New-York Tribune.

Vol. XXVI.....No. 7,999. NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1866. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

EUROPE.

NEWS BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE TO NOV. 26.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ALABAMA CASE RE-OPENED—MR. SEWARD DEMANDS THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CLAIMS FOR DAMAGES.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 26, 1866.

A letter is published in *The Daily News* to-day, stating that the Government has voluntarily reopened the case of the privateer Alabama. *Mr. Seward, in behalf of the American Government, demanded the settlement of the claims for damages by that vessel some two months ago.*

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 26, 1866—Noon.

THE FENIAN AGITATION—ARMS FOR THE IRISH CONSTABLES.

Twelve thousand breech-loading rifles are to be sent by the British Government to Ireland for the use of the constables. Arrests of Fenians continue to be made in Ireland, and the troops are vigilant.

Further arrests of suspected Fenians have been made in Ireland. The national troops are ready to move at a moment's warning.

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE.

A prospectus has been published giving the plans for the proposed Nicaragua route. *The Times* thinks it would be well if the entire scheme were divided between the Governments of England, France and the United States.

PRUSSIA.

CONSUL GENERAL FOR NEW-YORK CITY.

BERLIN, Monday, Nov. 26, 1866.

The Prussian Government intends to have a Consul General located in the City of New-York.

FRANCE.

DISCOVERY OF A REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 26.—Evening.

It is rumored that a Republican organization has been discovered in Paris.

THE EMPRESS AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

It is said that the Empress Eugene and her son will spend Christmas at Rome.

TURKEY.

MORE FIGHTING IN CANDIA—DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

LONDON, Monday, Nov. 26, 1866.

There has been renewed fighting in Candia. It is said that the Turks have been badly beaten, and have suffered greatly—no less than 3,000 having been killed and 2,000 eaken prisoners.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE BARK ALICE GREY.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 26, 1866—Noon.

The bark Alice Grey, from Bangor, Maine, has been lost at sea. The mate was drowned, but the rest of the crew are safe.

ARRIVAL OUT.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 26.—The Anchor Line Company's Steamship Caledonia, which sailed from New-York Nov. 10, touched here this morning en route to Liverpool.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 26—noon.—The Cotton market opens quiet and steady. Middling Uplands are quoted at 14½d. The sales to-day will probably reach 10,000 bales.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 26—evening.—The Cotton market is without change. Breadstuffs unchanged. Lard is dull.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The money market opened quiet. Consols 90 for money. American Securities opened at the following rates: U. S. Five-twenties, 70¾; Eries, 48⅛; Illinois Centrals, 77.

LONDON, Nov. 26—Evening.—The money market is easier. Consols closed at 89⅞ for money. American Securities closed at the following rates: United States Five-twenties, 70½; Erie Shares, 47⅞; Illinois Central Shares, 77¾.

AMERICAN SECURITIES AT LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—There is a firmer tone observable in the market for United States five-twenty bonds this morning, and business has been done for cash at both 70¾ and 71, the latter quotation being the one now current.

The American railways are lower in Illinois Central—quotations being marked off one per cent. Erie shares are steady at Saturday's rates, though some authorities say they are freely offered.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 26.—Evening.—Provisions—The market is generally quiet. Lard closes dull and heavy.

THE ANTWERP PETROLEUM MARKET.

LONDON, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1866.

A telegram from Antwerp of this day's date reports the market for Petroleum inactive at 58@58½f. per 100 kilos, showing a decline since last report of 1@2f.

A LONG AND EXPENSIVE CABLE DISPATCH.

The longest dispatch transmitted over the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was sent on Saturday, by a Government official of the United States, to one of the Ministers of this country on the Continent of Europe. It contained over five thousand words.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KING IN VENICE.

SKETCH OF THE GREAT CARNIVAL OF INDEPENDENCE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

VENICE, Nov. 7, 1866.

The first letter I wrote you gave the story of the Austrians quitting Venice; afterward I described the Venetian officials notifying the King in Turin that he had been selected to rule over them. To-day, very weary with hearing and sight-seeing, I am to try to tell you how the King entered the city.

