

market day, and in the square scores of white umbrellas cover as many stalls. The sellers are ugly, old hags, and the men unattractive, but you forget this under the glorious sky, in the sparkling air, and the colours of the abundant fruit are rich and warm. To the north of the Piazza rises a marble column, bearing a lion of St. Mark, indicating down to 1787 the supremacy of the Republic of Venice. At the corner to the right the Casa Mazzanti, once the residence of Albertine della Scala, the Palazzo Trezza (1668), the Casa de' Mercanti (1301), now containing the commercial court, and the fresco-decorated houses, add to the charm of the scene.

By a short street to the left the Piazza de' Signori is reached, a paved open space surrounded by delightful old buildings. Here rises a marble statue of Dante, simple and infinitely pleasing, though the ever grave face seems graver, and the corners of the mouth have a more marked downward tendency than usual. Hard by is the house in which the "divine poet" lived when an exile from Florence, 1316. In the north-east corner of the Piazza stands the old town hall, which, with its charming loggia, is among the most exquisite pieces of early Renaissance architecture one can find. Moving southward hence, in a certain Via Cappello we discover a house prodigiously tall, very narrow and plain and dark, and with a large archway in it leading to an extremely uninviting courtyard. Alas, alas! where are now the balcony, the orchard, the nightingale, and the lark? For here lived, so it is said, that "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear." Looking about us at all the melancholy decay, we half wish these once bewitching scenes had perished too, perished with all the love and loveliness that dwelt in them. For now it is as if some coffin-lid had been withdrawn, and we beheld only the ghastly relics of some cherished form.

"A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets." But the churchyard to-day is no more, a withered garden supplanting it, and the monument, a small, partly-restored chapel adjoining a suppressed Franciscan monastery. In this lies a mediæval sarcophagus, empty but for the thousand cards of more or less interesting pilgrims to the Tomba di Giulietta. Poor Juliet! We cannot even say, "Thy canopy is dust and stones;" but, after all, what matter, since thy example, the immortal part of thee, is with us:

That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

In summer time even the saddest heart can mask itself with smiles; to discover all the real bitterness and longings one must creep into the dark, cold chamber unnoticed, when a December wind beats its wings against the window-pane. For the troupes of eager travellers that go in warmer months to feast their eyes upon her beauty, Venice must perforce wear a far different aspect; but for the few wanderers of this colder season she makes no effort to hide the deep melancholy which hangs over her like some sad mist, that now, alas! there is no hope a future sunrise may dispel. It is neither moonlight nor May. A drizzling rain falls. The few lamps flicker faintly. The water in the canals is very dark, and the gondola very hearse-like. One fears to speak above a whisper. All the weird beauty seems of such stuff that dreams are made of, and our first journey through this city of the dead, a Dantesque expedition indeed. There are two ways in which we may contemplate the wounded Lion of St. Mark—"It is a wonderful, beautiful beast,"—and pass coldly on, and we may linger in infinite grief watching the slowly fading life. It would be hard to imagine a city in the fate of which all are compelled to take some interest. To-day the dead bride of the sea, but lovely still, for "hers is the loveliness in death, that parts not quite with parting breath."

Float with me down the Grand Canal. Nothing in the world could be more comfortable than these charming gondolas, with their luxuriant cushions, and their imperceptible motion. The watery path is paved with the reflex of purple and red from a winter sunset that changes to burnished gold the palace window panes. And we have on either hand an almost unbroken line of princely buildings. Here lived Byron; in that exquisite Palazzo Vendramin Calergi died Richard Wagner, in '83; and this is the Ca d'Oro, with its delicate façade in the pointed style, the most perfect gem of all. Amidst such silent grandeur, where the only sound is the cry of the gondolier, or the plash of his oar as he guides his swan-like bark, a dreadful *vaporotti* is brought, whistling rudely and vomiting smoke, and rushing wildly about like some small demon. Alas! alas! When we have converted our flower gardens into cornfields, and built our houses with the broken statues of the gods, what then? We hear a good deal of what should be done for "the people," but though "the people" form by far the larger portion of humanity, they fortunately certainly do not compose that part most to be considered. The question is simply this—are the lovely places of earth, and Heaven knows there are few enough,

to be opened carelessly to the curiosity of the multitude, or preserved for the appreciation of the few?

