CHAPTER XVI.

Algiers and the Atlas Mountains.

The Black Virgin—Strange Ceremony—Interview with a Moor—Algerine Pirates—Arab Cemetery—Bearded Priests—Power of the Jews—Sir Peter Coates—Tour to the Atlas Mountains—French Engineering—Apes—Wild Animals.

ASCENDING the height, a peak of Mount Bon-Zarea, upon which stands the Catholic Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, we enjoyed a splendid view of the sea and city. The Virgin Mary has been subjected to remarkable artistic treatment. Here we found her one of the blackest of Negroes. In most other cities she is as white as the fairest lily. The legend runs that the Virgin appeared to some native of Africa in the form of a tall black woman. This inscription surrounds the altar: "*Notre Dame d'Afrique, priez pour nous et pour les Mussulmans*"—(Our Lady of Africa, pray for us and for the Moslems).

The place is famous for a ceremony which is said to have no parallel. It is performed every Sunday afternoon, after vespers: the clergy chant the usual prayers for the dead, then go in procession to a point which overhangs the sea, and over that greatest of sepulchers perform the ceremonies which the Roman Catholic Church appoints for ordinary funerals. A fine monument has been erected, on which is an inscription of which the following is a translation:

S. EM. C. CARDINAL CHARLES MARTIAL ALLEMAND-LAVIGERIE,
Archbishop of Algiers and of Carthage, Primate of Africa,
has been kind enough to accord in perpetuity
one hundred days of indulgence to all those who will recite here one
pater and one *ave*
for the sailors who have perished on the sea, or those who find themselves in peril of death.
The Pope, LEO XIIIth, has accorded full indulgence to those who will recite these prayers on Sunday.

From this point we took a walk of nine miles, ascending to the loftiest summit in the vicinity of Algiers. The route was by an old, disused Arab road.

After we had been walking three quarters of an hour, absorbed in the enchanting prospects, a formidable voice was heard demanding in the French language where we were going. It came from the mouth of a Moor of distinguished appearance, apparently sixty-five years of age, who stood in front of a fine old Moorish mansion. Our guide informed him that we were ascending to the observatory. He responded: "I have bought the property and broken up the road. You must go back."

Perceiving from the excellence of his French that he was an educated man, we began to use blandishments, informed him that we were Americans, would not have presumed to trespass upon the property had we not supposed that the road was open, whereupon his bronze features relaxed into a smile that lighted up his countenance like warm sunshine on a winter day. He allowed us to pass, taking pains, however, to send us by a path which led us as far as possible from the house.

We ascended to the point of observation whence in old times the piratical Algerines scrutinized the sea for merchant vessels traversing the Mediterranean. Nor were those times so very long since. Less than a hundred years ago Algiers was the terror of the civilized world. European powers obeyed the orders of the Dey, who exacted annual tributes from all consuls, and, whenever he needed money, declared war on some commercial nation. Spain, Holland, Venice, Denmark, Portugal, and Naples were obliged to purchase peace, and the United States, in 1795, had to do the same, at a cost of seven hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and the further agreement to pay a tribute annually of twenty-two thousand dollars.

Immediately after the revolution Algiers declared war on the United States. In a few years it captured thirteen prizes and made slaves of more than a hundred American citizens. It was after this that the price just mentioned was paid, partly as a ransom for these captives, and partly in presents. In 1812 it again declared war against the United States, and began to capture vessels, when the President begged the Dey

to negotiate another ransom. He refused, affirming that "he considered American slaves as beyond price." In May, 1815, the United States sent a squadron to Algiers to demand a modification of all treaties. Captains Decatur and Bainbridge happened to arrive when the Algerian vessels were away, and secured what was demanded.

Two years later Great Britain compelled the Dey to abolish Christian slavery forever, to liberate all slaves then in his dominion, and to restore all money received by him for the redemption of slaves, the result of which was the liberation of three thousand and three European Christians. But the old spirit was there, and not till the French conquered Algeria was this organized piracy brought to an end.

