lution 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

the contents, including many of the finest works of art, are in harmony with their grandeur. Weeks would have been required for a thorough visitation of the palaces. Selecting the Palazzo Rosso, we gave as much time to it as was at our disposal, with the result of being oppressed with the magnificence, the size and number of the rooms, and the display aspect of the whole.

The Cathedral of San Lorenzo was a decided contrast to anything which we had seen in France, Spain, or other parts of Europe. In richness of decoration it approaches gaudiness. Among other curious things is a Gothic inscription declaring that Janus, great grandson of Noah, founded Genoa, and that another Janus from Troy settled there. We went into the chapel of St. John the Baptist, the richest part of the church. Until recently women were permitted to go in only once a year, because John's death was brought about by a woman. They claim to show the body (without the head) of John the Baptist. I was interested in this, as there are eighteen heads of John exhibited in different parts of the world. Also, they have the *Sacro Catino*. This was supposed to be an emerald, but it was taken to Paris, and examination, together with the fact that it was broken, showed that it was merely glass. For a long time it was venerated by the people of Genoa, but their faith has been severely shaken. At different times it has been asserted to be a gift of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; at others, "the dish which held the paschal lamb at the Passover; while others have maintained that it is the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood from his Redeemer's side." The date of the foundation of Genoa is obscured in the mists of its antiquity. But a bronze tablet found by a peasant in 1505, and brought into the city to be sold for old metal, confirms its ancientness and importance. It contains an award made A. U. C. 633 by Quintus Marcus Minutius and Q. F. Rufus, Roman authorities, in settling a dispute between the people of Genoa and the Viturii who had differed about their boundaries and had appealed to the Roman Senate from local decisions. The landmarks are set out definitely, and all restrictions and rights plainly specified.

After various vicissitudes the city has regained its ancient

maritime ascendency, and is now the chief seaport of Italy. The people are industrious, energetic, domestic, and their morals good—for an Italian seaport. A peculiar class of institutions, called *conservatorii* (of which there are fifteen or twenty), is worthy of special description. They are designed for women; some are for orphans; others for the children of parents unable to support them. Some are schools; others Magdalene asylums, to reform abandoned women; and others houses of refuge, where unmarried women who have no homes can reside on the payment of a small sum, or, if destitute, gratuitously.

The finest of all the drives of Genoa is the *Via di Circonvallazione a Monte*, a route laid out a few years ago on the hill. It begins at a point three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea level, and after traversing the entire city brings the traveler back to the Capucine church, the most sumptuous in the place.

The Genoese are proud of the Campo Santo on the side of the mount, twenty minutes' drive beyond the city walls. Here the poor are buried in the ground, but the bodies of the wealthy are placed in receptacles arranged in galleries. I have never seen so gorgeous a burial place. The monuments are elaborate, including not only the dead, but the living members of the family. Here is the statue of the husband, in an attitude of profound grief, weeping over the body of his wife, both represented life-size. Then the widow and her surviving children, all life-size, gazing horror-struck upon the dead body of the father and husband. There are exquisite monuments of little children and of young persons, besides the usual number of figurative representations of Poetry, Grief, and Resignation. Some of these tombs, with their monuments, are represented to have cost a hundred thousand dollars, which would mean a much larger sum in a country where marble is not indigenous and artists not numerous.

The simplicity of genuine grief is entirely obscured. A pageant as ostentatious as any produced on festal days invades the silence and solemnity of the city of the dead and transforms it into a masquerade.