We will enter but one of these grave palaces, but one, perhaps, where ruin is more apparent. Its present owner is in Florence or Rome. A bleak staircase leads to the first apartments. The once gorgeous dancing-saloon is now placed at the disposal of artists to exhibit the pictures they desire to sell. And parallel with this, a long suite of grand deserted rooms, where the silken cushions are threadbare, and the countless objects of art lie unadmired, rotting in solitary splendour. The chambers of the upper apartment once sheltered soldiers, whose habitual Vandalism seems in no way to have been modified on this occasion.

À Venice, à l'affreux Lido,
Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau,
Mourir la pale Adriatique.

Bologna, Dec. 19, 1886.

L. L.

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," office of THE WEEK.

WHEN was Halifax founded? The 8th of June was for a long time regarded as virtually Nova Scotia's natal day, because it seemed to be ascertained that on that day, in 1749, Cornwallis and his enterprising band of settlers first came to moorings in Chebucto Bay. Under this impression the Old Eighth was chosen as a national anniversary, and, to Haligonians especially, it became the chief gala day. On the 8th of June, 1849, the centenary of the foundation of the city was celebrated. The correctness of this date, however, came to be questioned, and, in 1862, correspondence between the Celebration Committee and the Commissioner of Public Records led to the production by him of a letter written by Cornwallis, in which he stated that he had arrived in Halifax Harbour on the 21st of June. A proclamation by the Lieutenant-Governor then appeared in the *Royal Gazette*, appointing the 21st of June, 1862, as the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax, and on that day it has ever since been observed. But, although Cornwallis did arrive in Chebucto Harbour on the 21st of June, it was only with his suite on board the sloop of war *Sphinx*. It appears, by his subsequent letters to the Secretary of State, that it was not until the 27th that the first of the transports that brought over the settlers appeared off the harbour, and it would seem that it was not before the 30th of June that he landed the settlers and that Halifax was founded.

WHAT became of the French colours previous to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760? Immediately after the signing of the capitulation, on the 8th of September, Colonel Haldimand was sent by General Amherst to take possession of the town. Upon his demanding the colours of the French regiments, as well as those of the English, which had fallen into their hands in the course of the war, they refused the former, declaring that, although each regiment had brought its colours with it from France, they were found troublesome and of little use in such a woody country, and were therefore destroyed. This answer being conveyed to Amherst, he required that Vaudreuil and De Lévis should affirm it on their word of honour, which they instantly did. They then delivered up two stands of English colours captured at Oswego from Provincial troops. Knox, who records this incident in his Journal, remarks that the colours must have been destroyed after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, as it was notorious that the French displayed them there. He says: "They were a white silk flag, with three *fleurs de lys*, with a wreath or circlet in the centre part and two tassels at the spear-end, all of gold." Other writers also are silent as to the time and manner of the destruction of the French colours, and an old tradition seems to be the only means of throwing light on this point. By an article of the capitulation, the French troops were refused the honours of war. Filled with indignation, the Chevalier De Lévis retired with nearly two thousand men to St. Helen's Island, whence he wrote Amherst an indignant but unavailing protest against such treatment. Vaudreuil's counsels finally decided him to bow to necessity, and the order went forth that arms were to be laid down next morning. At a late hour that evening the troops were drawn up in line in front of an immense fire, into which, at a signal from De Lévis, the colours were lowered, while the troops saluted them for the last time to the cry of *Vive la France!* He had burnt his colours rather than surrender them to the enemy.

AMONG the curiosities of railway building in Canada must be mentioned the ice-bridge railway, about three miles long, connecting for a time the terminus of the South-Eastern Railway at Longueuil, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, with Montreal, or rather Hochelaga. It was formally opened on the 31st January, 1880, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who had assembled to witness what was described as "one of the most novel enterprises of the present day." Nevertheless, it was but another instance of there being no new thing under the sun. We read in E. V. Smalley's History of the Northern Pacific Railroad: "The building of the Missouri Division was begun early in 1878, by the transportation of ties, iron, and other material in the dead of winter across the Missouri River on the ice. A track was laid upon the frozen surface of the stream under the direction of General Rosser, then the engineer in charge of con-