Here were we in sight of the port whence they sailed, and of the estates built by the produce of their piracy. From this elevated view point they could see more than sixty miles, and with their trained eyes probably eighty. Their faster cruisers were always in readiness, and woe to the unsuspecting merchant vessel becalmed upon the Mediterranean off Algiers, where expert rowers, in the darkness of the night, could sally forth, plunder, kill, or enslave.

A thousand feet above the sea stands the observatory, in a translucent atmosphere, and at a height most favorably situated to scour the heavens.

We climbed still higher to Bon-Zarea. This is a small European settlement, but the native village, about two thirds of a mile to the left, was the object of interest to us. There, in inclosures of prickly pears of size, are several "*koubbas*" (tombs of saints), the most noted of which is that of Sidi Naaman, of alleged miraculous powers. This place is distinguished for dwarf palms of such extraordinary height as to make a difficult problem for botanists. The apex of the elevation is occupied by an Arab cemetery. The stones, masonry, and monuments, almost hidden beneath old trees, vines, and shrubs, present a picture of crystallized antiquity.

Thence in a walk of six miles we returned by a longer but level winding road to the suburb of Bab-el-Oued. The French Alpine Club had shortened our journey by constructing a steep but not difficult footpath down the mountain side.

Struck with the beards worn by the priests in the Roman Catholic churches, streets, and funeral processions, we found that, as among Arabs the beard is the sign of manhood (the Arab swearing by the beard), the Roman Catholic Church compels its priests in Africa to wear them. If they are transferred from France to Algeria, they cannot shave; if they return permanently to France, they must do so. Noticing years ago in the paintings of bishops and priests in the galleries of Europe that they were often represented with beards, I asked a priest how the requirement, that priests should wear shaven faces, originated. He frankly replied that he could not state; that some claimed it was an order issued by a pope who could not raise a beard. Be that as it may, the rule is relaxed by dispensation in special cases, and entirely where the Church can gain influence by it.

One of the fortifications now commanding the town was built by the Moors on the spot where Charles V had his camp during his unsuccessful assault upon Algiers. Here the French general received the capitulation of the Dey. Many are the traditions exhibiting the bloodthirsty spirit of those despotic rulers. Once the Dey returning looked at the wall where executions took place, and saying, "That wall is hungry," ordered that every prisoner except such as he chose to favor should be executed for his amusement the next morning.

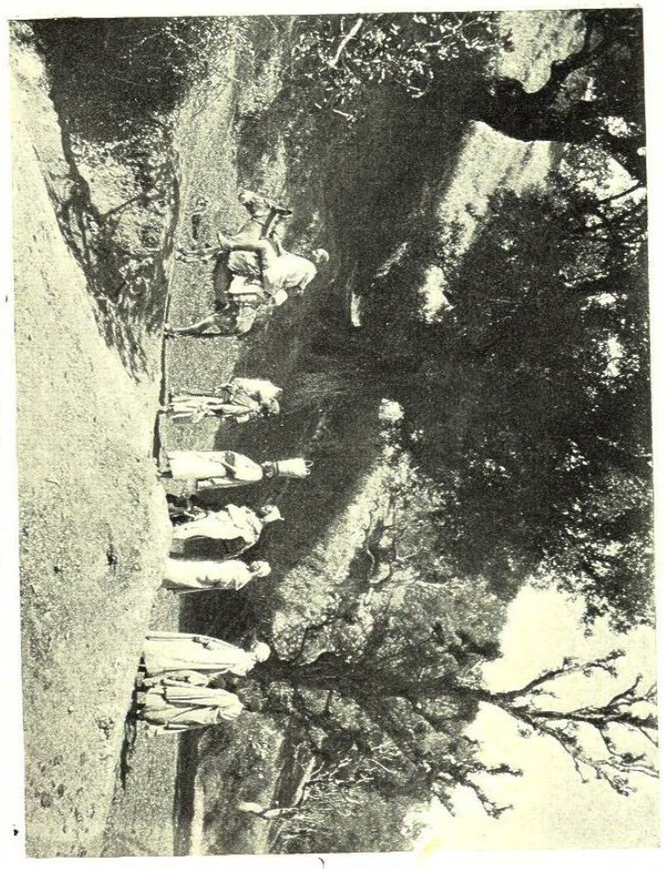
The Jews are powerful in Algeria, both in Oran and Algiers, owning the best building sites and buildings, keeping the largest shops and stores, and making the bulk of the population tributary to them. In Oran the Moors hate them so that, if the French troops were withdrawn, they would probably make short work with them. Many are men of the greatest financial and general ability, and some of high character.

