Thoughts of a Briton on the subjugation of Switzerland

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vancing armies
23rd and Polozk
Governor
ated
the Alexander
when Napoleon to it.
d'Affry,
they
in bad
to
lent
didn't
once
also
the
night
the
all
By one
had
decided
bridges
unarmed
It
scarce
the
for
honour
snowed
promised
swore
the
help
frightened
the
what
Napoleon
was
put
to
use
again.
A
French
general
managed
to
attack
on
the
flank,
and
the
Russians
were
hindered
in,
had
to
surrender,
and
nearly
2,000
prisoners
were
taken.
This
gave
a
short
breathing
space
to
the
men
on
that
sector.
Soon
the
French
sharpsworders
were
engaged
again,
this
time
by
equal
enemy.
The
snow
became
covered
in
red
—
the
red
of
the
blood
and
the
Swiss
tunics.
Heroically
they
sought
seven
more
bayonet
charges.
The
position
was
held
into
the
night.
With
the
Swiss
were
some
Polish
and
French
troops
and
admiration
for
their
courage
and
tenacity
was
mutual.
After
the
battle,
300
men
were
left,
one-third
of
them
wounded.
The
Swiss
had
lost
1,200
men.
The
Emperor,
who
was
with
his
guardsmen
at
Brill,
was
so
impressed
by
the
report
that
he
awarded
the
four
Swiss
regiments
sixty-two
crosses
of
the
Legion
of
Honour.
The
Swiss
were
told
that
they
had
saved
the
army,
for
if
they
had
not
fought
so
bravely
the
Russians
would
have
overwhelmed
the
French
and
the
guards
would
have
been
unable
to
throw
back
the
victors.

But
the
Swiss
were
a
sad
little
remnant
of
their
once
so
proud
ranks.
What
gave
them
the
strength
to
fight?
It
was
the
love
of
their
country.
They
knew
that
they
were
upholding
the
good
name
of
Switzerland.
The
Swiss
soldier
did
not
fight
for
the
Emperor
of
France,
but
for
the
honour
and
glory
of
his
own
country.
And
many
of
us
will
find
courage
from
the
words
of
the
“Beresina
song”
one
of
the
finest
hymns
bequeathed
to
us:

“Our
life
is
like
the
journey
of
a
wanderer
in
the
night;
Each
one
carries
a
burden
which
weighs
him
down.

But
night
and
darkness
disappear
unexpectedly
and
the
badly
tried
finds
relief
from
his
sufferings.
Therefore
let
us
go
on;
let
us
not
retreat;
for
beyond
those
hills
far
away
some
happiness
yet
awaits
us.

Courage,
courage,
dear
fellows;
give
up
the
troubling
worries:
tomorrow
the
sun
will
rise
again
on
the
benevolent
sky.”

Marian.

THOUGHTS
OF
A
BRITON
ON
THE
SUBJUGATION
OF
SWITZERLAND

Two
voices
are
there;
one
is
of
the
sea,
One
of
the
mountains;
each
a
mighty
Voice:
In
both
from
age
to
age
thou
didst
rejoice,
They
were
thy
chosen
music,
Liberty!
There
came
a
Tyrant,
and
with
holy
glee
Thou
fought'st
against
him;
but
hast
vainly
striven;
Thou
from
thy
Alpine
holds
at
length
art
driven.
Where
not
a
torrent
murmurs
heard
by
thee.
Of
one
deep
bliss
thine
ear
hath
been
berfeet:
Then
cleave,
O
cleave
to
that
which
still
is
left;
For,
high-souled
Maid,
what
sorrow
would
it
be
That
Mountain
floods
should
thunder
as
before,
And
Ocean
bellow
from
his
rocky
shore,
And
neither
awful
Voice
be
heard
by
thee!

William
Wordsworth.