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### Berne to Villeneuve.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



"It must be," so we said to each other, "not unlike the vision St. John had of the new heavens and the new earth," that wonderful view of the Bernese Oberland from the terrace of the Schänzli. The lofty heights, crowned with perpetual snow, stood like a mighty barrier against the sky; the Finsteraarhorn, nearly 14,000 feet high, the Schreckhorn, the three white peaks of the Wetterhorn, the Monch, the Eiger and the beautiful Jungfrau!

We gazed in rapture until our eyes became bewildered, and we turned with relief to the lonely, yet more human, scene below. The old city of Berne has a strong flavor of picturesqueness and oddity, and has preserved its characteristic features better than any other Swiss town. The sidewalks of all the principal streets are covered with arcades, projecting from the second story of the houses,

while the broad Swiss eaves project beyond that, forming balconies, upon which, amid vines and blossoming shrubs, the Bernese women sit and sew or read and enjoy the gaiety of the outer world.

Delightful terraces, shaded by forest trees overhanging the swift-flowing Aar, which rushes along one hundred feet below the city; fountains, adorned with statues, are in every tiny square, the most curious of which is that of the Ogre, surmounted by a grotesque figure in the act of devouring a child, while several others destined for the same fate protrude from his pockets and girdle, and underneath stand a troop of armed bears.

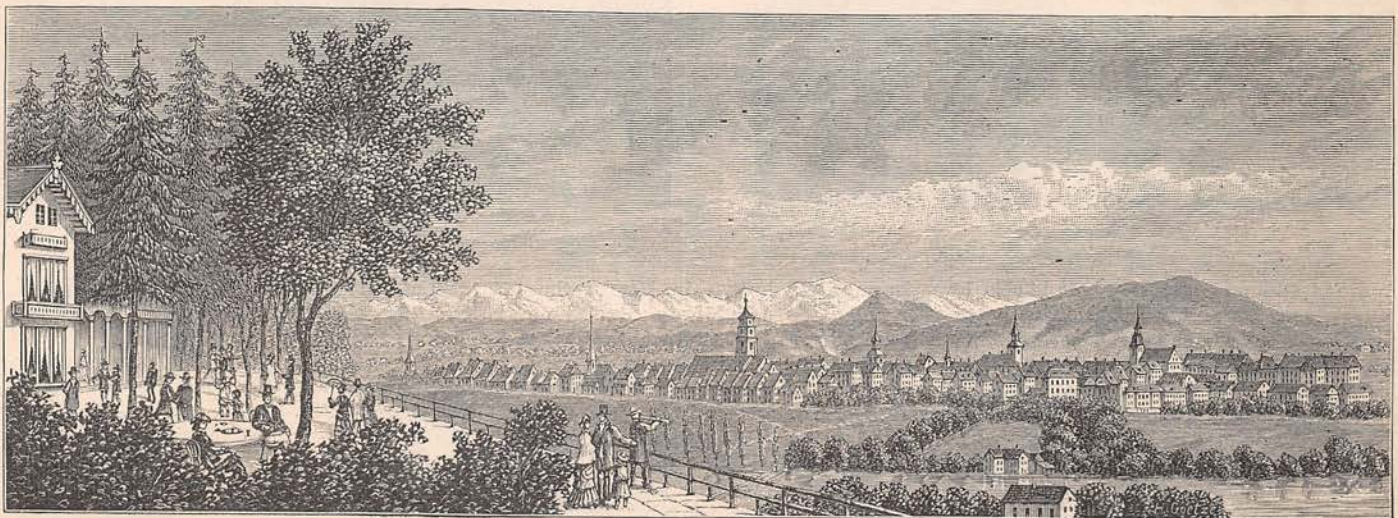
Indeed, this heraldic emblem of Berne is a constantly recurring object. No ancient Egyptians ever showed more profound veneration for Ibis than do the modern Bernese for their bears. They are to be seen everywhere, carved in wood and stone, and in *propria persona* at the Bears' Den, close to the Nydeckbrücke. Several are kept there at the expense of the city, according to immemorial usage. Visitors are prohibited from offering any gifts, except bread and fruit. In 1861, an English officer fell into one of the dens and was torn to pieces by the male bear.

