

From the foregoing exhibits it would seem clear that the law of copyright, as existing in England and this country, in its practical operations in the two countries, tends unmistakably to check the popular diffusion of literary production by largely increasing the price. This fact could be further illustrated by recurrence to the vast disproportion in the sale of the cheaper reprints and the copyrighted editions in both countries.

England is the great book making and producing nation with which this country has to do, and consequently our interests would be most affected by the proposed measure; and that such measure would not promote the progress of science and the useful arts among the American people is believed to be obvious and to admit of little doubt.

The policy of the different states of Europe as to the protection of literary property varies as to the period of time for which it is granted. In England and in this country the protection is ample. The prevailing policy among the nations seems to be to grant such protection to literary property as is deemed a proper incentive to production.

It is questionable whether any system of international copyright could be proposed which would be equally beneficial and just, owing to the different languages prevailing among them.

In view of the whole case, your committee are satisfied that no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law; that the adoption of any plan for the purpose which has been laid before us would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, and would be not only an unquestionable and permanent injury to the manufacturing interests concerned in producing books, but a hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education; that no plan for the protection of foreign authors has yet been devised which can unite the support of all or nearly all who profess to be favorable to the general object in view; and that, in the opinion of your committee, any project for an international copyright will be found upon mature deliberation to be inexpedient.

GENEVA AND ITS BISHOP.

AMIDST the loveliest of European scenery, over the placid waters of Lake Lemán, arises the solitary castle of Chillon, an emblem of medieval barbarism and crime. It is a mass of stone-work founded upon a rock, and connected by a draw-bridge with the shore. Its irregular towers have neither grace nor beauty; but the most carefully wrought portions of the castle are its dun-

geons. Deep down below the bosom of the lake, arched with massive stones and sustained by huge pillars, in each of which is an iron ring to which its unhappy inmates were chained, these memorable cells held several of the first martyrs of the Swiss reformation. Bonnivard, the victim of the last Bishop of Geneva, here bore his unmerited captivity, and the towers and dungeons of Chillon may still instruct the people of Geneva and Lausanne to oppose the aggressions of the papacy, and defy their ancient tyrants. It was to a traitorous bishop that Geneva once owed a long succession of calamities.

The recent attempt of the Jesuitical faction of the Papal Church to impose a bishop upon the city of Calvin calls up anew the memory of the heroic courage with which its people drove out the last of their papal prelates and won their religious and civil freedom. In the year 1518 Pierre de la Baume was Bishop of Geneva, the last of an unworthy line. The Roman Catholic clergy of Switzerland were noted even above those of all other countries for their moral and mental degradation, and Pierre de la Baume seems to have surpassed the crimes of his fellows. Geneva was then a small yet prosperous town, seated on the extremity of its beautiful lake, fortified by a wall and ditch, and protected only by the valor of its people. It was nominally free. Its bishop was its chief magistrate, and it had not yet joined itself to the league of the Swiss cantons, of which Bern and Fribourg were its nearest neighbors. But its people were already stirred by the general impulse of reform. The crimes of their bishop and his retainers had already awakened their intense rage. The episcopal palace was a scene of revelry and the refuge of the vicious. History relates that the bishop had snatched a young girl from her parents, who were among the most respectable of the citizens, had concealed her in his house, and only released her when an enraged throng of the people threatened to break in the gates. Without shame or remorse, he still exercised his episcopal office, and at last completed his guilt by endeavoring to betray the city into the power of Charles III., Duke of Savoy.

Such was the last Bishop of Geneva, the predecessor of Mermillod. Yet among the courageous and virtuous portion of the citizens were many who had already resolved to expel the infamous prelate, throw off the papal rule, and unite their city to the national league. The nobles and the Roman Catholics opposed the reformers, and defended Pierre de la Baume. The city was torn by civil dissensions. The Duke of Savoy prepared to aid the bishop with a powerful army, and the hopes of the patriots must have sunk low as they beheld the great resources of their enemies, and saw

