

The nail-studded doors we pushed open without ceremony, and within we found ourselves in a lofty dilapidated arcade, beyond which glowed the green of a neglected garden. The arcade under which we stood rose the whole height of the house. Its roof was of timber, supported by slim circular columns, and on it looked a succession of dark windows, framed and latticed with woodwork of delicate carving; the doors, which had horse-shoe arches, were masses of carving also; and everywhere there were traces of bygone taste and splendour. We strayed on into the garden, an acre and a half in extent. Part of it was nothing but a bare space, squalid with rubbish; but part was still covered with orange trees, palms, and mulberry trees, various shrubs, and a mat of neglected violets. There was nowhere a sign of life, except from some ragged children who had come in after us, and stared at us from a distance, and from the struggles of an extraordinary hen, which we found tethered to a black-currant bush. As we turned to go, in the middle of an open space I saw lying the broken shaft of a white marble column, evidently the relic of some old Grecian temple; and the next moment, under the green shade of a bush, I discovered also a white Corinthian capital.

My mind, when we reached home, was full of delightfully confused impressions, which I felt I could add to and disentangle at my leisure—minarets, convents, palazzos, and Grecian temples; and