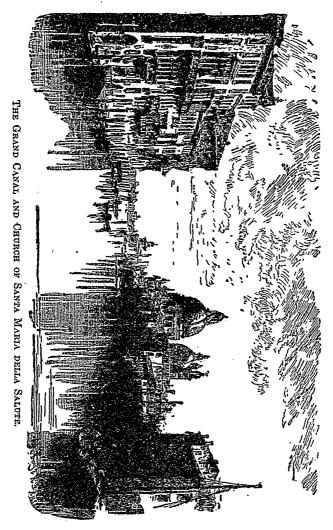
mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past.



After dinner I sallied out for a sunset row upon the Grand Canal. I had only to step to the door and hold up my finger, when a gondolier, with the stroke of his oar, brought his bark to my feet. The charm of that first ride along that memory-haunted water way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in