

Turin is a beautiful city of 260,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and clean and laid out with mathematical regularity. The distinguishing feature of its architecture is long reaches of arched corridors, surmounted by lofty and massive buildings with handsome shops on the ground floor. The newer boulevards, or "corsos" as they are called, are remarkable for their width and elegance. The Royal Palace is a noble structure, but, like a great many other King's houses in Italy, is in want of a tenant. The Cathedral has some good pictures and monuments; the circular apse in rear of the altar, forms a separate chapel for the use of the Royal Family, and is richly decorated with polished marble. Besides this, there are upwards of a hundred other fine churches in Turin. One of them has over its entrance in large gilt letters *JANUA COELI*—the Gate of Heaven, and the usual advertisement *Indulgentia Plenaria*. Others are more specific in the announcement that here may be obtained "Plenary indulgences, daily, and perpetual, for the living and the dead." How long shall an intelligent people allow themselves to be hood-winked after this silly fashion? The morning cometh! I saw many poor women standing up to their knees in the cold water this frosty morning washing clothes. The men of all ranks and classes wear long cloaks, with the capes thrown jauntily over the left shoulder—the meanest beggar must have his cloak. The Waldensian Church is a very large and handsome edifice, as is also the Jewish Synagogue.

We run down to Genoa, 104 miles, in three hours and a half. It is a dead level all the way, until we approach the sea, where a spur of the Appennines skirts the shore. There is little to notice in passing through this fertile belt, save the long rows of mulberry trees with the grape vines festooned from tree to tree. The cottages are almost hidden by orchards of fig and peach trees soon to burst into bloom and scent the air with their fragrance. Large tracts are devoted to the culture of rice, flax, and meadow hay, but the staple product is silk. The mulberry supplies food for the silk-worm. When the voracious little creature has eaten every vestige of the leaves, he spins his cocoon and thus securely wrapped up in his winding sheet lays himself down to sleep for the winter. But alas for his

credulity! Just when he is ready to wake up and soar to the skies, no longer a grub, but a beautiful butterfly, a ruthless hand tosses his castle into a basin of boiling water, and then delicate fingers begin, where he left off, to unwind his gossamer thread, so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, yet strong as steel of equal thickness. From the women's hands—thousands being employed in the process—the raw material is passed on to the spinner and finally to the loom.

*Genoa La Superba*—is seen to best advantage from the water. Its white houses, rising tier above tier, on the side of the mountain that encircles the bay, shine like brilliants in the necklace of a bride. This beautiful city, famous in history and still noted for its commercial enterprize, has 170,000 inhabitants. Its harbour is a forest of masts. Many of its streets are so very narrow and steep that they can only be used by pedestrians, but in them you find the shops of cunning workmen who turn out large quantities of exquisite fabrics in gold and silver. Other streets are lined with palaces splendidly furnished and tenanted by the nobility. My attention was called to a very large one of reddish tint. It belonged to the Duc de G— who, in an evil hour, shot his valet de chambre. About the same time, a poor citizen had been executed for murder. What should be done with the Duc? Was there to be one law for the rich and another for the poor in Genoa? No. He too was condemned to die, though the sentence was commuted into imprisonment for life. This Duc, I was told, bequeathed \$4,000,000 for the improvement of the harbour, and \$400,000 to build houses for the poor, and his widow has built a splendid hospital. We looked into the municipal buildings. Here are sacredly preserved a number of letters written by Christopher Columbus, a native of this city, also the fiddle of Paganini, another Genoese. In the Council Chamber are two magnificent portraits in mosaic—of Marco Polo and Columbus—presented to Genoa by Venice on the occasion of their union in 1866; also busts of Victor Emanuel and his father, Carlo Alberto, as well as of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and other Italian statesmen. A fine painting of Christ on the cross hangs on the wall. It was done by a lad twenty years old, who