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PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.—No. V.
SWITZERLAND.

L. 106/3

From Heidelberg to Basle, a long journey in a very hot day nearly 100 miles. Started by express, leaving at 1 p.m., and arriving at 7.30 p.m. I would recommend every one to travel express for these long journeys. You save time, and avoid much fatigue and tedious. Fare, 1st class, 10fr. 24kr., 1fr. 60c. 3rd class, 7fr. 24kr., 1fr. This is little more, I think, than half the usual price charged in England for an equal distance, but then these railroads have cost considerably less than half ours, and somehow or other the Germans seem to avoid tunnels almost altogether. For luggage I paid 5fr. 60c., for two persons. They allow no luggage in Germany without payment, I believe. Passed by Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duke of Baden. On the junction for Baden Baden Appenzler, Kehl for Strasbourg, and Freiburg. The traveller may take his place only to Kehl for Strasbourg, and then proceed to Basle on the French side of the Rhine, but his luggage will be searched, and the French line is much slower than that of Germany. On the other hand, Strasbourg and its grand Cathedral are worthy of a visit. The route was uninteresting till past the junction to Baden Baden; very fine about Freiburg, and some miles further on we proceeded for some distance close to the bank of the Rhine, with short tunnels occasionally, but to avoid sharp corners; here it was very picturesque and lovely.

I slept at Basle, but having described that before I may pass on. Having on a former occasion gone by the railroad I now determined to go to Solerne by the diligence, in order to see, what I was told was a beautiful country, to greater advantage. Accordingly I left Basle at 8 a.m., arriving at Solerne at 5 p.m. The Swiss diligences are commodious, and travel at about the same rate as those of France. They are divided into three compartments, the couple in front, the best and dearest place, the tourist, and the carolite behind. The scenery was as lovely as I had been informed it was; half-way stopped for refreshment at the foot of a stupendous hill, which we had to mount. While the passengers ascended to their creature comforts I ascended the hill, avoiding the zigzags of the main route by short but steep cuts. Arrived at the top, most glorious views presented themselves on every side. Got into an open cherry orchard and picked all I could reach; very few and rather bitter. (Gink and grapes). Prickly bushes placed at the commencement of the branches to prevent naughty boys from climbing up. Scrambled up the diligence and sat by the coach, driving five horses, two in the shafts and three abreast in front. Magnificent country all the way; on the right, noble mountains, taking at times forms fantastic; on the left, the Alps seen for the first time, several of them snow-covered. At last on the right was the Weissenthor mountain, near to Solerne. It is 2,920 feet above the level of the sea, and yet there is a good level on the summit. Tourists who have time generally ascend it, either in a chair-a-banc or on horseback, from Solerne. From thence you see the whole line of the Alps, stretching away from east to west, and Switzer-land possesses few sublimer prospects than this. Charming as this route from Basle is, there is another road to Solerne said to be even more so, but it is longer. I thought nothing could be finer than this. Solerne, the ancient Sion, is a picture-que place on the banks of the river Aar, which divides the town into two unequal parts, and is only about two miles from the foot of the Jungfrau. It is a Catholic canton. In the town of Solerne, containing only about 4,500 inhabitants, there were, some time back, according to Dr. Beattie, 33 endowments—a proportion of one to 49. The Cathedral of St. Ursus is the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Switzerland. It was constructed by Pucot, an Italian architect, and cost 1,250,000 francs, French money (400,000).

In the evening I walked to the hermitage of St. Valère, a mile out of the town toward the base of the Weissenthor, a most lovely and romantic promenade, through a narrow glen with high rocks on either side, partially clothed with verdure; a babbling stream traversed it, which we had to cross several times by rustic bridges. The hermit received us, and pointed out the curiosities of the place; a chapel in a natural hollow of the rock; in this was a representation of the passion of our Saviour, with the three disciples asleep, figures carved in wood life-size; in an inner room was the device in a coffin, and the three Marys, also life-size, but in marble. I asked the hermit how he could live so solitary a life? He said he found sufficient occupation in his garden, in reading and instruction. He asked us to write our names in a book, and took a trifling gratuity. It is a foundation of many years' standing. The guide brought us back by another road on higher ground, and we frequently got a view of the distant Alps, but the giants were nearly enveloped in their evening shroud. To bed at half-past nine, thoroughly tired.

