New-York Tribune.

VOL. XXVI.....No. 7,993. NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1866. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

EUROPE.

NEWS BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE TO NOV. 19.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

GREAT FLOODS—LOSS OF LIFE.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 19, 1866.

Great floods are devastating the Counties of York and Lancaster. Many lives have been lost by drowning.

FENIANS IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 19, 1866—evening.

It is said that the Government is alive to the fact that large numbers of Fenians have been arriving in Ireland weekly, and is well prepared to meet any rebellious movement.

REFORM DEMONSTRATION IN EDINBURGH.

The Reform demonstration in Edinburgh on Saturday was a large and imposing one.

PRUSSIA.

BISMARK.

BERLIN, Monday, Nov. 19, 1866.

It is positively stated that Bismark will soon resume the active duties of his office.

ITALY.

THE AGITATION OF THE ROMAN QUESTION DISCOURAGED BY GOVERNMENT.

FLORENCE, Monday, Nov. 19.

Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of the Italian Government, has issued a circular discouraging the agitation of the Roman question.

Italy, he says, will be neutral, and await the certain triumph of her rights.

CHILI AND PERU.

THE MEDIATION OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND ACCEPTED.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 19, 1866.

The report is confirmed that Chili and Peru have consented to accept the mediation of the Governments of France and England.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 18, 1866.

The Russian festivities have been suddenly stopped on account of the serious illness of the Princess Dagmar.

TURKEY.

RENEWED FIGHTING IN CANDIA.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 19, 1866.

here are reports in circulation that fighting has been renewed in Candia.

INDIA.

LONDON, Nov. 18, 1866.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay report the gratifying intelligence that the famine in India is abating.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Nov. 18, 1866.

The Government of Spain is taking strong measures to prevent a threatened outbreak.

Don Miguel is dead.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 19.—The steamship Moravian, Capt. Alton, which left Montreal, Nov. 8, has arrived out.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 19—Noon.—The Cotton market is quiet and unchanged; Middling Uplands are quoted at 14d. The sales to-day will reach 10,000 bales.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Monday, Nov. 19—evening.—The Breadstuffs market has been firm and unchanged.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.

LONDON, Nov. 19—Noon.—Consols to-day are quoted at 90¾.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 19, evening.—Consols closed to-day at 90¾ for money.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

The following are the current quotations of American Securities: United States 5-20s, 70¾; Illinois Central shares, 78¾; Erie Railway shares, 49¾.

The following are the closing quotations of American securities: United States Five-Twenties, 70¾; Illinois Central shares, 78¾; Erie Railway shares, 50.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

VENICE.

THE EVACUATION OF VENICE, AND ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ITALIANS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

VENICE, Oct. 24, 1866.

The scene in Venice, for these past seven days, passes in vividness even all that a correspondent of the American war has noted. Of that wild, wonderful struggle, the occupation of Richmond was the climax, in the picturesque and emotional, as well as in the historic view. Here, in my hotel on the Grand Canal, I recall its solemn enthusiasms and silent terror. I try to recall every feature of its landscape of flame and shadow; the consecutive explosions of its panic-stricken edifices, those architectural suicides that felt the desperate end of rebellion, and reeled and fell with its people. I see, again, in its half Pompeian streets, rolling with the lava of war, the spirits of the mountain-North erupted upon it, walking with almost fearful and infrequent huzzas, up the breaches of the blazing. I see the glazed faces of the waiting prisoners, at the bars of Libby, whitened with sorrow, and hectic with the hearing of the tramp of relief.

And I dare believe, composed as I try to be in this deliverance of Venice, that what I hear, see, feel and think, make an impression more fixed and more wonderful than the last prodigious tableau of our grand war. Think of it! Soldier and Citizen! whoever is bold to read this letter! how a generous and impatient people have been conquered by despotism for 70 long and burning years, and awoke only yesterday with every glorious emotion answered by complete and absolute fulfillment. Think, also, that these people had been independent and powerful for 800 years; that their transition from independence to slavery was not made by slow decadences, which prepare the necks of men for the yoke, but by a sudden leap from glory to chains. With arsenals all busy, like yours at Charlestown or Brooklyn; with beautiful mansions, like Fifth-ave's. fresh from the stone-cutter; with ships on the sea; a history great and vivid to its last page; bankers and speculators ardent as in Wall-st.; and a flag whose flutter in the wind made every man thrill, like the unwinding of our pale stars and purple stripes—these proud people were handed away into servitude without thought or warning—"without a reckoning, sent to their account!" The stranger's soldiers seized upon their ships and churches. He mounted guard upon their quays and bridges. He introduced the severest laws, which remind men that they have no volition nor influence. He played on their holy holidays his own imported airs. And he drafted them into his armies, judged them by his judges, and threw them into dungeons if they whispered. This stranger, moreover, was of such blood, temperament and education, that he had not one sympathy in common with them. He was a cold-faced, pale-faced man, and to their warm hearts and sunny spirits, opposed a nature of phlegm, obtuseness, reserve, ice. He only reasoned where they felt. He spoke in monotones where they would express with lightning and thunder roar. His presence was a perpetual corpse to them, and that dead, fish-eyed, stony corpse, their master and companion. No novel nor apostrophe can tell how these bound bodies of Venice felt the awful clammyness and repulsion of this Austrian rule. This beautiful city in the sea was like the deck of his ship to the Ancient Mariner, whose dead crew looked up through freezing eyes and cursed him.

