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of the church and was adorned with most beautiful floral tributes from the President of the Reich, the German Foreign Office, whose wreath Dr. Rathenau deposited personally when attending the service, from the "Corps Diplomatique," the Swiss Federal Council (red and white flowers) and from the Swiss Legations at Berlin and the Hague.

The Swiss Federal Council had requested Colonel Pfyffer, Swiss Minister to Poland, to represent them, but sudden illness prevented him from carrying out that mission, which was then entrusted to Minister Dr. L. Vogel, from the Swiss Legation at Berlin.

President Ebert was represented by the German Chancellor, Dr. Wirth. The Diplomatic Corps attended the service in full force, and most of the Ambassadors were accompanied by their ladies and the Legations' staffs. The Swiss Colony of Berlin was also suitably represented.

After the memorial service the widow, Mme. Carlin, and her daughters received the personal condolences of the German Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, and the Secretary of State, Herr von Haniel, while Minister Dr. Vogel accepted the condolences tendered by the Diplomatic Corps.

The coffin, enclosing the remains of M. Carlin, was entrained at Berlin on Saturday afternoon and reached Berne on the following Sunday evening, a deputation from the Political Department being in attendance at the station.

Last Monday afternoon the funeral service took place at the Bremgarten Cemetery Chapel, attended, amongst others, by Federal Councillors G. Motta and E. Schulthess, and was followed by the interment in the Bremgarten Friedhof.

\* \* \*

#### OBITUARY.

Dr. Henri Jaccard, Professor of Botany, died at Lausanne at the age of 78.

He was honorary member of various Swiss Societies for Natural Science and History, *doctor honoris causa* of the Lausanne University, and the author of several scientific works treating particularly of the alpine *fauna* and *flora*.

\* \* \*

Fräulein Marie Herwig, the proprietress of the well-known sanatorium "Arosa," died on the 8th inst., aged 74.

Fräulein Herwig went to Arosa in 1885, building in the following year the sanatorium named, the first of alpine sanatoria in existence, and thereby, so to speak, laying the foundation stone of the development of Arosa as a world-renowned health resort.

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#### NOTES & GLEANINGS.

The new Irish Constitution is supposed to be partly modelled on the Swiss form of government, and it is stated that a semi-official delegation is about to proceed to Switzerland to study at first hand its application. We cannot find much similarity, but it is at least doubtful whether the principles of our Constitution, which are the result of a natural process of evolution, to which practically each generation has contributed its share, can be adopted with advantage by a people who in whole or in part lacks the experience of self-government and is pervaded by an atmosphere of distrust and lawlessness.

\* \* \*

Golfing is becoming more popular in Switzerland every year, and the facilities provided and tournaments fixed for this season are dealt with in a useful article in the *Westminster Gazette* (June 16th). The same paper (June 12th) publishes a fascinating description of what it calls "A Yearly Miracle," i.e., the narcissus time at Caux, and we cull the following passages:—

"It is beyond description, but let me try just to give the headings, so to speak. As the snow melted on the meadows just above us up came the crocuses, battalions of them, white and purple alternately. The hot sun withered them in five days, and then followed masses of oxlip and cowslip, turning the meadows to a sober yellow. A steep slope five hundred feet above us was now starred with gentian, the first and most charming of the tribe, with its shining blue petals and delicate white centre. Mix them in a shallow bowl with the white crocuses on the days when they overlap, and you have an enchanting combination. The great yellow globe-flower, or trolius, next begins to appear wherever there is water, and is presently in great golden clumps catching the eye a mile away. A day later, and the tall purple orchid is marching up from the lower levels, pushing up among the cowslips and oxlips, with the blue forget-me-not hard on its heels. Now you begin to look for the narcissus. By the tenth of May there is still not a sign of it on the higher levels, and though the green is up on the lower levels, there is still not a bud. Your worst forebodings seem to be justified. Then suddenly it comes with a rush, the great white tide flowing up from below and filling the air with its scent. Look across the valley to Les Havants and you can measure its levels day by day. Starting slowly, it quickens its pace as it mounts and covers the last thousand feet up to its extreme limit (about 4,800 feet above sea-level) with incredible rapidity. Where on May 10th there was not a green spike above ground, there was on May 24th a sea of white narcissus. Here on the heights it is at its best, for it has left behind it all the rank growths which compete with it on the lower slopes, and now holds undisputed sway.

But this needs correcting as soon as said, for on one great slope with a northern aspect a new movement is on foot. Here the great white anemone is rushing down from above, and there is a spot, which shall remain my secret, where the narcissus tide and anemone tide meet and cross, the narcissus swirling into the anemone and the anemone rushing past it into the narcissus. This is the climax, and to the flower-lover it is positively intoxicating. The immense quantity of these flowers, their scent, the play of sun and shadow and wind on their petals, their great sweeping movements as they stride up and down these enormous valleys, the miracle of their creation in this glorious three weeks—one gropes for words to convey the impression, but there are none, and this sentence must pass into silence. And yet, down below in the hotel they tell me that 'the season has not begun,' and there are only a dozen rather eccentric beings who are making the experiment of coming to Switzerland in May. . . .

The present spring has no doubt been exceptional in the rush with which it has followed a late winter, but this miracle takes place yearly from the beginning of May till the middle of June, and, having witnessed it twice, I cannot resist the impulse to tell others to go and do likewise. All the world rushes to Switzerland in August, which is undoubtedly the climber's month and the month for the high mountains. But the glory of Switzerland is its spring, and when the flowers are gone and the meadows cleared, half of it is departed. All Switzerland is beautiful in spring, but the central spot and the place of pilgrimage for the flower-lover is surely the region above Montreux—Les Havants, Gijon, Caux, and from Caux