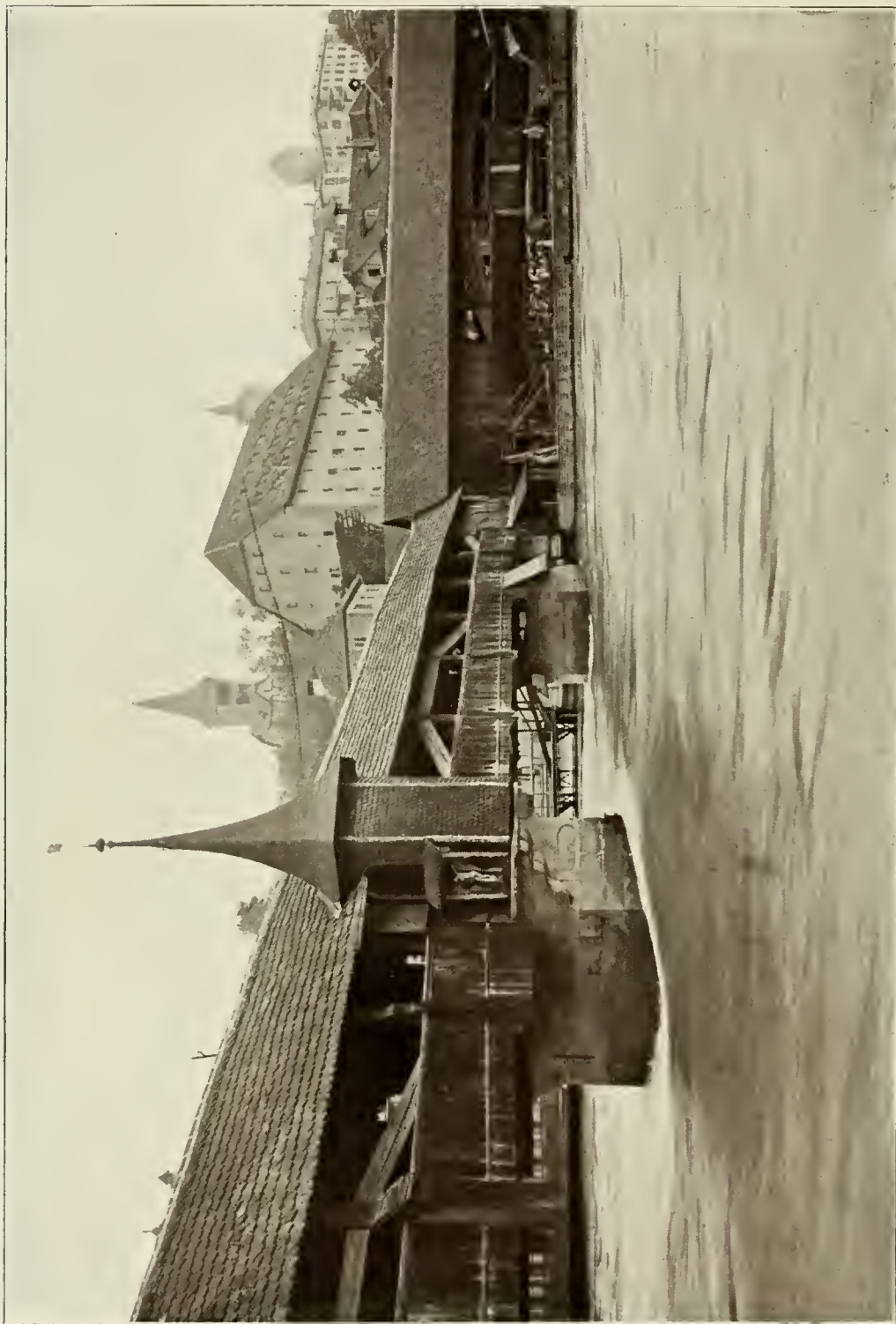


Photo |

| J. W. McLellan.

The Old Bridge in Lucerne

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river lower down. The Kapellbrücke forms a very obtuse angle, pointing towards the lake. It dates from 1355, and was decorated at the beginning of the seventeenth century with about two hundred pictures illustrative of Swiss history. Each member of the council undertook the cost of one painting, and was careful to establish his connection with it as far as possible. Thus, as Mr Sowerby explains, John H. Pfyffer chose for the subject of his picture the gymnasium founded by his ancestor; L. von Wyl, the Mordnacht or massacre resulting from the conspiracy of 1343, because it was supposed to have taken place near his house. One of these compositions represents the execution of two Christian martyrs near Soleure by means of an instrument resembling the guillotine. Some of these paintings have been placed in the galleries of the old Wasserthurm, at the angle of the bridge, the lighthouse from which, according to some, the town derived its name, and which now houses the municipal archives.

This bridge must have been, from the nature of its decoration, a more agreeable lounging place than the Spreuerbrücke, lower down, which was rebuilt in 1566. In whichever direction you traverse this bridge your eyes are met by one of the pieces composing the famous "Dance of Death," placed back to back in the angle formed by the pitched wooden roof. These ghastly

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pictures were painted, for the edification of the inhabitants, by Caspar Meglinger in 1626, at the expense of various pious townsmen, and were restored by one, Hunkeler, in 1727. One represents a wedding feast; Death, personified as a hideous skeleton in the costume of the artist's period, is waiting with his scythe to cut down the bride at the entrance to the nuptial chamber. In another, the same grinning spectre appears behind the cradle of a smiling infant. Farther on, you see a knight galloping away from a stricken field, unaware that Death is seated behind him on his saddle. Elsewhere the skeleton is seen driving a holiday party; you see him arraying a lady for a ball, serving at table, appearing, in short, in almost every conceivable situation in everyday human life, conducting popes, emperors, kings, nobles, merchants, peasants, old men, young men, wives, and virgins, in one fantastic capering cotillon to the grave.

The series is well known to students of mediæval art. It reappears all over northern Europe and was painted at Bâle by Holbein. "In the midst of life we are in death" was a theme on which the mediæval mind never tired of gloating. The pagans saw the grandeur and sadness of death, the Christians only its horror and corruption. The Church, which never ceased to insist on the baseness of the body,

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found an excellent ally in the skeleton with the scythe. It pleased the miserable monk, starving in his filthy rags, to reflect that the proud knight and the lovely lady would one day be the prey of worms. The vilest of the human species delighted in the certainty that the noblest would one day be a festering mass of corruption. Roman Catholic books of devotion are full of the sentiment ; it inspires, for that matter, half the hymns of all the Christian churches. Flesh is vile ; human nature is evil ; woman must be cleansed by canonical processes from the guilt of motherhood ; all humanity must end in the mouldering corpse. How different from the bright saying of the Mohammedans : “ There is nothing the wise man thinks of less than death ! ”

The “ Dance of Death ” here represented was at its conception performed by living actors. It formed one of the mystery plays of the devout mumbling Middle Ages, and in 1424 was “ produced ” at Paris in an appropriate theatre—the cemetery of the Innocents. At the time of the English occupation, when François Villon saw the world as a vast thieves’ kitchen, and wolves, four-legged as well as human, preyed on the citizens, a procession defiled through the streets headed by a skeleton seated on a jewelled throne. Something of this morbid humour has survived in the so-called gay city

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to this day, as visitors to the tourist-ridden haunts of Montmartre well know. It is still considered good fun in some Italian carnivals to masquerade as a corpse; but humanity at last recoiled from mimicking the triumph of its implacable foe, and the edifying pageant was presented only by the painter and the carver.

I sat on that quaint old bridge at Lucerne and extracted some amusement from the grotesque pictures expressly designed to terrify worldlings. I doubt if the tourists trip it any the less lightly at the National for being reminded that they are mortal and that flesh is vile. For that matter, cremation enables us to escape the indignities of the grave and to cheat that worm to whom priests so lovingly refer. Ruskin, meditating on this bridge, compares our modern life unfavourably with that of the old Lucerners, "with all its happy waves of light and mountain strength of will, and solemn expectation of eternity." Yet none that knows the history of Switzerland can say that those grave persons were better men than their descendants. The vanity of life, forsooth! it was this soul-soddening lie that made our forefathers so brutally indifferent to the welfare of their kind, and absolutely reckless of the interests of posterity. The man with a sound race instinct is little concerned about the

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duration of his individual life, but he does not talk about its vanity. In the expectation of eternity he is not likely to forget the value of time. Then "let us take hands and help, for to-day we are alive together."

THE LION OF LUCERNE

FIFTY or sixty years ago, I have been told, visitors were introduced to the Lion of Lucerne by a veteran clad in the scarlet uniform—sadly patched and faded—of the famous Swiss Guards of the French King. This old man could hardly have been a survivor of the massacre which the monument commemorates; he had probably belonged to the corps some time between its re-establishment by Louis XVIII. and its final disbandment after the Revolution of July. The pride which he no doubt took in the valour of his fellows on the memorable 10th August 1792 may perhaps be shared by the Swiss to-day, but if the monument had not been erected in the reactionary twenties of last century I very seriously question whether it would ever have been erected at all. For it is, after all, a memorial not only to the doglike fidelity of the brave mercenaries, but a disagreeable reminder of the days when the cantons hired out the flower of their manhood to fight and bleed in the causes, just or unjust, of foreign powers. Poor, mountainous countries seem to breed mercenaries. The Scots were as fond of the trade as the Switzers. Where a man has nothing else



Photo]

The Lake of Lucerne.

/Weltri.

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to sell, he sells his strength and courage, just as woman sells her beauty. The Swiss troops who figure in all European wars from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries were not mercenaries, one writer hotly affirms: they were recruited by the cantons under regular treaties with foreign states, they were organised and officered by the cantons, they fought under their local banners. To these conventions, we are told, the confederation owed its immunity from invasion. In reality, thousands of Swiss enlisted as individuals in other armies, attracted by the hope of pay and plunder; but the status of those supplied by their own governments in fixed contingents to foreign despots seems to me more pitiable and ignoble still. No doubt the "excellent lords" of "the praiseworthy cantons" did well over the traffic. Louis XIV.'s minister remarked that with the gold the French kings had paid the Swiss you could pave a road from Paris to Bâle; whereupon a Swiss officer retorted that with all the blood shed by his countrymen in the French service you could fill a canal from Bâle to Paris. One is reminded of the tribute of one hundred virgins which the Gothic king is fabled to have paid the caliph of Cordova.

There is hardly a banner in Europe under which the Swiss have not fought for hire—except, perhaps, that of liberty. In France, Austria,

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Spain and Italy, they have ever distinguished themselves as the tyrant's most faithful watchdogs, staunch pillars of the throne. They possessed the special virtue of the mercenary—they were true to the hand that fed them. They were ready indeed to kill each other, should duty command, though now and again blood proved stronger than allegiance, as when in 1500 the Swiss basely betrayed their employer, the Duke of Milan, to their countrymen in the French service. But generally it was found that so long as you had the money, you had the Swiss. Sold into servitude by their feudal owners at home, they obeyed without demur any and every employer.

France was always the most liberal customer of their Excellencies of the cantons. Between 1477 and 1850 it is computed that no fewer than a million Swiss served in the armies of France. At one time they contributed fully half the infantry. It was, as we might have guessed, the shrewd Louis XI. who first recognised the value of such auxiliaries to the French crown. Unflinchingly brave, without intelligence or scruple, they were the ideal Janissaries of a would-be absolute king. Charles VIII. trusted them so well that he formed a special bodyguard called the Cent-Suisses, distinguished by a blue uniform with red facings. At Paris these Guards were killed to the hun-

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dreadth man, defending the person of Francis I. In after years their duties became mainly ceremonial and domestic. They were employed chiefly about the palace and at Court functions, much as the Pope's Swiss Guards are to-day.

It was Louis XIII. who organised an effective fighting force of Swiss for the immediate protection of the sovereign. Marshal de Bassompierre was the first colonel of this, the famous Swiss Guard. Originally composed of twelve companies which mounted guard according to the precedence of their respective officer's cantons, they were increased in 1763 to four battalions, each of four companies, officered by a colonel, a lieutenant, a major, four aides-major, four sous-aides-major, and eight ensigns. Their uniform was scarlet with blue facings. The officers wore high silver-braided collars. The Guard marched with the artillery and formed its escort. It had many privileges and received twice the pay of any native corps. It was not bound to serve against Germany beyond the Rhine, Italy beyond the Alps, or Spain beyond the Pyrenees ; but, in fact, it very often overstepped these limits.

“ A corps of Swiss,” said Marshal Schomberg, himself a soldier of fortune, “ is in a French army what the bones are to the human body, not only on account of their valour, but especially because of their patience and their discipline.

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They are discouraged by no reverse or delay.” “ They have never,” says another writer, “ been reproached with anything but their insistence upon being regularly paid. Point d’argent, point de Suisse, says the proverb. It could not be otherwise. In the Swiss regiments the theft of a hen was punished with death. With such a discipline, regularity of pay was absolutely necessary.”

At the beginning of the Revolution there were eleven regiments of Swiss in the French service besides the Cent-Suisses and the Guard. Some of these troops took part in the defence of the Bastille, and all were regarded with dislike and suspicion by the people. The Châteaueux regiment, however, stationed at Nancy, was stirred by the rebellious spirit of the age, and went on strike for better pay, and the abolition of flogging. They were attacked by the ferocious Marquis de Bouillé, with two other Swiss regiments, and subdued after a fierce struggle. Dog, it is said, will not eat dog; but at the court-martial that followed, the mutineers were sentenced by their fellow-countrymen, one to be broken on the wheel, twenty-two to be hanged, and forty-one to the galleys. The sentences of death were at once executed. An appeal was made on behalf of the prisoners to their own government; but that detestable little oligarchy approved the sentences and declared that if the

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men were pardoned they would not be permitted to re-enter their corps. Notwithstanding, the forty-one mutineers were set at liberty by order of the National Assembly and were welcomed with enthusiasm at the bar of the house.

To express its disgust at such clemency and to preserve its subjects from the contagion of republican ideas, the republic of Berne recalled its contingent from the French service. The Assembly decreed the disbanding of the Cent-Suisses, but left the other corps standing, though the Guards were ordered to confine themselves to their barracks at Courbevoie and Rueil and to surrender their artillery. The aged colonel, M. d'Affry, kept in the background, and managed to keep on good terms with the new authorities. His officers, whose sympathies were, of course, entirely with their paymaster, the King, sent to Lucerne for instructions how to act. Before they were answered, they were summoned to defend the Tuileries against the Marseillais. Commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel de Maillardoz and Captain de Durler, they made their last heroic stand in defence of their employer's home on 10th August 1792. It was the apotheosis of the mercenary soldier.

The number of the defenders is stated by Durler to have been about eight hundred. A return made by order of the cantons accounts

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for only 519, of whom 160 were killed. All the cantons were represented except Schaffhausen and Appenzell. Soleure furnished the largest proportion of killed—51 out of 105. From Fribourg came no fewer than 125 men, in addition to the lieutenant-colonel. He was murdered in the Conciergerie, together with nine other officers. The Baron de Bachmann, whom the revolutionaries put to death on the scaffold, was from canton Glarus.

On 20th August the remaining Swiss troops were disbanded by the French Government. Many of the men took service with Sardinia and in England, where they formed part of a corps known as Roll's regiment. To this belonged the brave Durler, who died fighting under the British flag in Egypt. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. showed that among other things he had not forgotten the value of foreign mercenaries to the King of France. He hastily reconstituted both the Cent-Suisses and the Garde Suisse, raising the number of the former, by the way, to 317. To the command of the Guard he appointed the Comte d'Affry, son of the old colonel, who had fought under Napoleon. When the Emperor returned from Elba he ordered the Swiss to parade before him. They remained in their barracks. Their colonel was summoned to the palace. Upon his arrival, two officers ordered him to give up his sword.

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He drew it, and invited any man who was bold enough to take it. No one dared and, armed, he entered the presence of Napoleon. "Why," asked the great man, "did you not obey my orders?" "Because," replied the intrepid Swiss, "I can take orders only from the King and the cantons." "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" thundered the Emperor. "Yes, to General Bonaparte." "You are speaking," said the conqueror deliberately, "to the Emperor of the French, and in that capacity I order you to parade your regiment upon the Place du Carrousel." "I regret," replied d'Affry, "that I can take orders only from the King to whom I took the oath of allegiance." "You swore allegiance to me also in 1810." "True, but you absolved me from it by your abdication." "Good," said Napoleon; "I will take steps to recall it to your memory." He dismissed the bold Switzer, but contented himself with disbanding his regiment.

Louis XVIII. rewarded this fresh instance of fidelity by giving the Swiss the place of honour upon his re-entry into Paris. By a convention concluded with the cantons on 1st June 1816 the strength of the Guard was fixed at two regiments of 2298 officers and men each, and four more regiments were raised, each 1956 strong, to be known as Swiss infantry of the line. The Guards wore the old scarlet and blue uniform,

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the infantry red coats with yellow buttons. The colonel of the Guards received a salary of 15,000 francs a year—nearly thrice as much as his comrade of the French Guards. The privates were paid seventy centimes a day in the Guards, and fifty centimes in the line.

During this last period of their service with the French colours, the hardy sons of Helvetia proved themselves, as ever, valiant defenders of tyranny. They shared the fatigues and the doubtful honours of the disgraceful expedition into Spain to crush the liberties of the people and to restore the hateful Ferdinand VII. to the unlimited exercise of arbitrary power. Some of the regiments remained on the south side of the Pyrenees till 1827 ; it would have been well for them if they had stayed there three years longer. On the outbreak of the Revolution of July, the sight of the hated scarlet uniform goaded the Parisians to madness. At every crisis in the history of France, these hirelings from the mountains were found ready to step between the monarch and his injured people. The Swiss, as usual, did their duty. They fired without hesitation on the mob, and were vigorously attacked in return. A corps was besieged in its barracks, which was set fire to by the insurgents. At the Tuileries, the people gained the upper floors, and fired from the windows on the Swiss in the court below. The mercenaries

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remembered the fate of their predecessors in 1792, and hastily retreated. With Charles X. the Swiss Guard disappeared from France for ever, and the confederation lost the best market for its blood and sinew.

Spain, which had drawn as many as six regiments at a time from the Catholic cantons, employed no more Swiss after the French invasion. Reding, who did such good service during the campaign, was a Swiss officer. The Protestant mercenaries preferred the service of the states-general of Holland, which in 1748 had as many as 20,400 Swiss in their pay. As late as 1829 there were four Swiss regiments in the Dutch army. The Emperor had his Hundred Swiss, like his cousin of France, but generally preferred to hire these mercenaries for the job—which was never too dirty for the Helvetic conscience. As late as the time of the Crimean war, the English Government recruited a force in Switzerland, which we had transported at great expense as far as Smyrna when hostilities came to an end. The men returned to their native valleys to tire their simple neighbours to the end of their lives with stories of the perils of the deep and the wonders of the Orient.

Nowadays to most of us the words Swiss Guards recall the ornamental warriors of the Vatican. The popes were the first to take the troops of the cantons into their pay, and they

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have retained them the longest. The supreme pontiff's Swiss Guard is, I fancy, the oldest existing regiment. It was founded in 1471 by Sixtus IV., and composed of 7 officers and 146 non-commissioned officers and men. As most people know, and some will learn with surprise, the hideous uniform of these devout mercenaries was designed by no other than Raphael. Unfortunately it has been little affected by the vicissitudes of the corps itself. The Swiss Guards were disbanded in 1809, when Pius VII. was carried off to France, and reorganised in 1814. On the establishment of the Roman republic in 1848 they were again dismissed, only to reappear on the restoration of the ninth Pius. They were spared upon the annexation of the city to the Italian kingdom, as an entirely ceremonial non-combatant force. Their countrymen in the papal and Neapolitan services have left a different reputation behind them. Foreseeing an uprising in his dominions, that stupid and tyrannical pope, Gregory XVI., in 1834 contracted with the Swiss Government for the supply of two regiments of foot and a troop of artillery, totalling 4401 men. These were stationed in the legations of Romagna, as the most disaffected districts. Curiously enough, they first saw active service in the defence, instead of to the injury, of the national cause. When Pius IX. pretended to join the Italian league against Austria, the Swiss troops under a

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Grison, General de Latour, fought well at Vicenza against the Imperialists, and were saluted by the people with the unaccustomed cry, "Viva i Svizzeri!" On the proclamation of the republic, notwithstanding, the two infantry regiments were dissolved. Some of the men returned home and a few re-enlisted in the native army. Most, however, passed into the service of the King of the Two Sicilies.

That paternal sovereign and his predecessor had maintained four regiments of Swiss infantry, for the oppression of their subjects, since 1827, under conventions with the cantonal governments of Lucerne, Uri, Unterwalden, Appenzell (Inner Rhoden), Fribourg, Soleure, Valais, Berne, and Grisons. These conventions, together with the conditions of service and the Swiss military code, may be read *in extenso* in a book published at Geneva by Henri Ganter, an ex-mercenary. The discipline was severe, even ferocious. Death, flogging, and running the gauntlet were the penalties for even minor offences. The last-mentioned method of punishment was often terrible enough, for it was a means of gratifying the intense animosity which divided the German and Latin members of the same corps. The pay of a private was only sixty-two and two-third centimes a day. Yet the cantons appear to have had no difficulty in recruiting volunteers for foreign service.

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Enlistment, says Ganter, was for four years, and was quite voluntary. Parents had even to restrain their sons from engaging. Once they had signed on, they swore fidelity to their employer, and were sent on to the chief recruiting station of the canton, whence they were despatched to the general depot at Genoa. Though no pressure or inducements were brought to bear upon the lads to enlist, our informant admits that desertions before and after arrival at Naples were pretty frequent, and that the men often tried to make themselves useless as soldiers and so procure even a dishonourable discharge. We are told of a certain D—— of the canton Geneva, who might by his intelligence have easily attained promotion but preferred to pass most of his service in the guardroom. He had received fifteen thousand strokes with the cane, and was so used to this punishment that he would let his comrades amuse themselves by flogging him in return for a few glasses of wine. The men seem to have been brutalised in this sordid service and to have delighted in cruelty to each other as well as to the people. The officers jealously insisted on their right to inflict the death penalty without the possibility of pardon by the King. On doom being pronounced the judge broke a black wand and threw it at the feet of the condemned man, telling him that he was as surely dead as the stick was broken.