I have already spoken of the villas purchased from the Moors or erected in the Moorish style by foreigners who escape the rigors of severe climes by spending the winters in Algiers. Among these one of the most beautiful is that occupied by Sir Peter Coates, a name carried all over the world on spools of thread.

To Sir Peter I had a letter of introduction from his old friend, Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle. On presenting it I was received as though a relative of the family, and every courtesy exhibited. It was not the privilege of seeing the interior of so fine a residence, nor of gazing upon a prospect of surpassing loveliness, nor of witnessing the perfection of detail and the happy combination of beauty and utility in all the arrangements, nor the luxuriant growth of vegetation of nature left to itself, or where its profusion is trained and pruned by art, that we most highly esteemed—one need not leave the United States to enjoy these things—but such honest, downright, bounteous, Scotch, Christian hospitality. Sir Peter, though just past his eightieth year, was full of vivacity. His munificence in the support of education, philanthropy, and in promoting public welfare in other ways, led to his being knighted by the queen. Conversation of the host and the younger members of the family and visitors left upon the travelers, who sat at his table during the long winter (summer) evening, a permanent sense of delight. His death was announced while this volume was being prepared.

The long chain of the Atlas Mountains, much of which is an almost unknown territory to civilized nations, in Algeria approaches the coast, is within the range of French administration, and accessible to pedestrians or travelers on horseback or by diligence. Our course for thirty miles was through a fertile, charming part of the Tell country to Blidah. As we approached that place—a military station in the time of the Romans, destroyed by an earthquake in 1825, but soon rebuilt—we came to a succession of gardens, traversed shady roads, and passed a sacred grove of the Arabs, entering the town between orange groves where the trees were borne almost to earth by the abundance of fruit.

Blidah is beautifully situated at the foot of the first slopes of the Atlas Mountains. Their forms, here dark and there snow-clad, send long shadows across the town, while the verdant plain stretches away to the hills along the coast. Procuring horses, we began the journey into the mountains. The cold, stimulating breeze from the snowy peaks, shaded valleys, and steep ravines, reminded us more of an American winter day



Kabyle Family on a Journey.

than anything previously experienced in Africa. Upon the hillsides tombs of "marabouts," often inclosed in consecrated houses of prayer, white as snow; the flanks of the Atlas splendidly covered with cedars; barren rocky ridges, too precipitous for earth or trees; distant isolated peaks, fortified hills, and pastoral landscapes diversified with roads, irrigating streams, and small rivers, filled the eye with light and beauty.

We were in the vicinity of ancient Numidia, and saw above the horizon a building whose construction is attributed to a Numidian queen. Numidia, generally speaking, is held to correspond to a part of the neighboring French province of Constantine. The ancient inhabitants were the Berbers, divided into Kabyles and the Chawia; and Arabs, divided into Moors and Bedouins. The Kabyles and the Arabs, though both Mohammedan, have always been intensely hostile, and often in fierce conflict. The Arabs prevailed and drove the Kabyles into the mountain fastnesses and higher table-lands, where they maintained their independence until recently. In many customs they differ from the Arabs. Their habits are regular, and they are excellent farmers, nor do they cover the faces of their women, who have a better reputation than Moorish women of the same classes, notwithstanding that supposed protection.

On entering the gorge of the Chiffa, a stupendous chasm in the mountains extending ten miles, we were met by the little river Chiffa, which came dancing down the hillsides out into the plain, like a schoolgirl escaped after a long penance at the desk. To the right towered Djebel Mouzaia, between five and six thousand feet high. The French road, built by military engineers, may be styled a perfect achievement of road engineering. It is blasted out of the solid rock for almost the entire distance, often carried along the face of the cliff, protected by thick stone walls, and in some parts built in the bed of the stream. The work was done by soldiers in the early days of the capture of Algeria by the French, while the Kabyles were on the higher summits rolling stones upon them. The French army beat back the hardy mountaineers, and made a road through this tremendous gorge finer than any to be found in Central Park.

