

"Gold, fine gold, both yellow and red,
Beaten and molten, polished and dead;
To see the gold in profusion spread,
In all forms of its manufacture."

you must go to the Church of the Annunziata in Geno, and when you come out you will be ready to think less of a sanctuary of God than of the shop of a carver and gilder. In the Piazza Carlo Felice is the largest theatre, and a vegetable market in front of it is the best place for the study of costume and character. Here trips along a pretty Genoese girl, with her snowy white *pezzotto* or veil, fastened on the head, and forming a graceful framework for the face; there, a sunburnt peasant, with slouched hat and gait to match, gazing listlessly round him with latent fire in his dark eyes; yonder, with his head (because of many salutations) bobbing up and down in perpetual motion, walks a comfortable priest, with shepherd-hat and flowing robes; here, again, some thrifty housewife, basket on arm, preparing for the wordy war of bargaining; there a coquettish flower-girl; while stealing through the crowd, with downcast but observant eye, some bareheaded Capuchin creeps, in coarse brown serge, fastened by a rope around his loins. To a stranger's eye it is an endless and interesting panorama.

To the left from the piazza you soon reach the Acqua Sola Gardens, a public promenade, blushing with roses and glistening with fountains, where the band plays, and white veils flash among the shrubs, and the nobility air their carriages and their manners. Back again to the piazza, and straight on, you come to the church of St. Ambrose, built by the family of the Pallavicini, which word is more suggestive of the sacrilegious than of the Samaritan; for it means, "Strip my neighbor." The church is a mass of marble and gilding, which does not please good taste; but it is redeemed by two great pictures—Guido's "Assumption" in the third chapel, and over the high altar, Rubens' "Circumcision." Thence is a short way to the Duomo, dedicated to San Lorenzo, where at the time of my visit a large congregation—the largest I had ever seen on a week-day—were gathered at prayer. There is something to be learned from the practice of these peasant-women, who devote some of the best hours of the market-morning to devotion; it is the true spirit of sacrifice, and we would fain hope that through the symbol, and in spite of the superstition, they may see the Saviour "whom they ignorantly worship," and find life and healing in his name. The Chapel of John the Baptist is said to contain his relics, and, to expiate the sin of Herodias, females can enter it only once a year. In the treasury those of large belief are shown (for five francs) the *Sacro Catino*, variously described as a present from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, or as the dish on which the Paschal Lamb was served at the Last Supper—strangely enough made of *modern glass*; but credulity disdains

chronology, and if the facts interfere with the faith, "why so much the worse for the facts"—that is all.

To the right from the Carlo Alberto, in which the cathedral stands, is the Via Orefici, or the Street of the Goldsmiths, where every shop on either side the causeway glitters with the gold and silver flagee for which Genoa is famous. In the middle of the street, carefully framed and glazed, and surmounted by an elaborate canopy is a picture of the Madonna, the work of a young artist, Pelligrino Piola, who was early assassinated through the envy of a rival, who was jealous of his superior skill. When the First Napoleon, on his foray through Italian cities, removed some of their choice art treasures to enrich his Louvre, he respected the goldsmiths' affection for this, and graciously suffered it to remain.

The strangest looking part of the city, perhaps, is down by the harbour-side. Here odd sights, discordant sounds, grotesque varieties, both animate and inanimate, and—alas! that it should be so—distilment of a hundred smells, abound. The houses are in a state of lofty dilapidation; they are black with the grime of years; there is generally something frowzy hanging from their tiers of windows, for it is the chosen place for drying of carpets and airing of beds; these houses stand upon dark arches, heavy browed and low, beneath which you walk, as in a grim arcade. Enconced in these arches, sellers of macaroni and polenta establish themselves, and come upon you unawares; and against the base of them, on the street side, are heaps of offal and garbage, venerable for age. That building is the Porto Franco, something similar to a bonding warehouse in England, where two custom-house officers keep ward at the gates, to search any one whom they suspect, and to keep out monks and ladies! The reason for this equivocal prohibition is not so arbitrary as it seems, nor is it found in any presumed affinity between the two classes, but simply that their dresses being loose and flowing, are supposed to aggravate the temptations to smuggling, by furnishing better means of concealment for the smuggled goods.

The Dogana, or custom-house is a fine building; and in its long room are statues of the worthies of the city, reared to stimulate their sons by their memory to deserve as well of their country as did their fathers. Everything about the harbour itself has a bustling, prosperous look, such as we are accustomed to see in thriving seaports at home, and such as every friend of Italy must be glad to see. There is fresh life in the fair young kingdom; and Genoa, freer than in the days of her old republics, because no longer living in armed truce with her neighbours, nor torn to pieces by her own factions, may look forward to a progress as bright as the long years of her sorrow have been gloomy. Let but the Sun of Righteousness shine into her people as the material sun shines upon her white roofs and