

CHAPTER IX

Aggression on the Mainland—Arrest and Execution of Carmagnola—The Two Foscari

“Are these thy boasts—
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt and share the murderous prey.”
—Coleridge.

IN June of the next year the venerable and faithful Doge Andrea Contarini was laid to rest in the cloister of S. Stefano, and Michele Morosini was elected in his stead. Morosini was one who in the gloomiest time of the Chioggian war had given an inestimable pledge of his faith in the Republic by buying some house property belonging to the commune for 25,000 ducats, and when rallied by his friends for his folly, replied,¹ “If ill befall the land, I have no desire for fortune.”

Plague carried off Morosini in less than a year, and in October 1382 Antonio Venier became Doge. Peace was a brief sojourner in Italy. A long period of war and diplomacy with the despots of North Italy opens, in which Venice is now the ally and now the foe of Carrara or Visconti. Bribery, treachery and violence were among the weapons used on either side. More than once the Senate and the Ten connived at attempts to poison their country's enemies. It was the time of the great Condottieri. Patriotism was an affair of the highest bidder. Martial courage and science were sold for a price. No gold, no army. Turk or

¹ By an unhappy misprint (*ne* for *non*) in Muratori's ed. of Sanudo Morosini has been grievously calumniated and accused of speculating on his country's misfortune. See Romanin, iii., p. 310, and Muratori, *Rerum Ital. Scriptores*, xxii. 743.

Christian, English or German, Italian or French, all were welcome who would sell a strong arm and professional skill. English soldiers were much in demand. "Let us have as many English as possible and as few Germans and Italians." "It would be well for the Paduan contingent to be furnished with the English company, for a thousand lances of theirs are worth more than 500,000 of others." Such were the instructions of the Signory to their commanders.

In 1387, by a secret treaty, Galeazzo Visconti of Milan and the Carraras of Padua agreed to partition the Scala dominions between them. Visconti was to have Verona: the Carraras, Vicenza. The feeble descendant of Can Grande, Dante's "magnifico atque victorioso domino" became a Venetian pensioner until poison did Visconti's work in Friuli, and the widowed and orphaned family of the lord of Verona was reduced to beggary.¹ Before, however, the Carraras had realised what had happened, Visconti had stealthily seized Vicenza. They weakly appealed to Venice for support. But the wounds left by the Chioggian war were not yet healed, and the Signory lent a more willing ear to Visconti, who offered the bitter-sweet morsel of revenge and a tempting prize. Treviso became Venetian once more and territory commanding two passes into North Europe was ceded to the Republic. She averted her eyes while Visconti grabbed Padua. Lord of a wide domain, he now turned his lustful regard on Florence. Venice, alarmed at the monster she had fostered, swung round and helped the Carraras to regain Padua. But in 1402, when the aim of his life seemed near achievement, death struck Visconti down and his dominions became a prey to his generals and his enemies. The Carraras joined in the scramble and attacked Vicenza. Visconti's widow appealed to Venice for help. The deal was a hard one: Verona and Vicenza were the price of a Venetian alliance. The Carraras, summoned to raise the siege of Vicenza, stood defiant. When their herald

¹ The last of the Scalas died a few years ago, a poor cobbler, at Verona.

reached the edict stone at St Mark's to deliver the formal challenge, he would have been stoned to death on the Piazza by the boys and populace, if some nobles who happened to be passing had not shielded him; for a story had reached Venice that when the trumpeter of the Republic arrived at the Paduan camp before Vicenza he was seized by order of Jacopo Carrara, his ears and nose cut off, and himself dismissed with the brutal jibe: "Now I have made thee a S. Marco."

The war was a triumph for Venice. In 1404 she occupied Vicenza, in 1405 Verona. Three months later Padua fell to her arms. The Carraras, father and son, were captured and sent to join Jacopo (who had been taken at Verona), in a Venetian prison. So bitter was the feeling at Venice, that as they passed the people cried—"Crucify them! crucify them!" The Signory treated them leniently at first, but the seizure of the Carraras' papers at Padua revealed a great conspiracy against the Republic in which some of her own most exalted officers were implicated. The Ten assisted by a *Zonta* sat day and night to try the accused. On a January evening in 1406 it was bruited about the Piazza that old Carrara had been strangled in his cell. On the morrow, his two sons, it was rumoured, had met the same fate. "Dead men wage no wars" was the grim comment of the people. Another day passed and to the stupefaction of Venice Carlo Zeno, now venerable and honoured, was summoned by the Ten and ordered to be put to the question.¹ The stern decemvirs were no respecters of persons. Zeno was convicted of having corresponded with his country's enemies, stripped of his honours and imprisoned.