their own feeble community divided by factions and warring against itself. The patriots were known as the Covenanters (*Eidgenossen*), the noble faction as the *mamelukes*, or slaves; and the most eminent for virtue, learning, courage, eloquence, in the patriotic ranks was *Bonnivard*, the prisoner of *Chillon*. In his youth an ardent student, filled with a passionate admiration for the republics of antiquity, *Louis de Bonnivard* had succeeded his uncle in the Priory of *St. Victor*, and sacrificed wealth, station, repose, and almost life itself, to the liberation of his country. His eloquence roused the Genevese to their heroic labors for freedom; his courage inspired them to contend against almost hopeless obstacles. In 1519 he was seized by the agents of the Duke of Savoy, as he was flying to *Fribourg*, and imprisoned for two years. He escaped; yet as he was again wandering among the mountains he fell into the hands of robbers, who once more delivered him into the power of his enemy. In 1530 he was conveyed to the castle of *Chillon*, and here for six years was detained a prisoner in its dungeons. Beneath the placid waters of *Lake Leman*, in the chill stone chambers where so many victims of mediæval tyranny had perished in torture and despair, the lonely prisoner survived his long and hopeless captivity. The waters rippled over his head, the wintry storms beat upon his prison walls; on the floor of the dungeon the marks of his footsteps are traced in the solid stone as he paced to and fro. He could scarcely have hoped for deliverance; his enemies, the bishop and the Duke of Savoy, had left him to perish, and his cultivated intellect and ardent genius wasted away in painful solitude, ignorant of the fate of the city he had loved, of the companions of his youth, the friends and fellow-countrymen whom he had inspired with his own love of freedom.

Yet the example and the eloquence of *Bonnivard* had not been lost. The Genevese had formed an alliance with the cantons of *Fribourg* and *Bern*. The Duke of Savoy had filled the city with ten thousand soldiers, who plundered its people and renewed the power of *Pierre de la Baume*. The Savoyards were at length driven out. The reformation spread among the republicans, and the bishop held an uncertain rule over his enraged subjects. The Catholic nobles fled to their castles in the environs of the city, and began a war of desolation against their countrymen. They ravaged with fire and sword the fertile fields that now, covered with villas and gardens, encircle the shores of *Lake Leman*. The city was filled with famine, dissension, bloodshed, and civil war. The bishop still held his infamous rule, protected by his retainers and the influence of the Catholic magistrates. *Fribourg*, which was a Catholic canton, withheld the patri-

ots of Geneva from suppressing the Romish superstitions. And in this saddest period of its history the streets of the city ran with blood, families were divided against each other, relatives and friends were engaged in unrelenting strife, and the small community was filled with all the horrors of a ceaseless religious discord. On the one side *Farel*, the brave apostle of France, made his way into Geneva, in peril of his life, to preach the pure worship of the Scriptures to the reformers. On the other, the bishop called in a Romish priest, famous for his eloquence, to extol images and celebrate relics. The bishop ordered all the Protestant Bibles to be burned; the magistrates imprisoned the priest. At last the citizens ended forever the discussion. On the 10th of August, 1534, the Council of Geneva forbade the celebration of the mass within its limits; and while *Bonnivard* was pacing his silent dungeon under *Lake Leman*, lost to the world, his highest hopes were slowly fulfilled.

But the pains of the unfortunate city (1534-36) now increased to new severity. *Fribourg*, its Catholic ally, enraged at the decision of its people in favor of the reformers, renounced its friendship, and tore off the seals of the treaty of alliance. The bishop fled to *Gex*, issued his excommunication against Geneva, and placing himself at the head of the Catholic nobles and the Savoyards, ravaged again the fair environs of the city, and blockaded it with ceaseless vigilance. Cut off from all connection with the outer world, threatened by the overwhelming force of its relentless foes, Geneva saw no refuge from destruction; yet its brave citizens still resolved to maintain their independence and their faith, and to perish in their defense. Famine again preyed upon them; they saw their farms and their country-seats desolated by the Catholic invaders, and their feeble defenses seemed scarcely sufficient to resist a sudden attack. The shores of the beautiful lake were covered with their foes, and *Chillon* frowned in the distance, garrisoned by the troops of Savoy. One ally, however, Geneva still possessed. The canton of *Bern*, the most powerful of the Swiss cantons, had embraced the reformed faith with unequalled zeal, and had watched with natural sympathy the struggle between the Genevese and their bishop. For some months the Bernese, fearful of offending their Swiss confederates, avoided the last resort of war. When assured, at length, of their support, they hastened to the aid of Geneva. A Bernese army of seven thousand men, brave and well-disciplined, swept down by the *Morat*, reached Geneva in eleven days, and drove back, with necessary severity, the troops of Savoy and the Catholic marauders, who were committing inexpiable outrages upon the helpless peasantry. From Geneva the Protestant army extended its conquest

