

(2) Hotel Royale
Genoa. Feb. 12. 1866.

On Friday morning we left Finale on foot and reached Savona early in the afternoon. It was a bright sunshiny day and butter-flies and humming-bird hawkmoths were about in plenty. Aloes too were growing quite wild on the rocks, up to this point they all seemed to have been planted but here they were growing in all sorts of inaccessible places. What ~~extra~~ extraordinary caps the men wear on this coast, consisting of a black band to wear round the head and above this a long and rather stiff crimson bag which the wearer lets hang in whatever way his ideas of comfort or of the picturesque suggests to him. Is this the kind of cap known by the name of Phrygian to Warburton and Kinglake? Dean Alford remarks on the arched-over houses in Alessio; as far as I observed they are arched over here and there across the streets in every town on the coast, but least.

so at Alassio of any town on this coast! Savona is a flourishing town with a good deal of ship building going on, but not interesting, the Hotel is one of the best and cleanest on the coast.

Saturday we walked on to Voltri and came by rail into Genoa. We had had splendid weather up till Saturday but that afternoon we had a little drizzling rain for the last hour. I give a little summary of our walk to show you distances and you will see our longest miles

Monday	Nice to Mentone	18
Tuesday	Mentone to San Remo	17
Wednesday	S. Remo to Oneglia	16½
Thursday	Oneglia to Finale	30 (drove 12 miles)
Friday	Finale to Savona	15½
Saturday	Savona to Voltri	21 (rail 9 more to Genoa)

days walk was 21 miles. The scenery and the many towns, which are seldom more than three or four miles apart, make it a very interesting walk and I am very glad to have so seen it.

We got into Genoa about six and walked
to the Messageries Impériales where
we found our portmanteaus and only
10 francs to pay for the carriage of each
all the way from Cannes.

Yesterday morning I went to the P. O. and
found two letters from you, one enclosing
a ~~note~~ from J. S. P. (date Feb. 4th).

Tell uncle Frank that Baedekers Guides
were translated into English seven years
ago (when I was at Dresden) but I do
not believe they have superseded Mur-
ray to the extent he seems to imagine.
The "Practical Guides" are running through
many editions and for go. a head, do-
everything - in the - least - time - people, are
very good, but none give the actual
prices of each hotel like old Baedekers
nor ~~the~~ ^{his} minute "road, turn and place
bill" so useful to pedestrians.

The coloured covers you send me come
all right. Yesterday morning after break-
-fast I went to the English church; it is
some distance off and I got a lift in a

carriage from a newly married couple
whom we have been meeting at hotels
on the road. - Mr & Mrs Newton, she is
from Galway, he English. The church
is small but nice, the congregations
seemed almost entirely American.
Afterwards we walked about the town
which was very gay with the Carnival
crowds, a few of them in masks and
costumes. In the afternoon we went to
the cathedral and heard some fine music
and intoning and the congregation joined
in in the singing and chanting more
than I ever heard in R.C. service before.
The interior of the Cathedral is fine
but its grandeur is more due to the
marble and the gilding than to archi-
tectural beauty. After dinner Dawson
went off to the Opera and I to wander
about in the crowded streets now
lively with masks and holiday folk.
What quiet, good humoured people the
Italians seem to be, so different from
those noisy and often quarrelsome French-
men who push and shove in a way that

(3)
would not surprise one in an English mob.
I saw no quarrels or row of any kind.
The greatest fun I saw was caused by
one huge fellow, dressed up to parody
a French Sergente de Ville, who attrac-
-ted great crowds and from their laughter
seemed to be very witty, accosting a half
drunken Irish sailor, chaffing him in
Italian and broken English to the intense
delight of the crowd till some new
attraction drew them off. The narrow
flagged streets make the crowds seem
much greater than they are. The police
men look very grand in their shining hats
long black coats and headed canes
but they seem quite useless according
to all accounts. The great number of
troops here and their varieties of uniform
add greatly to the picturesque appearance
of the crowds and there are many officers
and men of the Italian Navy too. All
the officers seem nice ~~gentlemanly~~ gentle-
-manly fellows. Dawson and I are quite

agreed as to the immense superiority
of the Italians over the French as far
as we have seen, and though they are
not perpetually bowing, ~~and~~ scraping
and sweeping off their hats have much
more real, useful politeness and it is
pleasant to get amongst people who can
talk to each other over their coffee with-
out raising their voices as if the force
of an argument depended on the noise.
We have been luncheon in all sorts of
strange little cafe's on the road and
never came across noise or row in
any of them. The dress of the women
here is very nice, a long gauzy white
veil pinned over the top of the head,
let fall and then gathered under
the arms. Blue silk on Sunday seemed
the favourite dress and this with the
white veil was well calculated to
set off their good figures and dark
eyes and features, which however seemed
to me rather pretty than handsome.

This morning it has been coming down in torrents of rain and we are quietly staying indoors in this comfortable house and at present intend to stay here till it gets fine. The only people in the house besides ourselves and the Newtons are three Boston (U.S.A) ladies and ^a gentleman who from his accent and appearance I had imagined to be French, but who turned out to be an English subject from St. Domingo.

I expect we shall be at Pisa, Leghorn or Florence next Sunday and I think I gave you Feb 18th as address for Florence which will be about right. After that I scarcely know what to say as to dates. Dawson wants to go on to Rome and talks of returning by long sea from Civita Vecchia or Leghorn to England and of course wants me to go

on to Rome with him. My only objections
to so doing are the increased expense
and the return over much ^{of the} same ground.
However in the past week my expenses
have only been 14 francs more than if
I had been quietly staying at Hyères or
Cannes and if we can keep on at that
rate I think it would be well worth
spending 4 or 5 pounds to see Rome; I
shall see more about all this at Florence
and I think you might address to me
on chance to Poste Restante. Rome,
for Feb. 25th as, if I do not go, I can
write and have the letter forwarded else-
where. The thanks are there now: do you
know of any pleasant people there?

I don't think I mentioned that on Saturday
we passed through Cogoleto, the birth
place of Columbus; his house, a wretched
looking place now, has a marble tablet
on it with Latin Inscription. They take in the
Times here, also L'Italie, a paper printed in
French at Florence and which seems a very good
one. your affectionate son
Francis E. Prendergast