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Loathed by the Neapolitans as the very body-guard of tyranny, the Swiss regiments distinguished themselves in 1848 and 1860 by their courage and ferocity among the troops of Ferdinand II. They are accused of firing on the people without provocation and warning, and of massacring women and children. The four colonels, Sigrist, Brunner, de Riedmatten, and de Muralt, published an indignant denial of these charges, but their part in the revolt had covered the Swiss name with odium, and aroused the liveliest indignation in Switzerland. The old order of things had passed away in 1847, and the confederation now refused to recognise the conventions signed by the cantons or to permit the Swiss arms to be borne on the standards of the Neapolitan regiments. The Conservative party in the cantons affected were, however, sufficiently strong to prevent the recall of the contingents, and even managed to keep up their strength to the number agreed upon with the other contracting party. But the men themselves mutinied on seeing their national ensigns removed from their colours, and in 1859 the Neapolitan Government thought fit to disband the corps. A great number of the men, however, immediately re-enlisted in the newly formed foreign legion, and fought obstinately against Garibaldi in Sicily and on the Volturno. Meanwhile, a new brigade of Swiss in the employ

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of Pius IX. had rendered itself odious by its brutality towards the insurgent inhabitants of Perugia. The appearance of the Sardinian army presently drove the pontifical troops into the fortress of Ancona and the Neapolitan army into Gaeta. These strongholds of despotism fell successively in September 1860 and February 1861. The Pope's mercenaries took refuge in the city and territory of Rome; the Swiss in the garrison of Gaeta were sent back to their own country. They had been treated harshly by the Sardinians. Covered with vermin and clothed in rags, they were transported by rail from Genoa to Arona. At every station they were greeted with groans and hisses by the Italians, with cries of "Ecco i Borboni! Porchi di Svizzera! Mangia macheroni! Levate questa porcheria!" And so the last of the Swiss mercenaries, with the exception of those at Rome, returned to their country, which blushed to receive them.

Thus closed a sorry chapter in the history not of the Swiss nation but of the old rotten aristocracy of Switzerland, who sold their peasantry into bondage to foreign kings. The German princes did the same. The old-fashioned ruler believed himself to be the owner of his people, and not unreasonably supposed he might sell them as a farmer does his live stock. Those ideas are dead in Switzerland, but they are not

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dead in England. There are plenty of self-styled intellectuals in London to-day who openly express their desire for an absolute monarchy. Most middle-aged English ladies of good family believe that the working class was only created to supply them with domestic servants. South Kensington would vote solid to-morrow for the introduction of slavery. The aristocratic party does not proclaim these doctrines on the platform or in the press, but it makes no secret of them in the club and the drawing-room. So I think it quite right and proper that wealthy English tourists should sigh before Thorwaldsen's lion over the fate of the armed slaves of a corrupt monarchy. For the Swiss of to-morrow will not ! This monument should be set up in a London suburb or a fashionable watering-place, to be honoured by those who admire courage blended with servility.

I, for one, respect these brave soldiers, worthy of a better cause. It is easy to be hard on these poor devils of mercenaries. They had no country of their own—it belonged to the patricians of their cantons. They hoped to escape tyranny at home by embracing servitude abroad. They were simple souls, with much in common with the cattle of their upland pastures. The Swiss used to play in French humour the part assigned to the Irishman in ours. A Swiss captain was ordered to bury the dead after an engagement,

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so one story goes. He set to work with right good will, and it was presently pointed out to him that he was burying the living as well as the dead. "As to that," he replied impatiently, "if you listened to these bodies, they would have you believe there isn't a dead man among them." Voltaire is responsible for the yarn about the German officer who begged for his life from a Swiss soldier. "Alas! sir," answered the obliging mercenary, "I will willingly grant you any other favour, but your life—no!" I like, too, that story of the Swiss Guard who had orders to let no one enter the Tuileries from the street. "You can't enter," he said to a citizen who presented himself at the gate. "I don't want to enter," explained the adroit townsman, "I wish to leave this street." "Ah, that's another matter," returned the sentinel, who drew back to let him pass.

Men to whom such *niaiseries* could be attributed were not very capable of weighing the rights and wrongs of any quarrel. Certainly none of them would have fought for the oppressors of his own land, as the Irish and Indians have not hesitated to do. I don't suppose any one of them would have stooped to shake hands with a divorce court lawyer. And, on the whole, I think these Swiss mercenary soldiers are as deserving of a monument as any of those who fight to extend the dominion of their own

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country without troubling to ask themselves whether their country's influence is for the good of mankind or whether it means the propagation of vicious laws and customs, the heritage of mediæval times. Loyalty to one's flag sometimes means treason-felony to mankind.

LITTLE JOURNEYS FROM LUCERNE

DESPITE its kursaal and its horse races, its dances at the National and its *danses macabres*, no one lingers very long in Lucerne. The call of the mountains is too urgent and the lights of the big hotels on their summits too friendly to be resisted. Everyone you meet at Lucerne has come down from a mountain or is about to go up one. Not that this is a centre for real climbers, for the true Alpinists. There are no peaks round here which the professional mountaineer would think it worth his while to bark his shins upon. For him you must look rather at Grindelwald and Zermatt.

Time was when the ascent of the Rigi was regarded as a remarkable feat of endurance and hardihood, and the man who had seen the sunrise from the humble inn on the summit would talk about the experience all the rest of his life. That inn was built by a man called Bürgi in 1816, and it had for a long time to be kept going by the subscriptions of potentates like the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Crown Prince of Prussia. After a while it became almost as popular as a tourist resort as it had been as a resort for pilgrims. For as far back



Photo]

The Nebelmeer, Rigi.

/ Wehri.

Little Journeys from Lucerne

as 1690 at the spot we call the Klosterli there existed a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Snows, to which a pilgrimage was made on the 6th of September every year. At one time as many as nineteen thousand persons gained the indulgence attached to this religious exercise in one year. The chapel still supplies the spiritual needs of the population of the mountain.

The railway up from Vitznau is the oldest of mountain railways, and was inaugurated with a great flourish of trumpets in 1871. In my childhood, which was several years later, I can remember its being spoken of still as an eighth wonder of the world. He must be a weakling that would use it. The path would present no difficulties to a centenarian on crutches—at least as far as the Rigi Staffel. The way lies mostly through woods, where your footstep startles hordes of squirrels. These little fellows, with their fat cousins, the marmots, are among the greatest joys of travel on foot in Switzerland. The good wholesome wild things have not, happily, been banished, as from lifeless Italy. Birds fly overhead and in and out the bushes. The Swiss do not look on everything that lives as food, and though I suppose bird-butchery is looked on here, as in less civilised countries, as “sport,” the Switzer generally prefers to aim at a target, in preparation not for the kitchen but the battlefield. Between the woods you

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traverse vivid emerald pastures where the cows move slowly to the eternal jingle of their leader's bell. I ran down the Rigi once in a little less than an hour, and acquired such momentum that I could not avert a violent collision with one of these interesting creatures who chanced to cross my path broadside on. Luckily she was fat, and neither of us was much the worse for the encounter. This, I recollect, occurred some distance below that wonderfully grand gate of rock called, I think, the Hochstein, which stands out like a miniature Thermopylæ above Weggis. All the way, up or down, you catch glimpses between the trees and rocks of sublime vistas of lake and mountain, till you emerge on the bare summit up in the clear sky. It is not always clear, as everybody knows, and I can hardly think of the mountain without reaching for my umbrella; you may spend a week up here and see nothing but the clouds; or you may be rewarded with that view which even the Alpinists of to-day speak of with respect.

Pilatus, on the other side of the lake, is every way much more of a mountain than the Rigi. The highest of its seven peaks—the Tomlishorn—is a thousand feet taller than the summit of the mountain opposite. The Rigi is broad-backed and rounded at the top, the Pilatus shaggy and peaked and serrated as a true mountain should be. On the whole, too, the view from the summit

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is better ; but as you can go up both by railway, and most people do so, there is no object perhaps in vaunting one at the expense of the other.

The legend which explains the name of our mountain is unusual and thrilling. It forms an unauthorised sequel to the New Testament. Pontius Pilate, it seems, was so unfortunate as to incur the disfavour of the Emperor, and, to escape a worse fate, killed himself in prison. His body was thrown into the Tiber. The river rose and threatened to burst its banks. The authorities, strangely enough connecting this phenomenon with the disposal of the governor's corpse, recovered it and sent it all the way to Vienne in Gaul, to be thrown into the Rhone. However, this stream proved no more tolerant than the other of its odious burden, and the Lake of Geneva was next chosen as the place of burial. The same floods and disturbances resulted, and for the third time the body was brought to the surface. It did not occur to the people of those days to try some other means of disposing of it, so they sought out a lonely little pool on the summit of the mountain we know as Pilatus and cast it in. According to another version, the ex-governor of Judæa had selected this spot while living as a place of retreat, and was there found by the Wandering Jew and pitched into the pool. But all authorities are agreed that whether Pilate reached the mountain dead or

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alive, he began upon his arrival to make things most unpleasant for the inhabitants of the country round about. Storms raged, rain destroyed the crops, rivers burst their banks, the Lake of Lucerne inundated the surrounding district, avalanches swept away villages, and all the while the most hideous din resounded among the peaks of the mountains. At last a Spanish scholar volunteered to beard the pagan in his lair and bring him to a more Christian frame of mind. His path up the mountain was beset with difficulties which might have daunted the hardiest members of the Alpine Club. Torrents as wide as rivers, chasms as deep as the bottomless pit, forbade his passage. The scholar made the sign of the cross, and instantly these obstacles were bridged by magnificent viaducts, which disappeared as soon as he had passed. Assured in this manner of the Divine protection, he pressed on to the verge of the pool. A terrific vision rose up before him—Pilate grown since his death to the height of the tallest tower in Lucerne, dressed like a Roman warrior, and brandishing the trunk of a pine-tree. Undismayed, the Christian champion gave battle. The combat lasted a whole day and night. The mountain rocked on its foundations. Trees and rocks were hurled down into the lake. The burghers of Lucerne trembled and made bets as to the issue of the encounter. At the end of thirty-six hours a

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tremendous thud, followed by a sound of heavy breathing, seemed to announce the final victory of one or other of the combatants. The Spaniard had floored Pilate. As it was not easy to slay a man who was already dead, the victor admitted the vanquished to terms. The troublesome Roman swore on a fragment of the true cross, which the scholar had thoughtfully brought with him, to remain quiet in his pool on all days of the week, except Friday, when he was to be allowed to roam over the mountains. The scholar then descended to the city and notified the terms of the capitulation to the magistrates. A decree was issued forbidding anyone to climb the peak on Friday. From time to time hardy infidels did so, with dire results. Near the pool they met the awful form of Pilate clad in the red robes of a judge. Only one or two escaped alive to tell the tale, and these were blinded or maimed for life. In the year 1518 four sages got leave from the avoyer to test the truth of the legend. They went up into the mountain on the forbidden day, and returned very much scared, to confirm the tradition. Thirty-seven years later, however, Conrad Gessner, the greatest naturalist of his day, made the ascent on a Friday, and was able to announce that the pagan had disappeared. The prohibition was then removed. Till the end of the sixteenth century, however, the vicar of Lucerne once a year with much solemnity

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threw stones into the pool and exorcised the accursed spirit. These measures seem to have been at last effectual, for the unhappy proconsul has never reappeared and his watery habitation has nearly dried up. The snorting and groaning of the mountain train has been at times mistaken by the superstitious for the expressions of his wrath at the invasion of his domain.

Nowadays almost every mountain within sight of Lucerne has its Grand Hotel and its funicular railway. At night the lights of these reputed eyesores sparkle like new constellations in the heavens—here blazes a coronet of fire, there a ruddy serpent marks the track of the mountain train. The effect is startling but rather beautiful. It is an affectation to esteem as ugliness all the lamps men light in the higher air. I can see much beauty in the beacons of all colours that welcome the traveller to New York by night, and there is surely something sublime in the miles-long glare of the lighthouse. The outcry against the disfigurement of nature in Switzerland does not appear to me to be altogether justified. The railways are less objectionable than the hotels, and bring the glories of the mountain within reach of the aged and the feeble. Nor is a railway track anywhere necessarily an unsightly feature in a landscape—not more so at any rate than a highroad.

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The more recent hotels, moreover, are not inartistically built, and the builders have now generally sense enough not to place them on the skyline. Some years ago I met a Switzer who told me that he belonged to the society for the preservation of the natural beauty of his country. On the mountain hotels he was especially severe. "I own a hotel at Interlaken," he explained. "I find nowadays that tourists spend only a night in the towns and hurry up next day to stay on the top of some mountain. Formerly they would have stayed with me, and just made excursions to the mountains between breakfast and dinner. These high-level hotels and railways are spoiling the appearance of the country." Doubtless the majority of the society are inspired by very different motives from this particular member, though Edouard Rod addresses himself to the commercial aspect of the question by reminding the Swiss that by destroying the picturesqueness of the mountains they will drive away the foreigners it is their object to attract.

Yet the hotels continue to rise on the highest summits, and appear to pay well. Within sight of Lucerne is the Bürgenstock, farther off the Stanserhorn, with a view much better than the Rigi's. The two of them during the greater part of the winter shut out the sunlight from Stans, the little capital of Nidwalden, which lies between

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them. In the summer the place makes a good objective for an afternoon's trip from Lucerne. The steamer takes you to Stansstad, the tiny port of the canton, and you land close to a watch-tower five hundred years old. When most of the men of Unterwalden had gone across the lake to help their fellow-confederates at Morgarten, the town of Lucerne sent an expedition to attack the canton here and at Buochs. At the last-named place, the women, in the absence of the men, beat off the invaders, and ever after enjoyed the privilege of approaching the Communion rail before the other sex. At Stansstad a naval engagement took place. The market boat of Uri came to the assistance of the Unterwaldeners, and a millstone launched from the platform of the watch-tower crushed the Lucerne flagship and sunk her. An attack made from the side of the Brunig was likewise repulsed.

It is a short walk from Stansstad to Stans. The country is well cultivated and the town itself stands in a very forest of fruit-trees. The first object that greets your eyes is the statue of Arnold von Winkelried "of battle martyrs chief," gathering the spears into his bosom. Here is a much finer hero than Tell, and one happily less problematical. His devotion is said to have decided the fortune of battle at Sempach in favour of the Swiss. "To this victory," says an anonymous chronicler, "a

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trusty man among the confederates helped us. When he saw that things were going so ill and that the [Austrian] lords always thrust down with their lances and spears the foremost before they could be touched by the halberds, then did that honest man and true rush forward and seize as many spears as he could and press them down so that the confederates smote off all the spears with their halberds, and so reached the enemy.”

This seems a more difficult and improbable performance than Tell's, and, however much Winkelried may have contributed to the victory, we may be certain it was not exactly in this way. Historians, of course, have denied that any such person existed, but it has been conclusively proved that a man named Eric Winkelried was living at Stans nineteen years before the battle of Sempach, and the same name occurs in a deed three years later, with the particle *von*, which may have been assumed in consequence of the bearer's knightly achievement. That contemporary historians are silent as to his act of valour does not strike me as conclusive evidence against it. We might as well test the accuracy of modern history by the reports of journalists. And if it is true that another Winkelried performed the same feat in 1522 at La Bicocca—well, quite probably he did it in emulation of his namesake and ancestor.

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With this conclusion every native of Stans would agree; and he will show you his house close at hand—a farmstead, with a low, arched doorway, which may in part be as old as the legend. In the Rathhaus you may see the hero's coat-of-mail, about which there may be reasonable doubt. You may also see the portraits of all the landammans of Nidwalden since the year 1521. Nidwalden is the eastern division of Unterwalden, the western portion being known as Obwalden. Everyone does not seem to be aware of this division, as only lately an unfortunate tourist who had procured a gun licence for one of the half-cantons was surprised to find himself arrested when he attempted to blaze away in the other. Appenzell and Basle are also divided into two. Unterwalden was one of the three primitive cantons, and was the scene of the misdeeds of the wicked Landenberg. It is still one of the most primitive parts of Switzerland, and, as might be expected, the most strict in its observance of Sunday. Scotch and New England city fathers might learn a few tips in the matter of Sabbatarian legislation from papistical Unterwalden. The clergy who enjoy such influence in the canton have certainly not used it to feather their own nests, for they are the worst paid in all Switzerland. Possibly they take their revenge on their parishioners by making them so uncomfortable on Sunday.

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The landsgemeinde of Nidwalden is the most primitive of all the cantonal assemblies of Switzerland. It is held at Wyl, about twenty minutes' walk to the eastward of Stans, in a square walled-in enclosure. Overhead tall lime-trees interlace their branches and protect the sovereign people from the sun's rays. In the middle is a stone terrace for the landamman, round it are ranged wooden benches. The women and girls, wearing for once in a way the national costume, sit on the wall, and admire their natural lords making laws for their guidance. Never from that wall has come that cry which blanches the faces of our stoutest statesmen—"Votes for Women!"

The proceedings are opened by the bedels in historic costume, one of whom blows a stentorian blast on his horn, while the other follows the landamman to his dais, bearing the sword of state. The people stroll in and take their seats in numbers varying with the weather and the interest of the agenda. They come in and out, and appear little sensible of their responsibility. When a sufficient number are assembled, the landamman, using a time-honoured formula, asks the people if they are ready to meet in landsgemeinde. After a moment's silence the bedel (I do not know his precise title) replies in the name of the people, "Honoured landamman, we wish to meet in landsgemeinde according to

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ancient custom." "Then," says the landaman, "let us begin by asking the blessing of Almighty God." The bedel takes his cigar out of his mouth, and inclines his head reverently, and everyone uncovers. Then the business begins. It is not often very momentous and is discussed with high good-humour. A bridge wants repairing here, there is trouble between two communes there over a piece of arable land. In Nidwalden the council or nachgemeinde has alone the right to promulgate new laws, which must however be approved by this assembly. Every native male above the age of eighteen has the right to vote. There is no scrutiny. Everyone knows his neighbour, and the voting is by a show of hands. Strangers may seat themselves among the electors, if they like, so long as they do not abuse this hospitality by attempting to vote. When an official is elected he is generally found to have his speech of thanks written out and ready in his pocket, and he has no hesitation in reading it aloud. When these simple proceedings are terminated, everyone flocks to the inns and bierhallen of Stans or Stansstad. The rest of the day is a holiday. Friends from different parts of the canton meet and exchange news. There are wrestling matches, games, and the inevitable rifle matches.

In the year 1481 Stans was the scene of a less harmonious assembly. The confederates held a



Photo]

View from the Summit of the Rigi.

[J. W. McLellan.

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Diet there to discuss such weighty matters as the admission of Fribourg and Soleure to their ranks and to adjust the ever-recurring disputes between the towns and the country. From high words the delegates very nearly came to blows, and even threatened to separate without coming to any agreement. This would have meant the break-up of Switzerland. At this juncture the parish priest of Stans hastily sent word to Sachseln to the good hermit, Nicholas von der Flüe, to implore his intervention and advice. The representatives of the cantons were persuaded by this devout personage to resume their sittings and to deal with one another in a more conciliatory spirit. After protracted deliberation, they drew up the Convention of Stans, which recognised Fribourg and Soleure as members of the league, but dealt a deadly blow at liberty by forbidding all popular meetings and binding the confederated governments to support each other, whether right or wrong, against all rebellion on the part of their subjects.

For the provisions of the Covenant of Stans it would not be fair to blame the saintly mediator. Nicholas von der Flüe, or Bruder Klaus, as he is affectionately termed, is, I think, the only Switzer whose name appears in the Catholic calendar. This is at first sight startling, when we consider the attachment of the forest cantons to their ancient faith and to those negative

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virtues for which Rome reserves her richest rewards. Ireland, "the island of saints," has likewise been granted very little official recognition of her saintliness. The explanation is simple. Ireland and Catholic Switzerland are poor and the honours of sainthood more costly than those of the peerage. The descendants of St Charles Borromeo ruined themselves in their efforts to procure him his well-earned nimbus, and the expenses of the canonisation of the Blessed Peter Fourier amounted recently to £9000. Unterwalden's local saint has still to be content with the rays of the merely "blessed" in lieu of the neat aureole of the fully fledged saint. Yet he was born of poor but honest parents as far back as 1417, at a farm near Sarnen, called from its position near a precipice, Flühli or der Flüe. Nicholas was at no time in doubt as to the calling he should pursue. As he afterwards assured his friend, the parson of Stans, some time *before he was born* he was conscious of a star shining in the heavens, which he understood to be symbolical of his own future glory. His youth was passed in tending his father's cattle, an occupation which allowed him abundant leisure for meditation and prayer. His priestly biographers lay much stress as usual on his superiority to temptations, which I imagine cannot have been very numerous or powerful in a lonely pasture on the

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Alps of Unterwalden at the beginning of the fifteenth century. However, he saw something more of the world when he was called away to serve his country, sword in hand. He fought well at Zurich in 1443 and at Ragatz in 1446, and distinguished himself by preventing the massacre of a number of Austrian prisoners at Dissenhofen in Thurgau. On his return home, he married a pious damsel named Dorothea Wisling, not out of love for her, of course, but in obedience to the will of his parents. They had five sons and five daughters, who all imitated the virtues of their parents. The cares of a large family and even the more doubtful responsibilities of a magistrate did not distract Nicholas from his interest in his post-mortem existence. He saw visions and declared that he was incessantly pursued and tormented by the Evil One. He was found lying bruised and bleeding at the foot of the cliffs. In 1467 he forsook his home and wife (although, as his contemporaries hasten to inform us, she was still a most attractive woman) and set off to join some hermits in Alsace. On the way, an inner voice told him to seek a refuge in his own country. He retraced his steps and, unknown to anyone, lived for a long time under a pine-tree. He then made himself a hut of brushwood at the Ranft, a little way beyond Sachseln, where the cantonal authorities presently built him a cell. This is

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now a place of pilgrimage, and it was thence that the anchorite went or sent word to the assembly at Stans. Here he lived in great contentment and greatly venerated by the whole countryside for nineteen years, the tedium of his existence varied by annual pilgrimages to Einsiedeln, Engelberg, and Lucerne, and by spirited set-to fights with the devil. He was supposed to take no food except the consecrated host. Questioned on this point by an ecclesiastic, he replied: "I never said so and I do not say so now." Like most saints he seems to have been somewhat of a clairvoyant, but he never gave anyone advice as to their conduct which strikes us as particularly wise or illuminating. Epilepsy is the most probable explanation of his alleged combats with an invisible foe and of his ecstatic poses. This theory is not of course likely to be adopted by the devout, least of all by the pious people of the canton, who flock every year to his shrine at Sachseln. There his bones are preserved in a glass case above the high altar. A jewelled cross has been placed inside his ribs, and from them are hung several ribbons of orders won by Unterwaldeners in foreign service. The wooden figure in the transept is clad in his real robes. Round the walls are tablets and pictures recording the miracles performed at his intercession.