It happened to be a market day when we made our first acquaintance with Berne, and the streets were thronged with peasant women in their quaint attire, the broad hat, short skirt, black pointed stomacher with white puffed sleeves and a large silver chain hanging from each breast, passing under the arms and fastening behind.

The Museum of Natural History is the largest in Helvetia, containing chiefly indigenous animals and collections of native minerals and dried plants. Barry, the famous St. Bernard dog, who saved fifteen lives and then fell a victim to his duty, being shot by a belated traveler, who mistook him for a wolf, is preserved there.

The Federal Council Hall is a handsome edifice. The sessions of the two great national councils are open to strangers, and the speech of the president, the motions and resolutions, are always translated into French and Italian by an official interpreter.

But we could not linger forever in charming Berne with its fountains and terraces, its flowers and bears, so we took the train one morning, while the Bernese Alps lay like molten silver in the early light, and sped away toward Fribourg, which



BERNE FROM SCHÄNZLI.

is very like the city we had just left, in position, being situated on a peninsula formed by the river Sarine. It also is an attractive place, with its steep streets, its lofty houses, and old watch-towers. In front of the Town Hall stands a linden tree fourteen feet in circumference, partially supported by stone pillars. There is a story attached to this tree, which makes it sacred in the eyes of the good citizens of Freiburg. It was originally a tiny twig borne in the hand of a young native of Freiburg, when he reached the city, breathless and wounded, to announce the victory of Morat (1476). "Victory!" was all he had strength to utter before he expired, and the tree now serves the twofold mission of commemorating the heroic conduct of the young soldier and the triumph of the Swiss.

Above the Sarine floats, so it seems, in mid-air, a suspension bridge 905 feet in length and 22 in breadth. It is suspended by four chains, upward of 1,300 feet in length, which form a single arch, the extremities being secured by 128 anchors attached to blocks of stone some distance below the surface of the ground.

We went to hear the famous organ, and the music spoke strange secrets to our souls; of life as we know it, with its sorrows, joys, hopes, fears, strifes, temptations, and triumphs—just the old story each middle-aged heart well knows.

As we rode south from Fribourg, the poetry of the music lingered with us, and was deepened by the exquisite view which glided be-

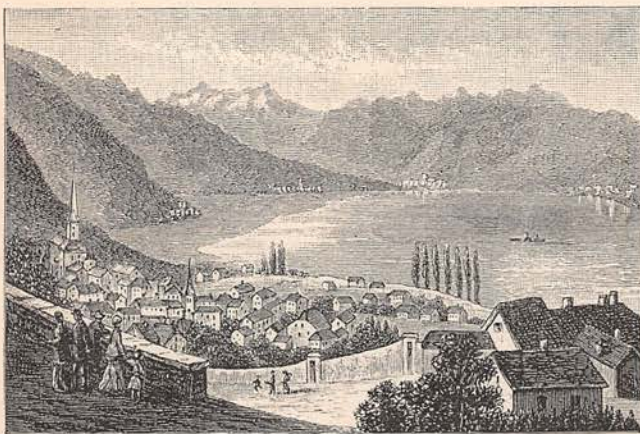


CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE GENEVA.

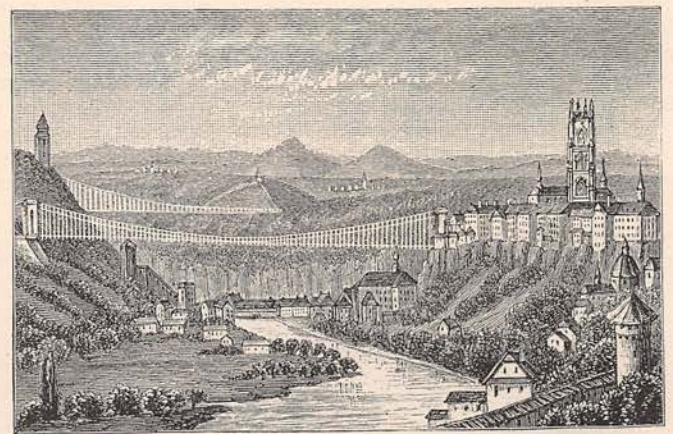
and scarred sides, rose in the distance, bathed in misty purple light, and Mont Blanc, dim and shadowy toward the south, with the blue sky beyond its snowy crest; and then, shooting out from a long tunnel, we came upon the crowning marvel—a landscape which might fairly represent the Garden of Eden. Blue-green Leman lay at our feet, with its fringe of vine-clad hills, its thrifty, prosperous ports, its beautiful little towns, while the gray, unfriendly mountains, whose glaciers and peaks add such grandeur to some of the views, rose stern and forbidding on the opposite shore.