The farther we penetrated, the more striking became the scenery. It has been complained by some that snow mountains and glaciers, such as are seen in Switzerland, are absent from the Atlas range. There was no lack of snowy summits in January. At first the sides of the gorge were covered with trees, except where there were precipices several hundred feet in height, over which small streams ran in a kind of spray, swollen by the recent rains and the melting snows; but, as we ascended, glimpses of heights above the line of vegetation gave us the true mountain horizon.

At one point there is a steep path leading up the mountain side to a garden. Here a futile attempt was made to cultivate coffee and other exotics. We climbed the path until, owing to its precipitousness and dampness, it became dangerous, one of the party being struck by a falling stone, which needed only a little greater momentum or a sharper edge to have cut short the journey and sent the traveler home a cripple for life.

These mountains abound with apes, which often amuse themselves by pelting the passer with stones. Notwithstanding the engineering operations which have been going on for a long time, they still appear, leaping from branch to branch of the wild olive trees and the junipers, breaking off the branches of the fruit trees and screaming at their play, or in their humanlike struggles for the largest apples or pears. They have a mania, too, for tearing off beautiful ferns and flowers. The morning that we looked for them they were somewhat shy owing to the cold weather, so that we saw only one or two, and they were a considerable distance away.

The inhabitants of the Kabylean Mountains, in their opinions of monkeys, reverse the Darwinian theory. When their depredations are serious the natives will drive them away, but hesitate to kill them, believing them descended from men who, having incurred the anger of God, were deprived of speech.

To catch monkeys the natives prepare a jar containing nuts, almonds, and such things as they like, which they close, leaving a hole only large enough to admit a monkey's open hand. He seizes some of the contents and tries to draw his hand out.

It never occurs to him to open his fist, and there he stays unable to escape with the heavy jar.

A walk of several miles, inspecting the railroad then building—for the French, not content with the construction of the highway above described, were achieving a feat of engineering still more remarkable—revealed a scene as impressive as the natural phenomena. Here masses of mountains were being blasted, excavations made at isolated points preliminary to further operations, and tunnels two hundred and fifty to five hundred feet above the line of others were being bored, showing that the road must be carried between the two. Far above these the surveyors' signals and flags could be seen, the whole seeming "confusion worse confounded;" but to the engineer's eye it was harmonious.

These mountains, and indeed all the less settled parts of Algeria, formerly abounded with wild animals. Between 1873 and 1884 one hundred and eighty-two lions and lionesses and seventeen whelps were killed; one thousand and ninety-five panthers, and one hundred and nineteen young panthers; one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two hyenas; twenty-seven thousand one hundred and eighty-five jackals. Bounties were paid upon these—for every lion, eight dollars; a panther, the same; for a hyena, three dollars; and a jackal, a half dollar. The number of wild animals has greatly diminished, lions being now very scarce.

Here I saw engineers with surveying instruments; the contractor, with his gangs of men; wood workers; blasters, preparing explosives and fuses; "hewers of wood and drawers of water," stonecutters, and common laborers, government officers, and soldiers, huts for the accommodation of the workmen at night, restaurants, and feeding troughs for men and animals. Here were the Kabyles at work, a few Moors, with Negroes from the Soudan, Italians, Germans, Maltese, some Spaniards, many Frenchmen; but no Americans or Englishmen. A constant procession was passing over the highway, of six, eight, ten mule teams of goods-wagons that, except for some slight differences in construction, might have led us to fancy ourselves west of the Mississippi in the days before the Pacific Railroad; hundreds of muleteers with loads for the rail-

road station, twelve or fifteen miles distant; Kabyle men and women—it was a scene both oriental and occidental—Asiatic, African, and European.