The horrible bone-house or charnel-house is an

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institution in many Swiss towns. That of Stans was dedicated, I read, in 1482, and now contains a neat pyramid of human skulls, each labelled with the former owner's name. A good many of these ghastly fragments of humanity belonged, I imagine, to the victims of the massacre of 1798, who are commemorated by a tablet in the outer wall. France had transformed the old league of cantons into the Helvetic confederation, and imposed on the Swiss a constitution which swept away all inequalities between nobles and peasants and states and subject territories. These reforms were spoilt by the harsh and overbearing manner in which they were carried out ; and to the old Catholic cantons they were inherently repugnant. Schwyz and Uri, after a gallant resistance, accepted the new order of things ; so did Obwalden, though under protest. But in Nidwalden the people were incited by the clergy to resist the new constitution to the death and to put from them the blood-stained liberties of renascent France.

The whole population flew to arms. In September, the French, commanded by General Schauenbourg, attacked the half-canton from the lake and the Brunig. Their boats were beaten off at Kehrsiten, at the foot of the Burgenstock, but after repeated failures a landing was effected at Hüttenort. Thence the

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invaders intrepidly fought their way over the mountain. In the meantime their comrades, after desperate fighting, had forced the passage of the Drachenried, and the two divisions, about 10,000 strong, met in the meadows round Stans. The people, about 2000 in number, rushed on them with what arms they could seize. Women and children fought as well as the men, and the French could not have spared them if they would. A priest was slain at the altar; the blind octogenarian artist, Von Wyrich, was killed. The French lost 2000 men; the Unterwaldeners, 312 men and 102 women. Every house in the open country was burnt down, and Stans itself escaped very narrowly.

The French, their fury exhausted, were the first to succour their brave but misguided opponents. Schauenbourg distributed food among the survivors of the struggle, and established a school for the orphan children of those who had fallen. This was a noteworthy event in educational history, for the teachers selected were no other than Philip Stalder of Escholzmatt and Heinrich Pestalozzi of Berne. But as the Nidwaldeners had refused civilised government so they thwarted all attempts to educate their children. As I have said, the people of Stans sit in almost total darkness a great part of the year.

But the lake is the greatest delight of Lucerne,

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the source of its popularity to-day as it has been of its prosperity in the past. The lake of the four valleys—for so Mr Coolidge says we must translate the name Vierwaldstättersee—is the Mediterranean of Switzerland: on its shores the republic was born, from them it has grown in all directions. Every spot at which we touch recalls some episode in the making of the nation. There may be, for all I know, other inland waters which surpass these in beauty, but none can unite to the same degree natural grandeur with historical significance and romantic interest.

It is strange to reflect as we pass so lightly over this lake between these sheer walls of rock that an abyss of water lies beneath us nearly four times deeper than the North Sea. Of course this depth is trifling compared with that of Lago Maggiore, which smiles up at the sky 646 feet above the level of the sea and reaches down 552 feet below it. Yet even the Lake of Lucerne can be stirred by the föhn or south wind into fury as terrible as that of any ocean. Near Brunnen the spray is sent fifty or sixty feet high into the air, and it is easy to understand the terror of the conscience-stricken Gessler. The lake should prove a good training-ground for the open seas, and, in fact, the boatmen have enjoyed a reputation for seamanship from the earliest times. Some of them were employed by the Doge of

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Venice at the beginning of the fourteenth century in an expedition to Syria. Steamers were first launched on the lake in 1836, and since then have multiplied rapidly. Motor-driven craft are now almost as numerous, and motor boat-races are among the recognised events of a Lucerne season. A once-famous boat, the *Trèfle-à-Quatre*, came to grief in 1905 on the pointed rock named the Schillerstein opposite Brunnen.

There is one pretty village nestling among orchards between the foot of the Rigi and the water's edge which has a history curious enough to be related here. This is Gersau, which for five hundred years constituted a distinct sovereign state—the smallest perhaps ever known in Europe. Its territory never exceeded three miles by two, its population at the present day falls short of two thousand. The origin of this tiny republic is unromantic. Held for centuries by the abbey of Muri, then by the Hapsburgs, it was mortgaged in 1333 to two of the richest inhabitants, Rudolf von Freienbach and Jost von Mos. The villagers then set to work to hoard up their pennies, and in 1390 acquired the land from the mortgagees for 690 pfennigs. Gersau had already joined the league of the forest cantons, and one of her men captured the banner of the Count of Hohenzollern at Sempach. Her neighbour Weggis had

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in like manner bought her freedom, but was bought up again by Lucerne. That domineering town tried how to obtain possession of Gersau, but on an appeal to the arbitration of Berne her claims were dismissed, and the liberties of the little republic were affirmed by the Emperor Sigmund in 1433.

There seems often to have been bad blood between the village and the city, and the other cantons had frequently to intervene to preserve the peace. In the course of these disputes the Lucerners hung a man of straw on the gallows at Gersau, in derision of the inhabitants' pretensions to power over life and limb; and the Gersau men promptly clothed it in the blue and white colours of Lucerne, to the intense indignation of the townsmen. By order of the confederates the colours were removed by one party and the figure itself by the other. It is a pity that the little community did not realise that the existence of a gallows is in itself a disgrace to any state large or small, and that the best fruits it can bear are the people who advocate its retention.

Gersau, like all the surrounding districts, held fast by the old faith, and even sent its quota of men to fight the Protestants at Kappel. In the war of Vilmergen it furnished a contingent of seventy-five men to the Catholic army, and in 1712 as many as ninety-two Gersauers fought for their faith under the banner of the local saint,

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Marcellus. In 1798 that banner was surrendered to the French troops and the ancient republic was absorbed in the new Helvetic state.

In 1814 Gersau, with all the other lumber of the Middle Ages, floated to the surface once more, and absurdly enough sent a contingent of twenty-four men to join the allied armies on the return of Napoleon from Elba. But the powers, so far from being grateful for this assistance, coolly handed over the little state to her former friend and protector, the canton Schwyz ; with which, in spite of piteous appeals and passionate protests, it was finally incorporated in April 1818.

Beyond Gersau, steering south, the scenery of the lake changes. It becomes sublime rather than beautiful. Chalets and gardens no longer welcome you to shore. The mountains close in, and rise on either side sheer upward from the profound waters. At Brunnen we catch a glimpse of a level valley reaching up to Schwyz and the mountains behind. Immediately after the cliffs wall us in. At their base, appearing and disappearing between tunnels scooped in the living rock, the train screams and whistles on the road to Italy. For human habitations you must look far up on the heights, where dark specks indicate men, white patches, houses. On the western side, green pastures reach the verge of the precipice, and cattle wander near the

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perilous edge. We are in the bay of Uri. Ahead the enormous cap of the Uri Rothstock is reddening in the sun. We are in the very heart of Switzerland. Yonder lies the Rütli, where the patriarchs of the republic met in solemn league and covenant. What matters it whether such men lived or died? The nation has consecrated this spot to an ideal, which it will not forget. Opposite a chapel marks the spot where Tell sprang ashore pushing back the boat of the Austrian oppressor into the boiling lake. It is painted with frescoes illustrating the patriot's career. At Küsnach, on that neglected arm of the lake which reaches towards Zug, is another chapel to his memory on the spot where his vengeance was consummated and Gessler fell. The wind from the mountain blows keen about our ears and makes Switzers of us all.

IN THE LAND OF TELL

ONE gloomy, thunderous afternoon I landed at Fluelen, and walked to Altdorf, where, as I have so often been told, neither Tell nor anybody shot any apple. However, a picturesque fable will draw most of us farther than a bald truth. The little capital of Uri is worth visiting for its own sake. It is a charming little town built like our English villages on each side of the highroad—the highroad that leads over the St Gotthard into Italy and to the end of Europe. I glanced upwards at the dark wood on the east which overhangs the town and protects it from falling rocks, and in which the woodman's axe may never be wielded, just as Schiller tells us. I had read *William Tell* while crossing the lake and was rather glad to finish it. The comic relief to these heroics was forthcoming in the village idiot of Altdorf, who courted my attention and was as conscious as the rest of his countrymen of the commercial value of physical peculiarities. Indeed I fancy he affected to be more of an idiot than he really was for my benefit, and made a show of swallowing a cigarette which I had given him. I was not a little ashamed of amusing myself with this poor devil, and was glad when he was sternly called off by a police-



Photo]

At St. Beatenberg.

[J. W. McLellan.

NO. 2024
1875

In the Land of Tell

man or a landamman or a burgomaster or some such official person wearing a peaked cap and a light tweed suit.

I had now leisure to examine Kissler's statue of the local hero, a vigorous composition not unworthy of its subject. It is overlooked by a tower which was certainly there in 1307, and is stated to have been the office of the tithe collector of a nunnery at Zurich to which Uri owed some kind of tribute. The boy is supposed to have stood under a lime-tree hard by, where the local assizes were held. This was cut down in 1369 and its site is marked by a fountain with the figure of the founder, a magistrate named Besler, who thought himself more entitled to commemoration than the historic tree.

The apple has played an important part in the world's history. In the fruit kingdom it reigns in proud sovereignty. It is true that countless poets (chiefly of the young or college variety) have sought inspiration of the grape, and that in the last decades of the nineteenth century the pomegranate tried audaciously to pose as the symbol that should explain the eternal verities. But the passionate pomegranate convinced nobody but a few artists and some young ladies who yearned after souls; and though I admit the distinction and fascination of the juice

“that can with logic absolute
The two and seventy jarring sects confute.”

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I must own that at great crises of history the human mind has always called in the lordly yet homely apple. And what a pother it has always caused! First the unfortunate *dénouement* of the garden scene of the Eden tragedy; then the rape of Helen and the Trojan war; and last, but assuredly not least, the tumult of the Swiss war of freedom. Placid, succulent fruit of discord!

The apple that raised William Tell to greatness has been sung by poet and musician. But not least pleasing is the version of the "White Book" of the Sarnen notary that dates from the middle of the fifteenth century.

"Now it happened one day that the bailiff, Gessler, went to Ure, and took it into his head and put a pole under the lime-tree in Ure, and set up a hat upon the pole, and had a servant near it, and made a command whoever passed by there he should bow before the hat, as though the lord were there; and he who did it not, him he would punish and cause to repent heavily, and the servant was to watch and tell of such an one. Now there was an honest man called Thall; he had also sworn with Stoupacher (in a conspiracy already made against the Austrians). Now he went rather often to and fro before it. The servant who watched by the hat accused him to the lord. The lord went and had Thall sent, and asked him why

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He was not obedient to his bidding, and do as he was bidden. Tall spake : ' It happened without malice, for I did not know that it would vex your Grace so highly ; for were I witty, then were I called something else and not the Tall' (*i.e.* Fool). Now Tall was a good archer ; he had also pretty children. These the lord sent for, and forced Tall with his servants that Tall must shoot an apple from the child's head. Now Tall saw well that he was mastered, and took an arrow and put it into his quiver ; the other arrow he took in his hand, and stretched his cross-bow, and prayed God that he might save his child, and shot the apple from the child's head. The lord liked this well and asked him what he meant by it [that he had put an arrow into his quiver]. He answered him and would gladly have said no more. The lord would not leave off ; he wanted to know what he meant by it. Tall feared the lord, and was afraid he would kill him. The lord understood his fear and spake : ' Tell me the truth ; I will make thy life safe and not kill thee.' Then spake Tall : ' Since you have promised me, I will tell you the truth, and it is true : had the shot failed me, so that I had shot my child, I had shot the arrow into you or one of your men.' Then spake the lord : ' Since now this is so, it is true I have promised thee not to kill thee,' and had him bound, and said he would put him into a

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place where he would never more see sun or moon.”¹

Then Tell was thrown into a boat, and the lord Gessler sailed with him for a dark dungeon. But a great storm came on, and the boatmen were fearful that they would sink. So they unloosed Tell (for he was a skilful sailor), and bade him take them to land. He made for a flat rock, and, just as he brought the craft alongside, seized his forfeited bow and arrows. Then jumping out himself on to the rock, he pushed the boat with Gessler and the terrified sailors adrift on the stormy waters. Ever since the rock has been known as “Tellsplatte.” But fearing that Gessler might escape Tell fled swiftly over the hills to the “Hohle Gasse,” near Küsnacht, and there laid himself in ambush to wait for the coming of the lord. At last he came, and Tell, loosing an arrow from his bow, shot the tyrant dead. And Gessler fell back, crying with his latest breath, “This is Tell’s shaft.” But Tell went away over the mountains to his home in Uri. The chronicler of the “White Book” does not say that Gessler’s defier took any other part in the uprising of the cantons, or tell of any of his exploits in the war of freedom.

Such is the legend of William Tell, the archer-patriot, the prototype of Swiss liberty. One might quarrel with the idolatry that has been

¹ Translation by Mr W. D. M’Crackan.

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lavished on him. It would have been more heroic to refuse the test that endangered his child's life, to have shot down the tyrant where he stood, instead of lurking behind bushes to assassinate. But why carp at the details of a picturesque story, when alas! criticism with its heavy foot dogs the nimble steps of the romancer?

At one time the heresy of the unbeliever met with harsh treatment at the hands of the patriotic people of Uri. In 1760 a certain Uriel Freudenberger wrote a pamphlet that cast doubts on the historical existence of the hero, and immediately an infuriated populace seized on the offending papers and had them burned publicly by the hangman. But even earlier than this the legend had been looked at askance, for were not all contemporary chroniclers silent about him? Yet it was asserted that in 1388 no less than a hundred and fourteen persons in Uri had sworn to the landsgemeinde that they personally had known Tell. How convincing it would have been if eighty years after Napoleon's death the French Chamber had been forced to call together a hundred persons to swear to the conqueror's existence!

The legend, indeed, is older by far than Swiss freedom. The skilful longbowman forced by a tyrant to shoot an apple from the head of his child is a figure familiar to the folk-lore of half-a-dozen Germanic countries. As far north

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as Iceland is his exploit sung, in Norway, Denmark and Holstein, and by the green waters of the Rhine. Saxo Grammaticus, the twelfth-century father of *Hamlet*, has told the story in pompous Latin; the author of "William Cloudesly" has repeated it in the pure English of our ancient ballads. But Cloudesly was more akin in character to Robin Hood and the English heroes of the merry greenwood than to the Swiss patriot. He proposed the apple test in a spirit of braggadocio to save his own neck. Still a comparison of the two legends leaves no doubt of their common origin :

" Thou art the best archer, then sayd the Kynge,
Forsothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam
I wyll do more maystery.

" I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare ;
I wyll hym tye to a stake ;
All shall se, that be here ;

" And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode arrow
Shall cleve the apple in two.

" Now haste the, then sayd the Kynge,
By hym that dyed on a tre.
But yf thou do not, as thou hast sayde
Hanged shalt thou be.

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“ That I have promised, sayd Wyllyam
That I wyll never forsake.
And there even before the Kynge
In the earth he drove a stake :

“ And bound thereto hys eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat ;
And turned the childs face hym fro,
Because he should not start.

“ An apple upon hys head he set
And then hys bowe he lent :
Syxe score paces they were meaten
And thether Cloudeslè went.

“ There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
His bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

“ Cloudeslè cleftè the apple in two,
His soone he dyd not nee.
' Ouer Godes forbode,' sayde the Kynge,
' That thou should shote at me ! ' ”

William of course not only saves his life, but is given a position of trust about the king ; his wife and children are well provided for, and all ends happily in the good old-fashioned English way.

But quite apart from the fact that this apple legend was in circulation long before its hero is said to have lived, it is quite impossible to find any niche in history for the picturesque figure of William Tell. Gessler, in the “ White Book,” was

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one of the Hapsburg bailiffs, but alas! in Uri the last Hapsburg bailiff was found in 1231, and the cleaving of the apple is placed by its defenders some eighty years later. The three forest cantons of Switzerland did indeed unite against the Austrian's tyranny, but it was by a long and weary struggle, in which the whole population bore a part, that independence was achieved, not by the exploits of a single man. History has given the cantons the more honourable part, but every patriotic Swiss prefers the romantic story of Tell and the murdered tyrant to the more sober narrative of the quiet heroism of his peasant ancestry.

The truth is William Tell was an epical character, as Achilles was, differing only in degree and remoteness, not in kind. The notary of Sarnen was not a genius, therefore we have no Iliad. But what we have is a collection of popular legends, embodying the ideals and aspirations of a rude but freedom-loving people, who had just shaken themselves free of a tyrant's yoke. For years these stories were handed down by word of mouth, then, when the young confederation was flushed with victory, rejoicing in its overthrow of that pillar of European chivalry, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, for the first time the legends were put down in black and white. Three heroes were put forward, one by each of the three cantons of

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Uri, Unterwalden and Schwyz. Queerly enough, the most legendary of the trio caught most deeply the popular fancy.

It is strange that pride in a heroic past is more deep-seated in states and individuals than is the desire for a splendid future. The forest cantons, having won to independence by their own exertions, created for themselves a mythical and glorious history. They had been, they said, from time immemorial free and independent republics. Voluntarily they had submitted to the Emperor Frederick II. But the hated Hapsburg had oppressed them, had insulted them by giving them cruel and rapacious governors. In Tell the ancient spirit of independence had reawakened. He had restored them to the possession of their ancient rights. And so the heroes' sword, or, to speak more strictly, arrows, gleamed brighter for this reflection of the age of gold.

Other legends there are that cluster round this first stand made for freedom by the Swiss. These are really marked by a certain degree of historical accuracy, though the colours are heightened by the romancers' imagination. The oppressions of the bailiffs are still set forward as the ultimate cause of revolt.

At Sarnen, von Landenberg, the governor, coveted a fine yoke of oxen belonging to a farmer of Melchi. He sent his servants to take them

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by force, charged to tell the farmer that "peasants must draw the plough" themselves. This enraged the old man's son, who struck at one of the servants with his ox-goad, breaking his finger. The insulted governor sent for the rebellious youth, but he had fled, fearing the lord's anger. So von Landenberg seized on the old farmer himself, dragged him to the castle and had his eyes put out.

And other governors were just as bad.

"In those days there was an upright man in Alzellen who had a pretty wife, and he who was lord there wanted to have the woman whether she would or not. The lord came to Alzellen into her house; the husband was in the forest. He forced the woman to make ready a bath for him, and said she must bathe with him. The woman prayed God to keep her from shame. . . . The husband came in the meantime and asked her what ailed her. She spake: 'The lord is there and forced me to make ready a bath for him.' The husband grew angry, and went in and smote the lord to death in that hour with an axe, and delivered his wife from shame."¹

At the same time Gessler reappears as bailiff "in the name of the empire" at Steinen in Schwyz, where lived also one Stoupacher. Stoupacher had prospered in the world and built for himself a fine house of stone. One day the

¹ Translation by Mr W. D. M'Crackan.

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bailiff noticed it and demanded whose it was. "It belongs to God, your lordship, and to me," replied the man, for he feared exceedingly the anger of the lord. And Gessler wrathfully said that it was a fine thing for a peasant to have so fine a house, and continued to harass Stoupacher because of it. When this weighed down the heart of the good man, his wife begged to know the cause of his sadness, for she said, "Although it is said that women give but foolish counsels, who knows what the Almighty may not bring to pass?" So he laid bare his sorrow to his wife, who counselled him to seek out others in Uri and Unterwalden who suffered also at the hands of the governors. And she told him of the families of Fürst and of Zur Frauen.

Now before long Stoupacher fell in with him who had struck the servant of von Landenberg with the ox-goad, burning to avenge his blinded father, and also with one of the Fürsts of Uri.

"Each confided his need and grief to the other, and took counsel and they took an oath together. And when the three had sworn to each other, then they sought and found one from Nidwalden; he also swore with them, and they found now and again secretly, men whom they drew to themselves, and swore to each other faith and truth, both to risk life and goods, and to defend themselves against the lords, and when they wanted to do and undertake any-

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thing, they went by the Myten Stein at night to a place which is called Rütli. There they met together and each one of them brought men with him in whom they could trust, and continued that some time and met nowhere else in those days save in the Rütli."

Now so monstrous were the oppressions of the bailiffs that before long a powerful band of injured men gathered around Stoupacher in the mountains, until at last they were so strong that they were able to carry on warfare against the Hapsburg rulers. Strong towers and castles they took and levelled with the ground, Zwing Uri near Amsteg, Swandau in Schwyz, Rötzbberg in Nidwalden, and the castle of Sarnen in Obwalden, where there was a very fierce fight. And when the governors had been expelled, the three forest cantons made a perpetual league to guard their independence, and made Beckenried the place of their meetings.

That is the "White Book" narrative. It bristles with inaccuracies, but at least the names of von Landenberg, Stauffacher or Stoupacher, Fürst and Zur Frauen are known to history. The story of the three men meeting by night on the lonely Rütli is picturesque, and not impossible. History does not confirm it, neither does she condemn it; and the Rütli cries out for a conspiracy, just as Stevenson declares that certain spots demand a murder. So the reader may



J. W. McLellan.

The Rink, Kandersteg.

Photo]

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE

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take or leave the story as he will. For my part, I incline towards that suspension of disbelief for a moment that is supposed to constitute poetic faith.

Yet it is a pity that the growth of at best dubious legends should have been allowed to obscure in the popular imagination the splendid fight that the peasants of the mountains and the forests actually made for freedom. The battle of Morgarten in 1315 has been termed the Swiss Thermopylæ, but by it the cantons won, not lost, their liberty. As a source of inspiration it should be equal at least to Bannockburn. It was a dramatic episode. The peasantry of the forest states had at last dared to take arms against the power of Austria: the monastery of Einsiedeln had been attacked. Then the Emperor sent out an expedition under his brother Leopold to crush the insolent upstarts who had dared to flout the head of the Holy Roman Empire. Proudly the thoughtless cavalcade trooped into the narrow pass of Morgarten, and along the Lake of Egeri. The morning sunlight flashed on burnished armour, and fluttering pennons of rainbow hues challenged the hoary mountains. Then suddenly a rattle of pebbles down the hillsides that changed to a thundering roar as huge boulders were dislodged, bounding from crag to crag until they scattered death among the Austrian host. The despised peasants

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had grimly ranged themselves on the neighbouring heights. A fusillade succeeded of rocks and tree-trunks. Panic spread among the Austrians. In the pass of Morgarten was a struggling mass of men and horses, fighting against each other to escape from the death trap in which they found themselves. Down rushed the peasants from the hills. Before their scythes and axes the flower of the Empire went down, or, flying headlong, were driven by thousands into the sunlit waters of the lake. Leopold, pale and terrified, escaped to bring the news of the slaughter of his troops. A few weeks later the victors met at Brunnen, and on 9th December 1315 renewed and extended the pact of 1291, which for five hundred years formed the basis of the federal union.