Ostentation has ruled in Italy from ancient time, and,

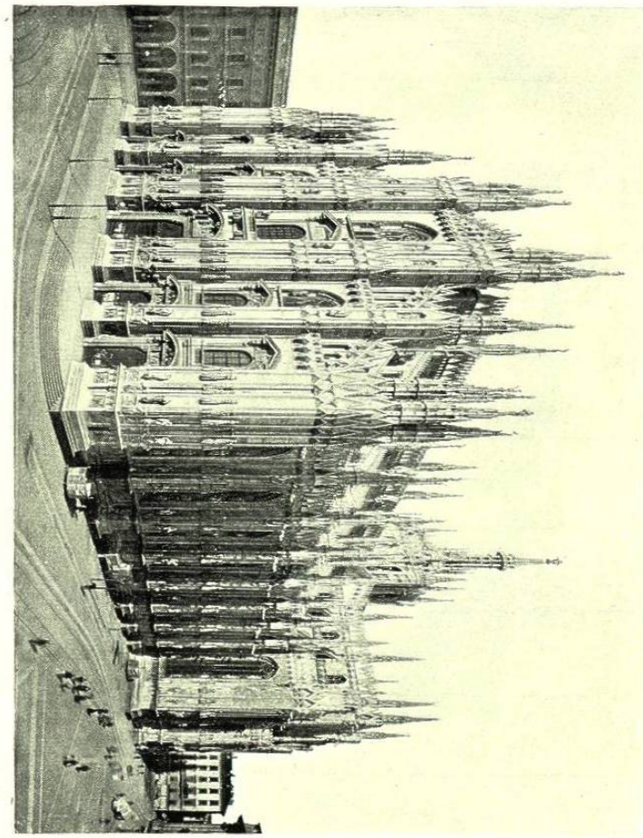
turning from these costly embodiments of it to the humbler burial place of the poor, the same spirit which produced such attempts at rivalry assumes still more grotesque forms. Here were wooden effigies, numerous trinkets, and photographs of the dead—some taken at an early period in the life of the deceased, others after his death. The contrasts were as wide as can be seen in the dress, equipage, and residences of the wealthy and of the poor. Among the poor, as among the rich, the violations of good taste appear to result from an effort to contrive something new.

The tomb which would most attract the attention of foreigners and probably of patriotic Italians, is that of Mazzini, the chief leader of the revolutionary party, who was born in Genoa in 1808. It is in a conspicuous part of the cemetery. The Genoese also feel an interest in Garibaldi, who, though born in Nice, was the son of a native of Genoa.

Ancient and modern historians unite in saying that the whole energy of the Genoese has been concentrated on making money. Its influence, though indirect, may not, however, have been less than that of other cities upon the development of art and scholarship; for no country whose cities are devoted exclusively to those things could long afford the means to promote them. Agriculture and commerce are at the foundation of wealth, scholarship, and art.

Genoa to-day is what it has always been—a superbly beautiful city, not the less so because its energies have been chiefly devoted to maritime commerce.

The beautiful but treacherous Mediterranean was soon left behind when we departed from Genoa, but for many miles backward glances were rewarded by vistas of landscape, through which the sea sparkled for an instant and was then obscured by cliffs or hills. As we drew near the plain of Lombardy, of which the district of Milan is the central portion, the cold winds swept down from the Alps, and snow, in a few moments turning into rain, beat upon the cars. In situation Milan is fortunate, its wants being supplied by the pastures upon the mountains, the vines, fruit trees, the silk culture of the lower declivities, and the corn, wheat, and grass-yielding meadows of the plains. The meadows produce almost as



Cathedral of Milan.

many crops as there are months in the year, and form the most thoroughly irrigated district of Europe, where the ancient paths are still the right of the common people. As in Spain, the peasant can drive his sheep southward, the law allowing him two hundred feet by the side of the road, so here the right to conduct water across the property of others is recognized.

To find a city whose population is the same now that it was eight centuries ago is unusual. Then it is said to have contained three hundred thousand inhabitants; eight years ago, exclusive of the suburbs, it was estimated to comprise two hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and forty-three. Milan differs from most other Italian cities in the absence of ruins, having been totally destroyed in 1162; five years afterward it was rebuilt.

Though in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Leonardo da Vinci lived there, surrounded by eminent pupils, it vied with the other parts of Italy in art, that which attracts most tourists now is the cathedral. The site relatively to the immediate surroundings is not well chosen, and the façade so unworthy the general plan that it is to be removed. We walked around the building on the outside, nearly a third of a mile, and were impressed with its vastness, dignity, and beauty. There are only two larger churches in Europe—St. Peter's at Rome, and the cathedral at Seville. Begun in 1386, it is not yet completed, and it is said that some of the incongruities which have been criticised resulted from the dissensions and jealousies of the Italian and Northern architects. After the works had been at a standstill for nearly a hundred years, Napoleon ordered them resumed when he made Milan the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and constructed the tower over the dome.