You must divest yourself of the notion that the King is anything more in carriage and stature than Judge Bates, your militia colonel, or Squire Wilkins, your Congressman, who grows very polite to you before elections. A loud awakening of nobodies occurred in Europe some 70 years ago, since which time the most familiar idea of a monarch is to be conveyed by a man with a smile tied round his face and a sword awkwardly concealed at his hip, who begs you to look across at a certain scoundrel, your neighbor, and picks your pocket of taxes while you are doing so. The kings used to be born, lose all their souls and half their bodies before wearing a crown, and quietly decree the misery of mankind, whose bodies and souls they had inherited in fee simple. A poor debased class of sensualists they were, dropping from lust to prayer with servile facility; and only now and then some barbaric stature rose among them like a useless pyramid upon a fruitless desert. When the mob got them to their heels or knees, they purchased and begged the way back to what was called "constitutional monarchy," the history of which has been a league of kings, debasing the manliness of men to fawn upon them, and giving nothing to the people but promises, save upon terrible compulsion. To neither of these classes does Victor Emanuel belong, but he is yet in the likeness of ordinary mortals, and to my knowledge, does not go to breakfast, as some old women in Indiana imagine, with a crown on his head and a scepter like a rolling-pin in his hand. You will see this gentleman, when you come here, wearing just such a frock coat and tile as you go to business with; but as he has, of late years, had a great deal of hard fighting to do and more military organization to accomplish, he most often puts on the half-uniform of an officer, and takes to review or to battle in it. He does not eat off gold plates, throw silver for boys to scramble after, nor have anybody bowstringed to relieve his neuralgia. He is neither an extraordinary nor a blameless man. Newspapers abuse him semi-respectfully; on holidays he is cheered. His popularity, at present, is derived from the fact that he is more like common people than any King of his age. If you can imagine Mr. Lincoln coming up Broadway in a barouche or on foot, after having won back peace and the country, you will very nearly see Victor Emanuel descending from the express train which brought him to Venice.

THE KING EN ROUTE.

With the iron-crown set in a case for folks to gape at, and Turin half deserted behind him by the thousands who meant to witness his entry into Venice, the King and his cabinet and staff took a special train eastward on Tuesday, and made the miles of mulberry and grape ring past him. You have heard of railways burdened with troops; and, indeed, this same railway had its complement of infantry and cannon, steamed but three months ago toward Custozza, steamed back again with bleeding people, and at last steamed forward and northward with the sky-blue Austrian, the last of his clan, smoking his meerschaum in contented dishonor, and as ready, to-morrow, to settle here anew, without a shadow of pretext. But the eastward trains through Lombardy on Tuesday were the greatest pleasure-trains I have ever known. We had none such during our war, neither en route to Washington to see Meade and Sherman enter, nor en route to New-York to the Crystal Palace, nor even to Chicago to the great political Convention. Over this Milan and Venice Railway, between Saturday and Wednesday, a full train passed every hour; and the depot at Venice, the switch at Mestra, is now a league of cars; half the rolling stock of Italy is gathered upon the banks of the lagoon. There are, without doubt, half a million people in this cramped city to-day. To-night, they rest in tiers, loiter on bridges, lie upon the Piazzas and Campis, make hotel-keeping a luxury and a slavery together, and every private house in Venice has gathered them in as he who made the wedding compelled the folks of hedges and highways to share his hospitality. If there is any particular advantage in being a monarch, it is to receive the warm applause of one's subjects, as the King got it over all this marvelous highway. At all the stations he was cheered by all the people who lived near enough by to walk to the railroad in a half-day. He depopulated, or rather concentrated upon one line, a belt of humanity 30 miles in breadth. At Milan the splendid city of the Lombards gave him a welcome great enough to shake Saint Carlo Borromeo out of his grave; at Bergamo and Brescia the white-walled hills were thunderous with cannon, and every spur of the Alps poured down the mountaineers to bless him. The people themselves climbed into all the church towers, clanging hospitality and love. But when he entered the Quadrilateral, the King's mind was set on other than the people. This was the scene of his 18 years' struggle; the monarch was a soldier for the instant.

He was seated, most of the way, beside the Count Solar de la Marguerite, the Minister of State of Carlo Alberto, his father. This venerable old man had been a counselor in those early Piedmontese Cabinets, wherein the espousing of the Italian cause was broached, and the war against Austria resolved upon. He had shared all the enthusiasm of the early battles in Lombardy, and seen Victor Emanuel, a sworded stripling, go forth from Turin at the head of his division. He, also, had bidden adieu to the ruined sovereign, after his abdication on the field of battle, and seen him embark for Oporto, ruined in crown and spirit, to die before the hope of his country had revived anew. When these two men, the spirit of the present, the link from the past, paused at Peschiera, and its noisy rejoicing had died away, they drew nearer together at the head of the car, and looked away to the south over the rolling country. On every margin there were people waiting, in all sorts of national costume, waving and cheering; but the King made them no reply. He looked away at the towers of Solferino and Custozza, in the line of Mantua, and every swell brought to his mind some mile-stone of struggle. This was his battle scene with Apollyon. Here he had seen victory gained and filched away; here, scarcely breathing-time ago, he had stood in the furnace of musketry all day long and retired with a heavy heart. The old man, like the ghost of his father, leaned toward him. The King's dark mustached face grew swarthier. None knew but where they pointed, and there was a quietness of deepest sentiment in the train. Out of this recollection they broke upon the roaring multitude of Verona, where they dismounted. Its acres of fortifications, its deep and stagnant ditches, the half dry basin of the Adige cutting the town in two, the desolate barracks, the blackness everywhere of bondage and desertion—save where the tri-color laughed at the peak of its red and the people in the streets were nosegays of beautifulness—these lay together, strange contrasts in the King's way, as he bowed to left and right, and cripple and baby cheered him together. Beside the weird feudal arches and battlements of the Place Bra, under the circle of the grave Roman amphitheater, the thousands who had looked in deadly hatred a fortnight before at the lagging Austrians, gave him happy hospitality, and the beautiful landscapes, high up on the mountain spurs—where the ancient walls climbed, like the Gauls scaling the capital—were bright as the future that seemed to lie warmly along them. These wondrous piles of savage strength—tower, machiolation, triple gate, grim arch, reverend theater—had seen many triumphs shake their mosses down; but none so earnest and universal as this. To achieve it the Quadrilateral, reaching before the city of Mantua, had become one great cemetery, rich with dead men. So long as Verona shall be subject to Italy no battle will pass within her children's vision again. The Quadrilateral is useless to its own people, strong for strangers only. The rest of the King's ride was like a May-day honor. He flashed under the triumphal arch of Mestra, passed the lagoon, and came to, with a great bray of cannon, on the brink of the Grand Canal.

