

ence were no longer to be seen. Instead of this, they saw overhead nothing but dull, leaden-colored clouds, while a thick drizzle filled the air. As they went to the hotel, they saw that Bologna was a gloomy city, with dull-gray houses and narrow streets, and with nothing whatever to alleviate this depressing exterior. However, they struggled against their feelings of despondency, and after dinner they went out to see the town.

Two or three hours' walk in a drizzling rain, and visits to dreary churches, did not reconcile them to Bologna. On their return to the hotel, they both came to the opinion that Bologna might be a very good place for sausages, but that it was a very mean place for tourists. The prospect of waiting here for three long days was most miserable; so miserable, indeed, that they thought of going back to Florence.

It was David who first proposed another plan. That plan was to go on to Ferrara.

"It's a magnificent city," said David; "full of palaces and historical associations. There Tasso lived, and Ariosto. Let's go there."

"But we promised Uncle Moses to wait at Bologna," objected Clive.

"Certainly," said David. "We'll come back here again, and meet them. But just now, instead of staying in this gloomy hole, it will be a great deal better to spend the time in some decent place."