

about ten thousand of each subject. Only by different artists. When I see a man tied to a tree with a dozen arrows sticking out of his body, with an angelic smile on his face, I know it is St. Sebastian. When I see a man with a key in his hand, I say, St. Peter. A man with a bag of gold with writing materials always answers to St. Matthew. A studious looking person poring over a book with skeleton of a skull by his side is always St. Jerome, and so on through them all. What spoiled this picture more than anything was its treatment in the hands of the French. Napoleon could not steal it, as he did everything else, it being on the wall, so his soldiers used the room for a dining room, while they amused themselves with throwing bones, potatoes, etc., at the figures of the Apostles. In a few more years there will be nothing left of this great work, as the walls around it are old and rotten with age. I visited the cemetery where there are a great many fine monuments. A custom among the Italians is to have a photo of the deceased set in the monument, some being very large. I drove around town visiting an old amphitheater, reminding one of ancient times. Milan is one, if not the greatest, of business centers in Italy, having fine shops and a great many manufacturing industries. The one point of interest, though your eyes continually wander to the cathedral. I craned my neck out of the train window to get a last view of this wonder when I started for Venice.

I stopped off two hours in Verona, while I visited the house of Juliet. I wanted to play Romeo just to say I had in Verona, but could get no one to smile on me.

I arrived in the enchanted city of Venice at ten in the evening. I can not just describe my feelings on my arrival. It was hard to realize that I was gliding down the grand canal with all those old poetical palaces I had read about and dreamed of dimly outlined on each side of the canal. And after winding through several smaller streets I glided beneath the well known bridge of sighs. I put up at one of these old palaces turned into a hotel, called Palace Royal Danelli. The next day I was up early, that is, what the mosquitoes had left of me. The first place I aimed for was the bridge of sighs. I had to go through the Doge's palace first. The palace has its walls covered with paintings of ancient masters, such as Tintoretto, Paul Veronese's, Titian and many other well known artists. We wander up the Giant's Stairway through the senate chamber, the council room of the ten, also the council room of the three—we have all heard of the dread three. They are the ones who received the denunciations through the well known lion's mouth. There is only a small hole in the wall to mark the spot where the lion's head was, with the box where the writing went. The three decided whether they were important or not. If their suspicions were in the least excited, the person was secretly arrested, brought before them, condemned, passed through the passage connecting with the bridge of sighs, over the bridge into the dungeons, to be tortured and then murdered. The remains were put in a sack, taken out with a weight attached and dropped into the sea to feed the fishes. You can see numerous names on the dingy damp old walls made by poor devils or another condemned to suffer, not knowing his fate until he was led forth to be killed. You can see numerous holes in the rock floor of the slaughter room for their blood to run out into the sea. They used to do things up in a hurry in those days. It gave them an appetite for dinner to condemn some poor devil. There was

no appeal from the sentence of the three. Venice was first commenced through fugitives taking refuge to escape from the robber knights and barbarians who were going through all Italy. It kept growing until her merchants and galleys were the strongest in the world. She took Constantinople on one occasion, and came near being the strongest government on earth.

The church of St. Mark is by far the finest and most handsome building in Venice. It is built in the old gothic style with numerous domes and minarets, etc., while inside and out it is literally covered with mosaics representing Bible features. Some of them are so well made that it takes a very close observation to distinguish them from paintings. They are made up from millions of small particles of colored glass all put together so perfectly to form these large pictures, that you wonder how it could be possible. On the front portico stand the bronze horses of Venice. These horses have traveled a great deal. They were first made to grace an arch in Rome; they were then stolen and removed to Alexandria; stolen again and taken to Constantinople; stolen by the Venetians and put on St. Marks; stolen again by Napoleon and removed to Paris and afterwards returned. Every Italian city has a patron saint. Mark answers for Venice. History tells us Mark had a lion. So everything about Venice is Mark and his lion. On a pedestal stands the emblem of Venice, a winged lion. They have the bones of this Apostle in the cathedral. A monk had a vision to the effect that Venice to prosper must have the bones of Mark. So the Doge and all the big men put their heads together and formed a plot to steal them. They bribed the monks in Alexandria to let them have the bones. To get them by the Mohammedans they embedded them in pork fat. So when the customs officers examined their cargo, they would not touch the pork, it being unclean to them. So they landed in Venice and were received and interred with pomp. Through that Venice prospered in everything. It's a splendid lie. I visited the house of the dark and benighted Othello, the flesh dealing Shylock, the beautiful Desdemona and many others. They are rather tough looking at present. In fact everything in Venice looks tough. In time these old palaces will crumble away and the waves will claim their own. Venice has had her day. They are not building any more so in a few years it will be a thing of the past.

