

The outer walls bear elaborate frescoes, which still preserve much of their original brightness. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron, which gives the streets a narrow, gloomy and prison-like appearance. At the entry to the great houses stands the *concierge*, magnificent in gold-laced livery, silk stockings and gold-headed staff of office. Many of the palaces, with their priceless art treasures, are freely thrown open to the inspection of tourists; and though now exhibiting "a faded splendour wan," they recall its golden prime, when Genoa vied with Venice for the mastery of the Mediterranean. Some of the most interesting memories of Genoa are connected with that intrepid genius who first unveiled the western world to European eyes. A noble marble monument of the great discoverer, with reliefs of the principal scenes of his life, graces one of its squares—(See engraving on page 287.)

Genoa has a thoroughly foreign aspect—the narrow streets, some are not more than five feet wide; the trains of laden mules, with jingling bells on their necks; the gloomy arcades under many of the buildings; the black-lace veils, worn as the only head-dress of ladies in the streets; and other peculiarities, remind us that we are in Italy. It was the *fiesta* of St. John the Baptist, and the churches were gay with floral decorations. The cathedral of San Lorenzo, especially, was festooned with wreaths, and at night illuminated with countless lamps. I stood in the square and listened to the sweet-toned clangour of the joyous *fiesta* bells. In this same old church is preserved, with great veneration, the so-called "Holy Grail," or vessel out of which our Lord partook, it is said, the Last-Supper with His disciples.

The most sumptuous church in Genoa is that of S. Annunziata, —an ugly brick structure without, but within a perfect blaze of gold and marble, lapis lazuli and precious stones. The city is wonderfully irregular in surface. The Ponte Carignano is a bridge leaping across a densely-peopled valley, a hundred feet deep—some of the houses are nine stories high—while the still higher grounds are crowned with villas and gardens. From these an enchanting view is obtained of the far-shimmering surface of the blue Mediterranean, the majestic sweep of the coast-line; and the noble and fortress-crowned heights that girdle the city.

The ride from Genoa to Pisa, about a hundred miles, is one of the most magnificent in Italy. The railway skirts the wild