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demonstrating the unapproachable powers of the sun . . . and has been curing cases otherwise hopeless, perhaps after half-a-dozen operations, and making healthy and happy wage-earners of them."

* * *

The New Statesman (Oct. 15th) in a series of articles headed "Modern Sun-Worship" refers to Dr. A. Rollier as the High Priest, treating at his temple in Leysin nearly a thousand patients, housed in more than thirty cliniques. After stating that "no peculiar virtues inhere in this place, that in some respects it must be inferior to many other places which might be and are not used for heliotherapy," the writer supplies the following brief description:—

"Leysin is a little place at an altitude of 1,450 metres in the Alpes Vaudoises. It is admirably sheltered from the north wind, and has long been a resort of consumptives. There, for personal reasons, it happened that Dr. Rollier began to practise his profession and to attempt the systematic use of the sun-cure in 1903. That is a long time ago, and here am I discussing the subject of heliotherapy as if it were a new discovery. If work like this had been done in the United States, it would be a household word, millionaire philanthropists would have endowed it galore, and it would have been copied everywhere. But it was done by a quiet man in a small country, and though visitors from afar have been to see his work and its lovely results, the Prometheus-Æsculapius of Leysin is still almost unknown, even in the professional circles that are concerned with tuberculosis."

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The discussion of technical questions which the "Electrification of the Swiss Federal Railways" has given rise to amongst experts in England is continued in *The Engineer* (Oct. 7th and 14th).

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The early October number of *Vogue* gives a lavishly illustrated article on Ferdinand Hodler, the giant artist who during his life time was never popular amongst his own countrymen. "In every way a typical Swiss, by birth the son of a carpenter, rough, obstinate, and endowed with immense tenacity of purpose, he ranks as the first (modern) painter of his country, the art of which he has dominated for nearly fifty years."

* * *

Health and Strength (Oct. 8th) refers to the "splendid wrestling" at the Swiss G.S. (see *Swiss Observer* October 8th): "Molinaris appears to be a newcomer, and was quite a surprise to many of us. He showed form which ought to bring him into the front rank of light-weights within a year, under skilled tuition."

FEUILLE D'AUTOMNE.

Les coteaux et les bois ont des brumes qui traînent.
Par le long des chemins, les ormes et les frênes
Erigent des troncs nus. Pas de fleurs. Pas de chants.
Dans les taillis déserts, dans le désert des champs,
S'allongent les ennus des brouillards monotones,
En formes sans profils, en ombres sans couleurs,
En un rythme sans vie. Au soir de cet automne
Glisse un silence froid sur la nature en pleurs.
Oh ! dans mon âme et par les bois, les mornes brumes !
Mais je t'évoque, ô Muse, et voilà que s'allume,
A mes horizons gris le flambeau des vermeils,
Que les éclats du cor acclament au réveil
D'un fastueux printemps, et que, par ton sourire,
Sont chassés les brouillards qui pleuraient en mes yeux.
O Muse, mon amante, aux accords de ma lyre,
Pour moi viens-t'en chanter les cadences des dieux !

HENRI JACCARD.

ENGLISH VIEWS ON SWITZERLAND.

By "Jean Pierre."

"How do other people see us?" is a question that never fails to rouse general interest in every country of the world. We Swiss are somewhat different, and are more anxious to know: "How do other people see our country?" This, no doubt, because we are, to say the least of it, intensely proud of our country, its natural beauties and its institutions, but the reason may also, to a certain extent, be less disinterested. On the other hand, we are not so keen to learn other people's opinions about ourselves—our conscience may put some restraint upon our curiosity. Before the war praise and admiration for the natural beauties of Switzerland were general, and nobody dared to utter another opinion. But war has changed many things, and it is, therefore, doubly interesting to know how our country appears now to other people in the light of their war-time experiences. A good many of such impressions have been published in the English press during the holiday season which has just come to a close. A few of the more characteristic of these utterances will be reproduced hereafter.

As of old, foreign visitors to Switzerland are struck by the variety and diversity of sights and aspects, which are there, close together on such a small territory. A traveller writes thus in the *Nottingham Journal and Express* (Sept. 24th):—

"Switzerland, being a land of infinite variety—it provides you with railway officials who are always polite and gendarmerie that always look comic—you can never be tired of travelling in it. But Switzerland, unless you were told, would be a baffling country to identify. A man dumped into it for the first time from an airship might have six guesses and then be wrong. Dropped at Lugano he would guess 'Italy,' from language and scenery, at Zurich 'Germany,' for the same reasons at Geneva—'France,' if the lake gave no clue, and in the Rhone Valley he might guess, from the heat and the taste of the wines, 'Spain,' not to mention names such as Sierre and Montana."

The author of these lines liked the Rhone Valley—most likely on account of the wine that grows there, as can safely be inferred from the frequent allusions he makes to it while describing his journey from Visp to the Lake of Geneva:—

"The journey from Visp to the Lac Leman was a period of torture, pleasurable torture. Italy can be hot, but the Rhone Valley seemed to me the oven of Europe. Despite the Rhone, the great valley down which one journeys seems thirsty and parched.

THE APPROACH TO SION.

It is a luxuriant valley given over to vines, and the river seems to have much freedom, for its bed is often a mile broad. Perhaps the heat is accentuated by the parallel lines of snow-capped mountains and the closer ranges of vast pine-clad hills.

Near Sierre, a name familiar on bottles throughout Switzerland, itself a quaint little place situated on a prehistoric landslip, one is on the verge of a tract as romantic as anything in Switzerland—the great 5,000 feet high plateau of Montana with its view of the Valais Alps from the Weisshorn to Mont Blanc. It is the haunt of consumptives—or a part of it, and one day, when the repute of its beauty in summer and its sports in winter are better known, it will be a Mecca for Englishmen—and consequently expensive. If any of my readers want to be romantically lost I recommend Montana.

Meanwhile, the train crawls down the broad sun-baked valley, and my companion, to console me, reads out from his guide-book that Sion, then approaching, was notoriously hot. It needed no guide-book to proclaim this truth; the place perspired. Nevertheless, the name Sion somehow conjured up scenes of romance—boars, barons and castles. The boars and the barons have gone, but the castles remain.

PRISON OF CHILLÓN.

On the heights to the north, silhouetted against the skyline, are the ruins of the castle of Tourbillon, erected in 1294; on the lower hill stands the old castle of Valeria, on the site of a Roman fort. They both looked very picturesque, the