Up again at four a.m., and started for Neuchâtel at five again by diligence, about 10 miles; arrived at 11.0. Through Yverdon, and for three hours skirting the whole length of its beautiful lake. I need scarcely refer to Neuchâtel, having given some account of it in my "Pencilings" of last year. Suffice it to say, that I spent the remainder of the day in strolling by the side of the lovely lake and renewing my acquaintance with the town. At tea-time honey in the comb was placed on the table, and I found it delicious; it came from the mountains, I was told, and was this year's produce.

Monday, July 25th, is Geneva. Left at half-past seven a.m. for Yverdon, by steamboat. The lake was so calm that the scarred surface was the mirror of the surrounding levelness; arrived at 10.0 a.m. Yverdon acquired some celebrity as the residence of Rousseau, and the scene of his emotional labours. Independently of this, the district abounds with picturesque scenery. The town is well built, and very agreeably situated at the southern extremity of the lake of Neuchâtel. It is said that in 1816 a vessel, laden for the English market, left this place, passed successively through the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bièvre, and threading all the meanders of the Aar and Rhine, safely deposited its cargo in the London docks. Yverdon was known to the Romans by the name of Embodogon.

From here to Lausanne by omnibus, arriving at half-past two. Stopped on the road for luncheon. For two persons, bread and cheese, a dish of wild strawberries, and nearly a bottle of the wine of the country, one franc and a half, is 20. Lausanne, looking down upon Lake Lemane, with its beautiful environs, has been the theme of many a poetical, and truly it deserves all that has been said of it. Dr. Beattie gives the following graphic description of it:—"The vast sheet of the Lemane Lake is seen through its whole expanse, framed in, and reflecting like a mirror the Alps of Saroy, Vaud, and the Vallée. On the east they form a gloomy gorge of gigantic summits, terminating in the mountains between of Fribourg; thence, veering gently to the south and south-west, the wind and snow-capped precipices of Saroy, with their rocky flanks belting out into pine forests, or smooth with verdant pasture—charms eye and soul along their acclivities, and vineyards mantling their base, fascinate the eye and fix the imagination of the spectator. In the extreme west, the blue verge of the Jura, rising apparently from the lake, and wrapping the peaks of the Alps, forms the boundary of this sublime picture. Extending our eyes along the Swiss shore, it appears indented and divided by the waters of the lake into innumerable bays and promontories, and, although tame, compared with the gigantic features of the shore opposite, it is of great beauty, composed of gently undulating hills rising towards the Jura, and advancing gradually down into the lake. At our feet, Lausanne displays its Cathedral—most part of its public edifices—its beautiful villas opening towards the port of Ouchy and the lake, with Peigy, Lancy, and Grandvaux, on the left—Montreux, Chillon, and Yverdon, in the bottom of the picture, and the tower of Morges and Aubonne on the right—all names as rich in classical associations as they are beautiful in their position." Without dwelling on the aspects of varied interest with which Lausanne and its immediate vicinity abound, I may mention that here Gibbon lived, and here finished his great historical monument, "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire." Here too, while detained by stress of weather, at the Anchor Hotel, Ouchy, Lord Byron composed the "Follower of Caliban." In one of his polished letters the noble poet says, "I cannot give you a view of Gibbon's Acacia, and some rose leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen." Here also died John Philip Kemble, Byron's personal friend, and his tomb is in the public cemetery of Fribourg—Paris. J. L.

(To be continued.)

FENCOLLINGS BY THE WAY.—No. VI.
GENEVA.

Neither Nature's magnificence nor the grand associations associated with Lausanne could now detain me. I longed for rest after my journeying, and Geneva was my intended place of rest. I left Lausanne therefore at 3 p.m., arriving at my destination at 7 p.m., being nearly four hours traversing only half the Lake of Geneva in a good steamer. It was a storming afternoon, and never surely were the sublime and beautiful more exquisitely combined. On the Swiss side, a lovely valley, with pretty situated villages and chalets, backed by the range of the Jura mountains; on the other side the fine mountains of Savoy, several of them in the glowing sunshine looking like native silver. As we advanced, we obtained a fine view of Mont Blanc, whose giant form towered above the intervening masses, its snow glittering in the sunlight; and most strange, it appeared, to be gazing upon eternal snow, while suffering from the intense heat of the sun. We rapidly passed the near mountains of Savoy, but the huge and distant Mont Blanc seemed to travel with us, and accompanied us to Geneva.

