

Florence.

Florence-fair, delightful Florence! Beautiful thou art, with thy pillared halls, thy spacious halls and thy marble palaces! I love to think of thee, as thou standest on the banks of the silvery Arno, in whose clear waters thy loveliness is so delightfully mirrored! Faintest of Italian fair cities art thou, though some of thy columns have mouldered, and some of thy monuments crumbled to dust! They may tell of noble Naples - of the hill clothed with vineyard, olive trees and orange groves, that slope down to her beautiful bay, and of Venues towering near; of Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, built on an hundred isles, with her "tall piles", and sea-girt castles;

"Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts
Fraught with the ^{orient} spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged around the broad canal.

Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed;"
of Milan, with its cathedral, rearing its pure white columns to the sunny sky, of Genoa, home of the daring Columbus, with its broad bay and costly edifices, long ago styled the "city of a thousand palaces".