Think, also! you of the Great Republic, so keenly sensitive to what men write and say of your country's institutions! that scarcely were the bayonets of their conquerors familiar to the people of Venice, than scholars and citizens of neighboring or remote nations, but lately their equals and rivals, came to see their shame and celebrate it. They walked down the splendid wretchedness of Venice pitifully or superciliously, and made its power and decline the subject of their songs, dramas and orations. It was as if New-York or Boston were suddenly seized and desecrated by the Englishman or the Spaniard, and florid or swarthy tourists among us wrote books and letters from the Battery or Bunker Hill, describing our monuments and our misery. All this the men and women of Venice felt to the quick. They were singularly like the American people in pride and sensitiveness. All their glory became their reproach, and to the spectacle of their prostration their sons were to be accustomed. No new material good came to balance the account of their spiritual and national penury. On the contrary, their conquerors built over against them a rival city to drain the remains of their riches. They grew poor as well as enslaved. The taxes they paid were applied to ruin them forever. Yet with this fearful incubus, political and pecuniary, they did no rash act of suicide, contemplated no exile, fell into no unmanly despair. The history of man shows few equal examples of beautiful sadness and everlasting devotion. Disarmed, they wore the bayonet at their hearts. At every chance they rushed to arms They grew in brotherly love the older they grew under tyranny. No bravo's daggers revenged them. Open war and indomitable patriotism were their appeals. And it so happened that the benignity and wisdom which chasten men to justice and sobriety, purified Venice to nobler charities. Her aristocracy, unused to labor, grew poor and helpless. Her commons, used to hunger, submission and toil, felt that freedom, when it should come, must be of a better sort than they had known. Therefore, Venice is to-day a city educated in the light of modern republicanism, united in one consummated desire, the last but one of the great municipal republics of the South to forego its exclusive ambition, and assent to the least onerous of existing monarchical governments.

THE QUADRILATERAL EVACUATED.

You are with me, therefore, on the last Austrian train that takes the rail toward the Adriatic. We have been bowled across the great Lombardy plains, fertile with olive and mulberry, maize and vine, a great dewy basin, deep in mountains, far off tipped with snow, but nearer dyed in the Italian clouds; and when we have passed the last rice fields, whose morasses are now only green and rank with surface life, we shoot upon a prospect reaching down from the north of a lake like an inland sea, parting like a blue-veined hand the flushed and squalid Alps. This is the Lake of Garda, the largest of the soft estuaries of Italy, as beautiful as any, and more than any commemorated by battle. Through its long, tapering length ran the boundary line between Italy and Austria. Valleys beyond it darted up to the sides of the Tyrolean Alps. Parallel with it ran the river Adige, only one narrow ridge of mountains between, the natural and most direct route to Austria. Out of it shot the Mincio, whose dreaded "elbows" have checked aspiration very long, not to mention "the sympathies of youth." It stands in the angle of the Quadrilateral like a stretch of the brightest sky, in whose shining edges the liveliest lightnings leap. Gunboats of the opposing nations went cruising upon it. A month ago their thunders broke noon and midnight. And at the southern tip of the Lake of Garda, low-set, boggy, dirty, with soldiery and their *commissariat*, the little town of Peschiera nestles, like a Cretan village, under the parapets of the Alps. Its streets are rude; its people are poor; it is swallowed up in moats and bastions, whose grimy brick hights go, acres long, wallowing about it. The Mincio, which divides these, is a shallow stream, passing paltry islets, no bigger than the Hedgemain, or Bull Run, and it cuts in half the rolling landscape, with here and there to the south a conical hill to break it. Each rise of ground in the eye, as far off as the horizon, is a redan, a lunette, a rifle-pit, a tower, a low zig-zag of field works. They commence at the eye, in stockades whose cannon are as frequent as the separate palisades. They go climbing every rise, descending every swell, a gun in the prospect to intercept every sunbeam. Far off, you see a tall tower cap a cliff, and stray into the remote sky. This is Solferino. As far, more eastward, a church tower, narrow and lofty, floats out of the chaos of parapets. This is Custozza. Around this perch of yours the irresolute foot of battle has retreated and returned for one-half the years of its history. The confluence of streams and destinies makes it the natural battle-ground between the Saxon and the Roman races. Of old its separate cities were fortified, but when the German got possession of it permanently, he went to work, with cold, calculating assiduity, to make it past fighting for. It resembles, seen from Peschiera or Verona, the great bare plain of Manasses, a little more rolling, perhaps, but its defenses, though frequent, are small and isolated, except at its four great fortresses. It is not so well defended as was Richmond. The natural obstacles to getting possession of it are not equal to those of any important strategic point celebrated by the late Rebellion in America. The quadrilateral can give forage to an army of 300,000 men, yet its extreme confines are not two days' march apart. The few people who live upon it, in separate farms, are wretched and almost savage. They have been hunted by repeated battle into cellars and ditches, insulted by common soldiery, trespassed upon, broken. The villages are all bullet-pierced, showing each a great slim shaft of church-tower, raised up like a testimony against slaughter.