around the shores of Lake Leman, expelled the papal bishop from Lausanne, and gave religious freedom to its people forever. The last resistance of the Catholic forces was made in the grim fortress of Chillon. Seated on its isolated rock, it ventured to defy the victorious Bernese. But only for a moment. A frigate from Geneva, the sole naval force of the confederates, blockaded it from the lake, the Bernese opened a cannonade from the shore, and the Savoyard garrison was compelled to surrender. The victors poured over the draw-bridge, doubtful whether they should find the prisoners in its dungeons safe from their merciless foes. Happily their lives had been spared, and Bonnard was carried in triumph back to Geneva, amidst the glad congratulations of its citizens. Here he lived for many years, always an ardent student and prolific author. He was rewarded for his sufferings and losses by a considerable pension, and was admitted into the council. He was married twice, collected an extensive library, and at his death bequeathed it to the city. His collections formed the foundation of the public library of Geneva, which has since increased to several hundred thousand volumes, and has served to cultivate that intellectual community into the most liberal and enlightened of all Switzerland.

From 1536 Geneva has ever remained free. It grew rapidly in wealth and industry. It became the refuge of the oppressed. It welcomed with unbounded generosity the persecuted Vaudois and the exiled Huguenots. In 1537 Calvin made it his home and the centre of the rising reformation. From its safe retreat his daring intellect filled all Europe with religious progress. His Bible-sellers made their way into the most distant provinces of France, and in the midst of ceaseless dangers sold or distributed their forbidden wares. The presses of Geneva poured forth a ceaseless tide of Protestant treatises, and in its safe shelter Calvin perfected that system of church government which, with some modifications, has been imitated in all Protestant lands. To Calvin and Geneva came John Knox in his exile, and went back to Scotland animated with new energy to repel the intrigues of France, and oppose the secret arts of the guilty and frivolous Mary. The Huguenot Church in France grew up under the guidance of Calvin and Beza. Impregnable in its apparent weakness, the free city of Geneva became the terror of the papal powers, the chief object of their hatred. The Jesuits overwhelmed it with their maledictions, and every fanatical Catholic prayed for its destruction. "Let us destroy the infamous city, the centre of heresy and sedition!" cried the sanguinary St. Francis de Sales; and while all around it the great Catholic powers of France, Italy, and Germany kept up their ceaseless warfare, it

seems scarcely credible that the citadel of the evangelical faith should have escaped an utter ruin. Yet once only it seems to have been in imminent danger. The day is still celebrated in Geneva when by a happy interposition of Providence the city escaped sack and desolation from its Catholic foes. Duke Charles Emanuel of Savoy was the disciple of the Jesuits, and the persecutor of the innocent Vaudois. He had already commanded all his Vaudois subjects, *under severe penalties*, to attend the Jesuit churches (*s'andare alle prediche delli reverendi padri Jesuiti, etc.*), and he next resolved, guided by the reverend fathers, to destroy the citadel of Protestantism. With that contempt for honesty and moral law which marks the whole history of Jesuit politics, the duke prepared to seize Geneva by surprise in the midst of profound peace. In 1602, under the pretext of guarding his frontiers from the armies of France, he gathered a large body of troops near the walls of the heretical city. The soldiers were promised the sack and plunder of Geneva, and a frightful doom hung over its prosperous people. On a dark night in December two hundred Savoyards, provided with scaling-ladders, crossed the ditch, climbed the walls, and entered the streets of the city. Their companions awaited outside until they should throw open the gates. A sentry heard the noise in the ditch, and gave the alarm. The citizens rushed from their houses, barricaded the streets, attacked and cut down the invaders. The portcullis of the gate was let down; a cannon, well aimed, swept away the scaling-ladders in the ditch; the Savoyards outside fled in affright; those within were executed without mercy; and the infamous plot of the Jesuits and the duke was baffled by a happy chance and the courage of the Genevese. The citizens celebrated their escape the next morning with thanksgiving and prayers. The venerable Beza, too feeble to preach, chanted aloud a psalm of praise. The night of the *escalade*, as it is called, is still remembered with grateful joy by the people of Geneva as the moment when they were rescued from a frightful fate—from the rule of the Jesuits and the horrors of a Catholic massacre—and the prosperous city, in all its later history, has watched with natural and jealous distrust the hostile arts of the society of Loyola.