A WELCOME TO VENICE.

Here the glory of Venice came forth to meet him. At the result of the Plebiscite, if perfect agreement had not prevailed before, perfect contentment and gentleness followed. All were resolved to so deal with the King that he should have no reason to remember any greater moment in his life than their hopeful reception of him. Therefore, when he stepped upon the quay, a grand arch rose over him, flowers wreathed, capped with his crown, bearing the human, living effigy of Venice as a Sea Queen, attired in bridal robes, reaching down to him her hand, with the ring clasped in it wherewith she used to wed the Adriatic; behind her a train of waiting ladies and sea-nymphs lingered, and the motto stood:

"Welcome to our elected King, Victor Emanuel!"

The pillars of the arch were inscribed with the names of the heroes of the war of independence, and the battles they had fought. The railway platform shelved down to the canal, where the splendid gondolas were waiting, and as the King received the welcome of the Podesta here, every housetop and window and foot of standing room supported some human being waving the tri-color, whether in flag or handkerchief, and the multitude of them making loud *vivas*. The day was bright on city and canal. The King, with a sort of bluff stolidity, looked steadily into the Podesta's face; he bowed with grave graciousness to balcony and barge, and behind him came the bray of drums, borne by the National Guards, whose close ranks made an aisle of citizen gray, tipped with crimson. The space was very contracted, but to counteract the narrowness of the land, the canal was deep with gondolas, all of them having their canopies withdrawn, and holding in the naked shells thrice their usual complements.

The whole surface of the water, even to far recesses under the shadows of strange churches and tenements, was an expectant humanity, outstretching hands. They crowded the iron bridge before the depot, so that none dared pass; they climbed upon the flying buttresses of an opposite church; a tall scaffold, near by, was one great framework of boys and men; some roofs and palaces afforded precarious foothold for those adventurous even to death. Yet no episode of blood occurred; as down the stone quays the guards beat vociferous drums, and the King, uncovered, in the midst of his cabinet and the royal household, followed by the Embassadors of almost every civilized State, walked courteously down the margin to the Royal barge. This was constructed upon the amended model of the famous *Bucentaur*, wherein the Doges went solemnly to wed Venice to the Adriatic. It was a grand gondola, propelled by 12 rowers, dressed in straight nautical hats, wearing crimson sashes, slippered, in blue trousers, and at their throats the tri-colored tie, pinned with the royal crown. They had been selected with reference to their power and facility of stroke, all tall Venetians, of better class than the hack gondoliers, and when they stood to their oars the genius and discipline of muscle was manifest. No swan on the water guided herself more gracefully, nor put more unconscious power into her stroke.

The gondola itself was the most gorgeous craft that ever sailed the lagoon. Forty feet in length, perhaps, built high yet light, flat bottomed, high at the poop, whereat a canopy of tricolor velvet, looped with gold, covered a throne, supported by couchant lions and horses, wondrously carved. Around it were similar chairs for the Royal Princes. Here the King, with quiet grace, seated himself. His family crown made the peak of the canopy, plated with frosted gold and set with precious pearls and brilliants. The oars were washed with silver; the oar-locks were ringed with gold; at the beaked prow, built high and menacing, the lion of St. Mark, with fore-paws advanced, wings spread for flight, hard on its haunches, and tail and mane raging to the wind, held desperately in its jaws the crown of Italy. The whole gondola was a living, carnivorous thing, light and savage, in perfect taste, yet of richness unparalleled; and behind it came the Cabinet, the provisional and permanent Mayors of Venice, the Royal household, the Generals of the army and the naval heroes, the Embassadors, and the distinguished representatives of sister cities. It took half an hour to arrange them, the whole landscape ringing *vivas* meantime, and when they started, to the blowing of trumpets, a gun boomed from the iron bridge. It was answered by a score of responsive cannons in every part of Venice. Then the great brass band played the *Marcia Reale*, or Royal March, and the cortege kept down the Grand Canal.

PANORAMA OF THE GRAND CANAL.

