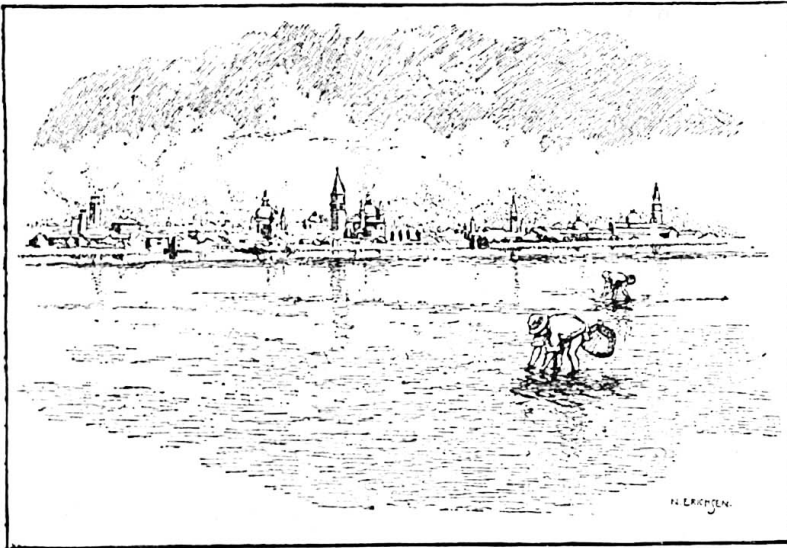


## SECTION XX

*Chioggia*

A STILL finer view of the Lidi is obtained by a voyage to Chioggia and back on the steamers which start from the Riva some half-dozen times daily, and if the voyager happen



VENICE FROM THE SOUTH

on a sunny, vaporous day he will enjoy a feast of gorgeous colour almost cloying in its richness.

On loosing from the Riva we steam along the canal Orfano, the legendary scene of the slaughter of the Franks and pass the islands of S. Servolo (now the lunatic asylum), S. Lazzaro with the Armenian convent and printing-press, S. Spirito and Poveglia. Beyond the porto of Malamocco on the lido of Pellestina, a few hundred yards to the south of S. Pietro in Volta, stands the little village of

Porto Secco in the filled-up porto of Albiola, where the first stand was made against Pepi and his host (p. 16). The beautiful lines of the low-lying Euganean hills have long been in sight, and the richly coloured sails of the Chioggian fishing craft. We pass the porto of Chioggia and enter the harbour. It is said that the old Venetians were wont to distinguish each of the porti by the colour of the water that flowed through: Tre Porti on the N., which gives on the Torcello and Burano group of islands, being yellow; S. Erasmo (now filled up), blue; Lido, red; Malamocco, green; Chioggia, purple. Chioggia, to the jaded sightseer, has the inestimable advantage of offering nothing of interest save the descendants of a fine and stalwart race of islanders still retaining some of their old characteristic traits of costume and language. The admirable view of Venice as we return in the evening, gradually rising with her domes and towers from the sea, is not the least delightful part of a restful and charming excursion.

## L'ENVOI

“THE word *Venetia*,” says Francesco Sansovino, “is interpreted by some to mean VENI ETIAM, which is to say, ‘Come again and again’; for how many times soever thou shalt come, new things and new beauties thou shalt see.”