Not as many thousand miles to the south and east in the Dark Continent as we had traveled to reach the splendid views which filled our eyes, we hear of dazzling snow peaks suspended in the heavens; black gulfs of volcanic craters a mile wide; countless cascades of mountain torrents; violet-gray sierras; "the shimmering azure of the hill-encircled lakes;" salt plains whiter than snow and sparkling with myriad crystals; "marshes which are the habitat of pink flamingoes, white egrets, gray pelicans, and 'the Hagedash ibis, which is a walking rainbow;' the luxuriant greenness of the tropical forests, with their velvet-foliaged albizzias, their stately sterculias, . . . a kaleidoscopic mingling of the sublime, the awful, the vast, the luxuriant, and the tenderly beautiful."

While nothing equal to this was seen by us in northern and western Africa, views of the luxuriant, the tenderly beautiful, and glimpses of the grand were afforded.

CHAPTER XVII.

Marseilles and the French Riviera.

Harbor—Cathedral—Church of Notre Dame de la Garde—Cannes—Nice—Monaco and Monte Carlo—Tragic Incidents—Mentone—Mr. Spurgeon.

THE city of Algiers is five hundred miles nearly due south from Marseilles, which is the most important seaport of France, a large part of its business being done with the French possessions in Africa. We made the passage in the *Ville de Naples*, in a violent storm which reduced the cabin to a hospital and the dining saloon to a solitude; yet Marseilles was reached in thirty-two hours.

In approaching, by sea, a large city in a moonless, misty night, there is something weird. We glided apparently among gigantic specters of ships, hearing now and then a splash or a voice, and the boats that came out to us from the shore appeared more like huge fish than machines of human contrivance.

The conspicuous feature of Marseilles is the harbor, which has been enlarged to four times its former size within the last forty years, and is yet too small. Next in interest are the streets, many of which are fine and wide. The quarter scourged by the cholera a few years ago showed no traces of what makes even the name a terror. Density of population, lowness of situation, and heat of climate account for the ravages of the pestilence. A reminder of one of the most terrible plagues of all history is seen in the Cours Belzance, in which stands a statue of the bishop after whom the place is named, who faithfully discharged his duty, visiting the sick and burying the dead during the pestilence in 1720, which carried off forty thousand persons.

Marseilles is proud of its new cathedral, which, however, is not equal to some of the ancient ecclesiastical structures of Europe. On Sunday the streets were filled, and all kinds of outdoor amusements, and business of every sort that appeals

to the people on a holiday, were openly and generally prosecuted. Processions with bands of music paraded, and the whole city appeared to be abroad.

The Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, on a lofty eminence near the sea, transcends the cathedral in interest. The tower is very high, and its summit commands a spectacle which remains one of the landmarks in memory. Almost perpendicularly beneath is the old harbor; beyond is the city filling the valley; above rise the hills, their dark sides dotted with the white villas of merchants and other residents of Marseilles. Following the horizon, the Mediterranean is seen in the distance, while nearer is a group of fortified islands, upon one of which is the Chateau d' If. This recalls the startling scene in the stormy period of the first French Revolution, when Mirabeau was incarcerated in that inaccessible fortress. But a much stronger impression was made upon my mind by the reference to it in the *Count of Monte Cristo*, a book which kept me awake all night when a child, and was almost equally fascinating at a later period when common sense might have been expected to revolt from the improbable. Happening to hear a band play the Marseillaise, which so recently we had heard sung by the fifty thousand Frenchmen who celebrated the anniversary of the execution of Baudin, I was reminded that it was for the galley slaves who were sent to Paris in 1792 that that stirring piece was composed.

On leaving Marseilles our course was southward, and the first point at which we left the train was Nice, distant seven hours by rail. Toulon, which suffered from the cholera scourge even more severely than Marseilles, is a war rendezvous of France for the Mediterranean; it has two harbors, protected by eleven forts, which, being upon adjacent heights, produce a fine effect.

St. Raphael is romantically situated, and its name is familiar to readers of French history, for it was from that port Napoleon embarked, April 28, 1814, for Elba, after his compulsory abdication.

Cannes has a most picturesque situation. This is not a place for a day, but "for the season." It owes its popularity greatly to Lord Brougham. He visited it for several years,

sounded its praises, and died there. As we passed I strained my eyes to get a glimpse of Fort Monterey. This has been famous for two hundred years. "The Man with the Iron Mask" was confined therein from 1686 to 1698, and it was to Cannes that Marshal Bazaine was sent after he surrendered Metz, and remained until he escaped August 9, 1874.