It is, of course, of no material importance whether Tell actually lived or not, and one's only regret is that Switzerland was not endowed with a more nobly-imagined national hero. However, he appears to satisfy the aspirations of old-fashioned Switzers, particularly of his fellow-countrymen of Uri. Once a year Schiller's rather tedious tragedy is acted in the little wooden theatre on the outskirts of Altdorf. The audience is usually composed of local people and of friends of the performers, with a sprinkling of tourists. There are generally several monks and priests to be seen on the rough wooden

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benches. The clergy have always been staunch upholders of the legend. The cast is composed, as at Ober Ammergau, of people of the neighbourhood—innkeepers, farmers, schoolmasters, artisans, and shopkeepers. They are partly selected because of their physical fitness for the parts, and are very well trained by the director of the Lucerne cantonal theatre. They are somewhat stagy and wooden, like most amateurs, but the audience is not critical and appreciates their obvious sincerity. Between the acts you go out into the air, and regale yourself with beer and cakes under the trees till a cow-bell announces the end of the interval.

EINSIEDELN

THE Virgin Mother is beloved in the country of Tell. The arid theology of Geneva has chased her from many of the newer cantons, but in the mountain fastnesses of Einsiedeln she keeps her ancient state and splendour and draws to her shrine pilgrims from every quarter of the globe to the number of two hundred thousand every year.

She is miraculous, Our Lady of the Hermits. Many times has she escaped the perils of fire and war. Five times has her habitation been burnt to the ground, but always the sacred image has reappeared to bring consolation to thousands of the faithful. Her altars are hung with votive tablets, which, in crude line and garish colour, tell the story of marvellous escapes and recoveries, which never would have taken place but for the gracious intercession of Our Lady.

It is a desolate spot, you think, that the holy maiden has chosen for her miracles ; dark and wind-swept, backed by a forest of gloomy firs, with the two sharp peaks of the Mythen in the distance. Still less happy is the building that men raised for her in the first half of the eighteenth century. Of no particular architecture,

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the Benedictine monastery rears two nondescript towers, one on either side of the doorway, and then, with geometrical precision, extend two wings of commonplace masonry to right and left. In front of these sweep semicircular colonnades, the style in imitation of Bernini.

But gay and humming with life is the little town of nearly nine thousand inhabitants which has grown up round the monastery. For Einsiedeln has become a second Lourdes, and pilgrims of all classes must be catered for just as though they were vulgar tourists. And, moreover, Catholic pilgrims must always have offerings to lay before the shrines of saints, with relics and souvenirs that can be dipped in holy water and blessed by the priests on days of festival. So the little town is crowded with shops and open stalls where tinsel saints and Virgins of wax or plaster, where sacred hearts and models of human limbs, with medals, pictures, lockets and beads, heaped together in a tawdry jumble, are loudly canvassed by their enterprising hawkers. Religion and commercial enterprise join hands. The cinematograph is pressed into the service of Christ and the Mother of God; pilgrimages to Jerusalem, famous miracles, and the representation of the Passion are jerked before the eyes of the sober, pious *bourgeois* who form the great mass of the September pilgrims. The audience

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is edified and no one's sense of propriety is shocked.

During the weeks of festival one of the chief attractions of this mountain sanctuary is the fountain that stands in the centre of the open space in front of the monastery—Our Lady's Spring. For here the Virgin of the Snows performs some of her most wonderful miracles. It is said, and believed of simple people, that, wandering far afield, Christ himself came one day to this spring, and being thirsty, drank deep of its waters, which straightway he blessed for ever afterwards. And pilgrims tell of marvellous cures effected at the fountain under the smile of his holy mother, who watches over the sacred water from the shadow of a grey marble canopy supported on seven columns. The blind see, the dumb speak, the sick are cured of their diseases, the sins of the penitent are washed away, exactly as in the days of the apostles.

Hundreds of pilgrims gather round the spring to take their share in its benefits. But here a difficulty arises. The water is thrown into the basin through fourteen jets of bronze, each representing some strange bird or beast. From which jet of water did the Master drink? For the pilgrim ascribes a great antiquity to the little bronze and marble structure! So, as no tablet points out the sacred stream, he must drink from each in turn, lest by chance he should hit

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on one that had not satisfied the Divine thirst, nor received the Divine blessing.

Having thus secured salvation both for his body and his soul, the pilgrim now passes on into the Church of Our Lady, which stands in the centre of the convent buildings. If it is some great feast day, such as the Feast of the Rosary, he will find the building a dazzling blaze of light and colour. Every altar in this vast church gleams with its halo of a myriad waxen candles. Every inch of wall-space is painted in glowing colours ; every niche is occupied by the figure of saint or angel with garments of corn-dlower blue and flaming scarlet, overlaid with heavy gilding. Everywhere on walls and vaulted ceiling are pictures and frescoes, painted with a wealth of symbolism and ornament. The Virgin Mary, the apostles, prophets, kings, and patriarchs ; Abraham, Isaac and David, the angel Gabriel, Adam and Eve, Jephthah, Melchizedech and Elias, all claim attention along with the supreme sacrifice of the Christ. Jacob's Ladder appears behind the altar of St Rosary, and St Meinrad, the holy founder of the abbey, adorns that dedicated to himself ; and raised above all, as the crowning glory of the edifice, is Kraus' enormous " Assumption of the Virgin " with its garlands of cherubs' heads.

In a dark chapel beneath the gaudy dome is treasured the image of Our Lady which has made

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the fame of Einsiedeln. It is but a piece of rudely carved pine wood, but the devout have clothed it in rich brocades and decked it with costly jewels. For to the wealthy pilgrim from foreign shores, just as to the humble peasant woman of the mountains, this statue is the vehicle through which the ever-interceding Mother of God has chosen to rain down benefits on humanity. And so the space in front of the grating that half reveals the image in its shrine is always thronged with worshippers, and the walls are hung with wax dolls, knots of white ribbon, tawdry paintings and inscriptions—all the offerings of gratitude.

Highly treasured by the Benedictine brothers is a magnificent chandelier of gilded bronze, a gift from the Emperor Napoleon III. Many European monarchs have presented their portraits to the monastery, but alas! what are portraits when princes formerly bestowed fiefs and fertile lands? For now, after a career of temporal glory, Einsiedeln has returned to the purely spiritual pre-eminence of its early days.

Saint Meinrad was the founder of the abbey, a holy, quiet-loving man who would have fled in horror from the crowd of pilgrims now worshipping at his shrine. He belonged to the haughty race of the Hohenzollern, two members of which at that time ruled over the great

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Benedictine monastery of Reichnau, on the island in the Zeller See. Here the youth was sent to school, and here he decided to pass his life, taking the Benedictine vows. Meinrad possessed uncommon fascination of manner, so when, in spite of his youth, the monks of Bollingen begged him to become director of their studies, no one grudged him the distinction. On his journey thither the courtly monk called to pay his respects to the Abbess of Zurich, who, pleased with his unusual modesty and learning, presented him with a statue of the Virgin and her Child. This he carried in his arms to his new abode and never parted from it all his life. He was wise in this, for the image was miraculous, and destined to become famous throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

But Meinrad was consumed with a passion for solitude, and finally he escaped from the monks of Bollingen, determining to seek salvation in the wilderness. Then, always clinging to his Madonna, he crossed over the lake, and sought a refuge on Mount Etzel. But the young anchorite was beloved of all the mountain folk. They crowded after him to his retreat. And Meinrad, in true mediæval fashion, more eager for the luxuries of his own soul than for the happiness of his fellow-men, fled once more before their anxious solicitude. Further and higher he clambered, until a dense and gloomy forest

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of fir-trees seemed to give promise of security. This was known as the Sombre Forest.

Now before he had journeyed far in the Sombre Forest Meinrad found a spring of water. Here he decided to make his dwelling. For himself he built a hermit's cell, and for the Virgin and her Child a chapel, the best that he was able. For years and years he dwelt among the woods and mountains, like some stern St John the Baptist, and here he tamed two ravens, which were his only friends. But escape from the people he could not, and he was forced to receive, and counsel and confess his flock as he had done before. And the great holiness of Meinrad became a word all over the countryside.

But it was whispered also among those that hated the Church that the holy man had heaped up great treasures in his cell. And one day two robbers broke in on him and murdered him for the sake of his riches, but they found nothing save the image of the Virgin and the Child. Then, terrified, the robbers fled; but the ravens of Meinrad pursued them wherever they went. And finally they came to Zürich, and the birds beat their wings against the window of their chamber until they got in, and settled down on them and could not be persuaded to let them go. But the magistrates of Zürich inquired into the mystery, and the news of the foul murder got

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abroad, and the two ruffians confessed their crime. "Then," adds the mediæval chronicler, without a word of comment, "were they both broken on the wheel." The seal of the abbey of Einsiedeln shows these selfsame ravens, so who shall say the story is not true?

Many hermits and anchorites were drawn to the Sombre Forest by the news of Meinrad's death. Some Benedictine brothers rebuilt his cell. Their first abbot was Eberhard, who in 934 built a church for the sacred image. The unusual sanctity of the place merited some supernatural manifestation. The legend runs that Conrad, the Bishop of Constance, who was to consecrate the chapel, entered it the night before to prepare himself by prayer for the ceremony. A strange sight met his eyes. A light filled the building that proceeded from no earthly lamps or candles. Clouds of incense rolled up from censers swung by angels, and mingled with a sound of heavenly music. At the altar, attended by the four evangelists, stood the Christ himself, and behind him St Peter and St Gregory. The consecration of the church was celebrated by the Godhead.

All night and morning Conrad remained in prayer, but the monks thought he had been dreaming when he told them of the wonders he had seen. So at their desire he began the consecration rite. But immediately the build-

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ing was filled with a great voice, which cried out warningly: "*Cessa, cessa, frater! Capella divinitus consecrata est!*" Such was the proud origin of the convent of Einsiedeln. A dozen successive popes have affirmed the truth of the legend, and devout peasants still believe it among the mountains of Schwyz. Cannot one still obtain plenary indulgence, through a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits?

This divine baptism at once gave the foundation of Einsiedeln a prestige among the monasteries of Switzerland second only to St Gall. It was dowered with wealth and lands, and by 1247 its abbot had become a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, with a seat in the Diet. Like the lay princes he had a household composed of the highest nobles in the land. He claimed—and asserted—a sort of sovereignty over the people of Schwyz, under the protection of the Count of Rapperschwyl and the Duke of Austria.

But this suzerainty, while marking the height of the abbey's power, was also the cause of its decline. Perpetual quarrels arose, as everywhere in Switzerland, between monks and peasants over conditions of land tenure. Constant complaints went from Einsiedeln to the Holy See concerning the enormities committed by the men of Schwyz; how when the cattle of the monastery strayed into fields which th

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Schwyzers claimed as their own, they never came back again to the convent. The peasants definitely repudiated all allegiance to the monks. To the Emperor alone, they said, did they owe homage. But the Emperor, rejoined the holy men, had bestowed charters on the abbey that leased to them the lands of Schwyz. The quarrel became more bitter, and blood grew hotter. Then, when the peasants of the forest cantons first began to feel the sprouting of their wings in the years before Morgarten, Johannes, Baron von Schwanden, became abbot. Speedily he earned for himself a hateful reputation among the peasant folk. He got the Bishop of Constance to lay the whole country under an interdict. The church doors were closed, the bells were silent; children and aged folk were refused the help of religion at their launching into this world or the next. Marriage was proscribed; no longer could the sinner claim absolution at the confessional.

The anger of the Schwyzers blazed out. The Empire of which the forest states formed part was in hot dispute between Ludwig of Upper Bavaria and Frederick of Austria. Einsiedeln was under the protection of the latter house, but the intrepid farmers did not fear, or did not realise, the forces that they were raising up against themselves. In 1314, on the Feast of the Epiphany, they gathered together in a pro-

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testing throng under the presidency of their Landamman, Werner Stauffacher. Red-hot oratory inflamed their passions. Grasping such weapons as they had, a force of angry men surged out into the night, and set off, shouting for liberty, on a three hours' march to Einsiedeln.

The expedition was marked by discreditable excesses. It has left its epic, written by Rudolf von Rudegg, the rector of the seminary of the monastery. The monks first learnt their danger from the wild pealing of the chapel bell, but by that time it was too late to make any organised defence. All were taken prisoner. But while some of the attacking party had been fighting, others had discovered the abbot's cellars. They gave themselves up to drunken rioting; they profaned the holy places, scattered the sacred relics. Those soberer than their brethren searched for the supposititious charters but found no trace of them. To make up, they tore the books of the brothers from their bindings and made a great bonfire, on which they flung papal bulls, accounts and everything that came to their hands.

Rudegg in his poem makes no mention of Stauffacher, which is strange, considering the position which that magistrate occupied in the state. He describes feelingly the desecration of his much-loved convent:

“ Our monastery is in the hands of the spoilers.

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The doors of the holy places are mutilated with axes, the sacred vessels and the garments of the priests are seized by the sacrilegious, who trample under foot and scatter to the winds, not only the ashes of the noble martyrs, but the consecrated host. . . . At daybreak the enemy surround the belfry (whither the monks had sought refuge) armed with crow-bars and blazing torches for the assault. The convent porter takes up his place on the narrow stairway, which, he tells the fathers, he can hold single-handed with an axe, as the enemy must advance only one at a time ; but they refuse this armed defence, as not meet for their order, and recommend themselves to God. . . . The enemy swarm in, but we receive them with a courteous greeting. 'Have no fear,' says one of them, 'our general has commanded us only to secure your persons and seize your goods.' Silently we follow them, glad that this is the worst. We are lodged in a separate house which proves our prison. But up comes a further detachment, and finding the cellar and pantry bare, grow clamorous, demanding loudly their share of the booty and the prisoners. Pandemonium reigns. But at last the leader calls his men to order and gives directions for the march.

"The aged and the sick they leave behind. The monks, the servants and the cattle are grouped in separate companies. The word to

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march is given, and the cavalcade moves forward. The women of the village, when they see their husbands driven off with us, fill the air with their wailing, and call on Heaven for help. As we clamber up the Katzenstrich we are all overcome, and I would fall off to rest, but one of the guards bids me to clutch on to his mule's tail.

“After the mountain is crossed we reach Altmatt, where a halt is made. The convent serving-men on payment of a ransom are set free. But we are kept close prisoners in the house of Werner Abackes for five days. Then comes the Landamman to escort us on the road to Schwyz. They force the monks to walk, though the priests are allowed horses. But the choir-master, who is clad in his robes of ceremony, cannot get his enormous boots into his stirrups. So his legs must dangle, and in this absurd manner we pass through crowds of jeering peasants into the town of Schwyz. We stop at the Town Hall, while the Mayor and Councillors quarrel over our fate. While the argument continues the local priest gets the Landamman's permission to give us a good meal. At nightfall the magistrate lets us know that Peter Jocholf is to be our gaoler, which alarms us greatly, for he is the biggest scoundrel in the town and knows no mercy. Nine of us in all . . . are left with him. We sup on tears, and as we rise from the bare board, the women, more

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vindictive than the men; assail us violently. ' This fate is better than they deserve ! These monks who unjustly have excommunicated us and taken the food from our mouths should suffer as we have suffered, and bear the punishment of their crimes ! '

" For six weeks are we lodged in our narrow prison. . . . We beg leave to send a messenger to treat for our release. To this the Landamman, after taking counsel with the elders, agrees. Our ambassador Rudolf von Wunwenberg seeks out the Graf von Toggenburg and the Graf von Hapsburg, and secures their mediation with the Landamman of Schwyz. Three days after his return, the assembly is called together; our pardon is pronounced; and once again we are at liberty ! The priest who in our affliction eleven weeks before, had bidden us to his table, now makes a splendid banquet to celebrate our joyful deliverance. We eat freely of his meat and wine—he has an excellent vintage !—and then set out to seek our Abbot. So overcome is he to see us alive as well, that tears roll down his cheeks. He makes a great feast for us and passes round brimming flagons. And so restored with meat and wine, we pass the hours in joy and mirth."

So after all the affair ended happily for the monks, for the Schwyzers, in spite of their orgies on the night of the raid, seem to have acted with

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a lack of brutality quite marvellous in the fourteenth century.

But all the brothers of Einsiedeln were men of wealth and high connection, knights and barons of the Empire. Such an outrage could not pass unavenged. And so the chivalry of Austria rode against the forest state, only to break their spears in vain among the rocky defiles of Morgarten.

The glory of Einsiedeln was now departed. The monastery exchanged the proud position of overlord of the Schwyz for that of humble dependent, and in 1798 its territories were formally annexed by the canton. The same year the ancient abbey fell a prey to the French invaders, who rifled the treasury and stripped the altars of everything they could bear away. Terror struck the hearts of the villagers, for they feared that their Black Virgin had been desecrated by the hands of the spoiler. But no; the monks had fled to Tyrol, bearing with them the palladium of Einsiedeln, and back in triumph came the statue, when the invader had left the mountain fastnesses.

During the anti-clerical outburst of the middle decades of the nineteenth century, the monastery of Our Lady of the Hermits was treated by the Swiss Government with greater favour than most of the religious foundations. But even this last of the Benedictine houses lived in fear of trans-

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formation into a school or barracks, so the far-seeing descendants of St Meinrad laid up treasure for themselves in a foreign country. In far-away Indiana they built a farm and church as a place of refuge, and prepared to fly with their treasures if need should arise. But the necessity never came ; the day of persecution passed away ; and after a thousand years the Virgin with her Child, given by the Abbess of Zurich to the young monk of the courtly bearing and the yearning eyes, still holds her court in her stately home among the mountains and the pine woods.

THE BERNESE OBERLAND

WITH less of historic and human interest than Tell's country, the Bernese Oberland remains for most visitors the pearl of Switzerland. It is the whole country in miniature. Lakes, large and small, gleam at the foot of dark green hills, savage gorges open upon valleys of vivid emerald, dazzling glaciers reach down from mountains of majestic form, torrents dissolve over the edge of precipices in a fairy mist—here you find all that you have come to Switzerland to seek. Alas! the glorious vision is too often veiled by the rain which keeps the land so green. Even in the midst of summer you may awake morning after morning to find the clouds have descended from the mountains to settle on the town. The cheerless *salons* of the hotel are encumbered all day with tourists of all nationalities visited only by misfortune. The English play bridge and read Tauchnitz editions with obstinate composure. The French and Germans, after the manner of their kind, loaf round, doing nothing except smoking and watching the English. Occasionally it is possible to whip up the polyglottic crowd into some round game or the like tomfoolery; but gloom resides on every brow.

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Brave men and women sally forth in mackintoshes and tell you on their return that they have enjoyed a grand tramp up the mountain. You do not believe them, and you do not believe the hotel proprietor when he tells you that the rain is bound to finish next day. You call for your bill, pack your traps, and place the Alps as quickly as you can between you and the Oberland.

Had you waited a day longer your eyes might have opened on a cloudless sky and on a landscape fresh and glistening as a dewdrop, where the snow seemed fresh fallen on the mountains, the ice washed clear of all impurity, and the grass grown anew during the night. Long before noon the ground is dry, the mountain paths hard beneath the feet. Flowers burst open on every side and a new-born population of butterflies hovers over the roaring sea-green torrents. Nowhere can the sun of Switzerland smile more brightly than in the Oberland after a week of tears.

For all its damp and treacherous climate, therefore, Interlaken is never likely to want for visitors. It is Europe's favourite window on the Alps. From beneath the walnut-trees of the Höheweg all eyes are upturned towards the Jungfrau and her esquires, the Monk and the Ogre. Mountains are what people come here for, mountains what they talk about. Dinner at the hotels is liable to violent interruption by

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the guests' rushing frantically to the windows to witness the far-famed *alpenglüh*; having seen which, they pick up their overturned chairs, remove the traces of the soup spilt on their garments, and resume their meal, purring with satisfaction the while. These enthusiasts never depart without buying one of those artfully contrived views on to which the light may be reflected through red paper so as to produce a tolerable resemblance to the *alpenglüh*. The coquettish little shops of Interlaken abound in rubbish of this sort; in little wooden bears, in carved models and toys of all descriptions, and in alpenstocks on which the tourist may have painted or carved the names of all the mountains he has climbed—in the funicular railways. Except these shops and its long façade of pretentious hotels, Interlaken has nothing to show. It is built almost entirely of wood; but its houses can withstand the violence of the tempest and the snowstorm, and in the suburb of Unterseen you may see cottages brown with age. Behind them foams the Aar, connecting the lakes of Thun and Brienz on each side of the town. They were continuous till the plain between them on which Interlaken stands was formed by the deposits of the Lutschine. The name of the place was first borne by an abbey of Austin canons founded about 1130 under the protection of the lords of Eschenbach, who also owned

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the village of Unterseen. At the beginning of the fourteenth century these domains came into the possession of the Hapsburgs, who in 1386 were forced to surrender them to Berne. In 1528 the abbey was secularised, and the greedy republic secured all its lands, including Brienz, Grindelwald, and Lauterbrunnen. The monastic buildings, a good deal restored and pulled about, still stand near the eastern railway station, and accommodate Catholic, Lutheran, and Anglican worshippers, according to the tolerant practice of German-speaking states.

From the walls of the abbey in front of the main street and its hotels stretches that level green meadow, which still imparts so delightfully rustic an air to this swarming tourist resort. There the cows can still wade knee-deep through the lush herbage and mingle the tinkle of their bells with the strains of the Viennese orchestras in the gardens of the hotels. The gardens themselves are often things of beauty, planted with wallflowers and pansies, campion and phlox. In the morning there is a dewy freshness about Interlaken such as I have fancied must have clung to our old English spas, like Epsom and Tunbridge Wells, when people of quality used to camp by them in tents.

Even the lazy man who has no wish to climb mountains may amuse himself here. He can saunter across to the wooded Rugen and watch

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the squirrels playing hide-and-seek with the checkered sunbeams. Then, refreshed with milk from a local cow or good Bavarian beer, he may climb up to the ruined tower of Unspunnen, which is supposed to have been the home of Manfred. Byron in his Journal does not mention this castle; but his account of his Oberland visit, though vivid, is meagre, and might have been written on a telegraph form.

