

Turin is a stately city of 200,000 inhabitants. From 1859 to 1865, it was the capital of United Italy and the residence of the King. It was somewhat of a surprise to find that the royal palace, although inferior in extent to that of Versailles, was much more sumptuous in its internal decoration. The royal armoury is especially magnificent.

Turin, although a town upon its site was destroyed by Hannibal, B.C. 218, is essentially a modern city, abounding in handsome squares, and adorned with splendid street architecture. A peculiar feature is the open arcades which run beneath the buildings, upon which the elegant shops open. The foot-passer is thus protected from sun and rain, and from the reckless driving of Italian Jehus. The only striking bit of mediæval architecture is the grim Palazzo Madama, a stern fortress of the 13th century, dominating the heart of the city. The Chapel of the Holy Napkin—which is said to contain the linen in which our Lord's body was wrapped—is a circular chamber of dark brown marble, approached by thirty-seven marble steps, and lighted with Rembrandt-like effect from a lofty dome. At Turin I obtained my first view of full-blown Mariolatry. It was at the Church of La Consolata, a huge structure, which contains a miracle-working image of the Madonna. The vast church, with every approach to it, was crowded with worshippers, and mass was being celebrated at several altars at once. The street without was thronged like a fair, with booths for the sale of sacred pictures, medals, tapers, rosaries; and boys and women were hawking printed accounts of the latest miracle of the Saint. In the corridors of the church were hundreds of votive offerings and pictures, commemorating her wonder-working power. The pictures were, for the most part, wretched daubs, representing miraculous escapes from accidents and violent death of every conceivable character. The whole scene was coarse, mercenary, and degrading in the last degree.

In the afternoon I walked out to visit the ancient Capuchin monastery—*Il Monte*. It is situated on a lofty hill, commanding a magnificent view of the city, of the "wandering Po," and of the snowy-peaked Alps in the background. The rule of the Order is very austere. Their garb is a coarse brown tunic, fastened with a girdle. Their only head-covering is an ample hood, and on their naked feet they wear coarse sandals. The cells, which open on gloomy cloisters, are narrow vaults, scarce larger than a grave, and here the monks are buried alive—for