

gestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past. The lines of Rogers irrepressibly sprung to the lips:

“There is a glorious City in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o’er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently.”

Of course, the great event is a row on the Grand Canal. One has only to step to the door and hold up his finger, when a gondolier with the stroke of his oar brings his bark to one’s feet. The charm of those sails along that memory-haunted water-way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. Onward we glided silently,

“By many a dome
Mosque-like and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings,
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o’er.”

Others are of a faded splendour, wan, and seem to brood sadly over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock the Jew and the Merchant of Venice.

And

“Now a Jessica
Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits
At her half-open lattice.”

It was very amusing as we sailed along the canals on Saturday afternoon, which is a holiday, to see fathers and mothers teaching