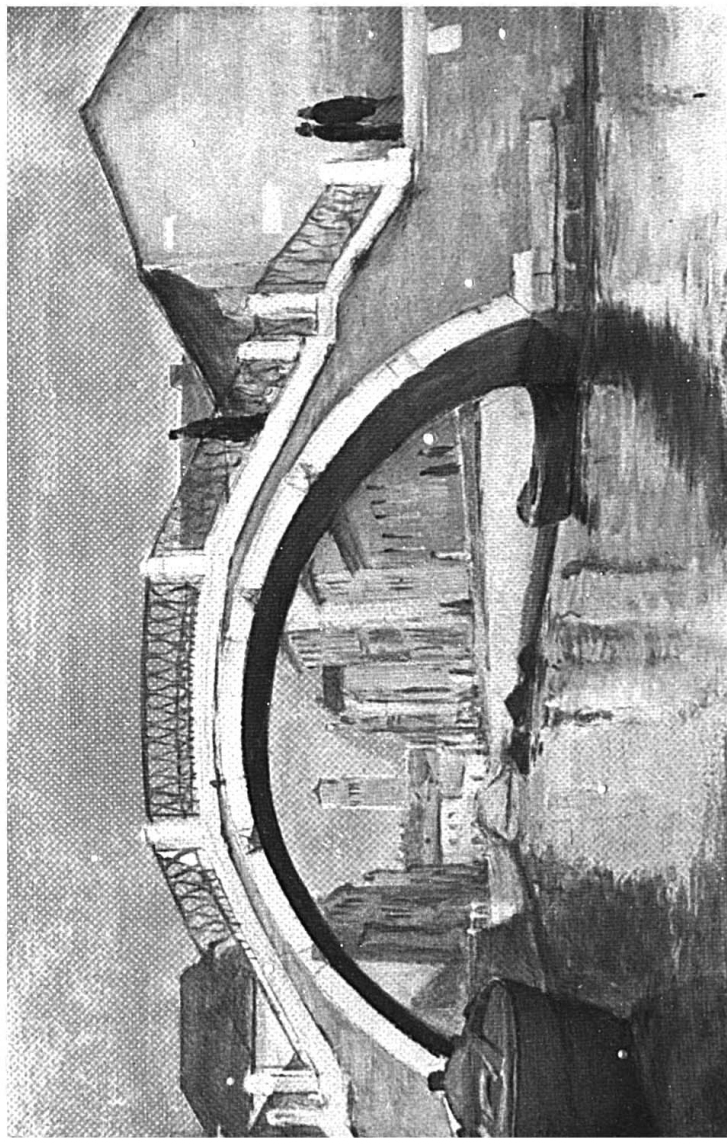
During the early fifteenth century, Venice was riding on the full tide of territorial expansion. On the north she touched the Alps, on the west and south the Adige. Dalmatia,

¹ The ordinary method of putting to the "question" was to tie the victim's hands behind him and swing him by the wrists over a pulley.

bought back for 200,000 florins, was retained by force of arms, and for the eighth time St Mark's banner was run up over Zara. Several feudal lords dying without heirs left their domains to the Republic. After a war with the Emperor and his allies she gained the province of Friuli, and reached the Carnic Alps in the east. In 1422 she had acquired Corfù, Argos, Nauplia and Corinth. A Venetian sat on St Peter's chair and two of her bishops were elevated to the Sacred College. Over this vast empire she ruled, a mother city of less than 200,000 inhabitants,¹ mistress of provinces and of the seas. Her wealth was prodigious.² The pomp and circumstance of public and private life grew more and more sumptuous. Four frocks prepared for the trousseau of Jacopo Foscari's bride cost 2000 ducats. In 1400 the famous *Compagnia della Calza* (Guild of the Hose) was founded to give honourable and princely entertainment among its members and to the guests of the Republic, and to contribute to the magnificence of State festivals. Brilliant suppers, serenades, jousts and regattas were organised by the members, who were drawn from the richest families. They were divided into various companies bearing fanciful names—the *Sempiterni*, the *Cortesi*, the *Immortali*. They wore embroidered on their hose, lengthwise or crosswise, some quaint pattern in many colours—arabesques, stars, or figures of birds or quadrupeds. On solemn occasions the designs were formed of gold, pearls and precious stones. The doublet was of velvet or cloth of gold with slashed sleeves laced with silk ribbons. The mantle of cloth of gold or damask or crimson *tabi* cloth was fitted with a pointed hood, which, falling on the shoulders, displayed inside the richly embroidered device of the Company. The head was covered with a jewelled red or black cap. Pointed shoes

¹ Sanudo gives the population in 1422 as 190,000 souls, about equal to that of Cardiff to-day.

² In 1347, a Flanders galley, after a voyage of eight months and seven days, made a profit of 10,000 ducats.