The two largest hotels in Geneva are L'Hotel de Genève and the Hotel des Bergues, luxuriously situated on the lake, and as in card says, "the only hotel from which is obtained a view of Mont Blanc." As I intended remaining a short time, I went to a pension, or boarding-house, in which I had been recommended, at Lake View, a suburb of Geneva, and not far from the lake. It was at the residence of a Calvinist minister, a large house, standing in its own grounds; terms, 100 francs (4s.) a month for each person, and five francs extra for the servants; a table made by the week, about four francs a day. Breakfast at eight—coffee or chocolate, and bread and butter. Dinner at one—soup, two kinds of meat, and poultry; capital French vin ordinaire 1 decanter. At seven, a bank, which may be called a second dinner, except that the meat was cold, a salad, tart, wine, &c., followed immediately by tea. I arrived at half-past 7 a.m. in the drawing-room, which of course you attended or not as you pleased. I paid for a cab to take my luggage to Lake View, namely more than a quarter of a mile, 3 francs (1s. 6d.). Memorandum: to agree to leave for every little inconvenience. I believe the English have brought this state of things upon themselves, once by their possessions, others by their total ignorance of the language and the cost. It is the same throughout Switzerland, and you never can satisfy the requests of the porters and all others of their station, so that you must submit to be grossly cheated or be in a perpetual warfare with them; so much to mention themselves justified in pinching those grinders of the English. The usual tariff of prices in the best hotels in the breakfast, 1½ franc; if it is breakfast, 1½ franc; dinner, at the first table d'hôte, generally at six o'clock, 2 francs; at the first table d'hôte, usually later at five o'clock, 1 franc; both including table wine at any other hour, 2 francs. A bed-room, 2 francs, but a husband and wife must have two beds (the beds are all narrow) and then you are always double, sleeping in the same chamber; a couple (weak couple) 1 franc; a couple, 1 franc a day.

Wednesday, July 26th, in Ferney, Voltaire's residence; a large house and fine grounds. Unfortunately the place was full of foreigners and tourists; the proprietor, too, was there, and we could not be admitted. Close to the house is a chapel, built by Voltaire, but now disused. There was the following inscription:—"Dieu seul est Dieu!" The poet Cowper alludes to it in these lines written a century and a half ago:—"The life of Cowper, says that he 'knew not in whom he rested'—"

"But he who, for the time of his mortal life,
Built such a church, and saw his work to store."

In the extensive grounds at this was pointed out to me planted by the philosopher, now full a hundred years ago. It was a large, spreading tree, shaded by a lodge of twelve, he presents it from the names of country travellers of all nations. The village of Ferney is historic, and just before dinner his residence nearest to the lake I should have thought better of his time, but he had a view of Mount Blanc in that weather, although at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. Ferney is just across the border, into the Department of Ain, France. While driving through the village, a man approached me, and taking off his hat, showed me an English sovereign, asking me very civilly "could I tell him what it was." I had no answer said he, and that it was worth its money, then he quite startled me by springing up in the air and by the joyous expression of his face. He had either found in some Englishman had given it him in mistake for a franc. He gave me no opportunity of asking, so he rushed away, probably to communicate his good fortune to some one else.

On our return, called at the Villa Stasim, the charming residence of the Baron de Lathion. It is a very fine house, commanding a grand view of the lake, the opposite mountains, and Mount Blanc, but to-day the north wind and not deign to show himself.

Thursday, an exhibition of paintings by local artists. Two or three cattle farmers were in the room, and no doubt they looked at their own, but they recognised the strength of Paul Faviel's energy of the picture which, I can only, have attributed to him in any capital of Europe. Afterwards he saw a model of Mount Blanc, the glacier, and the lake, in its immediate neighbourhood. It was no model, of a large size, and was the work of 10, 12, 15 years of his life. Faviel began it in 1840, and it was finished in 1855. The labour bestowed upon it must have been prodigious, and though one may admire the patience and perseverance of the fabricator, I could not help thinking what an object of pity any unfortunate might be who should be condemned to execute a similar work. I understood it to be a most exact representation, even to the minutest detail.