Now the long line of palaces on either side begins to drift past. The railway station is almost at the western end of the Grand Canal, and between it and Saint Mark there are 150 palaces arranged on the water's edge, their great carved portals hardly above the line of the tide; and at no place is the width of the Canal greater than 200 feet, its length between the points specified being 2½ miles. For this distance every palace showed flowers and colors, mottoes and characterizations. Venice has been called the most Gothic city which exists, and the original variety of the Gothic is to be studied here in every civil and domestic development. The only building in New-York to remind you of these palaces is the new Academy of Design on Fourth-ave. From this you can glean some notion of the tesselated marbles that make the fronts of these palaces, the tall, slim windows that open in them, the window in the center through every story, being six or ten of these tall windows interlaced, and under each of these central windows a balcony, in architecture to match, looks down upon the Canal. Every palace is roofed with red tiles; many are pinnacled and checkered with statues; some seem to be bodily upheld by great sea-green caryatides, whose knees are in the sea; before all of them huge painted barbers' poles are driven, whereto to secure gondolas, as well as to break the force of their concussion against the palaces. Here and there along the Grand Canal a strip of sidewalk reaches a rod or two; but most of the houses rise boldly from the brine, and on the Grand Canal there are many buildings that are very far from ranking as palaces.

Here, therefore, beside the King, is the noble Lombard pile of the Palace Calergi, filled with splendid canvases, and inhabited by that Duchess De Berri whose husband was slain at the opera in Paris, and who, herself, to secure the throne for his son, invaded La Vendee. She was overtaken on the way, being detained beyond her expectations, by the birth of an illegitimate child, and straightway her heroism turned to scandal. Some domestics throw out a flag from its balconies.

Close by is the palace Fondaco de Turchi, where Venice used to give hospitality to Turkish merchants, and, strangely, there are turbans bowing from its windows. It is a good omen for the trade of Venice, and all the people cheer.

From the golden railings of the *Ca d'Oro*, or Golden House, the scores of elegant sculptures, with carved casques interposed, and blended styles of rustic, diamond, composite and Ionic, have grown to beautiful women, who scatter flowers on the royal barge; and yonder where dwelt Catherine Cornaro, the widowed queen of Cyprus. She stands in counterfeit, sad among her maids, with the tri-color at her girdle. Hard by, on the superb transition architectures of the Palace Morosini, checkered with insignias of the Arabic Byzantine, there stands an elderly noblewoman, in antique garb, white-haired, her faded tresses very plentiful and bound with tri-color cockades. She throws a kiss from the lips which a duke has kissed down to the royal gondola, and he rises to return it.

Now he comes in sight of the strong, strange bridge of Rialto, built of Istrian stone, 90 years after the discovery of America. It is a grand triumphal arch to-day, its stones of silver gray, grown crimson and emerald with the shadows of flags. The angels in its spandrils carry the jubilant motto of life to the King and Italy. Its great central arch is like an urn of flowers; its shops are hung with evergreens; virgins in white along its parapet, strewing orange blossoms down, represent all the cities of the Peninsula, with Venice over the keystone, crowned with tri-colors, and at her right hand, with shackles at her wrists, pleading to the King, is Rome. At the sight of this there is a toss of hands and banners; the music makes the loud Garibaldi hymn; every soldier stands upright, uncovered, with his hand at his sword-hilt, and the people at windows, on the broad quays, at the Sansovinian balustrades, cry like the scream of eagles, "*Viva Roma!*" Out of the quarter of the ancient merchants, from the porticoes of Saint Jacob, where Shylock was buffeted for taking usury, press strange old men, wild-haired with poverty, the glossy curls of Jessicas, children in scarlet scarfs and green gaiters; they all see the shackled effigy of Rome, and reach their pale or trembling palms into the noon, saying: "Long live the King of Italy and Rome!" The great banner over the apex of the Rialto languishes; the King bows and shoots the solitary arch!

The group of omnibus gondolas forever standing at the piers of the bridge are all in glorious regalia to-day. Their gondoliers shout like gunners in naval battle. Then the Palace of Manin, the lost Doge of the Republic, he who fainted when Bonaparte surrendered Venice to the Austrians, comes close by, hidden, save its splendid balconies, with flowers and mottoes. Out of the Palace Loredan, where Elena Piscopia made sublimest philosophy the love of woman, a pure white figure flings a single white rose and the King pins it to his button. Now over the Palace Coccina floats the Prussian eagle, to which the King and soldiers bow; and at the Palace Benzoni, where Madame Benzoni gave *recherche* intellectual feasts, there comes a breeze that shows beneath the beautiful colors a company as cheerful and beautiful. Next door is the home of Taglioni, the renowned *danseuse*, and it is quite given up to elderly ladies, who look their souvenirs of youth upon the passing pageant, waving handkerchiefs the while. Opposite is the Palace Barbarigo della Terrazza, where the venerable Titian lived, and his bearded portrait looks satisfaction down from its superb facade; he lived nearly 100 years, requiring the plague to take him off at last; but how would he have thrilled to see this glad regeneration of the city made a school by his genius? See, now, the Palace Pisani, named for that famous Admiral who came from his dungeon to lead his ungrateful townsmen to victory, where long the noblest works of Paul Veronese made perpetual revelry of its deserted hall. The lion of St. Mark, with jaws wide open, growls up the Grand Canal, from its splendid portal. Cheers and ribbons fall from the Palace Mocenigo, where Byron lived with his termagant mistress, Margarita Cogni, a baker's wife, and wrote the early part of *Don Juan* to her inspiration, with *Marino Faliero* and the *Two Foscari*. Here, hard by, is the Foscari palace, also, where many monarchs have resided, placed to command two arms of the Grand Canal, long the home of the Stuarts of Venice, its heirs broken and banished, its paintings sold and dispersed, tortures inflicted upon its patrons, and those who remain, poor as winter. Yet they, with their towns people, greet the King, hopeful of comfort and justice to ensue.