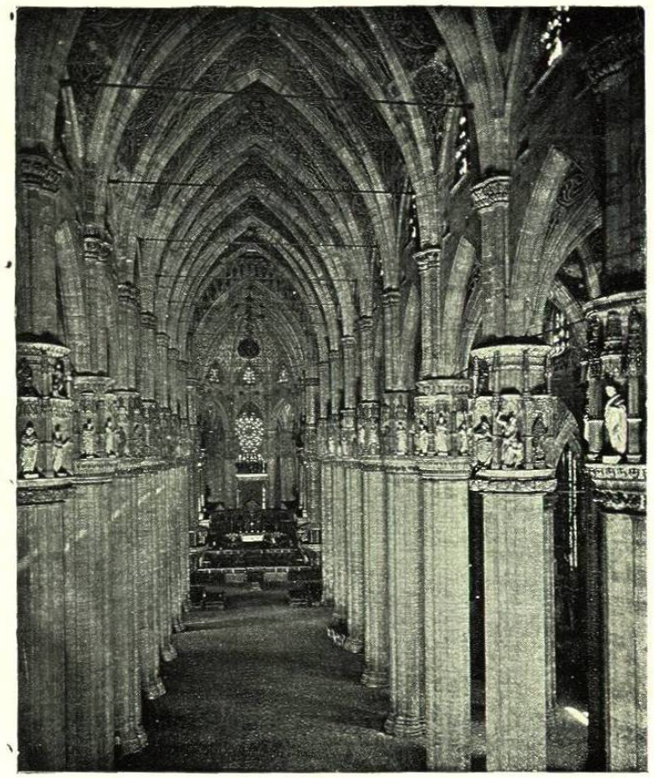
The impression was deepened as we stood in the "dim religious light" within the nave, which is one hundred and fifty-five feet high, and placed ourselves in different positions among the fifty-two pillars twelve feet in diameter, which, instead of having capitals, are adorned with canopied niches containing statues; or traversed the great expanse of pavement of mosaics of variegated marbles, and heard the great

organ reverberating through the vault above, it appeared as though the wealth, art, music, and formal religion of ages were embodied in one colossal personality.

More detailed examination of the treasures of art did not diminish the effect. Here are the tombs of archbishops, bishops, and canons interspersed with Gothic monuments and bronze statues. Upon the walls are fine paintings of Scripture scenes. The stained glass of the three choir windows contain three hundred and fifty vivid representations of events from the Scriptures, many being copies of celebrated ancient paintings. An altar piece representing Ambrose releasing the Emperor Theodosius from ecclesiastical penalties reminded us of a significant event in early Christian history. A most abhorrent object is a statue of St. Bartholomew, represented as flayed, carrying his skin upon his shoulder. The skin looks more like hippopotamus hide than the cuticle of a human being. The artist considered it superior to anything accomplished by Praxiteles, and says so in an inscription upon the statue.

Before one crucifix I paused in "reverent contemplation." It was that which San Carlo Borromeo bore during the plague in 1756, when he went about, barefooted, visiting the sick and comforting the dying. It was not the crucifix that I revered, but the devotion and philanthropy of him who bore it, and of the multitudes of his own and other faiths who, in such times of trial, elevate the human toward the Divine. The tomb of this saint lies below the dome in a subterranean chapel. We paid five francs to see his relics. The crown, jewels, and regalia which he wore were bright by contrast with his fleshless bones.

The view of, and from, the roof and tower transcended all that we had thus far seen in splendor of effect; for another such roof the wide world cannot exhibit. Among its adornments are ninety-eight Gothic turrets, any one of which would make a church in an American city a marked object. Among these are distributed more than two thousand marble statues, many of eminent men, and as works of art worthy of any gallery. Here is the figure of Napoleon, in heroic and ancient costume. On a perfectly safe path we walked the



Interior of Cathedral.

entire length of the roof, and contemplated such of the statues as interested us. We had already ascended one hundred and ninety-four steps within the edifice, and then began the three hundred steps outside.

When the summit was reached the prospect was dazzling. We looked upon the roof, upon the buildings surrounding the cathedral, dwarfed by its massiveness into huts; upon the pygmies walking in the squares. The roar of the city was like that upon the ocean shore. A little beyond lay the noble city of Milan, upon a plateau nearly four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and gradually sloping for miles. The entire plain, being covered with snow, sparkled and flashed in the sunlight with blinding effect. But it was on looking toward the Alps, from sixty to one hundred miles distant, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. A little south of west, Mont Cenis, through which the great tunnel was cut, appears; then Mont Blanc,

> " . . . the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow,"

stood up as though but a few hours' walk from us. I had looked down, years before, from very near its summit upon this plain; now I looked up at it. Next was the Great St. Bernard, on which in October, 1863, I slept in the midst of a howling snowstorm; but the next morning, the storm having ceased, beheld the vast expanse of northern Italy.