RIO AND PONTE DI SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

adorned with jewels completed the costume. Ladies were admitted to membership and wore the *Galza* device embroidered on the sleeves of their dress. The *Compagnia* was subject to the control of the Ten.

The festivities which celebrated the elevation of Michel Steno in 1400, now an experienced and upright officer of the State, are said to have lasted nearly a year. A significant change, however, had been made by the correctors of the Coronation Oath—the Doge was no longer to be addressed as *domine mi*, but plain *Messer lo Doge*.

On a midsummer day in 1405 a great platform was erected outside St Mark's, where the Doge sat supported by his chief officers of State to receive the homage of Verona. The twenty-one Veronese ambassadors rode, clothed in white, on chargers caparisoned with white taffeta. They alighted in front of the Doge and bowed three times. High mass was then sung, after which the chief orator presented his credentials, and read an address beginning—"Glory to God in the highest." He then handed to the Doge the official seals and surrendered the keys of the Porta S. Giorgio, the Porta Vescovo and the Porta Calzoni, the first representing the knights and doctors, the second the merchants and citizens, the third the common people. Two banners, one with a white cross on a red field, another with gold cross on a blue field were then presented to the Doge, and a white wand, emblematic of purity and perpetual dominion. The Doge rose and made a speech beginning, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," and applied the text to the good fortune of the Veronese in coming under the dominion of Venice. The orator began his reply with, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," at the end of which the Doge gave him the golden banner of St Mark, and all cried, "Viva Messer S. Marco." The two banners of Verona were then placed on either side the high altar at St Mark's. The same ceremony was used at the homage of Padua.

Tomaso Mocenigo, "one of the noblest and wisest of her children," came to the throne at a critical epoch of Venetian history. Visconti's son, Filippo, inherited the fierce passions and regal ambition of his father. Having assassinated his elder brother, Giovanni, he secured the services of the greatest *condottiero* of the time, Francesco Bussone da Carmagnola. Brescia and Genoa were quickly recovered, and assuring himself of Venetian neutrality, he seized Forlì and became a menace to Florence, who prayed for a Venetian alliance in the face of a common danger. The procurator, Francesco Foscari, his sails filled with successful acquisitions in Friuli, beckoned to a forward policy and favoured the Florentine alliance: Visconti was a danger to the State: when Florence had been bludgeoned he would turn on Venice and rend her. Foscari was answered in the Senate by Tomaso Mocenigo, in whose mouth Sanudo places a long oration. The venerable Doge after reviewing the story of the Milanese troubles, ranged through the whole of sacred and profane history to enforce his plea for peace. He prayed the fathers to be content with defending their present frontiers if attacked: "Let the young procurator beware of the fate of Pisa that waxed rich and great by peace and good government but fell by war." He summarised the national balance-sheet and the incidence of her trade. "Let the *procurator giovane* remember that commerce was the basis of Venetian prosperity, peace her greatest interest. Let them trade with Milan, not fight her. They were everywhere welcomed as the purveyors of the world; their islands were a city of refuge from oppression." He then lifted his hearers to the higher spheres of religion and ethics, and warned them that God would wreak vengeance on an aggressive and unrighteous nation. Foscari was intriguing for the reversion of the Dogeship. He had been chief of the Quarantia; three times a *capo* of the Ten. His influence was great among the patricians, by reason of his lavish distribution of money, when procurator, to decayed

gentlemen whose daughters he dowered from the public charities. A few days after his speech in the Senate, Mocenigo lay on his sick bed; some senators stood around him, and the Doge feeling his end draw nigh again took up his parable and solemnly entreated them as they loved their fatherland not to elect Foscari as his successor; to preserve the priceless inheritance he was about to leave them; and to keep their hands from their neighbours, for God would destroy Venice if she waged an unjust war. Let them live in peace, fear nought and mistrust the Florentines. But in truth Mocenigo's warning came a century too late. The Nemesis of Empire was already upon Venice. She was impelled to grasp more and more in order to retain what she had already won. The time had passed when so great was the fame of the incorruptible justice¹ of the Fathers that sixty envoys of princes might be found waiting in her halls to ask the judgment of the Senate on important matters of State.