The advent of the reformed religion, now Protestantism, particularly at Geneva, is not to be ascribed to Englishmen; from the influence it exerted over the religion of that country, and from its having been the place of refuge for persecuted Protestants of all nations. Calvin, the first-born, was not its originator, but its great promoter and supporter. William Farel was one of the first converts of Geneva. He was a Frenchman of Evreux in France, but came to Geneva from Piedmont with letters of recommendation to several respectable citizens; he was of small stature, but had a powerful voice. He preached with great power and effect. Something out how the priests had perverted the word of God, what vicious lives they led, how these motives had driven their flocks, instead of exhorting and promoting their eternal and temporal interests. He was opposed by the priests, but was encouraged by other bold preachers, and the first conversion of those churches was held in a garden (the Calvary, a suburb of Geneva, in the latter end of 1526, the crowd was being distributed by John Gualin, a cup-maker, not doing which he was soon compelled to fly. In the same place I wrote these notes. Amid great persecutions, but supported by the reformed Government of Bern, the number of Protestants in Geneva increased from day to day. Farel returned, and on the 1st of March, 1526, he was permitted publicly to preach the Gospel in the Church of St. Pierre. Here he and Farel administered the Sacrament to baptized children, celebrated matrimony, and strictly reformed priests had driven of their wives and entered the reformed doctrine. On Sunday, the 10th of August, 1526, he preached for the first time in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, and on the 17th of the same month the celebration of mass was forbidden by proclamation of the Magistracy. From this date Geneva may be considered a Protestant City.

Calvin arrived at Geneva on the 27th of August, 1536, on his way to Berlin. He was then scarcely 37 years of age; his real name was John Calvin, but he called himself Calvin; he was the son of a cooper at Noyon, a small town in Picardy, and had already become celebrated for his great learning and for the persecution he had drawn upon himself by his book "On the doctrine of Christianity," which he had the boldness to dedicate to Francis 1st of France, a cruel enemy of the reformed religion. Calvin visited Farel and Farel, and, after the most glowing eulogies on their part, felt himself constrained to remain at Geneva. "God will not be with you to blow you," said Farel, "since you prefer to go to Rome." Calvin seemed to have the voice of God, and made Geneva his home. From childhood he devoted his whole life, and his extraordinary abilities to his great work. Indefatigable, endowed with a prodigious memory, with a perseverance that no obstacles could stagger, with a nervous and attractive eloquence, with no thought of worldly rewards, sleeping, pomp and luxury and sensual pleasures, he only lived to realize the dream of his life: this was to present to Protestant Europe a free people who should be models of faith and virtue, and to make of Geneva the rallying point of the reformation, and the refuge for persecuted religious from all parts of the world. This he succeeded in accomplishing to a very great extent, through evil report and good report, and amid much persecution and personal danger. He died the 27th May, 1564, aged only 27, his end honoured as death by his great mental and physical powers. His body was thin and long, and he had a narrow pointed beard, which made it look longer; his complexion was sallow, and the expression of his countenance was stern and full of energy. His friend Farel, then retired at Neuchâtel, came to see him shortly before his death, and, although 73 years of age, made that long journey on foot; he died the following year, and his memory is honoured at Neuchâtel as Calvin's at Geneva. With all his great virtues, Calvin was not without faults, but he was tyrannical, passionate, and impatient, and followed his own charity for the weakness of the nature of human nature.

(To be continued.)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

By words and meanings come alive,
 And I your meanings find—
 I had no fault to find with the "Hotel Grand Malin," be-
 cause you had had. A sign-maker had written in his hand book
 "A good table and quite landlaid," but the sign-maker had written—
 "Why, you-mine table's good, I grant ye,
 But, you! it's not a good one—
 Find wastera me and wastera wastera—
 Wastera's a no one for longer!
 I grant ye, too, the landlaid's good—
 Wastera better have a good one or gadder!
 But then his table's a fairer one,
 And then his table's a fairer one."

[illegible]

I left Geneva early on the Tuesday morning, and arrived at Montreux on Sunday afternoon, and it cost me for the five days only £8. 10. or 18s. a-day, including the very long journey. Have also seen and my "Friendings" but the present, as I intend shortly to take wing again, and possibly will collect materials for insect studies.

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—Curry, it is a fearful path! Follow it,
Thou blunder steed, and moulder with downcast brow!
Borne down, between deep, pits to the temperate grass
Through and across each ridge—Oh each bough
Is blacked and shadowed, then from hole beyond
Rises the dead avalanche! and where are now
The pignons on the path? The snowy surge
Has washed him, and the torrent hurle his clings

"Why, yes—the table's good, I grant you; but I, alas! in my country, I have never seen a table so good as yours. I grant you, too, the landlord's attitude—some better than a guest's or guest's! But, there lies hidden a host's love, and—"

At Mianus we ended my trip to Chamouni, the most delightful perhaps that I ever experienced.

I left Geneva early on the Tuesday morning, and arrived at Mianus on Saturday afternoon, and it was not till five days only (48 hr.) of this, making the very long journey. Here also must end my "Fronclings" for the present, so I leave chiefly to take Wing again, and possibly my coldest material (to be not forgotten).

J. L.

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