PESCHIERA, VERONA, AND MANTUA GIVEN UP.

To-day, Wednesday, the 17th of October, in the midst of embrowning foliages, a naked flag-staff rises over the town of Peschiera. At noon a group of men in uniform gathered within the emptied citadel. His Majesty (Apostolic) of Austria gives over to His Majesty (earliest Defender of the Faith) of France the fort and outworks of Peschiera. His Majesty of the latter half hands them over at once to the municipality of Peschiera. Then on the naked flag-staff a tri-color runs up—a flag not so beautiful as ours at home, but better and brighter than the black and yellow of the stranger; it is a tri-color, green, white and red, emblazoned in the white center with a Gothic cross. No sooner does it show above the halyards than from the Lake of Garda, now all Italian, every gunboat, native or purchased, sends flame and thunder. From every poor, bedizened window of the town the same serene colors are floated. There is no courtesan so base, no aristocrat so proud, that she does not fling them forth. The footpad and the student wear them in miniature at their button-hole. They rise from every swell and eminence of this deadly quadrilateral, as if a vegetation of emerald, white and crimson had sprung forth to some powerful electricity. Like a human standard-bearer, Briaveu-armed, these colors run eastward and southward, showing on every village tower, on every poor, blasted farm-house! Their passage is quick as sight and light. They flame above the gorge of the railway, faster than the train that glides toward Venice, laden with the last white-coated or sky-blue-coated Austrians. They cover the late disastrous battle-field, where sleep the dead of the peninsula, as if every grave had vegetated into tri-colors. At last they enter by the same winkfull of light, the twin monsters of Mantua and Verona, and by their instant illumination make madness and laughter. Under the great machicolated towers of Mantua, under its solemnly grand castle and palace, from every martello angle and mossy bastion, reflected in lake and morass, the colors of Piedmont shine. They spangle at Verona the still remaining tomb of Romeo and Juliet, make a wondrous cornice to its marble amphitheater, crest its Roman play-house, drape every toiling mill in the stream of the wide Adige, leap along its Roman and feudal walls far into the salient towers on the spurs of the fruitful mountains, and to the music of rejoicing organs they unwind from every church tower. Down the streets of those long-suffering cities, straightway the people pass in wild acclaims, bearing the self-same symbol of independence. They pour into the desolate citadels and batteries and fix the tri-color at the muzzle of every gun. It dashes to the flag-staff. It is a gorgeous curtain at every port-hole. Mothers and their babes come forth, yet white with the struggle of child-birth, that some faint trace of the happy hour may drop into the blue eyes, and dwell there forever. While thus with garlands, songs, and all the warm spontaneity of the South, two older cities than the fame of Christ acknowledge the indelible love of race and country. The trains of the banished Austrian are sliding with the speed of shame and relief around the head of the Adriatic. They see the cities they could never win to love them—the muttering cities that treaty, bribe, and cannon could not keep constant—unroll the ensign, woven in secret, wherever they pass or pause. Vicenza flings it from her slender spires. Padua drapes with it the tombs of Antenor and Livy. It reaches to Maestre, the mainland keep of Venice, and flashed like a battle-signal across the mighty causeway that touches the Queen City of the Adriatic.

FIRST VIEW OF VENICE REDEEMED.

