

FROM GENOA TO ROME.

Leaving Geneva, I proceeded on my journey via Nice and Monte Carlo. I passed through Lyons on the way. Looking out of the window I saw several Ladies of Lyons. They did not impress me as though they were waiting for their loving Clandes. If they were hanging around the railway station with that aim in view, I would advise them to go take a wash. In due time the train pulled into Marseilles. You find all nationalities around you here and of every kind, from the rich American who has his yacht in the harbor, to the starving Turk using the curb-stone for a pillow.

Marseilles is a very lively town for its size. There is generally a great deal going on, enough to keep one alive anyway. What interested me more than anything was the old castle. D'If, the old government prison in days gone by. It sits on a small island out in the bay. Going down to the dungeons, you are shown the cells of Dumas' heroes, Edmond Dantes and the old Abbe, who wrote a book with his own blood with a pen made from a piece of iron hoop, and a small tool made from a piece of table cutlery with which he went through foot after foot of solid stone. It's too bad all his work came to naught. On the walls are sad compositions of poetry carved by one prisoner; names and drawings by others, who were shut off from the light of day, while children grew old, from youth. It is pitiful to see the remembrances left behind. If the old walls could only talk, how many pitiful tales they would unfold for our hearing. I was shown the cell where the celebrated iron mask, the ill-starred brother of a hard-hearted king of France, was confined and then removed to the dungeons of St. Marguerite. In all this old prison this is the most interesting thing I have ever seen.

I did not stay long in Marseilles but pushed on to Nice. It is just as nice as its name, beautifully situated on the shores of the Mediterranean with numerous beautiful and large hotels, with a luxuriant growth of tropical plants in and around it, while the streets are lined with gum and chestnut trees, making it very pretty. Figs, grapes, pineapples, oranges, lemons, etc., are on all sides. No wonder the rich darlings make it their favorite resort in winter, it being the most frequented spot in the whole world for a winter resort. Its salubrious climate fanned by the breezes off from the sea make it a paradise on earth. Monte Carlo is just a half an hour's ride by train from here. Most people stay in Nice while bucking the tiger at Monte. Of course I visited the world-renowned place (to my sorrow) several times. The casino sits upon a small hill commanding an excellent view of the harbor. The whole body of the hill has been converted into a beautiful park with numerous fountains playing. While people throng the promenades listening to the band or eating ice cream. It is a truly beautiful spot. I never saw a prettier. The interior of the Casino is where the interest centers, the tables being the magnet that draws. Human beings are its victims. To get in you must present your card or passport if necessary. You will then be given a card free of charge, admitting you into the parlors. Everything that meets your eye is rich and grand, the walls and woodwork being covered with fine paintings and carvings. The rooms number three. They are building an extra addition at present. They are large and roomy. Here and there sits a gaming table. Waiters in gaudy uniforms are flying around attending to their various duties, some serving drinks to the crowd or players, everything being free. There are about a

dozen roulette tables and five or six trent-es quarente (thirty and forty). The smallest piece or amount you can play is five francs (one dollar) from that up. The tables are always crowded with fond seekers of fortune. Most of them leave empty handed or lighter in the region of the pocket. Once in awhile some lucky men or women carry away a nice little pile. They generally come back again and lose it though, with a great deal more added to. Every one knows of some one who has made a big winning to lose it all again. It is of no use my repeating any more tales. Those little marbles in the roulette table have ended the life of many a man or woman in their merry ramble around the wheel. Some poor devil loses his all, goes out and puts a bullet through his head or takes poison. Thousands of such cases have happened. It causes the ruin of many a virtuous woman, who goes and loses a great deal, all unbeknown to her husband. To retrieve her losses she will go to any length. If a person loses much, the bank will furnish him a ticket home to any part of the world—that is if he goes broke. They try every way to lessen calamities as it gives the other players a dose of shakes to have a suicide. The bank is a stocked concern. Any one can purchase shares at the quoted figure. The lease has just been renewed at a few millions advance on the old one.

Monte Carlo, as every one knows, is situated in the principality of Monaco, a small kingdom on the southern coast of France. It has its own government and king, although it only covers about as much ground as Salt Lake City. The king makes the most of his revenue from the lease on the Casino. Merchants and all business men around Monte and even in Nice are not allowed in the gambling rooms, only traveling people. It is done so money left in the hands of various people won't be a temptation to them, and so business men won't keep continually failing as they would through their losses.

