

ful structures to be found to this day on French railroads. It is composed of eleven arches, the principal of which has a span of 105 feet and a height of 170 feet. After issuing from the cutting which follows the Credo tunnel, we traverse the defile of Ecluse, mentioned by Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries, and described by Saussure as being from a geological point of view one of the most remarkable of ravines. On the left the Rhone is dominated by the steep escarpments on which rise the fort of Ecluse, shown in our cut.

Not far from the fort of Ecluse we see on our left a blackened acclivity. This part of the mountain was formerly subject to landslips, which carried down enormous quantities of earth and rocks. Examination proved that these occurrences were due to an enormous natural reservoir of water which existed not far off, and which was silently eating away the surrounding soil. This reservoir has now been completely emptied, and measures have been taken to prevent its refilling. The entire slope has been covered with tar in such a manner that the water runs off the impermeable surface without being able to penetrate into the soil.

Soon we reach Geneva and are driven to our hotel, the *Métropole*, where rooms, secured in advance, have been already assigned to our party, and a savoury supper soon awaits our keen appetites. We could not imagine whence came the strange, sweet fragrance that permeated the air and found entrance to our rooms, till we looked out in the morning on the garden, in front of our hotel, shown in the foreground of the engraving, on page 8, and found that exquisite magnolias perfumed the air.

As we went to church on Sunday morning we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc, like a great white throne set in the heavens, distinctly visible at the distance of sixty miles.

Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than Geneva. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles, and later, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and many other refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic, so small that Voltaire used to say that when he shook his wig he powdered the whole of it. Here, too, are the graves of Merle D'Aubigné, Sir Humphrey Davy, and many other world-famous men.

Geneva is the handsomest city for its size I have ever seen. It has less than 50,000 inhabitants, yet it abounds in splendid streets, squares, and gardens; public and private buildings and monuments; and its hotels are sumptuous. It lies on either side