“Left Thoun,” he says, under date 22nd September 1816, “in a boat which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small; but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water’s edge. Landed at Newhause; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception. Passed a rock—inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden); glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent. Lodged at the curate’s. Set out to see the valley; heard an avalanche fall like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on; thunder, lightning, hail—all in perfection, and beautiful. I was on horseback; guide wanted to carry my cane. I was going to give it to him when I recollected that it was a swordstick, and I thought the lightning might be

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attracted towards him ; kept it myself ; a good deal encumbered with it, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid and stood still with every other peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak being stanch. Hobhouse wet through. Hobhouse took refuge in a cottage ; sent man, umbrella, and cloak (from the curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss curate's house very good indeed—much better than most English vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the ' pale horse ' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both ; its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. I think upon the whole that this day has been better than any of this present excursion."

Most people who have walked up the valley of Lauterbrunnen will share the poet's pleasant memories. Down the fir-clad cliff to your right trickle the streams which baptise the valley, whispering the secrets of the upper air ; to your left brawls the Lütchine, separating you from pastures spangled with dandelions. Far ahead the clouds veil the Jungfrau and then

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withdraw a pace, revealing the whiteness of her brow. The Staubbach—the pale horse's tail—waves in the wind and casts at times long shadows on the mountain wall. You may push on past the village up the wild gorge of the Trummelbach, to the very hem of the Virgin's robe, and count the rainbows ever changing in the triple falls; or climb the steep path to Mürren, that you may stare the mountains boldly in the face. Perhaps you will be lucky enough to see a great rainbow overarching the Virgin Queen, as the halo in some bright Byzantine painting crowns a saint; and you should still be fit for the long walk down the valley to Interlaken, once beguiled for me by the chance companionship of a party of jolly Russian students who sang the "Marseillaise" as they strode along.

To Grindelwald most people ascend now by rail, going by the Wengern Alp and Little Scheidegg and returning by Burglauenen and the valley of the Black Lütschine. That you will much appreciate the sublimity of the scene, travelling this way in August or September, I very much doubt. The little trains are crowded to the point of suffocation, chiefly, as it seems to me, with fat Germans and their red-faced stertorous wives, who feed each other with sausage and always possess themselves of the window-seats. Instead of the snowy dome of



Photo]

The Lütschine.

[J. W. McLellan.

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the Jungfrau, the smooth, rosy dome of a Teuton's bald head is generally the limit of your upward vision. Alight, therefore, at the Wengern Alp station and for a moment drink your fill of Alpine air and Alpine beauty. The narrow black trench beneath you is the valley of Lanterbrunnen. Opposite you, perhaps two miles as the crow flies, is the Jungfrau. From time to time blocks of ice detach themselves from the lower glaciers and fall with the sound of thunder into the Trumletenthal below. Our ambition enkindled, we push still higher, to the Little Scheidegg where we beard the ogre by treading on the very skirt of his white robe. But we have no reason to boast our temerity. At this very point begins the railway which will presently carry you to the very summit of the Queen of the Oberland herself. Thus with a ring of fire and iron man has wedded the fair Jungfrau, to whom such a judge as W. M. Conway awards the palm among the Central Alps, her only rival being not a mountain but the magnificent Aletsch glacier, far behind.

Down through the withered woods that reminded the blighted Byron of his family, you pass to Grindelwald, not a very beautiful spot, at the foot of the Eiger and the Wetterhorn. This verdant, chalet-strewn basin is inhabited by a race of gruff, money-grabbing, church-going hinds, and is infested in summer by Church Con-

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gresses. It is a flourishing winter resort, also, and, as most people know, is much less cold than Interlaken lower down. For all that, I am not much in love with Grindelwald, and like it less than any spot in the Oberland. After a visit to the nearest glacier, the day-tripper generally returns to the station and by dint of severe fighting secures a place in the train to Interlaken.

One summer I took a bicycle to the Oberland, and have often thought that the rest it then enjoyed was largely responsible for its remarkable longevity. I used to take it with me in the train, but the rain always prevented me from returning astride it, as I had intended. However, I rode upon it right round the Lake of Thun—an easy afternoon excursion. This lake is hardly as beautiful as the Vierwaldstättersee, nor has it any particular historical or legendary interest; but from its banks and its surface you certainly get unrivalled views of the Alpine pageant. A light mist hid the base of the mountains across the bright green water from my gaze; at what seemed an infinite distance the peaks glistened in the pale sunlight, and I could have fancied that I beheld the bulwarks of some far aerial world. A huge bird flew out and remained poised for five or six minutes motionless above the water; then he seemed to fly straight into the sun—as they say the dying eagles do. I thought this was, in fact, an eagle, but I am told

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that this bird has almost disappeared from the Alps.

There, at the north end of the lake, is the gateway of the Oberland. It is still dominated by the castle of the Counts of Kiburg, who, as we know, mortgaged the town to Berne, for no very creditable reason. This erstwhile stronghold is of the usual Burgundian type, and rises nowadays above a wilderness of greenery. Part of it is a prison, the rest a museum full of banners won at Sempach and Morat and less honourable trophies. There is, for instance, a curious collection of hangman's cords, each of which has choked the life out of a man. This is a heritage of the bad old days; they seldom strangle men in Switzerland now, and the record for halts has long been held by the Anglo-Saxon countries, with Russia a good second.

Thun has a stirring, even a poetical past, but the old parts of the town tend to dinginess and elsewhere the builder has been too aggressively at work. The favour of strangers does not mean much to Thun, for it boasts a brisk trade and some manufactures. It is, besides, the seat of the federal military academy; and if Swiss cadets are not as aristocratic and opulent as the young gentlemen of Sandhurst, that they have in so commercial a country adopted so unremunerative a profession shows that they must have some money to spend.

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From the south-west shore of the lake the prospect is less splendid, but the way is pleasant, through gardens, plantations, and pretty villages. Near Spiez you pass the chateau of the once-powerful Erlachs of Berne. At Leissigen, near my journey's end, a surprise awaited me. Calling for a drink at a tiny rustic inn, I was served by a trim waitress whose auburn hair and fresh complexion inspired me at a venture to address her in English. My suspicion was correct, and she answered in the unmistakable accents of a countrywoman. I remarked on the pleasant nature of the surprise in such an out-of-the-way spot. "Yes," she replied rather guardedly, "I don't suppose you expected to be served by an English girl here." She then asked me abruptly if I knew the Trocadero in London. Learning that I did, she told me that she had served behind the bar there for some time. "Then what on earth are you doing here?" in my curiosity I rudely blurted out. She smiled mysteriously, answered that she liked the place, and disappeared into an inner room, obviously unwilling to continue the conversation. There may have been no romance about the explanation, but I confess I should have liked to know how that typical West End barmaid came to find herself drawing beer for Swiss cowherds and boatmen in a village in the Oberland.



Photo]

Lake of Thun, from St. Beatenberg.

J. W. McLellan.

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The Beatenberg on the opposite side of the Thunersee recalls, on the contrary, a disappointment. We went out one hot morning, my sister and I, to visit the cave of St Beatus, whose story I may as well relate in the terms in which I first read it in Murray's Guide :

“St Beatus, according to tradition, was a native of Britain, who coming from Lucerne converted the inhabitants of this part of Helvetia to Christianity in the first century A.D. Being minded to take up his residence on the shore of the lake, he fixed his eyes upon a grotto, well suited to a hermit, but at the time occupied by a dragon. The monster, however, was easily ejected, simply by hearing a notice to quit addressed to him by St Beatus. The anchorite was in the habit of crossing the lake on his cloak, which when spread on the water served instead of a boat. The historical St Beatus was an Irish missionary who in the 5th century converted the dwellers round the Lake of Lucerne ; the dragon incident comes from the history of St Beatus of Vendôme, whose history was arbitrarily blended with that of the Swiss St Beatus in the 16th century by the reformer Agricola.”

Up the steep face of the mountain we toiled to pay our devotions at the shrine of the wonder-working hermit, through magnificent woods which somehow afforded no shade. It seemed

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a long way to the cave, and we began to wonder whether we really wanted to go there. At this moment a signboard greeted us with the inspiring legend: "Hotel Kleinschwein—St Beatenberg — Englisch Gingerbier." English ginger beer! at such a moment the appeal was irresistible. We already felt it foaming round our lips. Panting like steam engines, puffing and breathing hard, we clambered on, struggling up that slope with frantic energy. It is a fairly steep ascent at any time, as those who have ascended in the rack-and-pinion railway can judge; under such torrid conditions the climb was a feat of endurance of which we are to this day proud. At last, faint with thirst and exhaustion, we fell over the crest, and staggering down the long street of St Beatenberg, collapsed into the basket-chairs of the hospitable Hotel Kleinschwein. "You have here English ginger beer?" I inquired nervously. "Certainly, sir." My sister and I exchanged glances of delight. "Two bottles immediately." We were glad the girl took so long to fetch them, that we might gloat over the effervescent joy in prospect. The bottles came—they were uncorked—they fizzed—they foamed—we raised the glasses to our lips—we put them down again—the ginger beer was unsweetened!

The poignant disappointment of that moment lingers yet. On the whole continent of Europe,

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English ginger beer can be obtained at only one spot, and there it is unsweetened.

I have never allowed this painful experience to embitter my memories of St Beatenberg, through which, in search of less exotic refreshment, we presently proceeded. It is simply a row of hotels and chalets about two and a half miles long, built on a broad shelf above the lake, in full view of all the monarchs of the Oberland. It is a paradise of birds and flowers, and seems perpetually bathed in sunshine. Its glories have been chanted enthusiastically by Canon Rawnsley, who stayed there during "flower-time" for a longer time perhaps than I should care to do. The isolation of this high ledge—its tedious elongation—would tire the patience of restless folk in a very few days; but in winter the crisp cold stings all your limbs into movement and you ask for nothing better than these steep slopes and slippery paths.

The country behind the Niesen, forming the western part of the Oberland, has been opened up to tourists only of comparatively recent years. It is not very long since the railway was extended along the Simmenthal, past Zweisimmen and Gessenay into the Gruyère valley and the Lake of Geneva. The valley of Adelboden is described in Murray's Guide for 1891 as little frequented. Nowadays it is one of the most popular winter resorts in Switzer-

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land. It owes its success to its sheltered situation opposite the Wildstrubel and its exceptional amount of sunshine. Here it is quite possible to walk about in summer rig in the depth of winter, four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The village lies in a valley opening off the Kanderthal, up which you go, past the resplendent Blümlisalp, to the Gemmi Pass. This, Mr Coolidge has ascertained, is first spoken of in 1252 under the Romance name of "Curmilz" or "Curmyz." "As early as 1544 we have a most thrilling account of Sebastian Münster the geographer, of his traverse of the pass, and of the horrors of the bad path from Leukerbad to the pass. Later we read that by this bad track a horse could only carry half a proper load, while every cow on its way to the pastures required a man to itself." For these reasons the name was supposed in the dark ages of philology to be derived from the Latin word for groans. The pass yields in dreariness only to the Grimsel. The path constructed in the eighteenth century by Tyrolese labourers is one of the most remarkable in Switzerland. It is carved like a winding stair in the face of the rock, and may not be descended on horseback. Near the spot where Madame d'Arincourt was killed, falling from a mule, in 1864, are the remains of a hut to which a hermit used to approach by swarming up a pole.

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An hour and a half's descent from the summit of the pass brings you to that queer place, Leukerbad or Louèche-les-Bains, which is a long way off the town of Leuk in the Rhone valley. It is a very old spa which owes a good deal to Cardinal Schinner, the bishop of Sion. The baths, which are of the warm flat-iron variety, are still a good deal frequented, and are conducted very much on the lines of those which Coryat and Montaigne saw at Baden in Aargau. You are admitted (if merely a spectator) to a gallery, and on looking down behold two or three dozen heads emerging from the water, on which are floating wooden tables bearing books, coffee, and refreshments of all sorts. These extraordinary beings are clad in thick woollen robes and mufflers, which give them the appearance of dancing dervishes, or dangerous lunatics. Upon your appearance, a collecting-box is reached up to you at the end of a pole, while the bathers howl, "Pour les pauvres." If you do not respond to this appeal, you will find water squirted over you with deadly force and precision by the dexterous bathers. They are of all sorts—fat, bald-headed fathers of families, nice young ladies, priests, officers, hale and hearty peasants, battered *roués*; but they all seem to be enjoying themselves and to take very kindly to an aquatic existence. "It is not a little amusing," intelligently remarks an eye-

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witness, "to see people sipping their breakfasts [possibly eating them, too?] or reading up to their chins in water—in one corner a party at chess, in another an apparently interesting *tête-à-tête*; while a solitary sitter may be seen reviving in the hot water a nosegay of withered flowers. The temperature of the bath is preserved by a constant supply of hot water, which the patients drink at times."

The Lake of Brienz, on the other side of Interlaken, sombre in its setting of dark wooded mountains, is less picturesque than the Thunersee. If a thunderstorm is brewing, its neighbourhood infects one with a profound melancholy. But on a clear day it is a jaunt of unalloyed pleasure to the Giessbach falls—seven cascades leaping down in succession from the height of the mountain, over smooth green turfey terraces, overshadowed by a forest of firs. By night these falls are illuminated. The effect, though so artificially produced, is of magical beauty, almost equal to that of the noonday rainbows.

It was on the path leading from the water's edge that I first saw a marmot. He was begging for a blind man. He looked like a great fat rat, with his pathetic pleading eyes, his quivering muzzle, and fierce whiskers. He begged most prettily with his fore-paws, and ate nuts as daintily as a squirrel. I thought him a most



Photo]

Kandersteg.

J. W. McLellan.

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lovable beast—as rodents usually are. Marmots are more often heard than seen in a wild state, and announce the approach of a human by a loud, shrill whistle. “They live,” says Mr Howard V. Knox, “in colonies of varying numbers, but, in summer at least, each burrow is inhabited by a single family. Sometimes, but not always, the same burrow is used as a summer and a winter home. The change from summer to winter quarters, wherever it takes place, involves a descent to a lower level. The animals prepare for winter by carrying into their sleeping-room a quantity of dry grass, with which the floor is entirely covered, so as to provide a comfortable couch for the two or three families that usually club together at this season. About the middle of October the burrow is closed up from within by a closely packed wad, composed chiefly of hay, which, however, is placed not at the entrance of the burrow, but at a distance of one or two feet therefrom. In the snug home thus carefully prepared the whole party, numbering from five to fifteen individuals, sleep away the long winter months, unless they are dug out by some ruthless hunter.”

The ruthless hunter may be compared to the cads who dig foxes out of their earths and wash their children's faces with their blood.

According to Victor Tissot, the marmots never stir out of their burrows till they have satisfied

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themselves that no danger is in sight. The command of the party is entrusted, as with the chamois, to an old female, and while the young ones frisk and crop the Alpine flowers, their elders keep watch. Mrs Margaret Vaughan, daughter of John Addington Symonds, captured a marmot alive after a brisk engagement, of which she gives a most spirited account. Having driven him into a ledge, she forced him to take refuge in a bag hastily improvised out of a petticoat and hairpins. Then at midday, 8th July 1889, "two heated damsels were to be seen toiling along the Davos-Dorfli road, one bearing slung over her shoulder, a mysterious striped bag, the contents of which wriggled furiously and weighed twelve Swiss pounds."

Brienz, at the east end of the lake, is the back door of the Oberland, and thence you ascend through Meiringen over the Brunig pass to Lucerne. Meiringen is beautifully situated and has been burnt down more often than any town in America. Whether the people cook their Christmas dinners in a general conflagration, as the ancient Chinese roasted their pork, or whether the men smoke their pipes in bed, I do not know, but the place is the despair of the insurance companies. Yet close at hand there is a volume of water great enough to extinguish all the fires in Hades. The Aar cuts its way through a mountain, forming a defile,

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a mile and a quarter long. This gorge might well be taken for the approach to the hell dreamed of by the envenomed Florentine. The walls of rock rise sheer up from the water, overarching here, receding there; they bulge terrifically above your head as you clamber down the iron gallery clamped to their sides; they retreat and advance, engulfing you in a great witches' cauldron, a cavern green and dark well suited to be a dragon's lair; then far above you a ray of sunlight penetrates the chasm, and makes magic play with the damp white mist sent up from the torrent hissing and frothing far below.

Near at hand there are other streams which tumble down into the valley over the grand Reichenbach falls. There is the Alpbach cascade, too, alike unable to save Meiringen from the burning. The valley behind is the Häsli-thal, leading to the Grimsel. It is inhabited by a hardy handsome race, whose fathers settled in the valley of the upper Rhone. The women are supposed to be prettier, or, as one author unkindly puts it, "less plain" than the rest of their compatriots. For my part, I think injustice is often done to the Swiss in this respect. There are plenty of pretty faces to be seen in Switzerland—among the shopgirls of Berne and Lucerne, for instance, and in the towns of the canton Ticino. In the St Gotthard express I

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have met at wide intervals two of the handsomest people I have ever seen—a federal officer going from Zurich to Andermatt, and a charming girl of sixteen or seventeen travelling from Bellinzona to Zurich. But the peasantry of Switzerland are undoubtedly as plain of face as of speech. They work too hard. They eat too little, and expose themselves too much. The women are old at thirty. They take no interest in their appearance and have no reason to do so. Marriages, as elsewhere on the Continent, are affairs of convenience, and the ugliest girl stands as good a chance of a rich husband as does a pretty one. The cold airs and Calvinism have put out the fires of passion in Switzerland. No young Swiss would think of running off with his master's wife or daughter—if he ran away with anything, it would be with the cash-box.



Photo

The Lake of Wallenstadt.

/Wehrli.

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CANTON GLARUS

THE canton Glarus is one of the least frequented parts of Switzerland. Like Uri and Valais it is shut in on all sides but one by almost impassable mountains ; but unlike them, that one side is not formed by any famous lake or river. The only access to the canton is by a narrow opening where the Linth issues from the Lake of Wallenstadt. Glarus consists of one large and beautiful valley, the Grossthal, rich in pasture-land, with the two tributary glens, the Kleintal and the Klön, burrowing right into the heart of the mountains on either hand. Here there dwells a population of over thirty thousand souls, who contentedly manufacture printed muslins and cheeses, while ecstatic visitors rhapsodise over the beauties of the scenery, and the lofty sentiments it must awaken in the dwellers in its midst.

Wallenstadt, though less than ten miles in length, is one of the most beautiful of the Alpine lakes. It lies in the cradle of the mountains, seldom disturbed by the presence of the man from Cook's. Its dark green waters mirror the rocky masses that rise sheer up from its margin. But these clear, placid waters are treacherous and dangerous to navigate. Benvenuto Cellini

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has left us an account of his exciting passage across the lake from Wallenstadt to Weesen, in the course of a journey that he undertook with two apprentices from Rome to Paris.

“When I saw the boats on the lake I was terrified,” he naively owns, “because the said boats are of fir wood, not very large and not very substantial, and are not closely fitted together nor even pitched; and if I had not seen four German noblemen with their four horses embarking in a similar one, I would never have embarked in mine; rather would I much sooner have turned back again: but I thought to myself according to the folly I saw them committing, that these German waters would not drown folks as do ours in Italy! Those two young men of mine, however, said to me, ‘Benvenuto! It is a dangerous thing to embark along with four horses.’ And I replied to them: ‘Don’t you notice, cowards, that those four noblemen have embarked before us, and are going on their way laughing? If this were wine as it actually is water, I would say that they were going cheerfully to drown therein’; . . . This lake was fifteen miles in length and about three in width; on the one side was a very high and cavernous mountain, on the other it was flat and grassy. When we had gone about four miles on it the said lake began to be stormy, so that those men who were rowing begged us that we would help

Canton Glarus

them to row ; so we did for a while. I made signs to them that they should run us to that shore opposite ; they said that it was not possible for there was not sufficient water there to float the boat, and that there are certain shallows upon which the boat would immediately go to pieces and we should all drown. . . . When I saw them thus dismayed, having an intelligent horse, I arranged the bridle upon his neck and took one end of the halter in my left hand. The horse . . . seemed to perceive what I wanted to do, for, turning his head towards the fresh grass, I wanted him swimming to draw me also with him. At this moment there arose so great a wave from the lake that it broke over the boat. Ascanio, crying out, ' Mercy, my father, help me,' turned to throw himself upon me ; wherefore I clapped my hand to my dagger, and told them to do as I would show them, for the horses would save their own lives so surely that I hoped I should also escape by that means ; but that if he threw himself upon me I would kill him. . . . Midway down the lake we found a little track of level ground where we could rest, and upon the level ground I saw disembarked those four German noblemen. The boatmen would not allow us to disembark so I said to my young men, ' Now is the time to make some proof of our quality ; therefore draw your swords and compel him to set us on shore.' This we did

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with great difficulty. But when we were landed we must climb two miles up that mountain, more difficult to scale than a ladder. I was fully armed in a coat of mail, with big boots and a fowling piece in my hand, and it was raining, as God alone knows how to send it. Those devils of German noblemen, with their little hand-led nags, performed miracles, but our horses were not up to this business.”

One slipped on the precipitous path, and falling down the mountain side was killed; the other, slipping, wounded itself on the point of a lance. Had not the German noblemen taken pity on them and sent them help, poor Benvenuto and his friends would indeed have been in a sad plight. At length, however, they got food and shelter; the wounded horse was tended, and Cellini continued his journey into France singing and laughing with his apprentices, and in a strange interval of piety, thanking God for his escape.

But voyagers on the lake have not always been equally fortunate. They will still tell you at Wallenstadt, in tones of horror, of the boat, laden with wine and salt, which went down in a sudden storm in 1574, when fifty good merchants of Grisons were drowned.

To the geologists the mountains round the Lake of Wallenstadt are a paradise of wonder. They are characterised by extraordinary “folds,” where the natural strata of the rocks lie crushed

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and broken beneath inverted strata, in which the older rock formations lie next the surface and the newer ones are deeply buried. It is as if some giant had seized the ancient mountains and in his anger crumpled up their summits and ground them deeply into the foundations. But to my layman's eye the mountains are but mountains, and though Wallenstadt is beautiful, the whole of the canton is before me.

Leaving Weesen, the railway passes through a rocky gorge into the great central valley of Glarus. On the right, Glärnisch rears its snowy head, glittering in the clear air and sunshine, the most impressive peak in the whole canton. Its summit is well worth a visit on account of the huge glacier that unrolls in plains of ice between the rugged crags and overflows on to the smoother surfaces below. Round the lower slopes cluster great masses of beech-trees with their pink sheaths and leaves of delicate green, until, as they push farther up the mountain, they lose themselves in the shadows of the conifers.

