

with the enemies of slavery, and underwent great losses and privations for the sake of the cause, is slurred over by Mr. Blaine, and England is always spoken of as a unit in evil wishes and machinations against the North. Let us hope that Mr. Blaine will receive, as the reward of his kindly efforts, the solid Irish vote.

MR. E. L. GODKIN, of the New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*, has been all through this Irish business presenting himself to the British public as their guide, philosopher, and friend. A philosopher he may be, though he does not always reserve the serenity of the character; but he is certainly not a friend, as every one who has observed the part played by him on this side of the water, knows. The other day he was trying to persuade the confiding Britisher that the best consequences had followed the withdrawal of military protection from the Unionists and Negroes at the South, and that, by analogy, if the British Government would give up Ireland to the League it might be expected that outrage would cease, and halcyon days would ensue. Mr. Blaine, though a moderate in regard to Reconstruction, gives a somewhat different version of the matter. If outrages ceased, he says, when the protection of the National Government was withdrawn, it was because it was no longer required for the purposes of those who had committed it. "Coloured voters were not equal to the physical contest necessary to assert their civil rights, and thenceforward personal outrages in a large degree ceased. The peace which followed was the peace of forced submission, and not the peace of contentment. Even that form of peace was occasionally broken by startling assassinations for the purpose of monition and discipline to the coloured race." No doubt terrorism may after a certain fashion be cured or diminished by abandoning the country and the loyal part of the population to terrorists. The surrender of Mr. Gladstone's Government to the National League was, in fact, followed by a break in the commission of crime, but the peace was only a peace of shame.

FROM PARIS TO SWITZERLAND.

It is one thing to be constantly disgusted by an all-pervading frivolity—by eternal *plaisanterie*; it is another thing to move among individuals who seem already to have taken reserved seats for Paradise. Even the church bells here ring in an uncompromising manner. It is not a little amusing to contrast these people—calm, sedate, condescending,—with the assertive little Frenchman, in a chronic state of scolding, joking, or arguing. The former take their superiority for granted, the latter are always trying to persuade you of theirs; when they succeed, we are on the other side of the fortifications, rushing away from the sparkling boulevards, our theatres, our café, and then it begins to dawn upon us that after all there is but one Paris.

As might have been expected, the Institut de France accepted the magnificent gift of the Duc d'Aumale.

Prince Melissano committed suicide last week in one of the most fashionable of Parisian clubs. He belonged to a noble Italian family, and presented no insignificant figure in Parisian society. An inveterate gambler, he owed his rise and fall to the gaming-table. Millions are said to have passed through his hands, but when the time came for the Fates to take their stand against him, former good fortune was only too dearly paid. Deep in "debts of honour," and shuddering at the thought of inevitable disgrace, for it was on the eve of his being *affiché*, or in other words, "posted up" in the club, he shot himself. As a certain chronicler remarks, there is not much to say about Prince Melissano—veritable *roué* in every respect—not much to say, but that he was ever generous in hours of fortune, and neither a bore, nor a misanthrope, in the darkest days. Yet this is not all. There is something infinitely pathetic about that final blow for honour. While by no means arguing in favour of suicide, there is little reason for looking upon it with such holy horror. In our fanatical zeal that the law should be observed, we sometimes forget that we were not made for it, but that it exists for us. We need ask of aristocracy neither intellectual nor moral strength—merely a little pride, pride akin to honour; it may serve us when many faiths would fail. The personality of Prince Melissano is only interesting inasmuch as it is typical of the *mondain* of to-day—ultra in "play," in "passion," and in *mode*. What of it, if "the nice wicked world" finds only a bunch of roses to place upon his coffin; at least he has lived his life—*il n'est pas "mort sans avoir vécu."*