So the royal procession glides down the green current, passing the Palace of the Duchess of Parma, Napoleon Bonaparte's widow, who married her chamberlain for the purposes related of Hamlet's mother, and made her memory (not by her choice, but by her heartlessness) less than a wanton's; past the American flag, waving from the window of the American Consul in the Palace Giustiniani—at which King and officers rise to bow, for our Republic, by its glorious example, is a wonder to kings and a hope to peoples, and nowhere more beloved than here in the Republic of the Adriatic. Shooting the Ponte Nuovo, built by an Englishman, to get tolls at the expense of the beauty of the Canal, we see the decorated palace of the luxurious Austrian Esterhazy, now run away with his countrymen; and, reaching the Dogana, see in full view the Piazetta of St. Mark.

THE LION OF SAINT MARK ROARS TO THE KING.

At this spot the glory of the marine view reached its chiefest beauty. To the King's right, gliding eastward, was the Church of Santa Maria Della Salute, gray and gold in the noon, a double dome, high and huge, and running into the long *dogana* or custom-house, where, at the point of the cape, a globe of gold upheld by two atlases sustains a gigantic bronze vane of Fortune. Beyond this dogana, cut sharp as a fortress, granite, massive, rose at some distance, on a separate island, the Church and Campanile of St. George the Great. They were mirages, almost, in the soft atmosphere of the lagoon, lying against the horizon like impalpable hues, the dream of an architect, lifted steeply from the sea. Between them and himself, in front, along the crowded mole, in the great open harbor where his men-of-war lay at anchor, Victor Emanuel saw upon every wave a Nymph or a Triton. The waters were filled with festival boats, scarcely less beautiful upon the light swell of the lagoon than seemed to those who filled them his triumphal barges, rounding the bow of the Canal. The flag his father had borne to expected defeat waved across the free and the impeded horizons. Every human soul was standing up, uncovered in the Southern sun, bidding him welcome. In the spars and rigging of ships there were men with glasses searching his face. On the water, darkly checkered, there were all melting hues that air and light produce, delicate as the veins in maiden's temples, soft like the glance of hazel eyes, warmed in rare spots to burning foci, whence the south seemed to radiate flame; cool under the shadows of Campaniles, as if soothed by the quietness of bells. To the left, place of all places to suit a king or a poet, the grand tableau of Saint Mark burst upon the blue lagoon—the noblest collection of architectures, that ever descended to the slope of the sea!

Two granite shafts, rising from a marble piazetta, whose flanks are set with noble facades, lift into the clearer day, the one a flying, fighting lion, the other a Saint driving a naked lance into a crocodile. In the oblique face of these stands the Ducal Palace, a woven thing of tesselated marble, so versatile in dyes and design that its enormous weight lies like a zephyr garment upon two rows of florid arches, gold and snow and mold. Its balustrade of softened pinnacles, its double balcony—one only looking to the land, one to the sea—its humid tints, making it seem to be an exhalation, lie softer against the darker foreground of the Ancient Library, whose open doors reveal the tortures of crouching giants straining in stone under their mighty burden.

The royal barges glide to the foot of the piazetta steps. The King, dismounting, sees before him, between Palace and Library, the transept of Saint Mark. At once all the cannon bellow; a mighty multitude that no man can number shout vociferous welcome; all the men-of-war fire broadsides; the gonfalons before Saint Mark are dipped. He sees, from his niche among the National Guards, the piazetta, and the piazza into which it opens, a monstrous density of people, so close that they are like the stones of the pavement, sprung up to welcome him.

The Marquis of Breme, Prefect of the palace, meets the King. He shows him to the multitude. The *vivas* are the very hearts of men, speaking all good fame and hospitality.

At this moment the stranger, looking from the immensity of the people to the face of the King, noticed a strangely curious glance emit from him, as he took one quiet survey, with uncovered head, of the dense population collected on this historic spot, to give him such welcome as no Doge nor Admiral ever had before.

This scene and city, for which he had contended eighteen bloody years, he had never looked upon before, at least not since early youth, when he might have paid it an incognito visit; but even of this there is no record. In 1849, during the insurrection, it was thought the Duke of Savoy had penetrated to Venice. If so, his dream of the Piazza di San Marco was at best a pitful one. To-day it his, given freely to him. They lead him forward to a nearer prospect.

THE CHURCH RECEIVING HER EXCOMMUNICATED SON.