Glärnisch has a sinister reputation for its avalanches, which thunder down a sheer 5000 feet, bringing destruction in their train, in a veil of blinding snow. And less remarked though scarcely less wonderful are the "snow-flags" encountered on this and the surrounding summits. Often when no breath of air is stirring in the valley the wind on the mountains lifts up a

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great column of snow and whirls it up into the air in great spirals. Sometimes the snow disappears into the clouds, sometimes it spreads out like a pall of smoke, sometimes it shoots about like frozen flames, but always it is a beautiful and weird phenomenon.

Näfels is the first village at which we make a halt. There is a fine old manor-house here built in the florid Renaissance style, and treasured by the natives as a masterpiece. But the interest of the spot is almost entirely historical, for Näfels played a part in the growth of Glarus similar to that of Morgarten in Schwyz.

The name of Glarus is derived by Murray from St Hilary of Poitiers, the protector of Fridolin, who converted the district to Christianity. To trace the process of derivation will occupy many a tedious railway journey. This, like so many of the Swiss cantons, was originally dependent on a religious foundation—the Benedictine nunnery of Säckinggen, on the Rhine. But Austria, the bogey of Mediæval Europe, early acquired proprietary rights. In 1352, Glarus entered the Swiss confederation, and in 1380 Austria determined to strike a final blow for her vanishing supremacy. Treachery delivered Weesen into her hands, and from this point of vantage, 6000 Austrian troops were thrown into the canton. At Näfels they made their attack. Glarus was cut off from her allies.

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But a band of 600 grimly determined men held the surrounding heights. The Austrians, to whom defeat had taught no wisdom, brought their cavalry into the valley, only to be crushed beneath a well-directed volley of stones and boulders showered down at them by their inaccessible foes. Austria now judged it wise to temporise, and in the following year agreed to give up all pretensions to her ancient feudal rights in return for a sum of money paid down on the nail. The memory of this victory is marked by an obelisk opposite the church and eleven stones, placed at intervals through the village. In the churchyard of Mollis, the twin village of Näfels across the river, are buried the fifty-four heroes who fell in the great victory.

Past Netstall, that clings for support to the overhanging crags of the Wiggis ; past the gorge of the terrible Löntsch, which at times leaves its channel and tears over the countryside with vindictive fury, and you come to Glarus, the capital of the canton. You notice with surprise that the little town is new and modern, and if you inquire the reason you will hear a tale of terrible disaster.

For an enemy more to be dreaded than the Austrians or French is the " föhn," the terrible south-west wind that sweeps at times through the valley. One day in May, just fifty years ago, it lit a fire in Glarus, which presently consumed

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five hundred houses and property to the value of three hundred thousand pounds. The mountain snows glowed with the reflection of this roaring sea of fire, and the dreadful crimson *alpenglüh* was visible as far away as the Black Forest. But help and supplies were not denied to Glarus in this terrible hour. The cantons, French and German, remembered their fraternal duties, the federal device, "All for one, one for all," which, as an English lady remarked with commendable moderation, was "very nice" of them.

The conflagration made a clean sweep of the historical monuments of the town, among which may be counted the church wherein Ulrich Zwingli first celebrated mass. The chalice used on that solemn occasion is preserved in the new church. But the sole interest of this cantonal capital for strangers lies in its situation at the foot of the Vorder Glärnisch, a peak of beautiful shape, resembling at a distance a fountain turned to ice. Opposite rises the Wiggis; in another direction the appropriately named Schild cleaves the sky.

Amid such sublime scenes, the people of the little town flock to the factory and regulate their lives by the horn and the hooter, much like Lancashire folk. We hear the usual groans that divorce among them is frequent, that wives are fond of gaiety, and homes neglected. In all probability they are all much the better for

THE
MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY
OF SWITZERLAND



[Wehrli.

Linthal (Glarus).

Photo]

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mingling even a scant measure of pleasure and passion with their sordid lives. Their lot is certainly better than that of the peasant who will deny himself, his wretched wife, and his children, food, sleep, rest, and recreation rather than lose a minute from grubbing up potatoes and feeding swine.

When the gramophone and the electric theatre cease for a moment to charm the industrious townsfolk of Glarus, they make holiday in the Klönthal, a romantic valley to the north of the Glärnisch. We seem here to penetrate into the land where it is always afternoon. No wind stirs the leaves, not a blade of grass trembles, there is never a ripple on the surface of the dark green lake. Far down into its abysses seems to penetrate the mighty mountain, mirrored together with the heavens above it in these clear depths. Here Alps and sun are never tired of contemplating the reflection of their own beauty. Nature never devised a more beautiful looking-glass than this little lake in the heart of Glarus. Suvorov, by the way, is said to have sunk his war chest in it when routed by the French. You drink a glass of milk to the genius of the place, and press up the valley. It is on fine days pretty well thronged with people on an outing from Glarus and with mountaineers about to attempt the not very difficult ascent of the Glärnisch. In winter the valley is deserted

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except on Sundays, when the frozen surface of the lake draws skaters by the hundred. The ice is of unusual purity, and so clear that a newspaper can be read through a slab a foot thick. Its exportation has become an important industry. "Strange and picturesque and comparable only to the hurry and scurry of an ant's nest, is the scene presented"—says one who has witnessed it—"when hundreds of men with saws, picks, poles, ladders, sledges, and horses, are busily employed on the slippery surface of the ice in the midst of this lonely snowed-up Alpine valley, the thermometer registering 15 to 25 degrees below freezing-point, so that the workmen's bread freezes hard in their pockets and the wine in their bottles is turned into a cylinder of ice. Then there is the business of transporting the ice. In good winters from two to three hundred waggons are employed daily in conveying the blocks of ice into the valley. The traffic is so regulated that twice a day all the vehicles go in single file from Netstall and Glarus to the lake, and return in the like order unbroken. Thus in the space of one hour you see the entire caravan of three hundred ice-laden waggons drawn by horses, cows, or mules, pass by in a seemingly interminable procession."

From Glarus the railway runs up the valley of the Linth to Stachelberg, a pretty watering-place at the foot of the great mountain mass of

Canton Glarus

the Todi. Thence you may travel by a bridle-path over the Klausen Pass into Uri. The boundary lies a considerable distance short of the summit of the pass, and for this reason. In the autumn of 1092, the two cantons (as we now call them) fell out over the matter of the frontier. It was finally agreed that two men should start running at cock-crow from Linthal and Altdorf towards the pass and that the point of their meeting should be the boundary. Each side strove to gain the advantage over the other by getting its bird to crow first. The Glarus bird was overfed, and showed no signs of waking though the sun had risen. At last, long after the Uri man had started, he opened one eye, lazily flapped his wings, and crowed languidly. The Glarus runner was off like a shot, seeking by frantic spurts to make up for the delay of the drowsy bird. Half way down the Frittneralp, he met his competitor. The Uri man was, however, a true sportsman, and consented to allow the loser another chance. He would yield as much of the distance he had covered as the other man could carry him. With a mighty effort the runner from Linthal bore his rival up the mountain as far as the Scheidbach. There he fell dead, and there the boundary remains to this day. "Although the issue was so tragic," caustically remarks a Liberal of Glarus, "it has not been without advantage, for since that time

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our people have learned to set their watch at least half a century in advance of that of their fellow-countrymen at Altdorf.”

Three and a half miles above Glarus, at the little town of Schwanden, the river Sernft falls into the Linth. It waters the idyllic Kleinthal.

Having once penetrated into this glen, the traveller feels himself as much cut off from the outer world as in the happy valley of Prince Rasselas. There is little communication with the rest of the canton, for the lower part of the valley is narrow and tortuous, with a rise of 850 feet in less than three miles, and a sudden bend that hides the approach as completely as the vanishing door in the fairy story. Beyond the circle of brooding mountains lies the world of steamships and hotels, but in this narrow strip of green pasture-land men move placidly about their business, often the prey of a pitiless nature. Enthroned above the solitude the eagles build their nests.

They cling firmly to their old beliefs and superstitions, these lonely mountain folk. They have an interesting demonology of their own. Above the village of Matt is the Heidenloch, a stalactite cavern six feet high. Here the dwarfs buried their treasures in an iron chest, and a black dog keeps guard over them day and night. It is said that in former days a white sheep was driven once every year into the cave,

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and used to emerge some two miles farther off with a fleece of deepest red. What fiery ordeal the poor beast had gone through, the legend-mongers will only hint at. The subterranean passage which undoubtedly exists is also said to have been used as a refuge by Christians in the days of their persecution, though we are told of no miraculous transformation of their complexions. Until the last few years a curious custom was still kept up. On the Monday before Ash Wednesday, the young men would go with torches to the Weissenberge. A fire was lighted, and small circular pieces of wood with sharpened edges made glowing in the flames. Then with rhymes, that seem to be a relic of some old litany to the sun-god, they would hurl their missiles, like falling stars, into the air to drop into the valley below.

But the Kleinthal has by no means escaped the touch of a steam-driven civilisation. Formerly the inhabitants used to swarm in summer over the neighbouring districts, picking up the most casual livelihood and making themselves a nuisance. But to-day tall factory chimneys stretch up from amongst broad-spreading maple-trees and glowing clusters of alpenroses. From the bowels of the mountains comes the hollow clang of picks and hammers, indicating, not some Vulcan's forge, but the presence of valuable slate quarries.

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To these quarries the little town of Elm, lying at the upper extremity of the valley, owes a melancholy notoriety. It has always suffered from floods and avalanches, but before 1881 it was to outward appearance a model of Arcadian happiness. In September of that year a sudden shower of rattling stones warned the inhabitants that something was amiss. In great haste they began to move their cattle and household goods. Another deafening volley crashed down upon them, and then the whole face of the rocky Tschingel, undermined by quarrying, fell in. As though struck by an earthquake, the mountain gaped asunder. Huge boulders split off and came crashing down, enveloped in a dense cloud of rocky debris, with an occasional flash of fire. Ten times more terrible than an avalanche the stream of solid masonry swept on, filling up the narrow valley, grinding to powder everything that opposed its progress. The bed of the river was instantly choked up and the rising waters threatened to engulf whatever of the village the falling mountain had spared. Herds of cattle were extirpated; a hundred and fifteen people lost their lives and eight more were only saved by a whirlwind that lifted them up bodily and carried them to a place of safety. An enormous sum of money was at once subscribed for the benefit of the survivors; but the little village still lies half in ruins beneath a mass of rock and rubbish.

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Above Elm, and overlooking the rushing torrent of the Sernft with its magnificent waterfall, rises the rugged mass of the Sardona, crowned with its glittering ice-fields. The Tschingelhörner grins fantastically with its savage rocky teeth, known locally as the Twelve Apostles. Near the summit is an extraordinary fissure that penetrates the mountain to the Grisons side, known at the Martinsloch. Its breadth is 46 feet, its height 72 feet on the Glarus side, falling to 49 feet in Grisons, and twice a year the sunshine streams through on to the church tower of Elm. Farther to the south, great mountain masses sweep round the Kleinthal valley, piling up crest above furrowed crest, until they culminate in the snowy majesty of the graceful but gigantic Hausstoch with its fine summit lost in wreaths of cloud.

THE LOWLANDS OF SWITZERLAND

ALL Switzerland is not Alpine nor even mountainous. The five cantons extending along the left or south bank of the Rhine from the Bodensee to Bâle belong to the plain, and with them might be included parts of Soleure and St Gall. They contain a third of the whole population of Switzerland, and Bâle and Zurich, its most populous towns. Here the wealth and industry of the country are concentrated. The whole territory is German in race and language, and accounts for the predominance of the Teutonic element in the confederation.

The race problem in Switzerland has been investigated by able native writers, and lately by M. Albert Dauzat, who states his conclusion in his book, "La Suisse moderne." He speaks of the rapid Germanisation of the Bernese Jura, and estimates the immigration of German Swiss into the French-speaking cantons at one hundred thousand persons. Against these can be set only fifty thousand French Swiss settled in the German or Italian cantons. In the canton Neuchatel are whole German-speaking colonies of recent growth. The birth-rate, too, among the Teutons is very much higher than among



Photo]

Soleure.

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The Lowlands of Switzerland

their Latin neighbours. On the other hand, the French, resisting assimilation themselves, tend to assimilate and to absorb these alien colonies. As in Belgium—that other battle-ground of tongues—the educated classes, whether of Latin or Teutonic origin, prefer to speak French—a tendency encouraged of course by the influx of tourists and the very necessities of the hotel-keeping business. A movement to write the hotel menus in German, by the way, broke down because only three foreigners out of ten could understand them. At Neuchatel, according to M. Dauzat, the deliberations of a German Swiss society called the Grütli have now to be conducted in French; the same paradox may be noticed at Lausanne. In the German towns near the linguistic frontier, or of mixed race, such as Fribourg, Sion, and Sierre, French is the language of good society. In all parts of the country we foreigners expect officials and hotel proprietors to speak French, and reserve our German for the peasantry and the chambermaids. I have noticed that German railwaymen like to be addressed in French, whereas in the French cantons no one is proud of speaking German. The extension of the railway system has an important bearing on the language question. While the lines running into the Jura from Bâle and Berne have accelerated the Germanisation of the region, the prolongation and

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increased importance of the Simplon line has recovered a great deal of ground for the French. The language of Molière seems then likely to hold its own, even though the French race may lose something of its purity ; but on the other side, German is fast extinguishing the Romansch in the Grisons and is now heard in the remotest valleys of that outpost of the Latin race.

“ Switzerland a German province ! ” was the toast audaciously proposed by a Bernese professor some years ago. But the cry roused a tempest of indignation throughout the confederation, nowhere else more violent than in the German cantons. “ We cling to our language,” instantly responded another professor, “ but we are Switzers all ; and we German Swiss have not much to learn in things German from the Prussians ! ” It is the new Italy and the new Prussianised Germany of which the confederation stands most in fear. From the west and the east no danger threatens ; but the days are long past since the Swiss sentinels along the Rhine fraternised with the easy-going, picturesque dressed soldiers of Baden and Wurtemberg, leaning lazily on their old-fashioned arms at the opposite end of the bridges. Those soldiers are now alert and aggressive, drilled and uniformed like Prussians, commanded from Berlin. The watch on the Rhine is now strictly kept on both sides. While southern Germany perhaps

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reluctantly conforms to the Prussian model, the republic cherishes the old German traditions.

“Nowhere,” remarks M. Dauzat, “is the contrast between the two banks more striking than at Rheinfelden. The coquettish little Aargau town, whose waters draw numerous visitors, has been modernised as regards its new quarters, without any injury to its past, without touching the picturesque old streets, with their pointed gables, or the ancient houses massed in artistic disorder on the banks of the Rhine. But on the other side, all is in the hideous Prussian ‘modern-style’ — heavy buildings, loud and crude, in freestone. The ostentatious display of the parvenu ‘good old Germany’ has not only become the prey of militarism but also of bad taste. The ancient wooden covered bridge, with its exquisite savour of Mediæval archæology, which spans the Rhine, resting half way upon an islet, has been studiously preserved on the Swiss side—German vandalism has destroyed the other half and replaced it by an iron bridge; no doubt a triumph of engineering but the most discordant combination it is possible to conceive. But the Badenens are proud of their new bridge and deride the poor backward Swiss and their devotion to such old-fashioned lumber. This bridge is a symbol. The worst of it is that German taste has in more than one place succeeded in crossing the Rhine.”

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It has done so, for instance, at the ancient town of Bâle, and broken down behind it the delightful old bridge, at the end of which the Lällenkönig from a window in a tower for many centuries rolled his eyes and put out his tongue at the burghers of Little Bâle opposite. The grotesque manikin has been banished to the museum, and since the annexation of Alsace the city has bows and smiles for the German border. It was never much visited by travellers—of the uncommercial variety—and has less now than ever to detain them. We all have recollections of its buffet, of hurried meals between trains, or of long, dreary waits in the dim morning light in its vast waiting-rooms. I confess that my impressions of the city have been gained in a succession of such intervals in all seasons and at all hours of the day. I never found much to interest me there, and am not astonished to hear that the town is the headquarters of Continental Methodism and the home of many wealthy burghers. It contains more millionaires (in francs), I am told, than any other Swiss city; and these affluent persons do not wish, like the Orientals, to make any secret of their wealth. Tall modern houses, such as one may see at Frankfort and Cologne, rise up, gaunt and glaring, in quaint mediæval streets. The ancient Rathaus has been furbished up, and is now a blaze of red and gold—though it is but fair to the

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Bâlers to add that this is in accordance with the original mediæval design. "Hic frigent artes," sighed Erasmus; and Holbein left its philistine atmosphere for the Court of England. The hand of the German restorer has been busy with the roof of the grand old red cathedral, rising so much like Strassburg, from a cliff above the Rhine. The Vandals have respected the chapter-house where sat the famous council which created a schism in the Catholic Church and hindered the union with the Eastern Church. There is not much else worth seeing in Bâle, except the portrait of Holbein by himself and the "Dance of Death," wrongly attributed to him. Bâle is a comfortable, thriving provincial town, with not much animation, and decidedly more German than Swiss.

Zurich, most populous of Swiss cities, seated within sight of the mountains beside its wide haze-bound lake, is more modern and go-ahead than Bâle, and yet clings more loyally to national traditions. It exults, like Munich, in its hearty jovial German spirit, exulting in its glorious past while zestfully providing for the future. It rejoices in festivals which keep alive old memories, and loves to see long trains of boys and girls in old-world garb winding down its magnificent modern streets. The new bottles of Zurich have stood the old wine very well. There is plenty for the tourist to see here, apart

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from the luxurious shops and palace-like hotels. The National Museum is one of the most fascinating institutions of the kind in the whole world, deserving to rank with the Cluny at Paris and the Ottoman Museum at Constantinople. Its collections of old Swiss furniture, costumes, and war trophies in their fine mediæval interiors, make one long for a similar national museum in England, where only the products of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Italy are deemed worthy of preservation at the public expense. An old banner taken at Crecy or the battered forecastle of one of Drake's ships ought to thrill us more than even the most dignified mummy or the blandest of man-bulls. Zurich is full of life and very proud of itself. "See," it says to its children, "what a past we Swiss have had; go out to our factories and engine shops and see what we are doing now. Are you not proud to be Zurichers?" The prosperous city emulates Florence and Venice in its encouragement of arts and letters. The Zurichers sticks out his chest and refers to his city as Athens by the Limmat. The boast has some justification. The city counts half the men of letters of Switzerland among her children. There are two universities—that of the canton, to which were welcomed, in the thirties and forties, Strauss and many professors of light and leading expelled by reactionary Germany; and the federal

VIEW OF
CALIFORNIA



Photo/

Zurich.

/Wehrli.

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polytechnic, the nucleus of a national university. Russians and Poles abound in the classes and in the city. They are hardly as safe or welcome on Swiss soil as formerly. The Swiss have grown suspicious of political refugees, at least since the cruel and purposeless assassination of the Empress Elizabeth in the territory of Geneva. Just as the murderer avenged on this inoffensive woman the crimes of her order, so the Swiss in their panic are now disposed to make high-minded political exiles, the victims of brutish tyranny, suffer for the guilt of an isolated Italian workman. Unfortunately these panics are not confined to Switzerland, where it is even less easy than elsewhere to raise the "alien" scare. But when Tatiana Leontiev shot a Parisian tourist in mistake for some wretched Russian bureaucrat, the commercial instincts of the Switzers were aroused. A few more mistakes of this kind and foreign tourists might boycott the country. Tatiana herself got off with four years' imprisonment; but the alarm her blunder had excited was glaringly illustrated by the disgraceful and utterly illegal surrender of the refugee, Vasiliev, to the Russian authorities in the following year. I can hardly blame a Polish medical man whom I met at Berne for refusing to discuss the affairs of his nation while within the longest earshot of a third party.

The country between Berne and Zurich and

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the Rhine—the fertile lowlands of Switzerland—is left very much to itself by foreigners. It is a pleasant region of thickly wooded hills, some of which might be called mountains elsewhere, wide plains, and quaint old-world towns, recalling pre-confederation days. Over the town gate of Sursee the double eagle of the Empire still outspreads its talons. Not far off are the battle-field of Sempach, watered with the blood of Arnold, and the fine old abbey of Beromünster, where a book was first printed in Switzerland. The foundation commemorates the piety of the old counts of Lenzburg, whose castle, restored by its American owner, is seen by the railway traveller from Aargau to Lucerne. The line of Lenzburg became extinct in 1173. Their lands passed to the house of Kiburg, and their lordship over this part of the Aargau went to the Hapsburgs, who had already built the castle bearing their name on a cliff above the Aar near the ancient town of Brugg. Not much more than the keep remains of this cradle of the mighty Imperial race, which owes so much more to the marriage contract than to the sword. The castle is more romantic in its site than in its associations, and overlooks the blood-stained field of Königsfelden. There stands the nunnery of Poor Clares founded by the Empress Elizabeth and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, in 1310 on the spot where their husband and

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father, the Emperor Albert, was assassinated two years before. "According to tradition," says Murray, "the high altar stands on the spot where Albert fell. He had crossed the ferry of the Reuss in a small boat, leaving his suite on the opposite bank. He was attended only by the four conspirators. The chief of them, John (later surnamed Parricida), his nephew—who had been instigated to slay him by the wrong he had endured in being kept out of his paternal inheritance by his uncle—first struck him in the throat with his lance. Balm ran him through with his sword, and Walter von Eschenbach cleft his skull with a felling stroke. Rudolf von Wart, the fourth, took no share in the murder. Although the deed was so openly done, in broad daylight, almost under the walls of the castle of Hapsburg, and in sight of a large retinue of armed attendants, the murderers were able to escape in different directions; and the retainers took to flight, leaving their dying master to breathe his last in the arms of a poor peasant who happened to pass. The assassins all escaped. A dire vengeance was wreaked by the wife and sons of the murdered monarch on their families, relations, and friends; and a thousand victims are believed to have expiated with their lives a crime of which they were totally innocent. Queen Agnes died in the convent, but her body was conveyed to Austria in the

Switzerland

eighteenth century. Here too were buried many of the nobles who fell at Sempach. The nunnery was suppressed at the Reformation and is now a lunatic asylum."

The Swiss lowlands are rich in castles and historic sites. Overlooking Frauenfeld, the chief town of Thurgau, is the castle of the counts of Kiburg who inherited the lands of the Lenzburgs and in turn passed them on to the Hapsburgs in 1264. There is another stronghold of the same house near Winterthur, restored in good taste, the interior very much what it must have been when Rudolf of Hapsburg resided here. Arenenberg, on the Untersee—a chateau, not a castle—was the retreat of Queen Hortense and the asylum of her son, Louis Napoleon. Louis Philip demanded the Prince's expulsion. The Swiss, with a courage they have not always displayed since, prepared to fight rather than violate the laws of hospitality; whereon the generous Prince left the country rather than bring disaster on his hosts. Three or four miles away is the castle of Gottlieben, a good deal modernised and distinguished by its two high-peaked towers. This was the prison of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and thence, in defiance of the safe-conduct granted them by the Emperor Sigmund, they were taken to their death by fire on a piece of waste ground outside Constanz.