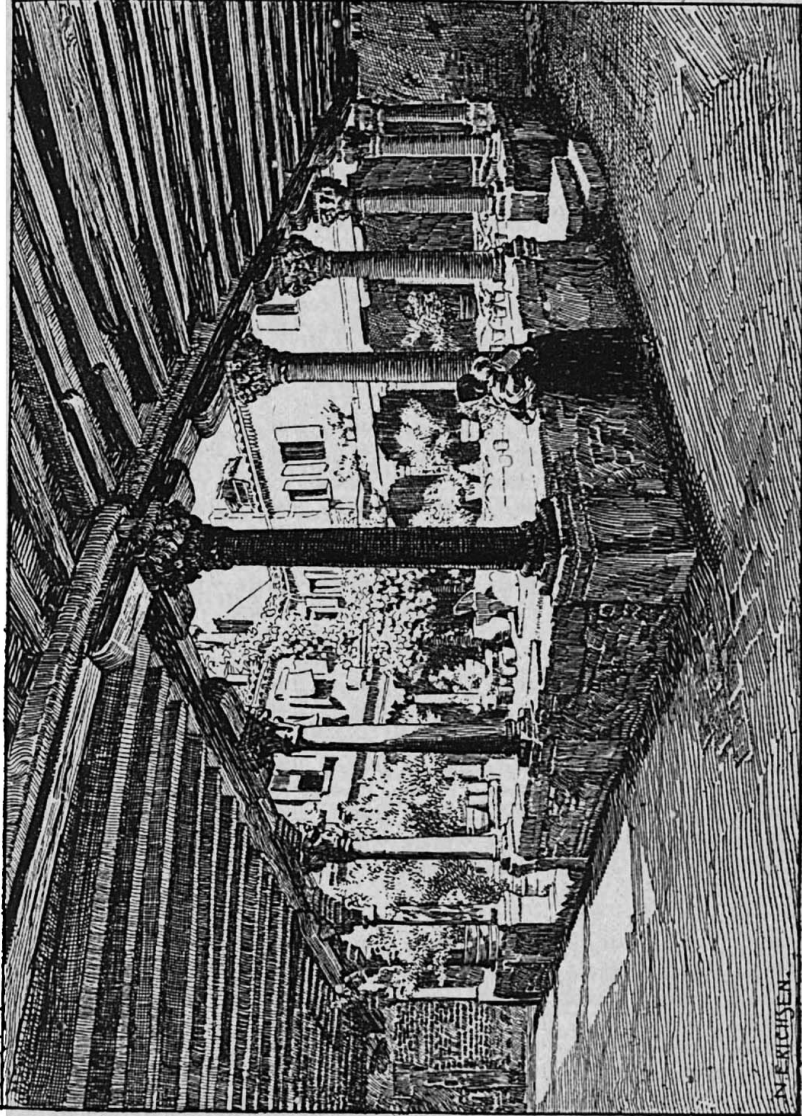
Foscari was elected after a close contest. At his proclamation the last feeble echo of the popular voice was drowned. The Grand Chancellor, reviewing the old formula, asked of the *Quarant' uno*, "What if the choice is not pleasing to the people?" and himself answered, "Let us simply say we have elected such a one." Foscari was presented to the people in St Mark's with the maimed formula, "*Quest' è il vostro doge.*" "*Se vi piacerà*" was no longer heard. But the coronation festivities were more gorgeous than ever and lasted a whole year. The responsibility of power and the strained relations with the Emperor, for a time sobered the impetuous Foscari. Once and again the Florentine envoys were dismissed unsatisfied. After suffering a severe defeat at Zagonnara, the Florentines for the third time appealed to Venice, and in an impassioned oration threatened that if the Venetians permitted Filippo Visconti to make himself King of North Italy, they would help him to become

¹ In the reign of Francesco Dandolo.

Emperor. Meanwhile Carmagnola, who had risen from a Piedmontese hind to be an arbiter of States, had roused Visconti's suspicions and fled to Venice, where 30,000 ducats of his fortune were safely invested in the funds. The Signory paid him a handsome retaining fee and sent him to Treviso. Foscari's opportunity was now come. Carmagnola had been made a senator, and in supporting the Doge's war policy laid bare the weak parts in Visconti's position. It was to be an easy and glorious campaign. The terms of the alliance with Florence were drawn up. On February 19th, 1426, Carmagnola was appointed Captain-General, and on March 3rd laid siege to Brescia.

Carmagnola proved a careful, not to say leisurely tactician, and professed much reliance on divine aid. April came, and the Captain-General asked permission to take the waters at Abano for his health's sake. The Senate consulted physicians and suggested that his presence at the siege was essential, and that an aperient might meet the case. The Captain-General did not take the hint, and spent a pleasant time at the baths. Again in November the delicate state of his health necessitated another journey to Abano. At length Brescia surrendered. Visconti offered to negotiate, and on the last day of the year a treaty signed at S. Giorgio Maggiore gave the whole province of Brescia and a large sub-Alpine territory to the Republic.

