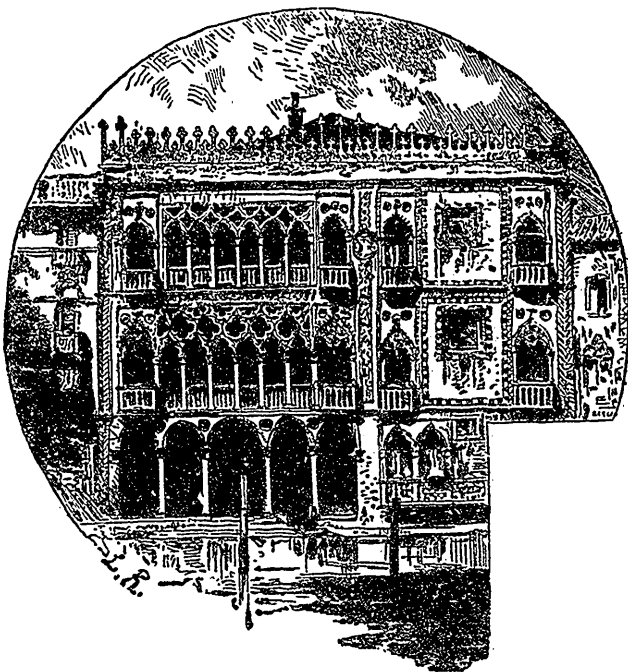


Europe, will never be forgotten. I was alone—as one should be to let fancy conjure up the past. Onward I glided silently—

“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.”



CA D'ORO.*

*The “Golden House,” so called on account of the richness of its decorations of 14th century style. It is now much faded. See Byron's lines—

“City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
 Secure, a queen mid fence of flashing waters,
 Whom East and West with rival homage owned
 A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters.
 What art thou now? Thy walls are grey and old :
 In thy lone hall the spider weaves his woof,
 A leprous crust creeps o'er the House of Gold.
 And the cold rain drips through the pictured roof.