Upon the square of St. Mark, opening out of the piazetta, occurred one of those anomalous episodes which it was difficult for me to comprehend. Not the Podesta, the Head of the National Guard, the oldest Republican, nor yet the most ancient sufferer from Austrian despotism, stepped forward to welcome the King.

He whose arms were reached wide open for the monarch's embrace was the elder Archbishop of Venice, the principal Cardinal, Monsieur, Mr. or Signore Giuseppe Luigi, or Father Joseph Lewis, directly appointed by the Pope, who had excommunicated Victor Emanuel, and for the reason that he had rendered great services to the Austrians. The personality of this remarkable ecclesiastic was very striking; he was a patriarch in years as well as in name. Long white beard reached to his middle; in his face resignation and fire contended together; he was tall and powerful; his greeting was so close to feeling in expression, that one could hardly doubt its sincerity. Yet, this ecclesiastic, if one's record be any measure of his principle, had fought against the unity of Venice with Italy with all the injudicious ferocity of his class. He had made the Archiepiscopal residence a place for Austrian conferences; had personally preached against the coming of what he called the Piedmontese; had refused to display the tri-color when the patriots entered; nay! it was said that he had forwarded to Vienna the purse of Saint Mark, and had used the secrets of the confessional to prejudice the popular cause! His accession to the King's interest shows either a bold diplomacy or a resolve to secede from the position of the Pontiff. With outstretched arms this venerable person, who had denounced the unity of Italy, blessed Victor Emanuel, the excommunicated King, on the great public square!

Strange to say, not a voice responded in a cheer. Derisive laughter attended the raising of his hand. A few old women kneeled upon the pavement; the men stood bolt upright, scornfully or curiously, and directly there was a shout of: "Viva Vittorore Emanuele! Viva Garibaldi! Viva Italia!"

As with one gigantic impulse all the people, 50,000 in number, with a roar that made campanile, palace and cathedral tremble, answered: "Evviva!"

Still the Patriarch, calm as frost, with extended arms, kept his place before the King. The latter bowed, but did not bend. He was a smaller man than the priest, and by far the lesser and more ordinary figure. His military dress shining in the noon, his head uncovered, his stern, almost grim face, searching the marble pavement; the wilderness of tri-colors, all bearing his yellow crown, shading his epaulettes; the wonderful multitude paused as if breathless, deeply packed on balcony, tower, roof, and threshold; these made a scene almost feudal to me, like victorious Venice of old when her Admirals came home with spoils. It was so grand in its suggestiveness that, for awhile, the dead silence was like a sleeping ubiquity on man and water and flag. The fiercest Jacobins were amused in it, if no more; the weak-hearted paled an instant; some aged people crossed themselves. Then a voice from the foot of the great granite column of St. George came like a blast of discord over all: "*A bas l' Eglise!*"

For a second there was a wavering confusion, a suppressed babble as of a million tongues in quick conference; then, like the tumbling down of the city, the sinking of its piles, the swallowing of its waters, a yell of hoarse, unbelieving, scornful rage repeated: "Viva Italia, Vittore Emanuele, Garibaldi!" It was the fiercest cry I ever heard; the travailing indignation of a cheated patriotism, an expired credulity, a wounded prayer, an unreturned love. "*A bas Pio Nino!*" and all the throats, with hands and clans, and musket barrels in them, yelled to this, "*A bas!*" In the pitch of the terror the King's arm was drawn to the Patriarch's; they walked to the Cathedral together.

THE KING IN THE CATHEDRAL.

St. Mark, as the world knows, was the elected patron of the Venitians; they brought his relics home with great pomp from the East, and built for him, upon the model of the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, a cathedral in the most elaborate Byzantine architecture. Fine cupolas domineer above it; within and without it is covered with huge and beautiful mosaics, many of them nine centuries old, but as fresh in color and as durable as ever, and they cover, unitedly, 40,000 square feet of surface. Five hundred columns of rare serpentine porphyry and verd antique support or ornament this structure; the floors, arches and walls are plentiful with these precious materials; the cupolas and front are faced with pure gold. The exterior, toward which the King advanced with the ecclesiastic, showed one broad, gilded screen, pierced with mighty arches, and over the central of these the four bronze horses of St. Mark looked down through the tarnish of 2,000 years. Behind them a second screen arose, labyrinthine with niches, pinnacles, pediments and statues, and over this again, the domes went afar, capped with bulbous Eastern cupolas. No earnestness of description can make visible to you this extraordinary *basilica*, so overloaded with ornament, come down from an architectural age when we searched for builders close to the grave of Christ, and they hurled upon their structures all the gorgeous imagery and materials of the East. It is so grotesque, that its grandeur is not at first apparent; over its splendid adornments the grayness of age has somewhat fallen; but, on this day, young with tri-color robes flung from every pinnacle and angle, crowded above the screen with women's faces and drapery, every perch in its architecture a human statue, glinted with an Autumnal southern sun, and crossed with shadows of green and crimson, the aspect of it, as the procession entered, was reconcilable in no respect with the century in which we live. Pageant and architecture were of remotest feudality. It seemed that some great Crusader was coming back from war, carried along on the thunder of cannon, and bells, and voices, and repairing straightway to the altar in thankfulness for victory. As he disappeared under the deep portal, a silence almost devout fell upon the thousands of faces, and directly they heard the *Te Deum* bursting the doors and trembling up the great square like the escape of birds. In an instant the people in the open air took up the measure, music being intuitive here, and half of Venice followed the great organ and the bands of brass, making such praise that I doubt it has been excelled since the Army of the Cross entered Jerusalem. Up the narrow canals, from house-tops, from shipping in the harbor, the cadences arose, and the daylight was a solemn serenade, where thankfulness and happiness seemed to have improvised the same glorious song out of the perfect accord of half a million. Christ come again could scarce have such a welcome.