You who have been in Venice will be glad if I succeed in recalling it to you again. To you who have not seen it, let me show from this long causeway, so frequent in batteries, bridges, and debarring gates, that reach at intervals down its two miles of rails and arches—a city set low and level in the shallow seas, amid a host of islets. Beyond it, a mile or more, reach golden bars on which the Adriatic breaks, sending through one wide and liberal crevasse a plentiful tide, ruffled by none of the storms beyond the bar, yet adequate for navies, even now, when we build deep and mighty leviathans. In the past, through that same channel, poured galleys of war, bent on certain victory; the spoil of the East drawn through it, dropped on yonder softly lighted quays, and when it woke in carnival, its lamps were like the rival of the sun, staying in his place to make flame the great Lagune. No city in our west resembles it; none in all the older world. Yet out of its isolation came no melancholy nor idiosyncrasy; out of its waves no damp and disease. It was beautiful in itself, in its people, in its melting skies. So does it show to light, as we travel toward it, among faces long in exile, thrilled now with the measures of its glory. While in its position unique, in mere topographical outline it strongly resembles New-York. Sharply tapering toward the sea, it widens to the west, and a line drawn along Fourteenth-st. from the East to the North Rivers, will leave south of it the shape and the superfices, very nearly, of this Italian Manhattan. There is also a distinct river channel between it and the island of Giudecca, its Jersey City and Hoboken, and off its great naval arsenal, at the verge, stands the island of San Pietro, a singular reproduction of our Governor's Island. Here the parallel ends; for New-York is one stanch island, standing bold and rocky, while Venice is a collection of 117 islets, divided by 149 canals, connected by 380 bridges, and pierced by 2,050 infinitely narrow and labyrinthine streets. Almost every foot of the city is built upon piles. Each of its 15,000 houses is washed by the sea-water, and of its 130,000 people not one ever rode upon wheels down the mainland of his city. Making a broad spiral ribbon of blue sea, thrice as wide as Broadway, through the longest diameter of Venice, passes the Grand Canal, the most wonderful water panorama in the world—in no degree like the dull brick facings of the Flemish and Dutch city canals, but a highway to marble palaces, into which are burned the dyes of a Southern sun, and all the floridness of the Goth blossoms in their architecture. Three bridges only cross this Grand Canal, two of them practical and modern; the middle bridge, famed in all lands, is the Rialto, a high archway of shops and multitudes, under which, like docile crocodiles, gondolas shoot their beaks of steel. Upon the surface of this peopled archipelago there are 294 open places or *campi*. Most of them were spaces to give some church perspective; but two-thirds of the way down the city, where it narrows to almost its smallest girth, lies the only square of greater length than a sling's throw, the wondrous Piazza of San Marco. This piazza is like nothing in America. From the days of Petrarch, who loved it, it has been a marvel. It is a great oblong square, 600 feet long by 230 feet wide, paved with hewn blocks of marble, bordered on three sides by a marble palace, faced with long arcades, which show gilded cafés and splendid shops of jewelry beneath them; and on the third side, or, rather, at the head of it, the Cathedral of St. Mark, the patron of Venice, rises, venerable and plentiful of domes, the richest if not the purest religious edifice in the world. Before it career the bronze horses of St. Mark, part of the plunder of the Crusades, and from the paved space before them, set aside, so as not to mar the perspective, rises the great *Campanile*, or bell-tower, nearly a thousand years old and to the hight of 350 feet—about twice that, if I do not mistake, of Trinity Church on Broadway. A second tower near by holds a zodiacal clock, rung by Moorish giants, and facing it from the opposite corner of the piazza, reaches at right angles quite down to the harbor side, the piazetta of St. Mark, a smaller area, flanked with the Doges' Palace, a grand edifice, many-hued, built on pointed arches and reaching on its further end along the splendid quay. This piazetta is closed, almost at the water's edge, by two granite columns, each of a single stone, crested, the one with a statue of St. George, the other with a winged lion. Going down between them, in past times, the hoary Admirals have been escorted to their gondolas, followed by the anxious Doge, and sailed from the very shadows of these columns to fight out the quarrel of the republic on distant seas. Behind the ducal palace are the prisoners of State, whose outlet is the famed Bridge of Sighs, of late the sepulchers of the Italian patriots. From this *Molo*, or State quay, the view is wonderful of the domes and campaniles on three opposite islands, and the broad blue path of the canals, plowed with swift gondolas. Far down the island is the arsenal, where the Venetians fitted out their fleets, as Dante describes them.

This is Venice, a labyrinth of islands, palaces, churches founded by fugitives who grew up sea-dogs, and are now to be ushered into the first day of independence.

NAPOLEON'S PART IN THE DELIVERY OF VENICE.

From this *Molo* of San Marco, where the Bishops so oft came down to bless the Farraguts, Porters and Wordens of the Republic, a soldier in the sky-blue coat of the Austrian, sailed off, on Friday, the 19th of October, to join a ship, close by, bearing a yellow and sable flag, embroidered with an eagle. It was the last Austrian Governor of Venice, the last Gessler of his race, Gen. Alemann. The quay was thronged with people; girls, national guards, ladies, old men. They made a silent path through them to the water's edge, whence passed the Austrian, a bearded man of iron gray, full of those outward graces which are learned in his military school; a man who could command the execution of Kossuth or Garibaldi with quiet dignity, and go to bed thereafter without remorse. He and his troops, who had silently sailed away the night preceding in the darkness and without observation, were all of the stolid graciousness which obeys orders without passion and executes injustice with the deportment of a dancing master. As his gondola passed off he raised his hat. A silent waving of handkerchiefs from the quay gave him farewell. There was no regret in the soul of any man or woman thus saluting him, except the natural solemnity of this polite breaking of chains and the flush of freedom tempered for an instant with the sudden comprehension of its grave responsibilities. His gondolier landed him, still waving his hand, upon the deck of an Austrian ship. One gun of adieu sounded over the lagoon, and Venice contained no soldier save her own, no law but the free behavior of her people, no flag of any designation.

