

Next morning I started with the six-horse *diligence* for the ride of fifty-three miles to Geneva. A score of passengers rode in the large open carriage, with a canopy overhead, affording an uninterrupted view of the magnificent scenery. Mount Blanc seemed to tower higher above the Titan brotherhood as we receded, and to reign in lonely majesty the monarch of the mountain world—"on his throne of rock, in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow." Yet amid these sublimities of nature the condition of the people was very abject. As we changed horses, hideous *cretins* came to beg. Their idiotic faces seemed to indicate only intelligence enough to hold out their palsied hands for alms. The women were toiling in the fields, and carrying on their heads, along steep mountain paths, great loads of hay, which made them look like walking haystacks. Their clothing was coarse, their cabins squalid, their food meagre and poor, and their rude life left its reflex in their rude and unintelligent features.

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 Stael, and many other refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic. 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 of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters are of the deepest blue, and rush by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings. As I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and himself did the honours of the building. "This used to be ours," he said, and he pointed in confirmation to the keys of St. Peter on the outside and the beautiful Lady Chapel within. It was strange to have him point out Calvin's pulpit, his chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected—and other relics of the great Reformer. Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of