THE TE DEUM.

Within St. Mark's the scene was softer, darker, stranger. Out of the great nave reached golden-groined arches; the mosaics were rich in the ceilings, touched with concentrated light; venerably delicate baptismal fonts and urns of holy water stood against the rich pillars of black and white porphyry; the floor was one great surface of mosaics, so that you walked with self-upbraiding to crush such sensitive dyes; across the choir, dividing it from nave and transepts, a screen of marble, with fourteen statues in its architrave, lifted the great crucifix, where Christ dies forever amid his gorgeous antiquities. Seen through the fissures of the screen, beyond the carved chairs of the choir, set amid prized bas-reliefs and elderly bronzes the high altar of Greek marble, rose into a canopy of verd-antique, furnished to-day with the most brilliant jewels in the treasury, and covering with its base the body of Saint Mark, the Evangelist. The bottom of the church, where the spectators stood, was very dim, the light lying warmest around the ceilings, yet one could see the flash of sword-hilts and epaulettes and the shining decorations on the breasts of the rewarded, even the features and eyes of those around the King, as they stood, bending, before the altar, all uncovered and still. You could hear the pace of the soft-footed priests, the echoes to whispers of prayer that fell abrupt, like kisses against the domes; the murmur, as of surprise, for a moment, at the weirdness of the building, into which, most probably, the majority of the King's party had never before entered; and then—so universal, with such space to resound in, with such sweet energy and inspiration pronounced, that it seemed to have neither choristers nor abode—the *Te Deum* pealed along the aisles and arches, like tuneful thunder loosened.

One's memories of grand emotions are apt to err in favor of the latest. If I should say that this *Te Deum* was the most wondrous music I ever heard, perhaps I might be repeating what I have said of other occasions. The glorious harmony of a full military band going into action, the serenade on the waters, the camp-meeting hymns in green woods, the diapason of opera, sustained by a multitude; these recollections come back to me weaker than ever before, for the lifting up of this *Te Deum* was like the flight of men's souls, burst out of them with song. They stood so listlessly below, the melody was so strong and sonorous above, that the discrepancy of cause and effect made of them, to the mind, automatons merely, like fountain-statues, motionless, that fling up mighty water-jets. Into the cornet, drum and organ, the human song poured like the cheer of an army into one bugle-blast, and every glad emotion went up to God with the dignity of men whose faith in the end met it with no surprise. It was a song for Calvin to have heard, reconciling faith and destiny as he only believed it. It was a song to be given by the people of Moses when the last wave rolled over their enemies. Calm thankfulness, so calm that out of its good consciousness and self satisfaction it drew power, swelled at last into one mighty climax of praise, tenaciously prolonged, the last comprehensiveness of gratitude; and then fell absolute quiet upon king, priest and soldier.

EMINENCES ABOUT THE KING.