With no unreasonable alarm, therefore, must the people of Geneva witness the sudden elevation of their chief foes to the control of the Romish Church, the new and aggressive policy of the papal rulers, and the religious war that is openly threatened by the papal press. The city stands almost on the borders of the least cultivated and most fanatical province of France. Louis Napoleon seized upon Savoy, and deprived Geneva of its natural defense. A Catholic crusade

must involve all Switzerland in its horrors; and it is plainly the aim of the papal leaders to awaken once more the fires of religious hate in the centre of the Swiss confederacy. Often, in its past history, its fairest valleys have been filled with slaughter by the intrigues of the Catholic priesthood, nor has any country suffered more severely from the horrors of religious wars. The Valtelline yet echoes with the cries of dying reformers, and the Catholic and Protestant cantons have often been arrayed against each other. Geneva stands on the frontier of Switzerland, and may well watch with care the plans of its Jesuit foes; for with its sudden return to power the ambitious society has revived the miracles, the pilgrimages, the fierce fanaticism of the barbarous ages, and has lost none of the savage vehemence and unsparing cruelty of its founder.

Yet no people have met the imperious assumptions of the papal see more firmly than the Swiss. The spirit of Calvin and Bonnard has been awakened in their descendants. Geneva has expelled Bishop Mermillod as resolutely as three centuries ago it drove out the traitor Pierre de la Baume. It will accept no papal prelate; and if Mermillod, like Pierre de la Baume, lays his ban of excommunication upon the city of Calvin, it will produce no more tangible effect than

that of his predecessor. It can scarcely be possible that the Jesuits will succeed in arraying the Swiss against each other in a new religious war, revive the fanaticism of the forest cantons, and excite the passions of Lucerne. But this is their plain object. The Swiss Catholic clergy seem to have yielded to the threats of the Pope, and assume the defense of Mermillod. The confederacy is already stirred by the first waves of a tempest of religious discord, and the fair shores of Lake Lemman reject indignantly the successor of Pierre de la Baume. To name a bishop for Geneva was the last insult the Jesuits could put upon it.

So fatal to the general peace of mankind has been the elevation of the society of Loyola to the control of the Papal Church. From the Vatican Council of 1870 the spirit of medieval barbarism flung down its gage of battle before the genius of modern civilization. Blind fanaticism once more threatens Europe and America with religious discord and endless wars. The ambitious and sanguinary society that drove Charles V. to the persecution of the Germans, that taught Alva his barbarity and Wallenstein his contempt for human woe, that tortured the Vaudois and massacred the Huguenots, is the master of the counsels of papal Rome.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY JANET'S LETTER.

THE narrative leaves Lady Janet and Horace Holmcroft together, and returns to Julian and Mercy in the library.

An interval passed—a long interval, measured by the impatient reckoning of suspense—after the cab which had taken Grace Roseberry away had left the house. The minutes followed each other; and still the warning sound of Horace's footstep was not heard on the marble pavement of the hall. By common (though unexpressed) consent, Julian and Mercy avoided touching upon the one subject on which they were now both interested alike. With their thoughts fixed secretly in vain speculation on the nature of the interview which was then taking place in Lady Janet's room, they tried to speak on topics indifferent to both of them—tried, and failed, and tried again. In a last and longest pause of silence between them, the next event happened. The door from the hall was softly and suddenly opened.

Was it Horace? No—not even yet. The person who had opened the door was only Mercy's maid.

"My lady's love, miss; and will you please to read this directly?"

Giving her message in those terms, the woman produced from the pocket of her apron Lady Janet's second letter to Mercy, with a strip of paper oddly pinned round the envelope. Mercy detached the paper, and found on the inner side some lines in pencil, hurriedly written in Lady Janet's hand. They ran thus:

"Don't lose a moment in reading my letter. And mind this, when H. returns to you—meet him firmly: say nothing."

Enlightened by the warning words which Julian had spoken to her, Mercy was at no loss to place the right interpretation on those strange lines. Instead of immediately opening the letter, she stopped the maid at the library door. Julian's suspicion of the most trifling events that were taking place in the house had found its way from his mind to hers. "Wait!" she said. "I don't understand what is going on up stairs; I want to ask you something."

The woman came back—not very willingly.

"How did you know I was here?" Mercy inquired.

"If you please, miss, her ladyship ordered