This was not all, for Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, with the taunting beauty and beckoning hand which have led so many to death, reared themselves against the early morning sky, and when our eyes could no longer bear the brilliancy of the stupendous masses of snow, we turned to the far east and saw, in the background behind the city of Pavia, through which we had passed a few days before, the dark Apennines. Much nearer were the mountains about Lake Como, and these, on account of their proximity, seemed higher than the others.

I did not wonder that an epidemic of suicides from that lofty height had compelled the making of a regulation that no visitor could be allowed to ascend alone. The watchman informed us that forty persons had killed themselves by leaping into the square. There is an insanity of height, and many who never meant to kill themselves have leaped from lofty summits. Morbid vanity appeals to cranks, imitation multiplies the number, and many who are neither cranks, insane, nor morbidly vain are conscious, when in such positions, of an almost irresistible impulse to leap.

But Milan has much besides the Duomo to please and instruct the visitor. The church of San Ambrogio was founded in the fourth century by Ambrose on the ruins of an old heathen temple dedicated to Bacchus.

In this building the Lombard kings and German emperors were crowned with the iron crown, and the old pillar on which they took the oath still stands. Here is buried Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, and, it is claimed, Ambrose himself. Besides there are many fine churches, and palaces without number filled with paintings and statues.

The gallery of Victor Emmanuel, an octagon, with a cupola of great height, is adorned with frescoes representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It also contains twenty-four statues of famous Italians, among them names with which the educated world is familiar: Cavour, Marco Polo, Raphael, Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Savonarola. The monument of Leonardo da Vinci, and the statue of Cavour in another part of the city, and especially a bronze statue of Napoleon the First, as Roman Emperor, by Canova, are works of the highest order. Cavour's statue, in the plaza named after him, is made impressive by an elevated pedestal of the finest granite.

The Milanese think their cemetery superior to that of Genoa. I cannot tell how it would have pleased me had I not been disgusted with the display style of grief in the former city. Nor was our opportunity so favorable, as the snow was melting, compelling a very hurried passage over some of its more splendid avenues. Cremation is gaining ground there, and the *Tempio di Cremazione* has been admitted to the cemetery.

Monument of Leonardo da Vinci.

On our way to that part of the city we saw the great parade ground, nearly half a mile square, and the arena, built under Napoleon the First, large enough to accommodate thirty thousand spectators. Also, the Triumphal Arch, of white marble, begun by Napoleon the First as a termination of the Simplon route, the first carriage road from Switzerland to Italy over the Alps, and made by his order.

It is said that no town in Italy, since the union of the entire country in one kingdom, has undergone such improvement as Milan. A new Protestant church, erected by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society of the United States, then rapidly approaching completion, was shown us by Signor Ravi, the acting minister;—a solid, well-situated, churchly structure, seating three hundred, with rooms for meetings and residence for janitor and pastor.

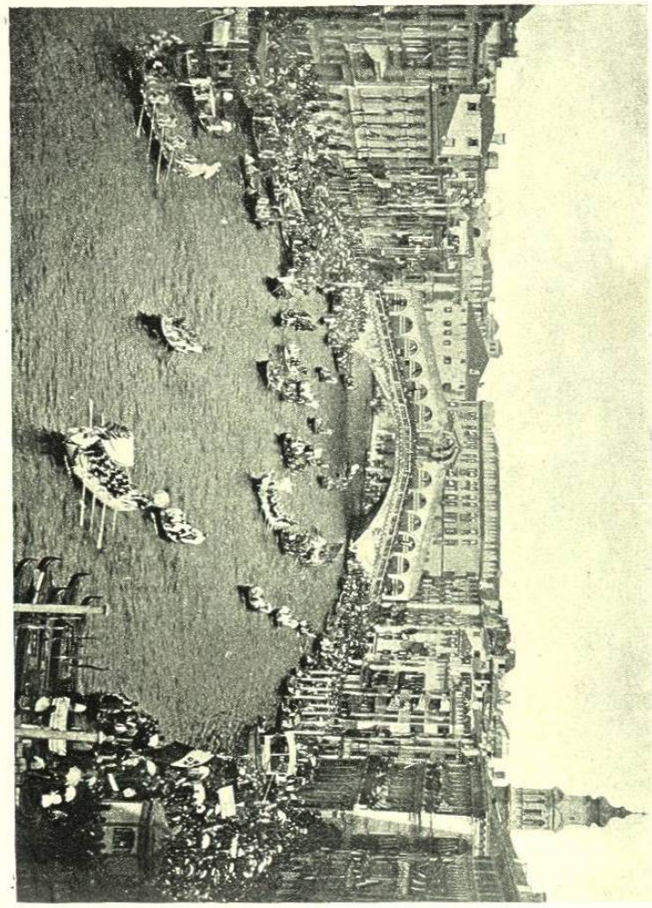
CHAPTER XIX.