Nice is one of the comparatively few celebrated places where the enthusiastic praises of its habitues are sustained by the facts. We stayed long enough to admire its scenic charms, to breathe its pure air, and see something of its social life. It is a town of hotels and pensions, of immense gardens and suburban villas. The first thing that caught my eye was an avenue of eucalypti, with which we had become familiar in Spain and Algiers. The public garden, and the Promenade des Anglais, with hotels and villas crowded with visitors, enlivened with military music and frequent parades, are not surpassed. But the greatest charm is Castle Hill. Its sides are ornamented with palms, oranges, cypresses, aloes, and many other varieties of trees, through which a fine carriage road winds, crossed at intervals by a footpath, which admits of ascending to the summit in twenty minutes. An artificial waterfall is at the top. A series of paintings by the finest artists, exhibited in the form of a panorama, could hardly portray the beauty of the outlook; what, then, can be expected of a single paragraph? The most distant view is the Alps; turning sharply around to the south is the Mediterranean; to the west are the long lines of the coast, with various promontories, and the mouth of the little river Varm, which was the boundary between France and Sardinia down to 1860. Nearer, Nice and the beautiful towns and villages, and wooded heights which surround them, appear; but on the south the hill on which we stand descends abruptly toward the sea. It has a peculiar name, which serves as a warning, *Rauba Capen* (the hat robber), since gusts arise there on short notice. Nice has for Frenchmen of a radical type an attraction in the grave of Gambetta. The ruins of the castle which gives the hill its name are of interest to visitors.

The season was fairly opened when we were there. The brilliant equipages of French and English annual visitors, the multitude of transient guests, and the lively motions and active, eager look of the shopkeepers and other caterers to the foreign influx, with the balmy atmosphere, which gave a breath of summer or late spring to those who had fled from vigorous northern winters, imparted that delightful stimulus which distinguishes a living from a dead place.

The little principality of Monaco, beautiful, fashionable, disreputable, the smallest, and by some claimed to be the oldest monarchy in Europe, is scarcely ten miles from Nice. Its entire territory includes but three or four square miles, and its permanent population is not so great as that of a large village. The government belongs to the princes of the house of Grimaldi, though it is practically in the hands of France, which purchased it from Sardinia.

Monte Carlo is much better known than Monaco. No region is more picturesque than the entire territory. Sea, land, and sky are at their best, and modern lavish expenditures by man, blending with remains of the antique, improve the picture. In the seasons all classes of society except the very poor visit Monte Carlo, and it has two seasons—winter for climate and summer for sea bathing. In ancient times Monaco was occupied by Saracen freebooters, who by piracy accumulated great wealth. At present its revenues are derived from another form of villainy, in which seductive persuasions take the place of violence. But the end sought is the same. Gambling at Monte Carlo supports the government. The privilege of keeping a public gambling house is rented to a company, which pays sixty thousand pounds per annum for the privilege.

The Casino is a splendid edifice, surrounded by grounds equal to those of any palace. Everything in and about the building is luxurious. The finest painters have lent their skill to the decoration of the concert hall. Statues of Dancing and Music, landscapes, figures of Homer and Poetry, are there, some of them superior to most modern works of art in the celebrated galleries. Concerts are given twice daily from the beginning of the winter season. Sixty thousand dollars are

annually paid for the band, the leader of which receives ten thousand. Admission to the building and to the concerts is free to all who apply for a card of admission. This lavish outlay is sustained by the profits on gambling. To represent truly the spirit of the place there should be added a statue of Satan as an Angel of Light. The largest room in the building is the gambling hall. Here is no secrecy, for the business is legal. It is the boast of the institution that everything is done with a strict regard to honesty. The games played do not admit of skill; it is a question of chance.

Young girls, strangely animated, may be seen seated by the side of aged women whose faces wear the pallor of death, and whose eyes, intent upon the money they put down and the turn of the wheel, wear a spectral look. "Professionals" conceal their emotions whether they lose or gain; not so amateurs who have lost more than they can afford. The vast profits of the proprietors are made by a gain, on an average, of three per cent per day on the money staked. As that has been known to pass a million of dollars, the total is enormous.