In February of the next year Carmagnola took the field with the finest army ever seen in Italy, for Visconti had recommenced hostilities in the Bresciano. It was a fair country. The gentle Italian spring gave way to lusty summer. A battle had been fought in which the Republic suffered a heavy loss in *horses*; in another some unfortunate cavaliers, including the Captain-General himself, were dangerously hurt by falling from their chargers during a surprise attack. The Senate protested, and urged greater energy and decision. In October Carmagnola's professional pride was stung. He bestirred himself, won a brilliant victory at



CLOISTER OF S. GREGORIO

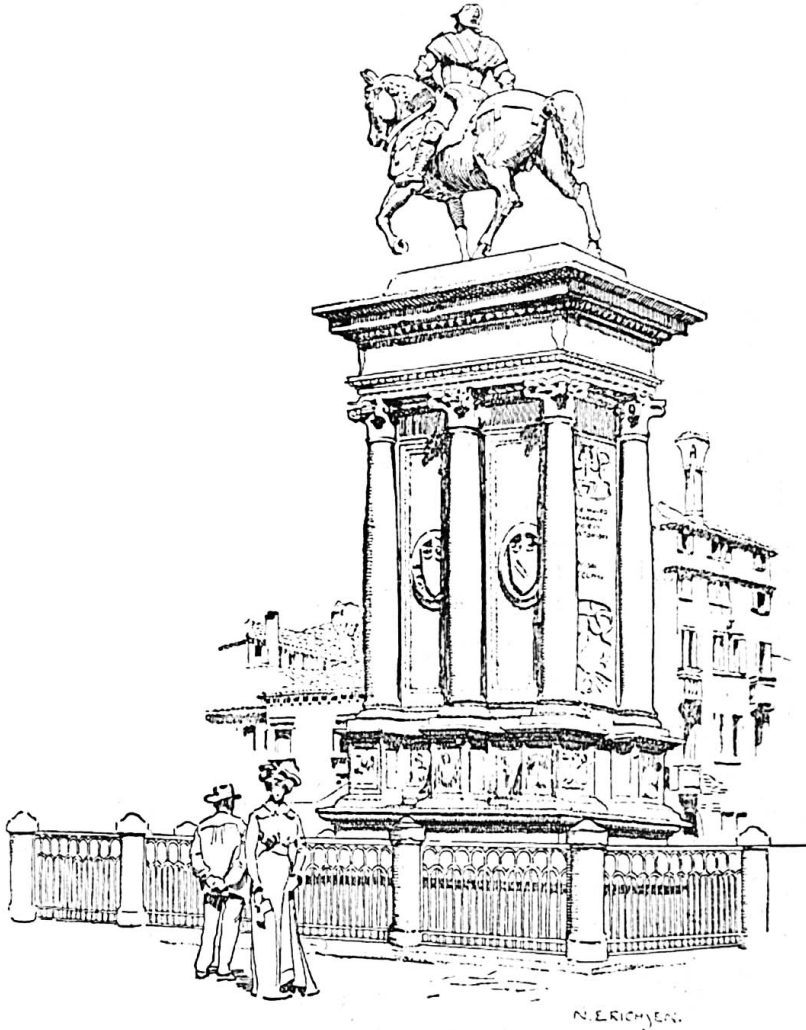
Macolò and captured 8000 cavalry. History is silent as to the dead and wounded. He was lavishly rewarded, made a Count, and given a house in Venice and an estate in the country. The Senate now advised him to follow up his advantage, strike at Milan and end the war. But Carmagnola's aim was to live, not to perish by the sword. The Republic was an excellent paymaster, and it were sorry economy to bring so profitable a business to a premature conclusion. Moreover, his adversary of to-day might be his patron of to-morrow, and his delicate constitution again required the stimulus of the baths. Visconti, too, was anxious for breathing time, and began intriguing with his former general. In 1428 another instrument of peace gave the province of Bergamo to Venice. Carmagnola received princely honours but soon gave in his resignation. The Republic offered him a salary of one thousand ducats a month in peace or war, and all ransoms and prize-money when on active service. The promise of the dukedom of Milan was held before him, but when the third Milanese war began the General's strategy was more exasperating than ever. He had no plan of campaign, and was known to be in correspondence with Visconti. The patient Senate resolved at last to act. Their members were bound to secrecy, and the Ten with a *Zonta* of twenty Senators were ordered to deal with the case warily but vigorously. Carmagnola's arrest was voted. Giovanni de' Imperi, secretary of the Ten, a pallid-faced notary, left for the camp with instructions to invite the General to Venice for a conference with the Doge. If he failed to take the bait, the secretary bore letters-patent addressed to the staff of the army, commanding them to concert measures for the arrest and detention of their chief. It was a perilous mission, for the mighty Captain-General held the State in the hollow of his hands. But Giovanni of the pale face and nerves of steel successfully achieved his purpose, and Carmagnola left for Venice. On his arrival he was met by eight nobles whose business it was to divert him from

