

Hotel Royale. Genoa

Feb. 13. 1866.

My dear Mamma,

Yesterday afternoon it cleared enough to let us get out a little and in the evening we went to see Faust at the Carlo Felice theatre which is very handsome both inside and out, but Faust is so cut up in the Opera as to be merely a peg to hang the music on. This morning it was drizzling again so we remained here, and the sun coming out in the afternoon we went down to the Mole and lighthouse and saw some of the largest waves rolling in that I ever saw. The ships in the harbour were jumping about in all directions. In the town masks were very plentiful and in one carriage, holding some very nice looking people, was a little girl dressed in red, white and green and with the Roman head-dress; it was evidently of political significance and was much gazed at. To night, being the last Carnival night the streets are crowded and more masks than ever and the town is more noisy. Today we went to see the Annunziata Ch. which is wonderfully gilded and adorned inside.

Locanda Della Posta, Rapallo, Feb. 11/7

This morning we left Genoa at eleven. Although at the Hotel Royale had been particularly good even to the bill which was very moderate.

For me, from Saturday evening to Wednesday morning, 38½ francs - less than Cannes. Madame Perosio the proprietress is English and the whole establishment highly to be recommended. This was a bright clear day and we have had a most glorious walk of 19 miles along the coast. First we went to the Alleg-sagries Impériales and forwarded our portmanteaus to Pisa; after some miles we got to Nervi the winter residence of the grand Genoese, a long town stretching along the coast for three miles and abounding in splendid villas with orange gardens running down to the sea and looking very fine.

I dare say the English will find their way to it as a winter place when the railway is open. However the oranges and lemons do not seem as far advanced as at Cannes.

The rail along this coast is very wonderful in and out of tunnels and over viaducts every bay, all the heavy works seem nearly finished. But only at one place have I seen anything like a staff of marries at work

Later in the day we lunched ^{at} a strange little shop where we got some very good Piedmontese wine much like Marsala, bread and dried figs. Then we came to Recco and after that came up a long pass over 1000 feet high at the top of which we lost the view of the bay of Genoa and got a fresh one down towards Spezzia. This I suppose is the view alluded to by Alford as one that never can be forgotten, certainly, it is a most glorious view, one of the finest on this magnificent coast and as we got down to this place at about five o'clock the view and colours were getting finer every minute and I was quite sorry that the walk was at an end. This is a picturesque little town at the end of a long bay, but this is not much of an hotel ~~but~~ ^{however as it} is clean and we have had a fair dinner, ~~we~~ cannot complain much.

Hotel d'Europe. Sestri. Feb. 15.

To day we had a pleasant walk of 15 miles along this lovely bay which seems to me to be the loveliest we have yet passed on this coast; and the way the steep slopes of the Apennines ~~and~~ plunge down into the sea, the high state of cultivation, every available inch of ground

being cultivated either for Olives, vines or corn
and the thickness of houses villages and towns,
is something wonderful. The people look
thriving and happy, and ~~probably~~ if the climate
was not so fine, would probably have their
houses and clothes in better repair.
Ship-building ~~and~~ weaving and lace-making
are three great branches of industry all about
here; the more I see of this part of the country
the more I wonder at its immense population
and the signs of industry everywhere visible.
The country seems ahead of France in everything
but mere appearances. Sestri is exquisitely
situated at the eastern side of this great
bay on a neck of land connecting a
rocky, wooded promontory with the mainland
on the top of this promontory is the "Campo
Santo." This, a comfortable quiet little hotel
standing a little out of the town; it was
formerly a "Palazzo", alias a gentleman's
house. We saw these fishermen drawing
in net after net on the beach, and on going
out to see them found the "haul" to consist
of small silvery fishes, either sardines or a
fish very like them; we had some for
dinner and very good they were.