While we were there a young couple came to Monte Carlo on their wedding tour. They were fascinated, began to play, lost all they had, and poisoned themselves at the hotel.

A strange enchantment often makes havoc of principle, reputation, and resolution. A Scotch Presbyterian minister, accompanied by his wife, entered. After looking a while he began to debate putting down money. His wife tried to dissuade him. Finally he said he would put down a piece, but would not take away the result. He did and won, then left the money on the number and won again, putting in his possession by the law of increase, shown by the numbers, probably more than he had possessed at one time in his life. He took it and went away.

An authentic story was told us of an American minister who was intrusted with the care of a young man of wealth. When they reached Monte Carlo the minister advised the young man not to visit the gambling house, and, to induce him not to do so, said that he would not go if the young man would not. To this they agreed. Two hours afterward the young man's reso-

ution failed him, and entering, the first person he met was the minister! To this day he justly denounces him as a hypocrite. A Roman Catholic bishop, ordered to that region by his physician on account of obstinate ill health, said to me in Monte Carlo that the description of it, as "Hell in the midst of Paradise," was not overdrawn. Special trains suiting the hours are run from neighboring resorts. Though thousands go to Monte Carlo, not primarily for gambling, but for health, no place in the world is so dangerous to the morals of young persons, none better adapted to undermine conscience. Covetousness, fashion, the peculiar fascination of chance, and personal vanity, which often desires to show that it dare do these things, unite in one often overpowering temptation.

A few miles distant is Mentone. It formerly belonged to Monaco, then to Sardinia, by which it was annexed to France in 1860. In contrast with Monte Carlo it is another world, the most quiet and restful of retreats. We took a long moonlight walk along the seacoast, passing villas and precipices, until the line of lights ceased, and then entered a dark recess, in traversing which we crossed the Italian frontier. The moonlight caused the surface of the Mediterranean to resemble a polished mirror, and the effect of the same rays upon the hillsides was weird. This was Mr. Spurgeon's favorite resort. Driven from the fogs and chills of London by gout, he spent three or four months in Mentone every winter. He was there at the time of our visit, but had met with a severe accident, which confined him to his room for some weeks. His popularity was great, nor did he perform an act or speak a word in his many visits inconsistent with the high standard of morality which he preached, or his reputation for unaffected cheerfulness in his intercourse with all classes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Genoa and Milan.

Statue of Columbus—Description of City—Cathedral of San Lorenzo—History—The *Conservatorii*—*Via di Circonvallazione*—Campo Santo—Situation of Milan—Cathedral—The Roof—View from the Tower—Church of San Ambrogio—Gallery of Victor Emmanuel—Cemetery—Parade Ground—Triumphal Arch.

THE Italian Riviera is divided into two parts, the more beautiful being that through which we rode. Almost the first striking object, after arriving at the station in Genoa, is the statue of Christopher Columbus erected in 1862. Among the last things we saw in Spain were his manuscripts and library in Seville, and here, upon a pedestal surrounded by the prows of ships, with the figure of America kneeling at the base, we saw his statue. The allegorical figures represented in a sitting posture are not unworthy their station. They portray Religion, Geography, Strength, and Wisdom, and between them are reliefs of scenes from his history.

Concerning the native place of Columbus the more ancient tradition is that he was born just outside of Saint Andrea; but a rival claimant is a house in Cogoleto, fifteen and a half miles from Genoa. But whatever the exact location, it was undoubtedly in or near Genoa; and there is no dispute about the fact that, when he applied to that city for assistance in his projects of discovery, he was considered a visionary man, and his application rejected.

From the water's edge the hills rise five hundred feet and form a wide semicircle, and when the city limits have been passed they continued to rise to sixteen hundred feet. Standing at the water's brink and looking at them, they seemed a vast amphitheater, and the ten forts upon the loftiest height enhance the effect. The magnificence of the palaces, as semi-private structures, is not equaled in any other city in Italy, or in the world. The best date from the sixteenth century, and