

with her devout air, and a long white veil thrown over her head, floating down on her Sunday suit. The matrons have black instead of white veils, but in either case the features are distinctly seen.

Monday morning we take the boat southward, and visit in turn Lugano and Maggiore lakes. Lugano is smaller, but grander, and Maggiore is larger, but, to my mind, less attractive than Como. At the time of the Reformation, hundreds of exiles fled over the mountains to Zurich and Lucerne. 'Tis near sunset as we reach the Adriatic. Venice lies detached from the mainland, built on about a hundred islands. The sun descends behind the hills, tinging domes and palace walls with evening's red, as over the city rises the full-orbed moon. From the railway cars we step into a gondola. Silently, quickly we glide along until we reach our hotel. The sun has now departed, and the moon rules the night. Our window looks out on the piazzetta, the largest square in the city. On three sides it is surrounded by royal buildings. Facing the fourth are the Cathedral of St. Mark, in its Oriental splendour, and the famed old Palace of the Doges. Music in the centre of this square attracts the youth and beauty of Venice to an evening's promenade. We also take a walk by moonlight. After a short scrutiny of the moving crowd, we stray away to the water's edge. No rattle of wheel is ever heard, nor the tramp of horses' feet, only the tread of the foot passenger and the ripple of the water on the stones. We see far over the sea level, where palace is piled on palace, all seemingly floating in the silvered wave. Two immense granite pillars, supporting the winged lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore's crocodile, cast long shadows over the esplanade; and the Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Palace of the Doges with the dark prison-house behind, throws a weird shade on the wall, and the canal lies silent below. We seem to be transported to drear-land. But daylight tells a different tale. The palaces are defaced and decaying, the beautiful Palace of the Doges, with its dungeons and instruments of cruelty, tell of a dark side in the history of this, at one time, Queen of Republics. Three tall flagstuffs still stand on the piazzetta, whence once waved the banners of conquered kings. The cathedral is built of marble and ornamented with mosaic, the spoils of almost every clime. But Venice is now a city of beggars.