The Lowlands of Switzerland

The great lake of these parts, the Bodensee, which washes the shores of Switzerland, Austria, and the three south German states, seems tame and colourless to the tourist fresh from the forest cantons or the Oberland. He lingers by its fertile, smiling shores, perhaps, on his way from quaint Schaffhausen (the town of onions) and the neighbouring Rhine falls, to the remote highlands of Appenzell, which every writer on Switzerland strives to popularise. This is a country, we are assured, of rare and primitive simplicity; and as such should be extremely uninteresting. The simplicity of which these writers speak means a hide-bound conformity to anciently established customs, beliefs, and modes of thought. It means an archaic artificiality. The native costumes, which are shockingly hideous, are simply the fashions more or less general in this part of the world two centuries ago. As an instance of the *simplicity* of these rustics, one writer comments on the fewness of illegitimate births among them; which means, if it means anything at all, that their morality is based entirely upon civil and religious ordinances—the mark of a highly-sophisticated people. Dancing is regulated and limited by elaborate restrictions, which is just as well, as it here consists in gyrations rather less graceful than a drunken bear's. Social intercourse is confined to the taverns, and is varied

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only by drinking and card-playing. "The family circle when left to itself," says an American admirer of this primitive people, "is apt to be a place of much solemnity. It is marked by silence broken at irregular intervals by comfortable ejaculations of *ja ! ja !* or *so-o !*"

I understand that people are sent to this Early Victorian canton for the whey-cure, whatever that may be. It is also recommended for sufferers from the simple-life craze. Perhaps one of these days it will be generally realised that savages, rustics, Early Victorians, and puritans depart very much farther from nature than the emancipated woman and the gay Parisian, who are often pointed to with horror. People who crush out all the instincts of human nature, good and bad, and live by rule, may be excellent and altogether admirable ; but they are leading not the simple but the artificial life.

THE
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THE PROTESTANT ROME

PURITANISM, entrenched in Catholic Appenzell, has lost its hold on its ancient bulwark, Geneva. That one-time school for saints possesses the fatal gift of beauty (or rather her surroundings do), and, like the "ruined" damsels of melodrama, now goes clad in purple and fine linen. The example of Voltaire or Rousseau or the French Revolution may be set down perhaps as the immediate cause of her backsliding; but her corruption was inevitable the moment that the world awoke to a consciousness of the glory of her mountains and the charm of her lake.

Yet Geneva, like the betrayed maiden of the tragedy, still affects to sigh for the respectability of her upbringing and has yielded somewhat grudgingly to the wiles of the seducer. When, as too often happens, the mist has hidden Mont Blanc, and the Salève frowns as gaunt and sour as Calvin's self, you may find Geneva in her chastened mood in the high town—the old town—where the houses are dark, tall, and ruinous, their chambers airless and vault-like. Here dwelt Knox's saints, and here still dwell their descendants, the burgher aristocracy. The Ville-hautains, the people of the lower town

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call them, not unfairly. The quarter strikes a chill into the visitor. The shadow of Calvin still darkens its narrow streets and weighs heavy on the cathedral of St Pierre. The amenities of the high town, as Edouard Rod truly remarks, consist in the fine views obtainable from some of the mansions, as also from the Promenade de la Treille, across the lake, or of the Jura.

From this famous terrace old Geneva looks down disapprovingly on its new self. Below, on the obviously-named Place Neuve, rides the marble effigy of General Dufour, the soldier who felled the Sonderbund, and, with it, old Switzerland. He looks towards the municipal theatre, very much resembling the Opera House of Paris. The municipal theatre of Geneva ! Even Rousseau told Voltaire that he could not love him, since he had corrupted his native city with spectacles. And, shameful to relate ! the school for saints has done very well by its theatre. It attracts visitors from all parts of Switzerland, even from Lucerne and Zurich, and I once found my hotel crowded with such enthusiastic playgoers. The theatre is open on Sundays.

One wonders, too, what Calvin would have said had he caught the frivolous airs proceeding from the adjacent conservatoire of music ; he would have been less profoundly shocked, I wager, by the scenes which have procured the Palais Electoral, close by, the name *Boîte aux*

The Protestant Rome

Gifles. All this is very modern, but not more so nor more worldly than the pretty Jardin Anglais, where the blue Rhone issues from the lake, and the opposite quarter of the city with its glaring hotels and crowded quays.

Those who come here, as all sensible people do, in spring and summer, see only the unregenerate or degenerate Geneva; no contrast between past and present is apparent to them. But in the depth of winter, the city takes on a funereal garment under which Knox himself might recognise it. Nothing can be more melancholy than the straight streets of the new town or the "wynds" of the old, pallid and silent in the pitiless, stealthy snow. You come out upon the lake shore, and recoil as if you had reached the strand of the Polar sea. You escape into a side street and are dogged by hooded cloaked figures, each one of whom might be the ghost of Calvin. It is a relief to turn to the Pont du Mont Blanc, where the seagulls scream and chatter, disputing desperately with each other for the morsels of bread you may throw them. Heavens, how cold it is! The sle of Rousseau close by has been altogether abandoned by the nursemaids and infants to whom it belongs by prescriptive right in milder seasons. You return to your hotel and sit on the stove for half-an-hour or so, to restore sensation to your frozen anatomy. If you are

Switzerland

wise you will hasten up to St Cergues in the Jura or to Adelboden or the distant Grisons, where the rude blasts exhilarate and the toboggans race down the inclines. Geneva is but a refrigerator.

For long it was the refrigerator of man's soul as well as body. The history of Geneva makes a curious chapter in European history. "Led on by the religious passion which Calvin let loose upon them," says Edouard Rod, "the Genevese, till then so jealous of their liberties, surrendered them to the most pitiless of tyrannies—that which refuses liberty even to the conscience, which imposes beliefs and enslaves the thought." The citizens who had expelled the bishop and revolted against the mild authority of Savoy, suffered a black-a-vised, sour-visaged fanatic to trample on their necks, to make their lives a foretaste of the hell to which he proclaimed a vast proportion of them were inevitably and through no fault of their own doomed. John Calvin put out the lights in heaven and earth. Man was devoted here below to hardships which could not by any possibility redeem him from damnation in another life. Can one imagine a creed more absurd! The magistrate was advised by Calvin that he did not bear the sword in vain; and that if he could not save men's souls, he could chastise their bodies. The consistory assumed the direction of the life of



Photo}

J. W. McLellan.

Mürren.

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every citizen. Every offence against Calvin's own code of morals was rigorously punished. Adultery, it need hardly be said, was punished by death. Actions nowhere condemned by the Bible, which this sectary professed to take as a guide, were equally forbidden—card-playing, music, the wearing of plush breeches, eating or drinking beyond certain narrow limits. It was the puritan's paradise and everybody else's hell. The most atrocious murders were perpetrated by these fanatics. Bonivard's nominal wife, forced upon him by the consistory, was sewn up in a sack and drowned, for an alleged infidelity, which her husband would have approved; Servetus was burnt at the stake at Calvin's instigation, for some theological quibble, on the Place de Champel. Here was bred that narrow Sabbatarianism, those grotesque conceptions of morality which have unfortunately infected so many countries, not least of all our own. The icy blast of Geneva has still power to wither lives.

In its own citadel the bad old standard has gone down for ever. If any respect at all is shown to the old traditions, it is rather because of a sentimental patriotism than out of any belief in them. The Allied Powers in giving the city the neighbouring Catholic communes struck a death-blow at the old order. Ten years ago the Calvinists were found to be in a minority in their

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own birthplace. The Catholics took a bitter revenge for the persecution of centuries. The disestablishment of the Calvinist Church, so long the State religion, was decreed by the Grand Council by sixty votes against twenty-three; and the decree was ratified on an appeal to the people of the canton, on 30th June 1907, by a majority of eight hundred electors. The Protestant Rome fell within forty years of the Catholic Rome.

The Genevese are free to enjoy themselves. And if they still show the timid restraint of the newly-enfranchised, at least they do all they can to make their town pleasant for the stranger. The canton swarms with foreigners—not merely with the French of the surrounding departments, and our old friends, the English resident abroad, but with Latin Americans, Russians, Bulgarians, Turks, Egyptians, and men of every hue and tongue. It is a favourite asylum of political refugees; though here, as at Zurich, their immunities have of late years been more and more limited. Yet here it was that the Young Turk Movement had its headquarters, here, probably, that the foul murder of Alexander and Draga of Servia was planned. The serpent of old Nile hatches plots by these cold, incongruous waters for the expulsion of the Khaki-clad oppressors. The Slavs—who include many dashing girl-graduates—frequent the university and at tea-

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time plan conspiracies in the pâtisseries of the Rue Mont Blanc. The Latin Americans include a few retired presidents and mild-eyed dictators, but are, for the most part, lithe, simian-looking lads, passing a few months at one of the numerous international colleges. Half the slender revenues of their petty states must go to defray the education of these students, whose precocity in worldly matters exceeds their expensively acquired learning. The Latin father likes his son to sow his wild oats, but surely thirteen or fourteen years of age is too early to begin.

A queer change this cold, insipid city must be for these lively westerners, from their scorching, highly coloured native land. The cloudy summit of Mont Blanc can hardly dazzle the eyes which first opened on giant Chimborazo lifting a gleaming silver dome into a sky of eternal blue—the Rhone might pass unnoticed by the newcomer from the Amazon or Orinoco. The belles of Lima and Rio exceed in charm, I imagine, the nice young ladies of Geneva, who are, admits Edouard Rod, a little preachy; though, he gallantly adds, no one minds a sermon from a pretty mouth. Well, Geneva may after all be a good introduction to the intenser life of Europe, as its social life seems to illustrate the transition of Protestantism into an enlightened worldliness.

WINTER IN THE ALPS

SWITZERLAND no longer hibernates. Time was when, as soon as the hotelkeeper had closed the door behind the last autumn tourist, he fell to counting his gains, and then went to bed—or the Riviera—till the return of spring. The guides became waiters or boatmen on some summer shore or kept shop in the towns. The Swiss that did not migrate with the swallows slumbered in their burrows like the marmots. Over the mountain gates of the Oberland, over Lucerne and Zermatt, might have been inscribed the familiar device, “Closed for the winter—to be re-opened next spring with increased attractions.” The foreigners disappeared, or were to be found only on the sheltered shores of Lake Lemman. The Swiss were left to themselves; rather, each family was left to itself, for in the remoter highlands there was as little intercourse between neighbouring villagers as between the poles. Occasionally the snow-bound peasants yawned and opened sleepy eyes, and amused themselves in their seclusion with the pastime of carving, which has found some favour with idle young ladies elsewhere. In all the older chalets you can find examples of native skill,



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Winter in the Alps

fascinating in their vigour, and simplicity, and expressive of local tradition.

Outside the towns and the snug villages the whole land was left to the stars and silence. A vast white mantle hung from the Alps and Jura, wrapping the valleys in its folds, covering the plain with its wide skirts. The torrents stood still, the glaciers were motionless. All was white save where the pines peeped out, crouching beneath their heavy burden of snow, and where the great lakes expanded in sheets of glassy green. Over the passes toiled the little post-cart, and now and again the stillness was startlingly shattered by the shriek of the indomitable railway engine, rushing south perhaps to the lands of the sun. Who would wish to be abroad in such a land—the realm of the Ice Maiden? The Englishman sunned himself at Madeira or Cairo, or hugged the club fire. The Switzer stirred rarely from his ill-ventilated homestead and cursed the spell which arrested the flow of foreign gold.

That is all changed now. The English discovered Switzerland in winter, and have wrapped themselves in its robes to find them warm and health-giving. Doctors invented the cold cure. Invalids were dragged from their stuffy firesides at Bournemouth and Mentone, and sent to get well or die at Davos. Then it was seen that Switzerland in winter was a capital playground

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for the athletic and the frisky. Here you had a weather which could make up its mind—where it froze hard and the ice did not thaw as you were in the act of putting on your skates. Winter sport! the Swiss delightedly awakened to the commercial possibilities of snow and ice. Moreover, here was a decoy for people of leisure and well-lined pockets, sure at this season of the year not to be defiled by contact with the slaves of shop and desk. Sanatoria sprang up like mushrooms—which in outward structure they vaguely resemble. Chalets were transformed into hotels, brand-new hotels were hastily run up—not always to the delight of the æsthetic traveller. Now it is quite the thing to go to Switzerland in the winter—of course anybody can go in the summer.

Strangely enough, the new-comers had to teach the natives how to get about over their own snowfields. The Swiss seem to have been rather surprised by this unseasonable invasion, and wondered no doubt what on earth foreigners could find to do in those regions at such a time of year. The foreigners soon showed them. The rude toboggan was adapted by the ingenious English into a very handy instrument of amusement. John Addington Symonds, who settled at Davos in 1880, began the evolution which has resulted in the bobsleigh and the development of a recognised sport. Then the ski was intro-

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duced from Norway. The Switzers threw themselves with ardour into the great game. There was no longer a close time for mountains. Their highest slopes were now accessible. Valley was linked with valley. Over the vast snowfield of Switzerland, up and down the slopes of the Alps, men and women of all nations glide joyously and swiftly hither and thither. The once silent valleys resound with the laughter and cheers of merrymakers, the white mantle is everywhere dotted with black and swiftly moving figures. Winter is Switzerland's carnival time.

It is not carnival, however, for that sad colony of consumptives at Davos, who may be seen, when the sun has gone down behind the Schatzalp, shivering on the terrace of the sanatorium. There they sit or lie prone in their invalid chairs, a piteous company of all ages and nationalities, muffled up in wraps, and sighing perhaps for the balmy airs of Egypt and Madeira. No matter, they have faith in the dry air of the Grisons, and the longer their doctor exposes them to the biting cold the more do they believe in him. Yet they are glad enough when the signal comes for the return to the warm and lighted interior of the hotel. Poor people! one thinks, why not let them make the best of what life remains to them in the warm airs of the south. Many a consumptive has lived long

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enough to let his infirmity heal itself, it is true, and while there is life there is hope.

The canton Grisons or Graubunden — the largest in Switzerland—was the first to find foreign gold beneath the snowdrifts. It is a savage mountainous region made up chiefly of long parallel valleys, some of which are the highest in central Europe. The twenty-four inhabitants of the hamlet of Juf live at a height of close on seven thousand feet above the sea. Dense forests clothe the mountain slopes, watered by the new-born currents of the Rhine, the Inn, and the affluents of the Adda. In these savage valleys lingers the old Romansch tongue, once spoken all over the canton. You still see the ancient Romansch houses with their low projecting roofs, their massive white walls with deep narrow windows like the “ loops ” of a castle. But everywhere now the German speech is heard, and the German’s red roof and wooden chalet have become features of the land.

In the heart of the country the far-famed Via Mala opens up a path from the valley of the Rhine into the basin of the Po. It is perhaps the finest of Swiss gorges. To your right, wooded cliffs confine the waters of the Hinter Rhein ; on the left a solid block of rock is crowned by the castle of Hohen Rhätien. We are here at the door of the defile. Three miles farther on, for an instant the walls recede, only



Photo/

Davos.

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to close in narrower than before. The road clings to the side of the naked rock rising higher and higher. A bridge spans with a single narrow arch the black, cold cliffs, for ever distilling the mountain's tears. Far below the Rhine roars and foams along the channel which its fury has scooped out. A stone dropped over the parapet takes five seconds to reach the floor of the abyss.

“The valley of the Albula,” says a traveller, “reserves for us another surprise. Here as in the crossing of the St Gotthard, the railway has added to the charms of Alpine travel. The track passes and repasses in zigzags along the rocky or wooded wall, burrows in its flanks only to reappear after a spiral curve, immediately above the mouth of the first tunnel, traverses and retraverses the valley on light and aerial viaducts, climbs by drilling into the mountain, by hanging on to every projection, and leaving as it issues from each black cavern, the traveller bewildered—piercing the village of Bergün disappearing on his left when he believed it to be to the right. At last, puffing, spitting, smoking, the locomotive out of breath reaches Preda, 1800 metres above the sea, a charming station, tranquil and rustic. . . . We are at the entrance of the great Albula tunnel, between two peaks with great white patches which dominate all the upper

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valley. Six kilometres, nearly on the level and at the end of ten minutes the train issues forth at Spinas in a different world—the Upper Engadine—‘where the bears come from.’”

The history of this strange wild region in the very core of Europe has been told by the historian of the Renaissance as he alone could tell it. Its outlines may be worth reciting here, now that the canton has become the chosen home of the modern and up-to-date tourist. Originally Celts, the people were Romanised by the Romans and less thoroughly Germanised by the Franks. The real ruler of the district in the early Middle Ages was the Bishop of Coire, who allied himself with the Hapsburgs in the year 1170. To curb his power, two hundred years later, his episcopal town and several communities in the Engadine and Val Bregaglia formed the League of God's House; which his lordship presently found it prudent to join himself. Soon after (in 1395) the Abbot of Disentis and the barons of the upper Vorder Rhein valley, formed the Counts' or Upper League, which ultimately gave the whole canton its name. In 1456 the subjects of the extinct counts of Toggenburg formed themselves into ten bailiwicks, federated under the name of the League of the Ten Jurisdictions. In 1450 this league allied itself with the Gotteshausbund of Coire, and twenty-one years later with the

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Oberbund. These two associations entered into an alliance with the Swiss confederation, and together they defeated the mighty Maximilian and forced him to acknowledge the practical independence of the Grisons. When the religious troubles began, the Oberbund held fast to the old faith (Disentis is Catholic to this day), but the rest of the country turned Protestant, to the undoing, of course, of the bishop. The beginning of the sixteenth century was for the leagues as for their Swiss allies a period of military adventure. In 1512 they conquered the beautiful Valtellina and held it down to the French Revolution. Then ensued a struggle for mastery between the Engadine house of Planta and the Bregaglia house of Salis. In the war between France and Spain, the Count of Fuentes, the Spanish Governor of the Milanese, secured the friendship of the Plantas who triumphed over the rival faction. But in 1618 a Protestant minister named Jenatsch headed a revolt against the dominant house, and procured their banishment to Thusis—which was not very far after all. The Protestants used their victory badly, especially towards the Catholics of the Valtellina. In July 1620, the exasperated peasants rose, and, assisted by Roburtelli, a kinsman of the Plantas, massacred five hundred Protestant Grisons. The Spaniards and Imperialists at once overran the valley, and

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defeated the army of the Protestant cantons at Tirano. The Catholic confederates did not hesitate to send armed assistance to the rebels of the valley. Now followed a desperate internecine warfare. Pompey Planta was attacked and killed by Jenatsch and the Protestants of the Engadine. The next year the tide turned. Jenatsch fled from the country ; returned again, was again driven out, and in 1629 saw the three leagues conquered by an Imperial army.

In 1635 the irrepressible pastor reappeared at the head of a French force. The Spaniards and Austrians were expelled ; but when the French refused to confirm the leagues in the possession of their subject lands, Jenatsch changed sides, called in the Spaniards and drove his late allies out of the country.

The strife of factions was not yet at an end. Rudolf Planta, a son of the murdered Pompey, struck down Jenatsch at a festival in 1639. Very slowly tranquillity was restored. The Valtellina was handed back to the leagues, but the liberties of the Catholic inhabitants were guaranteed. Spain reserved the right to send troops over the passes of the Grisons, and Austria surrendered all her feudal rights in the country at the peace of Westphalia. The independence of the Graubunden was recognised at the same time as that of Switzerland ; but it was not till 1799 that the three leagues were

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amalgamated and at the same time absorbed into the Helvetic Republic.

The truculent Jenatsch is buried at the cathedral of Coire, which, by the way, is dedicated to a mythical British king, St Lucius. It is an interesting church, dating in part from the eighth century. The chapel of the bishop's palace is one of the oldest places of Christian worship, and is embedded in a Roman tower. Till the year 1806 the Episcopal buildings still formed part of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Catholic portion of the town was walled off from the Protestant and closed by gates at nightfall. Since those days, the capital of the Grisons has lost a good deal of its interest for strangers, though it should be remembered as the birth-place of one of the few eminent Swiss painters, Angelica Kaufmann. The valley of the Vorder Rhein is rather neglected by visitors to the canton, though the scenery is beautiful and, by reason of the numerous castles, romantically picturesque. We pass the castle of Rhäzuns, of which Mr Coolidge has recorded the extraordinary history. Having long been the centre of a powerful lordship, it was mortgaged in 1475 or 1490 to the lord of Marmols, who exchanged it in 1497 with Maximilian of Austria for another domain in Suabia. In 1586 the Hapsburgs sold the lordship to the Plantas, but bought it back again in 1695, to the great disgust of the Rhaetian

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leagues. By the treaty of Pressburg, in 1805, Austria ceded Rhäzuns to Bavaria—which also took the Tyrol—but four years later Bavaria ceded it to France. In 1815 Austria agreed to surrender the lordship to the newly-formed canton, but did not actually do so till 1819.

Tarasp, the other Austrian “enclave,” came into the possession of the Hapsburgs in 1464, and was sold in 1652 to the Dietrichsteins, who held it till 1801. Like Rhäzuns it was acquired by France, and not annexed to the Grisons till 1809.

Ilanz, twenty miles above Coire, was the capital of the Oberbund. Eleven miles farther on, at the entrance to the village of Trons, is the sycamore under which the oath was administered to the members of the league by the abbot of Disentis. The abbey still stands on a terrace above Disentis, where two torrents meet to form the Vorder Rhein. It was founded, they say, by an Irishman in the year 614, and must have been the beginning of civilisation in this wild region. It presents an imposing air but it is not the venerable fabric raised by the missionary, for that was burnt long ago; and it has now been converted into a college and a technical institute. From Disentis it is eighteen miles over the fortified Oberalp Pass to Andermatt in the canton Uri.

The Grisons still holds its own as the principal winter resort in Switzerland for those in search

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of health and of the rudest forms of amusement. Davos had been long "indicated" by the faculty as a sanatorium, before the lusty tribe of skaters and skiers poured into the valley and warmed the hearts of the invalids with their jollity and vigour. The English skating club was founded at Davos in 1889. Since that time the little town has grown beyond recognition; it grew, as Addington Symonds tells us, under his very eyes. That great writer could not fairly complain now that life there was monotonous. The village has taken on much of the character of Homburg or Vichy. It has splendid hotels and shops, and a first-rate theatre. It has three rinks, covering altogether no less than 35,000 square yards. One of these is set apart for members of the English Davos Club (English style) and for expert skaters in the international style. A third rink is for curlers. There are three toboggan runs, each about two miles long. These are all served by railway. Your toboggan is taken by the funicular to the summit of the Schatzalp, and thence you have the finest crooked snow run down in the world. It was on the famous Davos-Klosters run that toboggan races were instituted in Switzerland, under the patronage of Symonds, with the old-fashioned Swiss machine. The course, like the Schatzalp, is two miles long and still remains an almost ideal run.