the people, and they are compelled by law to send their children to them between the ages of six and fourteen, under severe penalties.

There is, probably, no country in Europe which is so forward in matters of education as this tiny republic, for she uses nearly fourteen per cent. of her entire income in the training of her youth, while France appropriates only about four per cent., and Austria less than one. It is this free, universal system of education which has brought about such great intellectual activity, so that while Switzerland contains only about one per cent. of the popula-



MONTREUX.



FRIBOURG.

fore us. Glimpses of rocks, half hidden by foliage, snug cottages with enormous brown roofs, not unlike huge mushrooms, rambling old farm-houses peeping out from thick bowers of vines and flowering plants, orchards of thrifty apple and pear trees, dark castellated heights, meadows whose velvety grass was green as earliest tufts of May, young brooks leaping in tiny cascades over stony descents—all this, and much more, feasted our sight until the Savoy mountains, with rugged peaks

Lausanne, known in Roman times as Lausanium, is delightfully situated on the terrace slopes of Mont Jorat, overlooked by its cathedral on one side and its castle on the other. The cathedral, one of the finest Gothic churches in Europe, was commenced in the year 1000, and finished in about three hundred years. It has inscriptions within and without, and many remarkable tombs. Lausanne being Presbyterian, the cathedral of course has been adapted to

tion of Europe, she can boast of long lines of great and distinguished men, in all walks of literary and scientific eminence.

From Lausanne we took train, stopping long enough at Vevay to climb the hill to the church of St. Martin, that we might see the burial place of the regicides Ludlow and Broughton, the latter of whom read the death sentence to King Charles the First. After the Restoration, Charles the Second demanded the surrender of the refugees, a demand which,

however, the Swiss government refused firmly to grant.

Instead then of returning to the train, we took the shady path along the slope of the hill which winds among villas and gardens to Montreux, a lovely village nestling along the coast, and a favorite resort of invalids. The climate is delightful, figs and pomegranates ripening in the open air. The little town was alive with the music and banners of a target-shooting festival, a festivity which brings together not only the sharp-shooters and merry-makers, but also the graver folk from the neighboring cantons. By this competition in target-shooting, and the practice of a hunter's life, the people have been educated in self-defense. In times of peace they have prepared for war—not by exhausting and expensive munitions and fortifications, and the keeping up of a vast army, but by making every man a soldier, with the devotion of a patriot, the fierce and stubborn bravery and self-reliance of the hunter, and the intelligence and quick wit of the commander. Of such stuff was the army made which, fifteen hundred strong, resisted the artillery of Charles the Bold for ten days, and repulsed the Burgundian troops with loss of glory, treasure, and life itself!

From Montreux it is a short half hour's walk to the Castle of Chillon, made so famous and interesting by Byron's genius and the sufferings of Bonnivard. The castle stands on an isolated rock, sixty-five feet from the main-land, with which it is connected by a drawbridge. Above the castellan's entrance are the words, "Gott der Herr Segne den Ein und Ausgang." (May God bless all who come in and go out.)

The precise date of the building of the castle is uncertain, but historical records show that Louis le Débonnaire shut up the Abbé of Corcier in 830, in a castle from which only the sky, the Alps, and Lake Lemane were visible, and which could have been no other than Chillon. But the peculiar interest of the place attaches itself to Bonnivard, the hero, the scholar, the man of letters, who, struggling for the freedom of his country, was made a prisoner and kept for six years in a dungeon which he never left a moment for fresh air or light. The only dim rays of light which enter the cell come through a narrow loop-hole in a wall of extreme thickness.

