

**A DAUGHTER
OF VENICE**

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A daughter of Venice by John Seymour Wood

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JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD

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VENICE. BY JOHN
SEYMOUR WOOD. IL-
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THAYER



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Annex**

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" Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.

We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air;
I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with by-gone lovers' sighs—
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart."

— JOHN HAY, in *Harper's Monthly*.



A
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OF
VENICE.

VENICE, Nov. 4th.

RESUME my diary
—neglected for so
many months—for
the reason, suffi-
ciently satisfactory
to myself, that here,
in Venice, those who come after me, and
who may see fit to peruse it, will find writ-
ten less of myself and more of what I
note in this strange, sad old city. I intend
to make a study of the lesser known arti-
sts of the school of Paul Veronese and of
Paris Bordone; I intend to spend some
days in the Old Library; I have already
printed in the *Review* some notes on Gol-

doni, and on Carlo Gozzi: I intend thus to make my stay here of some small value to literature and art. I shall leave some notes which may be useful to Alfred, my nephew, who betrays a desire to make literature his profession and shows unmistakable signs of authorship, and whose interesting monograph on *Medieval Florence* I received in London, forwarded by express from Boston. I shall furnish him with some valuable notes also, on Romanin, Capelletti, Quadre, and Daru.

As for this strange, splendid city of Venice, to my shame I now recall that on my first visit I thought most of the old palazzi required repairs; that the odors arising from some of the narrow canals, and the sunless *calle*, were very disagreeable.

In those happy days of my "Wanderjahre," I ran down from Vienna for a week in Venice, prepared to exhaust its treasures in a few days; to consider St. Mark's a dingy bit of orientalism; to fully believe that the "unapproachable Piazzetta" was literally so, and badly arranged; to smile

at the Campanile—a tall red brick factory chimney out of whose pinnacle I regretted the absence of the busy smoke of production. I remember I had no sympathy then for the graceful and beautiful disintegration which I saw “at either hand.” It had no story to tell me, and my Byronic enthusiasm for “the pleasant place of all festivity” began—and ended, too—some years later. Sometimes, looking backward, I have attributed this insensibility to ignorance; but I am the more convinced after revisiting “the Masque of (Medieval) Italy,” that it was purely because I was at the time very much of an American, and a materialistic young American at that. My face was turned solely to the future, to commercial success. But as the years went on, and I came to the time of “the thoughtful middle age,” and the generous hopefulness for all things American faded a little; as, indeed, the tone of those of my friends in America, about me, underwent a change into the minor key of criticism, and the “liberties” granted by our post-revolutionary forefathers became, under scrutiny,