

still. The streets were streets of water. Water was the pavement. Over this glided all the people in boats, noiselessly. Foot-passengers, carriages, wagons, carts, horses, all the varied modes of transportation common to other cities, were here reduced to one uniform fashion — the fashion of rowing in boats. The gondoliers stood and propelled the boats by pushing with their oars. The streets were real streets, after all; for on each side rose lofty houses, whose windows looked out upon these streets, as in other cities. Their doors opened out on the street also; but here, if one wished to leave his house, he had to step from the front door into a gondola.

In this way they passed along. Other boats were going in the same direction. All was silent, and the silence was never broken by any sound, except at times, when, on turning a corner, the gondolier would utter a peculiar cry, to give notice to any boat that might be coming from an opposite direction.

"I say, Dave," said Clive, "this sort of thing is a little ahead of Bologna, and Ferrara, and Padua."

"I bet it is," said David, who enjoyed the situation as much as Clive.

At length the gondola shot out from a narrow canal into one which was four times as broad as any which they had thus far seen. The view here was magnificent. On either side rose stately mansions, whose marble fronts were displayed with