

Even in itself an immortality
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo with his woes;
 Here Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

In front of the church is the splendid monument of Dante, inaugurated on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth. In the adjacent cloisters I saw an ancient statue of God the Father, an offensive attempt to represent to sense the Eternal and Invisible.

The chief glory of Florence is the unrivalled art collection in the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. Through these long corridors and stately chambers one wanders, sated with delight in the study of the art treasures on every side. There "the goddess loves in stone;" here the Virgin breathes on canvass; and heroes and martyrs and saints live forever—immortalized by the genius of Raphaël, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippi, Titian, Guido, and their fellows in the mighty brotherhood of art. These palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but are connected by a long covered gallery, lined with pictures, over the Ponte Vecchio, shown in our cut, which it takes fifteen minutes to traverse. As I stood upon the ancient bridge and watched the sun set over the Arno, I thought how often from that very spot Dante, Angelo, and Raphaël must have watched his setting long centuries ago.

Adjoining the royal Pitti Palace are the famous Boboli Gardens, laid out by Cosmo I. It required but little effort of the imagination to repeople its pleached alleys and noble vistas, adorned with many a marble statue and diamond-flashing fountain—fit scenes for Boccaccio's tales of love—with the gay forms of the cavaliers and ladies fair of Florence in her golden prime.

One of the most interesting visits which I made in Florence was to the once famous, now suppressed, Monastery of San Marco. It gave me the best insight that I got in Europe of the mediæval monastic life. Here were the cloisters in which the cowed brotherhood were wont to walk and con their breviary; the large bare refectory, with its pulpit for the reader, who edified the brethren while they "sat at meat," and the pious paintings on the wall; the scriptorium, with its treasures of vellum manuscripts and music; and the prison-like cells of the monks. One of these possessed a peculiar fascination. It was the bare, bleak cell of the martyr-monk Savonarola, the place of whose funeral pyre I had