The introduction to this silent scene has transpired at dawn. The great intermeddler of Europe, Emperor of France at this writing, had "intervened" after the first battle of the war, and snatched Venice away from the German. What were his intentions toward it we do not know. Common decency compelled him to restore it to the people themselves. This had been done in a common hotel on the Grand Canal, with some few flourishes of flattery on the part of the French General receiving it, intended to touch the newspapers to the glory of Napoleon. A citizen of Venice, delegated to receive it, made a brief, dignified, and unfunkey speech. The National Guard of Venice, for a few momentous hours, took charge of the town.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COMITY AND PRINCIPLE.

In leaving Venice the Austrians made no manly apology for seventy years' injustice to it. The French ruler told no incisive, manly truth to make retribution for the act of his great ancestor in selling Venice into slavery. Venice had thrown off the light yoke of the Doge and Council to become the ally of France. Napoleon used her war material and citizens to beat the Austrians. Then, to reconcile Austria to a prompt peace, he gave her, body and soul, his ally. This act was one of the base ones of the First Napoleon's life. There was no possible cause for the Third Napoleon's intercession, unless he meant to take Venice and give her back her freedom, with a regret that his family had treated her so treacherously. This he did not do, and I fancy that the compliments of his satrap to the Venetian people will make a small place in history. It was, perhaps, too much to expect an absorbent power like Austria to say anything apologetic for injustice. But it would have done no disgrace to the Kaiser's servant to say thus:

"I kept Venice as long as I could. Since I must give her up, I prefer to give her back to the people who were robbed of her. This is not a free-will gift exactly; but there is no humbug in the manner of it."

The only farcical, unimpressive part of the rendition of Venice was the French share in it. I followed it carefully, and find that the particulars are not worth my ink.

THE TRANSPORT OF FREEDOM.

With this hiatus in the sequence of our narrative, let us pause a moment to make the outburst of the delivered people familiar to those who read this column far away. More than 80 years ago the foreign soldier sailed from New-York harbor. He took with him his national music and the fashion he had of aspirating injudiciously. His big feet and florid whiskers departed. He ran down his crimson flag. Eight years of revolt were answered in the thunder of the new Republic's guns. How would we have behaved had the War of the Revolution lasted to the present day, through all the weary years of the glory we have since won, of the forests and mountains we have conquered, of the laws we have enacted, of the conquests we have made, of the justices we have been brave to do, of the name we have gained in righteousness and history.

Yet, for nearly the period of an existence, Venice has been bound; and during all this while of bitterness, revolt, blood, defeat, grief, madness, she has clung with the tenacity of life to the remembrance of her glory and the resolution of resistance.

When this Austrian Governor took his shadow from her quay, his sail from her waters, a pause like a sigh, like madness, like death, ensued. The piazza, the piazzetta, the arcades, the house tops, were filled with people. Twenty thousand stood there, in silence, like bewilderment. Not an oar broke the water, not a cry peeled on the land, no bell sounded, no jeer, nor laugh, nor tread of feet, shook the solemn, vacant pause.

Suddenly, like a flash of the spectrum, a tri-color flag ran up to the peak of the Campanile. A group of men-of-war mounted the harbor lighthouse. Their portholes grew white and thunderous. A fieldpiece in the Piazza answered them back. Those resonances broke the stupor of the people. With a shout like the falling of the city, they fell into each other's arms.

VIVA EVVIVA! LA VENISE!