his home and lead him to meet the Doge. When he reached the palace the secretary of the Ten disappeared, and Leonardo Mocenigo, procurator of the *Collegio*, informed the General's suite that their master was honoured by an invitation to dine with the Doge and that they might retire. As the guest passed through the apartments he noticed with some concern that the doors were closed behind him. On asking for the Doge he was answered that his Serenity was confined to his room with kidney disease, and would see him to-morrow. At the *Sala delle quattro porte* Carmagnola turned to go home: the officer touched his shoulder and pointed to a corridor that led to the prisons, saying, "This way, my lord." "But that is not the way!" exclaimed the great captain. "Yes, yes; quite right," repeated the officer. A signal was given. Guards surrounded him and he was hustled down the stairs, crying, "I am a dead man." The eagle was snared. At the trial Carmagnola was put to the question. As the executioner prepared the cord, Carmagnola pointed to the arm that had been broken in the service of the Republic. A brazier was applied to his feet instead. On May 5th, 1432, the unhappy soldier was led with a gag in his mouth to his doom between the red columns. After three blows his head fell from his shoulders.

The awful tragedy had been planned and executed with consummate skill and resolution. Two hundred officials were cognisant of the process. Not one opened his mouth to betray the secret. From the time the victim left Vicenza he was practically under arrest, though this he never suspected. The remains were buried in the Frari and afterwards removed to Milan. His widow was pensioned and his daughters were dowered. Four years later another enemy of the Republic lost his head between the red columns. The only surviving son of old Carrara had been convicted by the Ten of an attempt to plot an insurrection in Padua.

During the long remaining years of Foscari's reign the resources of Venice were drained by a succession of costly

campaigns in defence of her conquests. The most famous



STATUE OF BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI

condottieri, Gonzaga of Mantua, Gattamelata, Francesco Sforza, and Bartolomeo Colleoni were employed, at enormous

expense. At length, in 1454, weary and exhausted by the financial, if not by the mortal drain of thirty years' war, and sobered by the appalling news of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the three chief belligerents—Venice, Florence, and Milan—laid down their arms and signed a defensive alliance against any power that should disturb the peace of Italy. The Venetians had held, and even added to, their conquests. Ravenna was occupied in 1440 and the last of the Polentas, father and son died in exile in Crete. Although St Mark's Lion never looked down from his pillar on a Milanese Piazza, Venice had won the primacy of North Italy. In fifty years she had annexed eleven provinces—Treviso, Vicenza and the *Sette Comuni*, Verona, Padua, the Friuli, Brescia, Bergamo, Feltre, Belluno, Crema, Ravenna. Her yoke was easy. The subject peoples had small reason to regret the change of masters. The Brescians endured the horrors of a three years' siege rather than revert to Milanese dominion. The Signory "that could not sleep till Brescia were relieved" organised the transport of a fleet of thirty vessels across the mountains, a distance of two hundred miles in mid-winter, lowered them down the precipitous flank of Monte Baldo and launched them on Lake Garda, a stupendous feat of engineering skill and energy.

Venice never denied her enlightened and paternal rule, which embraced even the cut of ladies' dresses and the duties of wet nurses. But St Mark's "insatiable greed" had aroused the jealousies of the transalpine monarchies. The League of Cambrai, which broke down for ever the power of Venice on the mainland, was a direct outcome of Foscari's policy.

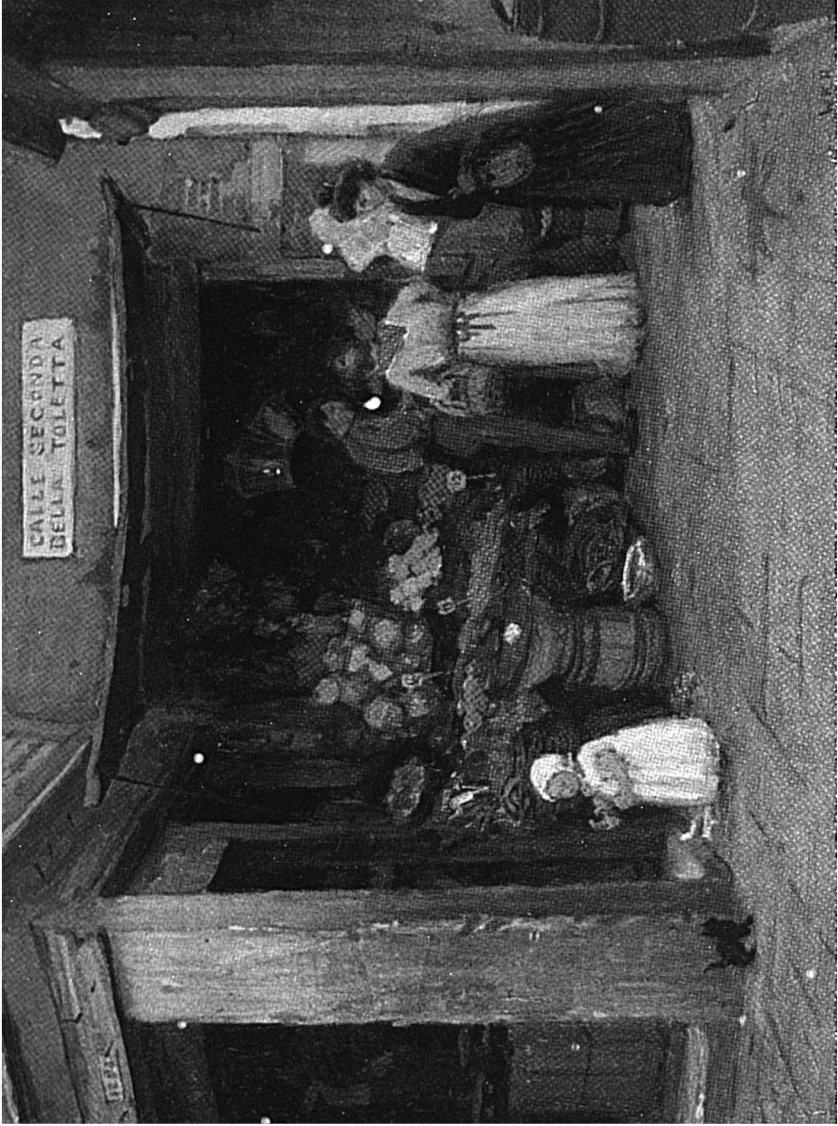
While men's minds were pre-occupied with the Milanese war and the news of the occupation of part of the Morea by the Turks, a grave domestic scandal weighed upon the Fathers. Charges of corruption were openly made against the Foscari, and in February 1445 the Doge's only surviving son, Jacopo,