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The presence of the invalids at Davos has undoubtedly contributed to the rise of the resorts in the Engadine, that strange convex valley where it is winter nine months in the year and three months cold weather. While Pontresina seems to score as a summer resort, St Moritz grows yearly in popularity with the devotees of ski and toboggan. The scenery, as everyone now knows, is wild, gloomy, and almost Scandinavian in character. The town — it is a village no longer — of St Moritz stands 6090 feet above sea-level and 148 feet above the Maloja Pass. In such surroundings there is plenty to stir the Viking blood, which must be possessed in considerable quantities by other visitors than the English, to judge from the languages heard on the rink. I suspect that the place attracts a good many people not much interested in the sports. Two o'clock tea on the terraces of the hotels allows an opportunity for the exhibition of the "latest cry" in costumes in a *milieu* apparently designed for eskimos and polar bears.

The tide of fashion has in fact been largely diverted of recent years from Nice and Cairo to these snow-bound wildernesses. Naturally the rest of Switzerland is on the alert and eager to share the good fortune of the largest canton. Winter sport centres are springing up with amazing rapidity all over the country, thanks



Photo]

Bobsleighting.

[J. W. McLellan.

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largely to the intelligent co-operation of the Swiss railways and hotel people with Cook's and Sir Henry Lunn. In the Bernese Oberland, Grindelwald, Mürren, Wengen, and Adelboden attract visitors ; St Cergues in the Jura, Leukerbad in Valais, Andermatt in Uri, and the resorts above Montreux must be added to the list. Before long every place which has a summer *clientèle* will open its doors for the winter guest.

“ Heigh-ho ! the holly
This life is most jolly ”

is the unanimous verdict of those that try Switzerland at its most inclement season. The winter sportsman is infected with the enthusiasm of the Alpine climber. Young and old, the hale and the halt, take on a new lease of life. We once met an old fellow of seventy and odd who had ski-ed over the Albula Pass and had wound up by the four-miles bob-run from St Moritz to Bergün, and he had the heart of a boy intoxicated with a couple of days' open life in frosty air. Everywhere it is the same story during a winter holiday in Switzerland. Everyone is in a genial, devil-may-care mood, with all the worries of life forgotten. For some weeks at least the detachment is complete and final. For we are right in the heart of nature, who is one hour smiling, sunny and exquisitely beautiful, and the next, hard and sinister and cold.

Switzerland

Dulce est desipere in loco. It does no one any harm to become a healthy animal at times. The poets who discovered mountains in the nineteenth century did their best to ruin them for ever. Instead of taking them on their merits they strewed them over with capitals, they degraded them into habitations for unseen Presences all flaunting in trailing skirts of sunset verbiage. They wedded them to commonplace moralisings; they bid us bow our heads, not before the beauty of the mountains but before an intangible Something "far more deeply inter-fused." But with the advent of the ski and the winter sportsman, a mountain has again become a mountain and none the less beautiful because its sparkling stretches of snow allure earth-born mortals instead of the inhabitants of some new pantheon.

Like the excellent captain of the *Mantel-piece*, the hotel proprietors and sports committees try every reasonable plan to make their visitors happy. Each centre naturally develops its own tradition. At one place it will be mainly English, at another German, at another Swiss, at yet another cosmopolitan. We English appear to have the greatest faculty for amusing ourselves. The old myth that we are a reserved people, hide-bound by etiquette and convention, is not likely to live in Switzerland. For that matter it is not easy to get away from one's

Winter in the Alps

fellow-guests in their snow-bound valleys, so there is a virtual necessity to make oneself agreeable. I have before me the programme of entertainments at one of these resorts. From 18th December to 31st January there is an uninterrupted succession of dances, concerts, games, and amateur theatricals. Fancy-dress balls on the ice are very jolly—more so, I think, than the amateur theatricals, which are generally an advertisement of the goodwill rather than of the talent of the actors. At Christmas and the New Year the commune often comes forward to entertain the visitors. The hotel proprietor, it should be remembered, in nine cases out of ten, is also the mayor. You have an opportunity of dancing (or trying to) with the buxom and not very beautiful peasant maidens and of proving yourself to be a very affable and condescending personage. Unfortunately such condescension is not as much appreciated among these rude Helvetians as it would be in a Kentish village.

By day the sun shines with the power of summer, revealing the sharp contours and subtle colour-blurs — mauve, rosy pink, and purple—of the white landscape. It is not for long. According to the position of the valley and the length of the shadow, you can seldom count on more than three or seven hours' sunshine. You follow the sun as far as you can

Switzerland

and then seek the firelight of your inn. The invalids remain a little longer perhaps abroad.

You go out from among the dancers (a rash thing to do) and behold the moon at the full riding through a cloudless blue sky. To see this from one of the heights—preferably above the tree line—with the pallid ranges rising in unending series before you, is to revel in a scene of almost unearthly beauty. For a moment you might fancy you stood above the mountains of the moon herself.

WINTER SPORTS

OF all the sports skating is perhaps the most popular and the most widely practised. Here the English are handicapped. For, living as we do in a climate that but once in a few years deigns to manufacture ice for our amusement, we have little opportunity for practising the sport. The attainments of the ordinary man are mediocre, and though most of us can manage to hobble along, few of our countrymen are really fine skaters.

This chapter is not intended as a complete hand-book of athletics. Otherwise I might write learnedly of the technical differences between the two styles of skating in vogue in Switzerland—the restrained, severe English and the more flexible Continental styles—which are now disputing pride of place. Then there are the games, such as hockey and bandy, in which proficient skaters delight to show their skill.

Wherever there is a hotel or village of any consequence there is a rink. Here, on the payment of a few francs for the week or month, you may take your place among the crowd of novices, experts, and “half-and-halves,” whose skates go whistling over the ice. Day after day you will

Switzerland

see the same familiar figures. Some are laboriously acquiring their edges. Others, having got them, after weeks of patient plodding, are swirling round in triumphant pride, perfecting their first real figures.

Your true skater is born. It is true that he must be made as well, and the course of training is long and arduous. But some there are without either the nerve or the strength of ankle to acquire the smooth and swaying grace and dexterity of twist that distinguish the really first-class skater. These form the drifters of the rinks who crowd round their more skilful friends and provide that chorus of admiration so necessary as a background for deeds of daring.

In the whole world of winter sport there is nothing more delightful from the spectacular point of view than a good rink on a sunny day, hedged in by mountains whose sharp outlines, rounded and softened by dazzling billows of snow, are silhouetted against a sapphire sky. A thousand rainbow colours flash from the crystals of the snow. The air is clear and lucent, with a tang that sends the red blood coursing through the veins. In this little corner of the world you drink the wine of life with youth and laughter bubbling at the brim. Old age grows young again ; sickness glows into health. It is the carnival of healthy life—touched with the powder puff. For an orchestra plays sinuous Viennese



Photo]

St. Beatenberg.

[J. W. McLellan.

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Winter Sports

waltzes to which the skaters glide and sway with a display of pretty ankles above glittering blades. Or, if you find the dance and music sophisticated, a flight of siskins racing in their migration through the valley will probably come to rest on the branches of the pine-trees, and, pouring out their little souls in the sunshine, will sing you a chorus of silvery notes that mingles with the ringing of the skates. For a brief hour spring and summer have joined hands with winter; but soon the sun will sink behind the mountains, a bitter wind will whistle up the valley, and you will be driven indoors to seek the gaiety and comfort of the hotel.

Skating has a powerful rival in the recently perfected sport of ski-ing, that bids fair to oust it from its premier place. The appeal of the ski is much wider than that of the skate. Everyone who has tried it and, surviving the accidents of his noviciate, has become even moderately proficient, falls a victim to its inexhaustible charms and possibilities.

The ski has opened up a new world of mountaineering to the adventurous spirit. The upper slopes in winter were once impossible to achieve, but now passes, peaks and valleys over ten thousand feet in height are constantly crossed by the dauntless ski-runner, while even for those who are by no means past masters in the art, the lower passes provide exhilarating runs,

Switzerland

neither very hazardous nor difficult. But let me sound a note of warning to the novice. Though ski-ing is no more dangerous than other sports, broken ankles await the foolhardy and the ill-prepared. Look well to your outfit. Avoid rough woollen outer garments as you would the smoke-room bore; see that your skis are thoroughly sound, and consult a book or an expert runner as regards foot-binding.

And, secondly, remember that many of the German visitors whose daring you admire practise ski-ing for many months in the year. If, like most British visitors, you can only give a few weeks to the sport, their feats are not for you. Do not attempt running on the upper slopes unless there are some experts in your party, or else take a guide. Much time and trouble would be saved if the inexperienced inmates of the hotels would join together, and for a week at least engage a guide instructor.

And now, having loaded you with good advice, I invite you to join our party assembling at Wolfgang for the run over Parsen.

Here the Davos train empties its load of ski-pilgrims, a jolly band, eager, high-spirited, all bent on reaching the Davos Ski Hutte in time for the first brew of broth with its accompanying plates of sausage and sauerkraut.

We set out, a long thin blue serge line winding our way by judicious zigzags up the great spin.

Winter Sports

On we go and ever on, up and up across fields of snow, over the mountain shoulder. At last we reach the hut.

Some have been before us, have fed and gone. Others come straggling in by twos and threes, after three, four or five hours of arduous climbing. Some of the novices are almost too exhausted to try the descent; the more seasoned are bubbling over with energy and life. There are tall, strong German girls, rucksack on back, with fair faces aglow and shapely limbs cased in smart knickerbockers of blue serge. Their English sisters, with modesty bred of inexperience, wear skirts and woollen jerseys. The rough wool, to which the snow adheres, and the hampering folds of tweed or serge will come in a little later for much bad language, expressed or inarticulate. Next time they will be replaced by a more serviceable garb, and their wearers will have learnt how to tie skins to their skis to facilitate the upward climb.

The compact body of climbers has become a scattered host. Some, eager to gild their laurels, set off for a farther climb. They branch off to the left over the shoulder of the mountain. In a couple of hours they will stand on the summit of the Furka, looking down on an expanse of lesser peaks, a great white sea of frozen billows stretching into illimitable space. The rest of us, less ambitious, push on for another hour to the

Switzerland

head of the pass, where the view, if not so sublime, is yet one of entrancing beauty. For a time we rest, crouching together behind the cairn, for the wind is icy cold in these solitudes even though the sun is blazing overhead. We fling stones to swell the rude little landmark in the centre of the pass. Then when the sun begins to sink and the first tints of pearly blue steal over the lower valleys announcing the approach of winter twilight, the word is given to start.

It is dangerous running for the first mile and we have to proceed with care, for the wind has swept away the snow in gusts, leaving great projecting points of bare and jagged rock. To break your ski at this stage is to spoil the joy of the whole descent.

At last we are out of it, on to the smooth fields of virgin snow. The slope is long and gradual. Faster and faster we go, gathering speed with every yard; the air whistles past your ears; the snow flies up into your nostrils; inside you the blood is singing—faster and faster!

The first run is achieved with credit, but we have still many a difficult gully to cross and many a tortuous bit of course to steer. There are ignominious falls when suddenly you find yourself half buried in the snow. But up you get and shake yourself—it is all so breathlessly exciting you hardly notice the discomfort—and in an hour's time you glide gracefully into the

Winter Sports

valley just as the Alpine night is falling. At Kublis we all forgather, and the train takes us back to Klosters over the last stage of our journey. We have negotiated one of the most famous runs in Switzerland, known alike for its length and safety. We have met with no accidents worth speaking of. We are soaked to the skin. There are but fifteen minutes to dress. We thank the gods for the good dinner that is coming; and may the souls of the Telemark peasants, who first invented skis, find rest. And may we all meet them ski-ing in the Elysian fields!

Running the ski close in popular favour is the bobsleigh. The humble toboggan was its parent. But the toboggan of the peasant would hardly recognise its sophisticated and highly complex offspring. The "skeleton" is built on the same lines and adapted especially for speed on the artificially formed ice-runs. In bobbing is found the concentrated excitement of all the winter sports both in regard to time and speed. For whereas in skating or ski-ing each has only himself to consider, here the responsibility is common to half-a-dozen people. You may feel quite confident of your own skill, but you can never entirely trust your neighbour's. Through stupidity or accident he may upset you at a critical point; or, more humiliating still, it may be through you that misfortune overtakes your party.

Switzerland

But in Switzerland we are greatly daring, and this element of uncertainty adds a charm to an already sufficiently exciting pastime. Bobbing numbers its devotees by the thousand. It is indeed a beautiful sight to see an evenly-balanced crew, working in perfect unison, gracefully negotiate a corner, or glide over a difficult patch of ground. But more than any other sport it requires sure judgment, tense muscles, a steady hand and eye in the steersman of this tiny craft and an intimate knowledge of the course on the part of the brakesman, before you can hope to land your crew triumphantly at the winning post after a four-mile race even a few seconds ahead of your rivals.

And then pure, gambling, speculating chance enters so largely into this exciting sport. A despicable woodcutter's sleigh encountered half way may upset all your calculations—and incidentally you at the same time! A novice shooting across your track may bring catastrophe to both. A badly turned corner may suddenly slow you down when going full speed ahead. You may land on your head or your heels, or be suddenly buried in a drift of snow. But no one can resist the fascinations of the bobsleigh, and seventeen and seventy alike love to crowd into a glorious six minutes' run enough thrills and sensations to last a lifetime.

The skeleton on an ice-run is rather different,



Photo]

Ski Jumping.

J. W. McLellan.

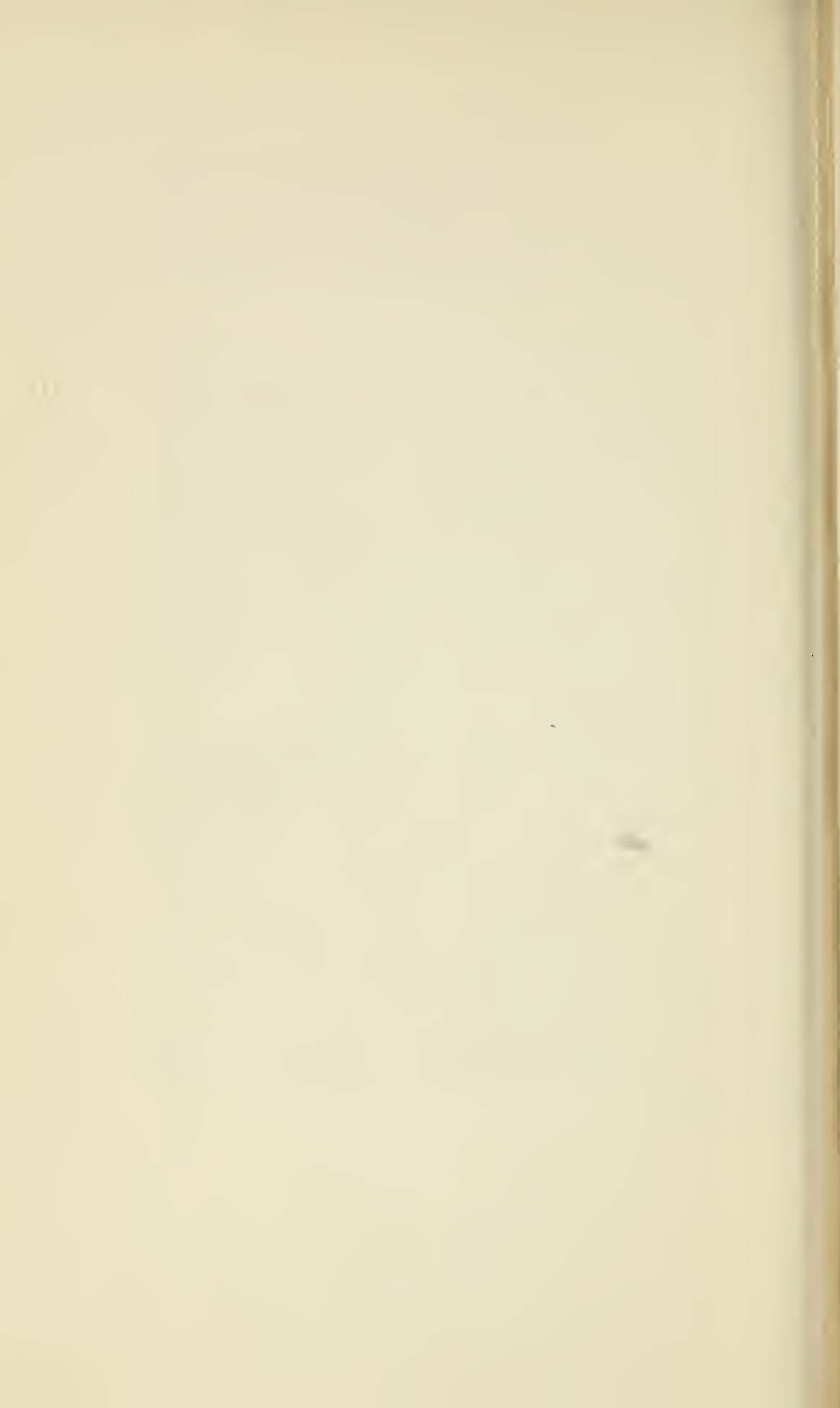
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Winter Sports

for here you work single-handed and each takes his own responsibility. Consequently we hear less of stupidity and carelessness. Our neighbours' characters—and our own—are less universally blackened.

These are the three chief sports of the winter tourist centres. There are other and lesser ones; there is curling, the "roarin'" game at which Scotsmen love to congregate. There are hockey and bandy for proficient skaters. And last of all comes, "tailing," beloved of the middle-aged and comfortable. As a sport this ranks lowest, for it depends entirely on the parts and merits of your horse. The jolly tourist who "tails" behind his animal has nothing else to do but follow where equine sagacity leads him.

But still in the midst of all these pastimes some days remain a blank. For sometimes the snow is too new for ski-ing, sometimes the rinks are too soft for skating. Then you are thrown back on the scenery and the distractions of the hotel. What is wanted is some public benefactor to invent a new sport that shall be entirely independent of climatic conditions. Then perhaps Messrs Cook will raise a monument to his memory, and tourists in many tongues will call him blessed.



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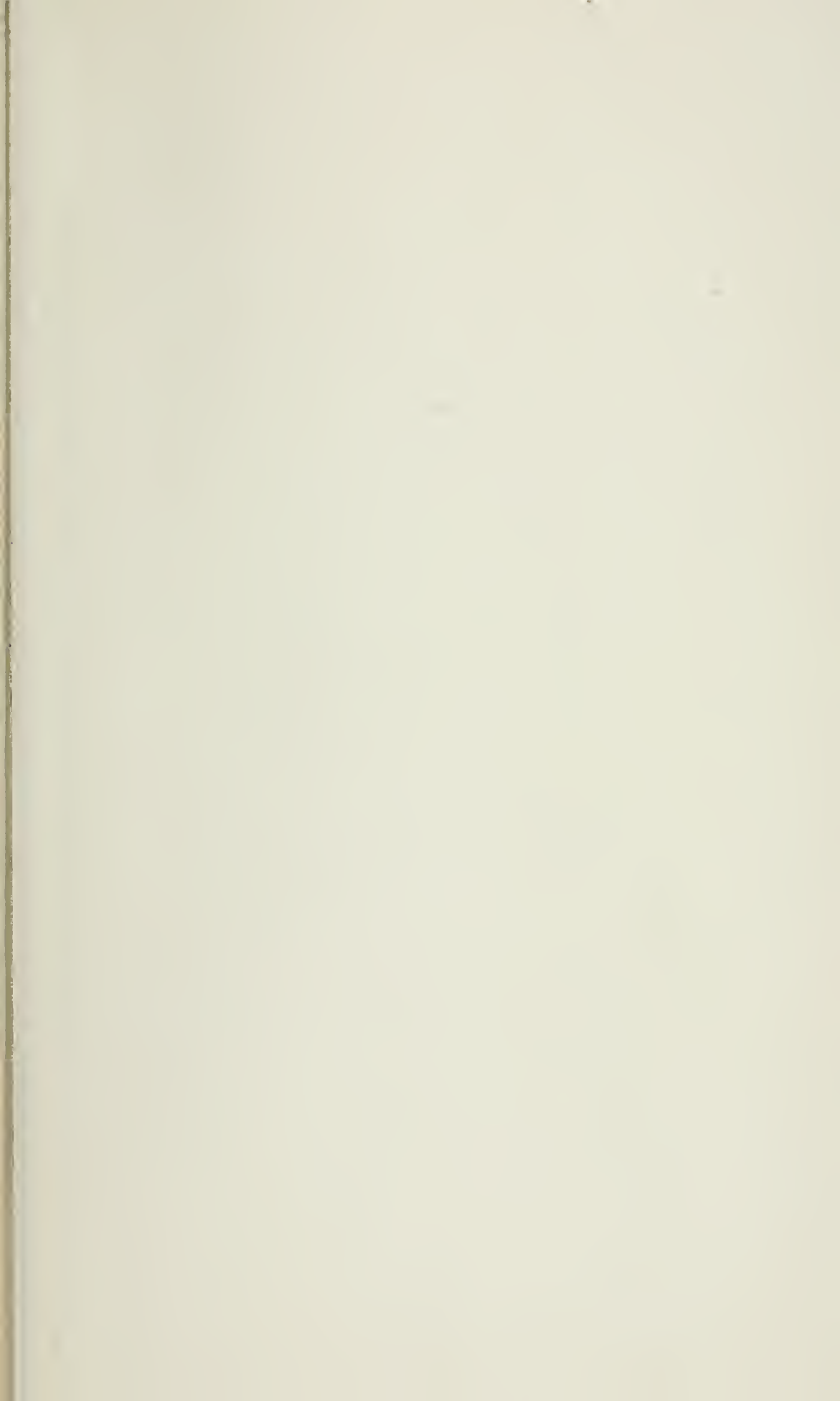
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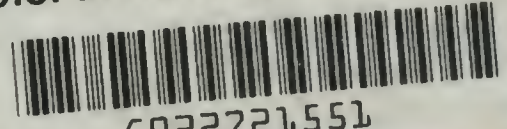
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