

rocky ravines, over lofty embankments and arched bridges, past ruined castles and tiny villages, dashing almost every moment into the darkness of a tunnel, and as quickly out again in the daylight—for six hours, with occasional stoppages at Alessandria, and other small towns. At one of the stations an official, discovering that Madame had more hand-baggage with her than was lawful, ordered our friend to have it checked and sent to the luggage van. The lady refused to do so, and then ensued a hot argument between the vexed officials and the smiling Frenchwoman, who, with the signor's help, managed to prolong the question until it was time for the train to depart, and so remained triumphant with her belongings. Then, after remarking to us in English on the advantage of knowing the language, Madame went comfortably to sleep again, the occurrence not having disturbed her peace of mind in the slightest.

Genoa—"La Superba"—as the Italians proudly called their city in the days of her power and magnificence. Rising up from the blue gulf in terraces of marble palaces, rich churches and orange groves, with the snowy Alpen peaks in the distance, and the blue heavens seeming almost to touch her pinnacles and towers, Genoa is still a city to be proud of. Darkness lay over her streets and houses as our train steamed into the cold, neglected-looking station, and having said our "Adios" to the polite Signor, and the dark-eyed Signorina, and exchanged compliments and adieus with Madame, we were rattled off to our hotel, just overlooking the harbour. It was such a gloomy, darksome street, colonnaded with stone arches that once were white, but now were of the darkest hue imaginable, and the hotel itself appeared so old and mournful and forsaken that we felt as if we

were really in old Genoa—a city as old, if not older, than Rome herself. It required all the blaze of light streaming down the marble steps as we entered the hospitable doors, and the attendance of dozens of porters and waiters, the slow but necessary elevator, and the familiar English spoken by the smiling "Portier" to remind us that we were visiting Genoa of the 19th century. This hotel, "Hotel de Ville," was once the palace Fischi, and belonged to the old Genoese family Fischi. It is a most gorgeous building within, with lofty rooms and long corridors full of gilding and decoration, and endless flights of marble staircase. Now, one passes English and American travellers on the stairway, the halls are full of hurrying waiters and maids, and yet we fancied that the ghosts of the former occupants lurked in the passages, and that phantom lords and ladies swept up and down the steps, and occupied the immense rooms, in one of which we stand now gazing out into the night at the beautiful sight before us. There are thousands and thousands of lights shining in the harbour, gleaming on the water below, giving us glimpses of dark vessels and high masts, and dusky, moving figures. In the early bright morning the scene is very interesting—the ancient docks, the landing and loading of the many different vessels, the odd characters of sailors on the quays—all is delightful to watch. This harbour of Genoa, about twelve miles in length, is one of the finest on the Mediterranean, and to take one of the ever-ready small boats and be rowed out some distance from the quay is one of the most pleasant of experiences imaginable. Here the water is so blue, and there it is all golden with the sunshine, and the city herself, with her fortifications and tiers of lofty towers and beautiful buildings, all bathed in the glorious sunlight, looks like a fairy city,