

and not one so full of life and business. If Genoa is beautiful and picturesque-looking from its harbour, let us go and walk through the labyrinth of narrow streets and tiny alleys, hemmed in, in the lower part of the town. Some of these passages are scarcely wide enough to admit of two people passing one another, and they are crowded full of high, narrow dwellings, overflowing with occupants and wretchedness, and hundreds of small shops, where fish, macaroni, jewellery, gaudy stuffs, fruit, and awful-looking eatables, or rather "uneatables," are to be bought. Italian women at their doorways are shouting to the passers-by, men are quarrelling, smoking and singing all at the same time, noisy boys with mules brush past one, and little girls go by, bearing baskets of fruit and vegetables. It is all bewildering and one is glad to escape the confusion and emerge from one of the openings at the top of these steep little streets into the broad Via Garibaldi or Via Balbi, both of them handsome streets, lined with rich shops and palaces without number. Genoa is world-renowned for her palaces, now old and falling into decay, some of them used for banks and business purposes, or their handsome lobbies as a frequenting place for beggars and petty traders, but many still shown to visitors for their richness and valuable paintings. The "Palazzo Rosso" is a large building with an imposing staircase, and gardens of olive and palm trees above. Its massive gilt ceilings and walls, and the variegated marble floors render it very gorgeous, and on the walls hang portraits by Rubens and Van Dyck of the old Genoese aristocracy, beside saints and martyrs by Guido Reni and Murillo. A few yards away is the "Palazzo Municipale"; and attracted one day by its imposing entrance we went in, and up the lofty flight of steps to where a palace usu-

ally begins in Genoa, and there fell into the hands of a rusty old veteran guide with a large bunch of keys and a small stock of broken English. Under his care and guidance we found our way to the council room where Columbus and Marco Polo in Mosaic look complacently down on a bust of Garibaldi, adorned with medals and orders. In an adjoining ante-room is Paganini's famous violin, a dark little instrument kept carefully under glass, and resting beside letters of Columbus, and Garibaldi's sword and flag. The old caretaker had been a follower of 'Baldi's army, and gave us quite a brilliant account of that great soldier's doings and the love of the people for him.

Genoa is as rich in churches almost as in palaces. St. Annunziata church is the most sumptuous of them all, and on entering one is fairly dazzled by the blaze of gilt in the building, the numbers and richness of the paintings and the varied marbles. This church belongs to the Genoese noblesse, and their separate chapels ranged around the church vie each with its neighbour in wealth of marble and decoration.

The cathedral, "St. Lorenzo," is an ancient, Moorish-looking church from the 11th century, and is said to be built on the remains of a pagan temple. It resembles most of the Italian churches in the cold, ghostly atmosphere that pervades the interior, and the altogether uncomfortable feeling that one has while within. The blind beggar on the steps, who pushes open the greasy red curtain for you, listening for the chink of the centesimi in his handy tin box—the soft tread of the monk through the building, or the chant of the priests if they are holding service—the queer old women telling their beads in convenient odd corners—are to be seen all over Italy, and I think St. Lorenzo was just a trifle more mournful look-