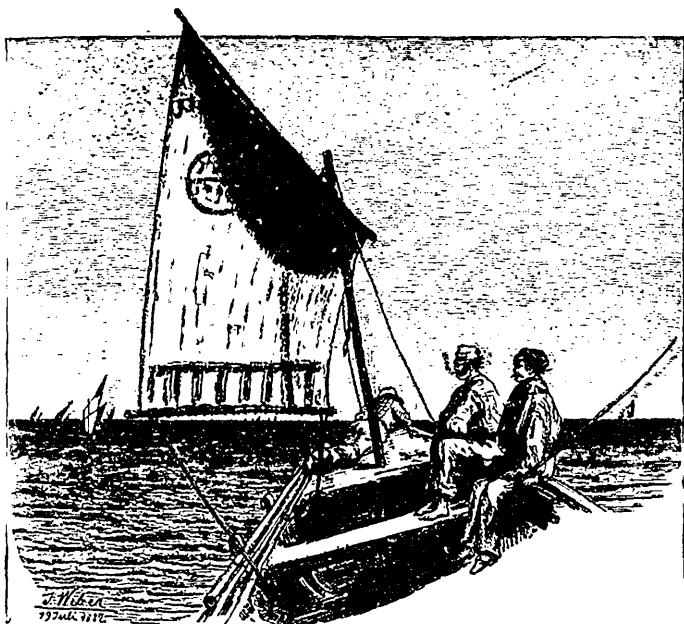


from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic, tropical bird; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast-head; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations."

For six centuries and more the gray old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and



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funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, were the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-