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GENOA.

WE had been spending a few hours in the pretty city of Turin, and were now waiting at the depot, in a railway carriage bound for Genoa, and our train appearing to be in no hurry to commence its journey, we were watching with interest the ever-changing scenes of a railway station. The Italian carriages are not very comfortable, nor scrupulously clean, and the manner of heating them with long, zinc hot water cans seemed a novel one to us. At every station blue-smocked porters replace the cans with hot ones, and certainly they are very acceptable in northern Italy, where the autumn brings cool days and evenings. With us in the compartment were an Italian gentleman with his daughter, and a very talkative old French lady who was quite a character, and with whom we had quite a task in assisting to bestow her many travelling requisites. This lady had so many boxes and bundles of all shapes and sizes, a rug and cushion for her comfort, books and a lunch basket for her amusement and refreshment, and a little bird in a wooden cage. This little fellow constantly distributed his seed over us

all, and during the six hours' ride had many a narrow escape from tumbling off his high perch on the valise-rack. Madame had been travelling all day from Paris, *en route* for Florence, but was as comfortable and gay as only a French or American lady could be under the circumstances, and, before the horn blew to signal our departure, was sound asleep under her rug.

"Pronti," shouts the guard, the faint sound of the horn is heard at the further end of the train, and off we go, speeding away from the lovely city of Turin, past her beautiful hills dotted all over with pretty little white chateaus almost hidden in clumps of trees. At Moncalieri, a village not far from the city, we passed a large chateau, perched on the loftiest height, and our fellow-passenger, "il signore," tried in his best Italian to explain to us its importance. The explanation, unfortunately, we could not understand, but have since learned that it is the royal chateau, where Victor Immanuel died in 1873. The scenery all the way is delightful, but, on account of the many tunnels that interrupt the view, is not very enjoyable. Our train rushes through