Though the story as told by Byron is a fable, there being no three brothers confined there together, and of course no dying one after another, yet there is the dark, vaulted chamber, low as the level of the lake, the stumpy stone pillars, the cruel rings to which the prisoners were fettered, and the earthy floor trodden smooth and hard with the restless paces of the chained patriots.

There were other sights besides that of Bonnivard's dungeon to make one shudder, rayless cells where the hapless victim of political or religious cruelty was left to die of starvation; fearful oubliettes, where the prisoner was hurried down three steps as to the floor of a dungeon, but the fourth was to the bottom of a well ninety feet deep, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks; the damp cell with bed and pillow of stone, where the condemned spent their last night on earth, and the place of execution where, in 1348, twelve hundred Jews were burned alive on the base suspicion of having concerted a plan to poison all the wells in Europe.

The upper portion of the castle is now used as an arsenal for the arms of Vaud, and for some cantonal curiosities. We bade adieu to Chillon with a thankful heart, for that our lives had been given us in days of freedom and enlightenment.

Sauntering along the high road we came upon Villeneuve, where the Rhone enters the lake through a large delta. In its rapid course from its rise in Upper Valais, it receives the waters of eighty smaller streams, all of which it empties into the lake, and then sweeping through the city of Geneva, it keeps on its course till it is lost in the blue Mediterranean, near Marseilles. In the lake, a short distance west of Villeneuve, is a little island, of which Byron says in his *Prisoner of Chillon*,

"And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view."

Long years ago, an English lady, an admirer of Byron, had it protected from the inroads of the waves by a stone wall, and three elms have been planted upon it, whose green boughs waved a pleasant "good-by" to us as we turned to wander slowly up the crooked streets fragrant with the purple blossoms of the Judas trees.

## From Kent to Devon,

OR SUMMER RAMBLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

BY H. F. R.



THE Isle of Wight is well named the garden of England, for in its mild air fruits and plants that would need the shelter of a hot-house on the main-land, only a very few miles away, shine in the many sheltered valleys which abound. But it might also be called England in miniature, for within its boundaries may be found every variety of scenery in the parent island—hill, valley, mountain, ravine, forest, moor, and many a rare view of sea and landscape.

The island is only some twenty-two miles in breadth from east to west, and about thirteen in length. The land trends upward toward the center, where it culminates in St. Catharine's Hill, nine hundred feet high. From east to west a ridge of chalk extends, which crops out here and there in cliffs or "knobs," from almost any of which a view of the surrounding sea can be obtained.

In the local term of the place the south side is called the "back of the island," and it is here that the most striking scenery is seen. The very names have a bold, romantic sound—Culver Cliff, Dunnose Point, Blackgang Chine, Shanklin Head, etc., are all cliffs or headlands of chalk or limestone rock; and the coast is indented by numerous ravines or "chines"—these being narrow indentations in the shore, with perpendicular walls, into which the sea thunders with astonishing force, the pent-up echoes rebounding from wall to wall, and dying away only to be again revived by the next incoming sea.

The island is nearly cut in two by the river Medina, which is, however, little more than a mountain torrent; in the western portion are wide uplands or downs, on which large flocks of sheep are raised.

There are many ways of reaching the Isle of Wight. The tourist may go by either of the three lines of steam packets that make daily trips; he may, if he wishes to be adventurous, go over in a fishing boat; or, fortunately, may make the trip, as it was the writer's good luck to do, in a friend's yacht. Leaving Portsmouth early in the day, one is soon outside, with every prospect of a quick run over. But the skipper shakes his head, and points to the south and east where a dull haze is seen. In a very short time the vessel is enveloped in a "channel fog," and heavy coats for the men, and thick wraps for the ladies are necessary for those who elect to stay on deck. These last are well repaid for their braving of a little discomfort, for in about an hour the fog clears away, and there suddenly bursts on the sight a scene from fairy land; where but a few moments ago was dull fog and sad-colored water is now blue sky, bright sun and lightly rolling waves whose tops break into laughing foam crests.



LAUSANNE.