No moment of victory, no salvation from disgrace or the grave, seemed ever to me like that scene—The kissing of men on lips and cheeks—the clasping of old, toothless, unsteady-eyed fathers to the arms of their strong, weeping sons—the lifting of children, one by one, over and over again, in frantic succession, to the cheeks of their sires—the embracing, in one long, ardent, sobbing transport of emotion, of brothers, sisters, and mothers of faded hairs—the kneeling of patriarchs on the stones, unmanned, raising to the sky their pinched palms—the embracing of school-children, made men by the great recognition of freedom—the ecstacy of sweethearts, in whom even love was conquered by freedom, silently, with folded hands, looking at the streaming distance of the banner. Then, from each of the three great gonfalon staves that decorated the piazza, other and similar flags swung to the sunshine. Like the rushing of spirits from the tenements, a flag fell over every portal in the city. A flag scaled the topmost dome of the Cathedral. The Ducal Palace became a huge balcony of bunting. Every craft in the harbor, as if hoisting sail, ran up the national standard. It went like a human presence up the Grand Canal. The most pinched and paltry canals were canopied with it. No hut so poor but it showed the holy emblem. No man so cold but he gave it to the wind. None, but one Cardinal, himself an Italian, but of expatriated soul, who, out of his littleness, in satire and rage, rather than in Christian love, set over his palace a tiny tri-color, no bigger than a paper scrap of papal money. Directly there was a rush of young men into his hall, and over his window-sill they spread the battle standard of the excommunicated King. Now the bells began to play in the innumerable churches. Harpers and choristers stole forth and struck the notes of Garibaldi's Hymn. The ardent thousand fell into line and echoed the refrain, as if the lion of St. Mark were roaring in the music. Out of the Bridge of Sighs the flag of emancipation floated. They struck the bars from the Austrian dungeons and loosened the bond for country's sake. Above the long degraded Arsenal the sea breeze lifted the new and welcome ensign. It tipped the Rialto like a blossoming keystone. Through the close business thoroughfare of the Merceria it made a solid roof of green and crimson. It shook to the repeated discharge of glad cannon, and went in interminable procession across the piazza, campi, and into the dark seclusion of the city. As if by its invocation brass bands started up to hail it. Their clangor was like the softness of song to the great turbulence of joy they soothed. No thief in the city thought of plunder now. No pedigree arose to any mind, democratic in the general joy. And in the pitch of the happiness a cry ran over the multitude, "Our army is coming down the Grand Canal!"

ENTRANCE OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

The railway depot lies at the western end of the Grand Canal, remote from the Doge's palace. Thither descended from the trains, swift on the retreating stream of the Austrians, the battle-marked soldiers of the kingdom. They put at their head two military bands in gondolas. Behind came the broad form of Gen. Cialdini, covered with decorations. Then the National Guard of Venice followed in barges, three regiments of infantry-of-the-line, a regiment of Bersaglieri, and a company of Sappers last embarked, with Gen. Revel, the new Governor, at their head. To music that every citizen knew, they descended the rich arcade of the canal. Flowers were showered upon them. The banks of the canal rang with vivas. Every Gothic palace smiled in its antique tracery. There were no colors in the home of Count Chambord, the Bourbon heir to the French throne, or Henri Cinq, as he is called. But from the home of the Foscaris, from Lord Byron's lodgings, from the residence of Marsin, the last of the Doges, the colors and welcomes fell, as from every other carved door, upheld by smiling giant carytides, carved in coats-of-arms, guarded by winged lions. At the Palace Guistiniani the American Consul unrolled the Flag of the American Union. Gen. Cialdini arose, and removed his hat to it, as did all his staff. The regiments as they passed gave it hearty vivas. From the Rialto an aged Countess descended and decorated the hat of Gen. Revel with the battle-flag of Venice in the revolt of 1849. I kept my place upon this celebrated viaduct, and saw soldiery defile beneath me, with all the enthusiasm of the citizen people. They went like a carnival of the past under the marble walls, a procession of glory come back after long wandering. Their music was not of victory, but of happiness. It was no national spectacle, but a human appeal, beautiful as the sky above, and worthy of the fame of the ancient Republic. Arrived at the Piazza of St. Mark, the soldiers were reviewed. When they stepped out of line they were embraced by the people, who contended with each other for the privilege of entertaining them. The only person I saw untouched by this beautiful reunion was an Englishman, who said: "Oh! yas! yas! I da' say! but the city will sadly miss its Austrian customers, you know!"

That night none slept. Two brass bands on the Ducal Square made music responsively. It was carnival to illuminations, rockets, choruses. Every citizen carried on his breast or in his hat the label "*Là*" (or "Yes"), which referred to the approaching plebiscite or vote, as to whether or no Venice should annex herself to the Kingdom of Italy. The whole city during three days did not cast a single "No." This jubilation was kept up all the week, and the Sunday succeeding, a day beautiful even in Venice, was holy as worship in its open-air thanksgiving.

FIRST USES OF FREEDOM.

