



said, and again I heard the voice of the Irish knitting-woman from over the sea: "It was because of the Prince," she said, and I saw again the roses in the little Dutch garden of the "widow at Windsor." At the rising of the moon, as the ship's anchor was lifted, and we sailed out among the Ionian Islands, we saw their jewel Corfu and on its summit the gardens of the Empress of Austria, and like flowers growing out of it, the war-like figures of Ajax and the Grecian Wrestlers, and the cypress and the yew, dark against the sky.

