

penetrating the murkiest slums of the town, it effectually clears them of every taint of malaria, and to this hygienic provision of nature, more than aught else, Geneva owes its reputation for exceptional healthfulness. At these times, Lake Leman's face is troubled, so that navigation is sometimes altogether suspended *pro tem*. It is the largest of the Swiss lakes—forty-five miles long and over eight miles wide at the broadest part. The water is very deep, and blue as indigo, which is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the Rhone and nearly all its other feeders are of that peculiarly light gray colour that distinguishes streams which take their rise in the snow mountains. Two classes of steamers ply on the lake. The larger boats, for summer use, carry from a thousand to thirteen hundred passengers; but much smaller ones meet the requirements of local traffic in winter. They are all exceedingly comfortable and admirably managed.

Having just completed a circuit of the lake under very favourable circumstances, considering the season of the year, I think I cannot do better than record my experiences while they are yet fresh in mind. It was on the 15th of December, at 7.45 a. m., that I embarked in the steamer '*Monette*,' Captain G. E. Ruptier. The boat is called after the fresh water gulls that frequent the lake, and is almost as pretty and graceful in her movements as they are. She might pass for a pleasure steam-yacht, so clean and tidy is she. The cabin is heated with steam, and the table is supplied with all the luxuries of the season. The skipper is a fine looking young man who spent a number of years in Canada and is well acquainted with our Messrs. Tanner, Doudiet, Cruchet, Ami, and other Swiss-Canadians. He speaks English fluently. Taking the south side of the lake, our first calling place is Coligny, a few miles out. The village is finely situated on the top of a hill clothed with vines to the water's edge. I had already visited the place for the special purpose of seeing D'Aubigne's grave. The well-known historian lived here, and here he was buried, in the corner of the pretty rural cemetery, and alongside of him, his wife, his son Emile, an eminent civil engineer, and four young children. No high-sounding epitaph proclaims his title

to celebrity; but he was a great and learned man. His history of the Reformation will long survive him. He was professor of theology and President of the College of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, for forty-one years. The inscription reads as follows,—"JEAN HENRY MERLE D'AUBIGNE, ne, 18 Août, 1794: Rappelé à Dieu, 21 Octobre, 1872. Quand je vous aurai préparé le lieu, je revendrai et vous prendrai avec moi, afin qu'ou je serais, vous y soyez aussi, Jean XIV: 3." Another place of interest here is 'Byron's Villa,' where the poet lived some time, about 1816. Its proper name is the *Diodati* Villa, and it is still owned by the descendants of Jean Diodati, a name famous in Genevoise ecclesiastical history. He translated the whole Bible into both French and Italian, 1644—1650, and also published an account of the proceedings of the Council of Trent. Poor Byron! He might have been more happy than a lord had he not woke up one morning "to find himself famous." The man whose facile pen and sparkling genius has invested this whole neighborhood with romance, was, by his own showing, the least capable of deriving any true enjoyment from the contemplation of the scenes which he depicted, to the delight of others, in such glowing colours. The same may be said of Rousseau and Voltaire. Yet may we not apply to all of them Byron's own words:—

"Peace be with their ashes—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge—far less condemn."

We touch at the pretty fishing villages of Belotte and Duvaire, where many fishermen are out on the water in their gaily painted boats or drying their nets on the shore. We shoot across the lake to Nyon—a very old town, the *Noodium* of the Romans, famous for its large castle with many towers, built in the 12th century; its fine old chateau, belonging to Prince Jerome Napoleon, and for its wine. Recrossing the lake, we reach Thonon ten minutes ahead of time and walk ashore. It is a considerable town, prettily situated. Close to it is the large feudal chateau of Ripaille in the midst of vast vineyards. Further on is Eoian-les-Bains, a fashionable French watering-place, protected from the wash of the sea by a substantial breakwater and ornamented with pleasant gardens and