Leaving Monte I went to Genoa, the birth place of Columbus. Of course I saw where the venerable egg-cracker and discoverer was born. Genoa, like all other Italian cities, is most beautiful at a distance. It stops there. A close observation sickens and disgusts.

Who can describe an Italian street? It is beyond me; yet I will try. Imagine a narrow, winding alley with towering buildings on each side, with a smell like a rose in a slop pail, everything blending in a dirty, greasy color. Yet they reason out in their way that Americans must be awfully dirty, because they wash so often. There is one pretty corner in Genoa where several of the many streets meet. It is formed in a circle with a row of trees circulating around the curb, while a large statue of Victor Emanuel centers it. Here is where the life of an evening centers, its pretty park on one side being a favorite resort for the mashers. And I will say Genoa has the prettiest lot of girls in Italy.

In the cathedral here they have the remains of John the Baptist, a few of the thorns from the Savior's crown, and a dish used at the last supper. Speaking of thorns, they have the whole crown in Notre Dame, Paris, a few of the thorns in the Cologne cathedral, a few more in St. Isaacs, St. Petersburg, half of it in one of the Kremlin churches, Moscow, and a few more outside of the Moscow walls in a little church. They also have a painting of the Virgin and Infant Christ painted by St. Luke. It is the first time I ever heard Luke was an artist. I have seen several paintings attributed to him up to the present time of my writing. Every second person you meet in some Italian town are monks

or priests. So they keep a good hold on the people. It is needless for me to explain the countless palaces, the walls covered with fine pictures and works of sculpture, I went through. It makes you go back to the time when Genoa ruled the whole western coast of Italy and sent her galleys to Venice, very near conquering that proud city.

They have erected a fine monument to Columbus near the station. He stands holding up an anchor while a figure representing America is kneeling to him. It is carved out of one large block of beautiful white marble.

Leaving Genoa I arrived the same day in Milan. It was morning before I got a glimpse of the far-famed Milan cathedral. It is indeed a dream of carved marble worked out in every fantastic design possible. Just imagine a building covering twice the ground the Salt Lake Temple occupies, built entirely of white marble, with some 4,500 statues peering out of every little niche or placed on each of the numerous spires shooting up in the air. You must go on top to get an idea of its immense beauty and design. Everywhere your eye rests, it encounters numerous spires loaded with statues of every description. You wonder if man has not surpassed nature in this creation. Inside there are numerous tombs and statues. One statue impressed me more than anything else, it being a man skinned, with his skin thrown over his shoulder. Its workmanship is so perfect that it makes you shudder to look on its bulging eyes, cords and tensions, all carved natural to life. It's a sight one wants to but never can forget. Last, but not least, they showed me part of the crown of thorns; also some finger bones of Peter and Paul, along with a number of other things, among them another of Luke's pictures, and a towel the Savior wiped His feet on at the wedding feast. I went and saw the great picture of the last supper by Leonardo da Vinci, one of the best known pictures in the world. It was painted on the wall of an old monastery. At present it is a shabby, scarred-up affair with the figures hardly outlined. When some commenced to erase it, the ignorant monks got a very inferior artist to retouch it. So, at present, there is only a little coloring of the great Leonardo's left. The blue landscape through the window is all that reminds us of him. It is amusing to hear American and English people rave over its colors, putting themselves up as judges of art, not knowing the colors of today are mere daubs of an inferior artist, the outline being the only thing worth noticing. One American came up to me and a few more and was boasting about his knowledge of art. He said, Now, for instance, look at the coloring in the Apostles' faces; could anything blend more perfectly? And the receding drab tints on the Savior's robe perfect! Perfect! We can't equal those old masters for coloring. Now I have studied for years and have met all the eminent artists of the day, but such coloring as is before us is beyond us. He continued on in this strain, until I showed him from a book I had with me that the present colors were only ordinary. Well, he colored up in the true style when he found out what a fool he had made of himself. I wanted to, but refrained from telling him he was a direct descendant without a break from Balaam's ass. He had an appointment about that time and quitted us at the sweet tune of. Ha, ha, ha. Most all colors seem the same to me. I always spot the inferior as being the best. I guess my art education has been neglected, but for the life of me I can't admire these old paintings of fiery angels, virgins, Saints, etc. I have got so I can tell what most of the subjects are, as you see,