was denounced to the Ten for having accepted bribes to use his influence with his father in the allocation of State appointments. The young Foscari was a cultured, but pleasure-loving noble, whose magnificent marriage festivities in 1441 had aroused even the critical Venetians to enthusiasm. He was charged with "having regard neither to God nor man, and accepting gifts of money and jewels against the law," and cited to appear on the 18th before the Tribunal of the Ten, who were assisted by a *Zonta* of ten nobles. The arrest of his valet, Gaspero, on the previous day had, however, aroused Jacopo's suspicions; and when the officer of the Ten tried to serve the warrant, it was discovered that Foscari had fled to Trieste with all the money he could lay hands on. The tribunal having excluded the Doge and all his relations, proceeded to try the accused in default. The members were declared inviolable and permitted to wear arms. Jacopo was found guilty, and banished for life to Nauplia. The Dogaressa was refused permission to visit him at Trieste, and Marco Trevisano with a galley sent to deport him. Messer Jacopo, however, treated the warrant with contempt, and refused to embark. The price of contumacy was outlawry, and decapitation between the two columns. The Ten did not enforce the extreme penalty, and entreated the Doge to persuade his son to obey the law. But efforts were of no avail, and on April 7th the sentence was confirmed, and Jacopo's property confiscated.

For more than a year the outlaw had been living defiantly at Trieste, when fresh revelations led to the appointment of another *Zonta* to deal further with the scandal. Five months passed. Marco Trevisano died, and Jacopo fell sick at Trieste. The Ten thereupon resolved to accept, in the name of Jesus Christ, the excuses of the invalid for not proceeding to Nauplia, and to substitute his own country house near Treviso for the place of exile.

We hear nothing more of the case until April 1447, when a chest containing 2040 ducats and some silver plate

was discovered, and proven to have been received by Jacopo from the Duke of Milan. The contents of the chest were confiscated, but no further action was taken. In September, the Doge presented a piteous petition for his son's pardon. The Ten resolved that, since the present critical state of public affairs demanded a prince with a clear and untroubled mind, Jacopo should be restored to his family, as an act of piety to our lord the Doge. Three years elapsed. On a November evening, as Ermolao Donato, one of the *Capi* who had tried Jacopo, was leaving the palace after attending a meeting of the Senate, he was fatally stabbed. The Ten and a *Zonta* met to investigate, but failed to penetrate the mystery. On January 2nd, 1451, a signed denunciation was found in the *Bocca del leone*. Jacopo Foscari was arrested, and put to the question. Incoherent muttering, which the Ten thought to be an incantation, was all that could be forced from his lips. The trial dragged on until March 26th, when Jacopo was declared, on purely circumstantial evidence, guilty of the murder, and banished to Canea, in Crete, where he was to report himself daily to the Podestà. The Doge was exhorted to patience, and on the 29th the condemned Jacopo was put on a galley that was sailing for Crete. In the June of 1456 important despatches in cypher from Canea came before the Ten. The home-sick and intolerant Foscari had written a letter to the Duke of Milan, asking him to intercede with the Signory, and another to the Turkish Sultan, begging that a vessel might be sent to Crete to abduct him from the island. Jacopo and all his household were cited to Venice. Before the Ten he frankly confessed all, and the sentence was then debated. A *Capo*, Jacopo Loredano, proposed the death penalty. The motion was lost, and his relegation to Canea and a year's imprisonment were voted. His family were permitted to see him and Jacopo, bearing marks of the torture, was led into the room, where his father awaited him. The poor old Doge fell upon his son's neck, while Jacopo cried, "Father, father, I beseech you procure for me