There were immediate results in Venice beyond the unrolling of flags and the crying of "*Vivas, Evvivas!*" In the first place, the spy vanished; the Austrian patrol left none to hold his box or beat; the menacing fieldpiece, grape-loaded, wheeled away into the more congenial tyranny across the Adriatic. Then the passport office fell inward, like a ruin, and we had paid for naught to have ourselves described with all our redundancy of nose, retrocession of chin and forehead, and elaborate dimensions of ear. The railway time-tables over all Venetia were immediately corrected, at a gain of 15 miles per hour, at a diminished fare of half a cent a mile, and at a total abolition of custom-house and passport stoppages, each of them comprising, only the week before, two hours' detention. Immediately, as if by the magic talisman of Aladdin, all forbidden and sequestered haunts of art, glory, learning, threw wide their gates. Galleries and arsenals, long of difficult and suspicious hospitality, cried aloud, "Come in! There is nothing done within us that Freedom will not show!" The wretched Post-Office, the curse of the traveler and the citizen, felt the breath of Hope and Faith, and straightway its tardy, eavesdropping and Jesuitical couriers became winged Mercuries. No letters were read by the way, as by some mail-robber in the dark, nor any letter or newspaper suppressed. Quick, trusting, ardent, the white reams flew from center to frontier, and at their almost visible transit priest and reactionist looked pallidly and bitterly, as did old women and farmers in Pennsylvania at the telegraph wires which blasted their crops. Photography, like a stronger, warmer sunshine, threw its strong, imperishable shadows everywhere, so that you could buy Daniel Manin, or Joseph Mazzini, or Avezzena, or Saffi, or what your eye found worthy; for the camera was adjudged by the Austrians more Jacobin than the press. They could starve men's minds so that they should not read, but how, oh! Holy See! shall we make old women and babes callous to the picture of Garibaldi unless we put out their physical eyes? Hence, from her secret drawer the Venetian maid brought the features of her red-shirted lover and kissed them. The young man took from the crystal of his sealed watch the miniature of Menotti and wore it on his coat lappel.

"Have you the picture of Joseph Mazzini?" I said to a dealer on the Piazza.

"Oh! yes, Signore, but old as '49, when he was among us. You love him?"

"Quite! How much is it?"

"Nothing, Signore, absolutely nothing, or what you will. It pays me to hear a stranger wish him. Adieu."

And the poor shopman's hands were nervous with remembrances.

Hark! House of Hapsburg! Let it add to thy remorses before Heaven which has credited it against thee. There are cries in Venice, ere yet thy sails have departed, to bring down God's fiery lightnings. Cries of imps and devils! hawkers of the very ballots of Lucifer, the periods of Belial! The newsboy is abroad; the press groans upon its oiled hinges. In one forenoon 11 daily papers rise up in Venice. They bristle with telegram and debate. They are sold, unstamped and by the ten thousands, on *Campo, Ria, Borge*, Canal. They bear Jacobin names and mottoes; perdition's couriers, pandora's plagues are let loose, says the Kaiser. Then—then—strange that it should be news in your eyes who will read it! a crippled boy trundles into the Grand Piazza; yes, hard by St. Mark's grim Casilica, a table and a chair and a gross of Bibles; he turns up their titles to the sunshine and people read them with fear, fascination, thrills, surprise: The Old Testament; The New Testament; The Gospel According to St. Mark; The Book of Common Prayer! For 70 years it has been a crime to expose these books in the public places of Venice. Be they good or be they ill. Freedom says of them, like Luther:

"If God's work it will endure;
If man's work 't will perish, sure."

So the dungeon-bars are broken; the impulses and the intelligences of the people become valid things of commerce. Not only is there kindlier hospitality, more honesty and promptness in Government errands, but the very gondoliers, whose reputations are as bad as the New-York coach-drivers', receive their minimum of fare without a protest. Happiness drives every feathered oar. All men's macceroni grows meat and sweet. The national manners change for the better, as men's faces change from frown to merriment, and it is half the happiness of the resurrection of the blest.

THE ODD CUSTOMS OF VENICE REVIVED.

While these material good things come at once, there are ancient institutions that come back shadow-like, mirage-like. At 2 o'clock the Moorish giants in the gilded clock-tower raise their iron maces. As if out of the vibrations of the bell, come an infinite number of pigeons. They settle under the campanile, and a grave old lady walks out to feed them. Ten thousand people look on. No bird of the multitude flies away empty on the cheer that whirls them upward. Along the mole of the Riva degli Schiavoni, the longest open promenade of Venice, the forbidden mountebanks and story-tellers open their booths and lift their voices. They bosom and unbosom all degrees of horror, make *bon-mots* to revile the Saxon, and point to Rome with many an earnest grimace. The splendid procession sweeps along, so gay, so free, so docile, that the innocence of man seems almost restored, when lambs and tigers loitered in company. I did not see one lewd leer, one unseemly woman, one froward boy. Under the unbroken canopy of flags the most beautiful and the most hungry went in wondrous file, with all the warm contrasts of gear and garb that set so well in the superb skies of the Adriatic; the head-dress of crimson, the shawl into which the stars and the tints of mid-day, the glitter of gems and the plumages of birds are plunged as by some splendidly fortuitous chemistry; the tasseled gaiters, light as the pinions of Mercury or the beaks of doves; the bright braids of Italian hair, fresh as the dew upon the ebony tree, and blossoming here and there with the mosaics of Venice and its crystal ornaments. All the spectacle was warm as art in the tropics. So many ladies had not been seen in the streets of Venice for 20 years. So many of the best orders had never been seen at all. The trump of freedom, like the trump of the mighty angel, had broken the gates of the palace-vault and the urns of venerable recluses. To music of bells and harpers, on this purest of Sabbath days, the city of Venice, in saintly carnival, rendezvousing at the Piazza, poured across the frequent bridges and felt the sea with his ancient breath sweep up like a bridegroom to the feet of his returned queen. In the Canale di San Marco, the Italian ships were anchored. All day their gangway planks were free to any, ascending or descending, and burnt-eyed gunners showed the brazen guns. Women and men poured in and out of them—wooden and iron-clad, taut, smart, or shivered in action—and stern duty for the day became only kindness. In the Public Garden, which makes the sharp point of the city toward the sea, and is very like the Battery at New-York, two horsemen rode all Sunday afternoon amid great delight. There are old men in Venice who have never seen any four-footed beast but a dog, and these horses were, in some sense, a curious show.