Venice—The Enchanted City.

History—Situation—Piazza and Church of San Marco—Tomb of St. Mark—Palace of the Doges—Roman Catholic Mission Church—Grand Canal—Campanile—View from the Top of the Tower.

VENICE had already begun a career whose glory throws a halo over it to this day, when in the year 828 a Venetian fleet brought the body of St. Mark to that place, and the republic adopted him as its peculiar saint, naming its highest official "the Procurator of St. Mark." It was in the zenith of its glory when, by the conquest of Constantinople, it divided the Byzantine empire, captured the entire coast of the Adriatic, and the Levant from Durazzo to Trebizond, and nearly all the islands of the Greek Archipelago, the whole of Dalmatia, much of the mainland of Greece, and held the entire coast from the Po to the island of Corfu, besides having conquered, one after another, in a hundred and fifty years, Treviso, Vicenza, Padua, Verona, Udine, Brescia, Bergamo, Crema, and Rovigo; when it monopolized the commerce of India, whose productions were brought through the north of Persia, the Euphrates, and the Tigris to Bagdad, thence by camels across the desert to Palmyra, and thence by sea. The annual espousing of the city as "Queen of the Adriatic" was then more than an ideal ceremony, performed by the Doge on Ascension Day, accompanied by all the nobility and foreign representatives in gondolas, dropping a ring into the sea from the state barge. In 1797 this ostentatious but poetic and pathetic usage was omitted for the first time in nearly a thousand years. But the commercial supremacy of Venice is gone; and, though its business is still considerable, it is "as a glorious relic of past greatness that the railway-shaken tourist turns with infinite relief from the prosperous cities of Europe to its thousand enjoyments."

The best description of the situation of Venice is St. Peter's



Regatta on Grand Canal.

reference to the world at the time of the flood, "the earth standing out of the water, and in the water." So

". . . from out the waves her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

We arrived at night, and glided to the hotel in a black, rakish-looking gondola, silently as an assassin might wish to pass away from the scene of his crime. The Hotel Victoria is cheerless and ill kept, equally damaging to the reputation of those who keep and those who recommend it; though the temperature was very low, there was but one fire accessible to the guests; the reading room was unlighted, the table poor, the servants stupid, the proprietor surly, the guests, of whom there were but five, disgusted. We departed as soon as the sun was up the next morning.

Some of the finest cities in the world are situated upon islands, but this rests upon one hundred and seventeen, of which three only are large. One hundred and fifty canals are thus formed, which are spanned by nearly four hundred bridges. Not a horse, or a vehicle larger than a handcart, did we see in exploring the whole city. The hum of moving feet and wheels, which in other places often rises to a roar, is here unheard.

The lagoons are protected from the open sea, but are about equally divided into two classes, the names of which are suggestive: the *laguna viva;* in it the tide rises and falls every day; and the *laguna morta*, which is not affected by the tide. Venice, of course, is in the former class. Stagnant pools are everywhere *laguna morta*.

The gondolas are quaint, have a low canopy and a seat made of leather, accommodating three or four persons, and, according to an old law are painted black. Besides these is a barca which accommodates twice as many; it has a long, heavy, iron prow. There are omnibus boats, which no one would be likely to take unless oppressed by poverty. The speed of all is less than that of an ordinary walk. On the Grand Canal small steamboats ply during the day. The rates of fare are not high. While making the tour of the Grand Canal I saw why Stockholm is called the Venice of the North.