A FRUIT STALL.

permission to return to my home." "Jacopo," answered the Doge, "thou must obey the will of the land, and strive no more." As the door closed on his son for ever, the miserable father flung himself upon a chair, uttering lamentations and moaning, "O! the great pity of it!" In six months came news from Canea: Jacopo Foscari was dead. The Doge never recovered from the blow. He secluded himself in his room, and sank into hopeless, sullen grief. The most urgent affairs of State could not divert him from his sorrow. The very Government was paralysed, and the Ten were called to devise a way out of the dead-lock. Having excluded the Doge's relations, after long debate they decided to invite the Doge in his great charity to take pity on the land and freely resign. They offered a pension of fifteen hundred ducats, and gave him a day to consider his answer. On the morrow, he would say neither yea nor nay, and complained of the unconstitutional suggestion. A second deputation was no more successful. It was then intimated to the Doge that he must resign, and leave the palace within a week, or suffer the confiscation of his property.

On Sunday the 23rd of October, in the presence of the Ten and the chief officers of State, he silently drew the ducal ring from his finger. A *Capo* broke it in pieces and removed the ducal cap from his head. The discrowned Foscari was bid to retire to his home in S. Pantaleone. As the Councillors were leaving the room he noticed that one of the Quarantia lingered awhile and gazed pityingly upon him. He called him, took his hand and asked: "Whose son art thou?" "I am the son of Marin Memo," was the reply. "He is my dear comrade," said the Doge. "Prithee bid him come to see me, for it will be a precious solace to me: we will visit the monasteries together." Early on the morrow Francesco Foscari left his apartments leaning on a crutched stick accompanied by his brother Marco, his only suite a few sobbing kinsmen and servants. As they neared

¹ The Doge uses the familiar *tu*: Jacopo the formal *voi*.

the principal staircase Marco said: "It is well, your Serenity, that we go to the landing-stage by the other stairway which is covered." "Nay," answered Foscari, "I will descend by the same stairs up which I mounted to the Dogeship." Stripped of his honours, forsaken by his Councillors, bent beneath the

weight of his eighty-four years and the long tenure of a great office, the humiliated Foscari tottered down those steps in silence, which more than the third of a century before he had climbed, erect, exultant, full of hope, amid the acclamation of a whole city.

The Great Council met the same day: the electoral machinery was set in motion and on the morrow, the 30th October, Pasquale Malipiero was chosen and proclaimed Doge two hours before sunset. Two days after, on All Saints' Day, the new Doge and his Council



NERLITZEN

BUST OF FRANCESCO FOSCARI

were at mass at St Mark's when a messenger came in hot haste with the news that Francesco Foscari was dead. The Councillors gazed mutely at each other. The Ten were convoked and, pricked perhaps by remorse at their severity, voted a magnificent and honourable funeral, the widow protesting against the mockery and declaring that she would sell her dowry to give her lord worthy burial. Wrapped in a mantle of cloth of

gold; crowned with the ducal cap; sword by side and spurred with gold, all that remained of the great Doge Foscari lay in state in the hall of the Senate, guarded by four and twenty nobles in scarlet robes to indicate that if the Doge were dead the Signory yet lived. The bier was borne by a picked body of sailors. Pasquale Malipiero, clothed as a simple senator; the officers of State; the clergy; the guilds followed. With solemn pomp the pageant went its way lighted by innumerable tapers along the Merceria and across the Rialto bridge to the Church of the Frari. The sumptuous monument, erected in the choir to his memory, by Ant. Riccio, still testifies to his fame. Those who would gaze on the striking, sensuous features of unhappy Doge Foscari will find his bust in the corridor that leads to the private apartments of the ducal palace, a faithful portrait carved by Bart. Buon. It was rescued when the original group over the Porta della Carta was destroyed in 1797.

Tomaso Mocenigo left Venice at peace with a flourishing exchequer: under Foscari it became bankrupt. In ten years the Milanese war had cost seven million sequins. The funds which stood at 60 when it began, sank to 18½ before its close. Her hands tied by the war, Venice had been compelled to look on while Constantinople fell to the Turks. Increased taxes, forced loans, national default and commercial crises: non-payment of salaries, depreciation of real estate, depression of industry and reduction of population—this was the cost of military glory; the dark background to the brilliant and memorable reign of Francesco Foscari.