It is rather late in the day to write enthusiastic descriptions of Switzerland. In a country so thoroughly, and so often, pictured by travellers, poets, and artists, one may with reason despair of finding an unsketched nook. However, don't be afraid; we promise to notice the rising and setting sun, moonlit lakes, and snow-capped mountains, with all due discretion. Of course you have seen scores of views of this charming old town, if you have not seen the town itself. Rising with picturesque irregularity on the

left bank of lake and Rhone, and connected with the right by numerous bridges, it is surrounded by mountains. High above the tall houses, the cathedral of St. Pierre looks down with a sort of fatherly care upon his faithful children gathered closely around him. In the steep dismal streets leading to the church there are two points of interest—the homes of Calvin and Rousseau. Unless you are more or less of a hero-worshipper, you will not, naturally, care to climb, and to trudge over rough cobble-stones to reach them. For, after all, there is nothing to see, not a relic left. You may only gaze with sad interest, and longing, at so much stone and mortar. Could we but get one glimpse of that wild preacher, or of that melancholy sophist! "Alas! this is very material," you cry; alas! rather that our love is such. It is hard to separate admiration for a work from interest in its author. The thoughts must have been but half-heard, half-realised, if you care to take no further step, if you have no ardent desire to breathe, for a moment, the same air as he who has uttered them.

The Genevese are very proud of their cathedral, as, indeed, they are proud of everything Genevese. Geneva is a little Paris; nay, rather, Paris is a large Geneva. The church lacks what is so great an advantage to Notre Dame—an open space about it, from which a general view can be obtained. Of the eleventh century, it is in the Romanesque style. A strange effect is produced in the interior by the absence of all ornament. Where the altar once stood is a blank plain, dark benches filling the chancel. Without doubting the wisdom of the reform, one cannot help having an uncomfortable sensation at all this bareness. When you have seen a few tombs, all more or less uninteresting, and Calvin's chair, you have beheld the treasures of the cathedral.

It is not a *diligence* which takes you to Ferney, but a funny little 'bus. Ladies usually go inside; if, however, one has the courage to brave public opinion and climb, she is rewarded by the infinite pleasure of shocking these dear, ultra convenable Swiss. It is amusing with what wonderful facility people's mouths can make a great round "oh!" Many, I take it, experience a sort of sweet agony in being scandalised. An insignificant little village this Ferney, four and a half miles from Geneva, but holding treasures of no small value. In the centre of the tiny place, on a pedestal, stands the bust of Voltaire, whose chateau you find at the farther end of the principal street. An avenue leads to this seigneurial dwelling, which, though much altered, holds still a few rooms where very precious reminiscences are preserved. Here, in the largest apartment, from which a door opens on the garden, is a sort of sarcophagus, destined to hold Voltaire's heart, and with this inscription upon it:—"Son cœur est ici, mais son esprit partout." Then some chairs worked by the tiresome niece, Madame Denis. The adjoining room contains portraits of infinite interest. Frederick the Great with a surprisingly rubicund face, is evidently in holiday humour; Catherine of Russia, very grand, very imposing, very awful in a gorgeous painting, and very funny in an affair in silk she worked herself. This latter hangs over Voltaire's bed, of the curtains of which there remains but a melancholy fringe—thanks to enterprising travellers. Old engravings of Milton and Newton must date from the visit to England. That eternal tantalizing grin with which, to our disgust, we are always contemplated by the old philosopher, already lurked about the mouth of the youthful Voltaire. The young, sarcastic face before us is not a pleasant one; we fear it more than that of the skeleton-like gentleman of later years. The Marquise du Châtelet, compass in hand, has an air at once learned, feminine and self-sufficient; a model of her tomb stands on the mantelpiece. A few minor objects complete the selection in this small museum. Without, from the garden terrace there is a dream-like view of the lovely valley and dark, rugged Jura. In front of the chateau, and at a few steps from it, rises a small edifice. Over the door you read the words: "Erected by Voltaire to God." It was built about the time when the père Adam, invited to Ferney to escape the hatred of the Jansenists, there held the post of chaplain.

One may remain days in Geneva, and never get a glimpse of Mont Blanc. We were particularly fortunate on our return home to see it rise clearly against a sky of exquisite blue, and all bathed with the last rays of sunlight.

L. L.

Geneva, October 15, 1886.

GIVE up, then, this trying to know all, to embrace all. Learn to limit yourself, to content yourself with some definite thing, and some definite work; dare to be what you are, and learn to resign with a good grace all that you are not, and to believe in your own individuality. Self-distrust is destroying you; trust, surrender, abandon yourself; "believe and thou shalt be healed." Unbelief is death, and depression and self-satire are like unbelief.—*Amiel's Journal*.