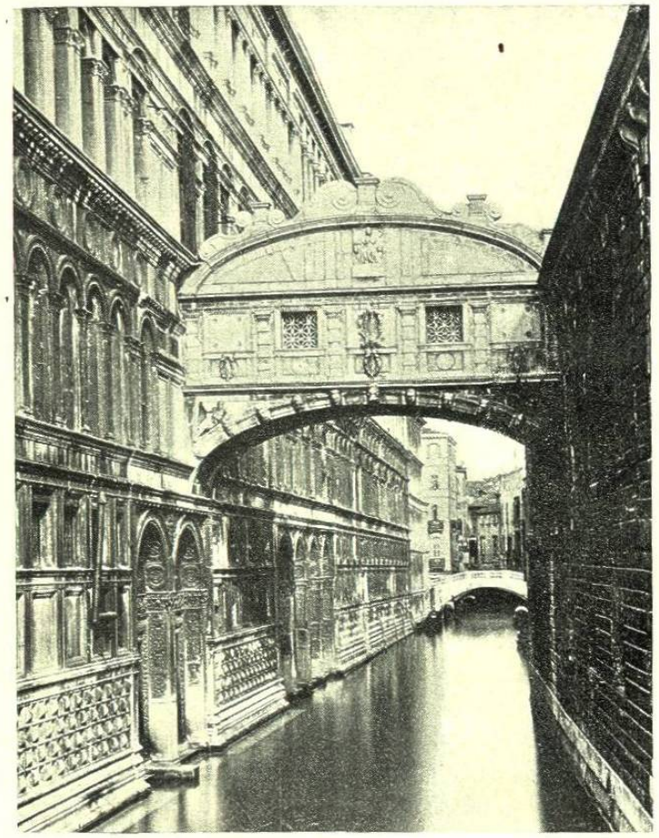
The situations of the two cities are similar, though the waters of Stockholm are clearer and more sparkling.

A common error is the notion that it is possible to explore Venice by boats only. Most of the houses rise from the canals, or are very near them, but almost every place can be reached on foot, and it is impossible to see the most characteristic parts, and to become acquainted with the habits of the common people in any other way. I noticed that there was a sunset aspect to everything but the inhabitants, who were vivacious and active. It was a noble, but wrinkled, rather than youthful, face that smiled. We found much complaint of a temporary depression of business.

The chief rendezvous for the people when at leisure is the Piazza of San Marco. I have nowhere seen a more majestic square; for on three sides rise great structures which seem like one. Of white marble, they are black with age and exposure. In the glorious times the highest officials, next below the doge in rank, dwelt there; now they are used for various general purposes, and the ground floors are occupied by cafés and shops.

Here the military bands play on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the summer evenings; in the winter, from two to four. The square, when we were there, was crowded as though a score of churches had poured their congregations into it, and the beauty and wealth of Venice mingled with the proletariat. One of the curiosities of Venice is a flock of pigeons, perfectly tame, which are fed by officials. These are the descendants of the carrier pigeons which gave intelligence to Admiral Dandolo when he was besieging the island of Candia. After the conquest he sent the birds to Venice, carrying the news of his success. The people revere them, and would tear in pieces anyone who should wantonly treat them with disrespect.

The Church of San Marco is more oriental in appearance than most existing edifices in the East; but it is really composite. A church in the shape of a Greek cross, having three Byzantine domes and several Gothic features, is somewhat confusing. Four horses in gilded bronze, once upon the Triumphal Arch of Nero, then upon that of Trajan, afterward



Bridge of Sighs.

taken to Constantinople, and finally by Napoleon to Paris, where for a few years they adorned the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, and then transferred to Venice, are worthy of study, not only for their exquisite execution, but their strange vicissitudes. We lingered long in this cathedral and paid a visit to the tomb of St. Mark, upon the authenticity of which there is very general agreement, to the extent of conceding that for centuries before the Venetians brought it here, it had been revered as such.

The Palace of the Doges, in which we spent half a day, is the only rival of the Cathedral of St. Mark in historic and artistic attractions. Five times the palace was destroyed, and each time reconstructed more magnificently than ever, and it was then being repaired on an extensive scale. We stood where the republic caused its death sentences to be announced. Thence we passed to the point where the decrees of the republic were published; looked at the prison of the poet, Count Silvio Pellico; went to the steps where the Doges were crowned; studied the multitude of busts of Venetian artists and scholars, perceiving a remarkable dissimilarity which raised a presumption of fidelity; the fact that there are many bald heads among them show that no remarkable change has taken place in the tendency of sedentary habits to produce baldness.

The gloomy dungeons and torture chamber, with the place of execution for political criminals, furnished sufficient of the morbid. We passed over the famous Bridge of Sighs of which Byron speaks:

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand;"

and Howells refers to the same as "that pathetic swindle—the Bridge of Sighs."

After leaving the Hotel Victoria we secured rooms at the Hotel Europa, which was formerly the Palazzo Giustiniani. I have had my hair brushed by machinery in the palace of Cardinal Wolsey in London, and have lodged in this magnificent specimen of the style of the fifteenth century at ordinary hotel rates—*sic transit gloria mundi.*