On the 7th of Nov. King Victor Emanuel will make the grand entry into the Queen city of the Adriatic. The preparations for this fete will out-rival those for the great feudal spectacle of the Bucentaur.

GONDOLIER'S SONG—1866.

Venice, our Mother! unbound to the Sea
(Waiting so faithfully long at thy door)
Proudly we gather our prows at thy knee,
Borne on the breast of our Father, so hoar,
Unsworded of all but our oar!

CHORUS—*Sui di lungo!** Make way before!
Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
Shadows of braver years,
Hopeful for more,
Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!

Fewer are we, since they fettered thy hands;
Swearing to free thee, our best are no more;
Close to thy feet lie their hearts in the sands,
But their old gonfalons wave from the shore,
And thrilled are our arms at the oar.

Lean are thy palaces, leaner thy purse—
Passed from thy waters the glitter they wore;
Noble and counselor palsied to curse,
Leave to thy workmen the buckler they bore,
Thy sailors the blade of the oar.

Doges and Admirals, carved in white,
Impotent horses and lions of lore,
Look where the campanile leans on the light,
Saying, "the people alone we implore;"
Again shake the world with the oar!

"Long we denied them at counsel and feast;
Lo! how their mother they rise to restore!
Truer than dungeon, or rede, or priest,
Louder and grander than cannon their roar,
The pulse of the world in their oar!"

Landsmen and seamen, our Brethren of Work
Answer us, gondoliers, back from the shore;
Not in the conquest of Saxon or Turk,
Not from the Genoese, nor from the Moor,
Shall glory be won for the oar!

Man we our galleys with Freedom and Toil,
Write on our banners from Isd to Azore:
"Tyranny, Ignorance, these be our spoil;
Art and Humanity, these be our store!"
And this be the song of the oar.

CHORUS—*Sui di lungo!* Make way before!
Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
Shadows of braver years,
Hopeful for more,
Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!

Venice, Oct. 19.

* *Sui di lungo!* (Go straight ahead!) the cry of gondoliers, to indicate direction.

FROM OUR FOREIGN FILES.

CANDIA.

THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION—CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE CRETANS.

The United States Consul at Candia writes under date of October 14 to the Secretary of State as follows:

"I hope that our Government will be able in some way to contribute to the relief of the unfortunates who are already deprived of the provision made against the Winter, and even in many cases of obtaining a living by the barbarous severity of the Government forces, and who destroy not only stores of provisions, &c., but even the houses and implements, and in many cases the vineyards of those whose only offense has been to escape at the approach of a soldiery of whose humanity they have good reason to doubt. If the charity of the friends of humanity is not large toward the Cretans, thousands must perish the coming Winter."

COREA.

WAR BY FRANCE AGAINST COREA.

The London and China Telegraph has received a telegram from Tientsin via Kiatcha, announcing that France has declared war against Corea.

The Telegraph in announcing the declaration of war against Corea, says the news confirms a previous statement that the French Admiral would act entirely on his own responsibility and without the special instructions of his Government. He has thus probably precipitated a second Cochin China conflict, for which the Emperor will not thank him.

The Telegraph has also received news of the American schooner Gen. Sherman having run ashore, October 5, on a voyage for Corea, with a large crew. The telegram says 40 persons have been murdered by the Coreans.

ITALY.

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA IN PALERMO—AMERICAN VESSELS IN PORT—HEALTH OF THE CREWS.

The United States Consul at Palermo says that the cholera at that city has become epidemic. From the time the troops landed, Sept. 18 to Oct. 17, it was only in a sporadic form. The Consul learned that on the 19th in the official bulletin is marked 217 cases and 131 deaths. There were actually buried at Campo Sant 300 bodies. There were several American vessels in port, but with the exception of the mate of the Caso, the health of the officers and men was excellent.

MEXICO.

ASSAULT ON MATAMORAS—DEATH OF TAPIA.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

GALVESTON, Texas, Nov. 19.—A dispatch from Brownsville to *The Courier*, dated