I visited the Ozelle Art gallery to see the masterpiece of the great Titian, the subject being the Assumption of the Virgin. It may be fine in coloring and one of the best paintings in the world, but I didn't care for it. There were others in the same gallery more to my taste. Of course I visited the church Santa Maria Frari, where the great sculptor Comova and Titian, the artist, are buried. Five monuments are erected over each of these great men. There is another monument over a doge, very interesting, composed of several black slaves holding up the tomb of the doge. The contrast of the black and white marble make it very odd and striking.

While visiting the cemetery I saw a funeral all on boats. Black cloth with a strip or so of white was entwined around the boats. It was extremely solemn. No noise but the trickle of the water made by the graceful moving gondolas. I don't believe I ever saw so impressive a funeral in my life. Everything was so odd to me. Gondolas are used for everything. You step from your door, step into a gondola to go anywhere. All of these boats are a sombre black, not in the least pretty. I did so want to fall in love with some damsel to be taken around in the old

pictured fashion. I was with a couple of American girls but did not have the divine feeling, although we hired a fellow to go with us to play and sing. You go to church in a gondola, go shopping, go to call on your best girl. In fact, I guess you can go to the—in one, if you want to tip it over. My gondola was afraid of me. He wanted me to part my hair in the middle to keep good balance. I have been here a week and have not seen a sign of a house merchant receive every thing right at their doors from off the various boats. I have been all over the town several times now winding through intricate side streets around corners that would break a snake's back to turn now out in the grand canal and now gliding underneath the famous Rialto bridge rocked very near to sleep by the delightful rock of the gondola. Yes, I believed I have seen everything in Venice from wandering through miles of pictures in various palaces and galleries to visiting every church. A week is plenty; I have got my fill, so I leave tomorrow for France, bidding good-bye to Venice and her death-like stillness and fancy shops of mosaics and fancy glass situated around the large square of St. Mark. This square is the gathering place for every one of an evening. A band plays in the center while hundreds of beer tables are scattered around inviting one to sip a little while the music dells all ears making you as lively and as jolly as the light-hearted Venetians themselves who are moving by laughing and happy while every now and again a pair of bright eyes will flash on you, making your blood tingle. The Venetians follow out the motto of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow die." At times you feel as Byron so aptly expresses himself:

"My beautiful, my own,
My only Venice. This is breath. Thy breeze,
Thine Arjan sea breeze. How it fans
my face,
The very winds feel native to my veins
And cool them into calmness."

I passed through Bologna on the way to Florence, but did not indulge in a sausage. Arriving in Florence the first thing I looked up was the art galleries. The Uffizi gallery and the Pitt's Palace. I will never be able to remember all the noted works of art I saw in these galleries. The room called the Tribune in The Uffizi gallery has five of the best paintings and five of the best works of sculptors in the world. Of the former we have: Titan's Venus, the most voluptuous picture painted; Paul Veronese's master piece, a work by Raphael and others. Of the latter we have the renowned Venus de Medici, works by Micheal Angelo and others. One of the most interesting churches is the Santa Croce, called the Westminster of Italy. It has so many illustrious men interred in its vaults among them being Micheal Angelo, all around genius you may say. He made a success of everything he attempted. Dante has a monument here. He was born in Florence but was banished. He would not consent before his death to let them take his remains to his native town. Galileo's remains repose here. Rossini, the great composer, Michravelli, the world's greatest sculptor, Paul Veronese, great artist, Lanzi, writer on Italian art; Micheli, botanist; Nobil, philosopher and many others. I cannot remember their names. Florence has had more great men born within her walls than any other city in the world. And how did she honor her greatest? Why, she banished them, tried to cramp their learning, then leaving them to rot in an uncared for grave until their greatness made them honored; then she put them in fine tombs. The Medici did most of this. I have no respect for them in the least. They tried