The galaxy of which the King was the the center, grouped under these golden domes, before the blazing altar, was one of the most remarkable that Europe has ever seen. Of Italians, the Chevalier Edouard de Botta, a true patriotic Venetian, descendant of him who wrote the earliest reliable history of the American Revolution, the Cardinal Trevisinato, strong churchman, but not all forgetful of the glory of his people and their happiness, moving to the tinkle of bells, in wondrous robes, as in the stalwart days when Popes could command Europe to a crusade and Cardinals bewilder Kings with borrowed thunders; Count Luigi Michieli, the chief of the city when the Austrians had retired, a strong Venetian face, like a Doge's come down from canvas; the Signor Pellatis, Chief of the National Guard, to whose offices this concord between Bishop and King is due; the new Mayor or Podesta, Count Giambatista Justiniani, whose name is that of one of Rome's memorable Emperors, and whose blood is old as the Gospel, a silver-bearded man, like the ancient admirals, very calm and grave. Commander Techio, an exile from Venice for eighteen years, come back to be at the head of its Court of Appeals; a face whose look is the sword of justice, and whose hairs are the weavings of wisdom. Ernest Renan, the latest biographer of Christ, a man with little love of what he cannot see, yet seeing even at this *Te Deum* such wondrous and solemn earnestness that he looks through half-shut, measuring eyes, with a boy's flush upon his cheeks; the Doctor Achille Kelder, a man endungeoned, menaced with death in his time, but ever plotting and fighting for the better days, now come to him and to his neighbors; the Prince of Carignano, uncle to the King, brother to Carlo Alberto, close to whose side all this drama of Italy has been conceived; Gen. Prim, of Spain resolved to revolutionize and republicanize that peninsula or die at the *garrotte*; the beautiful Princess della Cisterne, dark and glittering with jewels, with a fortune of $2,000,000, and the affianced, as it is said, of the King's son, Amadeus; Louis Kossuth, still waiting for Hungary's day, worn and bent, the implacable foe of despotism everywhere, who needed but a fair show to stand in Hungary as this King stands in honor here; Alexis Bozzaris, the nephew of Mark Bozzaris, the hero of Greece, sung by Halleck to the joy of every schoolboy, a sinewy, small figure, of proud eye and presence; Robert Browning, whose lady's sonnets and his own have gone wide and well, a tolerable Englishman, growing gray; with William Story, our most ideal sculptor, the friend of Browning, a fair New-England personality, not quite all Anglicized; the Countess Guicciola, but recently made a widow, come to Venice, her native city, where she was maiden and a poet's mistress, fresh in her weeds, but of beautiful old age; the Duchess of Genoa, relic of that grand Savoyard whose battle-ax almost clave victory out of the rout of Novara, and whose daughter, beside her, is beautiful as a poet's queen; here are three journalists; Capt. Hozea, the new military writer for *The Times*, whose letters are praised beyond Russell's; "Carlton," or Mr. Coffin of Boston, one of the naivest spectators of our Rebellion, and George A. Sala, sketch-writer, of some goodness of borrowed plumage. Closer around the King are his immediate ministers, headed by the anxiously glad face of Ricasoli, seconded by Depretis, the Minister of Marine, with Cugia, the Stanton of the war; Visconti Venosta, the Foreign Minister; Jacini, head of the Public Works; Cordova, Minister of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce; Scialoja and Berti, heads of bureaux. These are the men who have made the King a King indeed, and the country more than a geographical mosaic. It was a splendid tableau, worthy to be painted beside Charles VII at the coronation of Rheims, or Abraham Lincoln passing up the streets of Richmond.

THE TRUE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

In this display the long thin beards and bloodless faces of many old soldiers of the First Napoleon were conspicuous. They made strong features of the gathering; but those who looked most at them cheered but little. While the people of France obtain all gratitude from the Venetians, their ruling family of whom the Old Guard were associates, get no respect in Italy. The barter and sale of Venice was the work of Napoleon Bonaparte, conceived by himself alone in the beginning of his career, without apparent motive, and with the cold-blooded determination which shows that even while a Republican General he was unscrupulous and ungrateful. Venice had been the scene of great rejoicing after the Emancipation of France, which her aristocratic rulers in vain attempted to restrain into a calm neutrality. At the approach of the French the people overthrew their Government, hoisted the tri-color, donned the red cap and cockade, and planted the Liberty Tree before the church of St. Mark. Bonaparte made use of their volunteers and vessels against the Austrians, was greatly beloved by them all, but when he found a chance to treat with Austria on the basis of preserving the glory of his great campaign, he quietly gave up his ally to the Germans, and condemned her to a bondage of 70 years. I have been at pains to search out the correspondence of Bonaparte on this dark episode. Thus he wrote to Carnot, the French Secretary of War:

"The city of Venice contains, it is true, 300 patriots; their interests shall be stipulated for in the treaty, and they shall be received into the Cisalpine Republic. The desire of some hundreds of men is not worth the death of 20,000 Frenchmen."

This is proved by all collateral evidence to have been a coarse, *ex parte* statement to cloak a mean act.

Carnot, a sincere Republican, wrote to Bonaparte on the 29th of September, 1797, in answer:

"It is too evident that if you leave Venice to Austria the latter will have a foot on the Adige, a route to the heart of Lombardy, and can reach a hand to Naples and Tuscany. The Cisalpine Republic thus surrounded on all sides by this voracious power, shall soon become its prey. And this, independent of the shame of abandoning Venice, that you believe yourself so worthy to be free."

The admirers of Bonaparte, who trace in his smart, hap-hazard epigrams a mind almost prescient, will be troubled to find a single case wherein he matched this conjecture of Carnot. The theft and sale of Venice has been the source of all the later miseries of Italy. History will never forgive it and its consequences. And the old Italian soldiers of the First Consul, standing here, were at once the vindicators of Venice and the reproach of the Bonapartes.

The scenes afterward transpiring in the Cathedral were complimentary merely; the King held a grand reception in the Royal Palace, adjacent to the Piazza; at night the Opera called the *Venice* was open, and gave superb ballets and songs; all the theaters represented episodes current to the Carnival. At night, while the King was banqueting with the municipality, all the islands and bay were lighted with brilliant fires. The whole lagoon was ablaze, every poor sand reef making a beacon to answer the rockets of the city. Throughout all Italy every village and city welcomed Venice to the new confederacy. The joy of the people knew no excesses nor any reproaches; all who had loved them, all who had upbraided them, were friends of the Carnival. The King was announced to remain a whole week, and every night should be a new surprise. I shall write to you once more upon the Carnival matters.

THE ONE SULLEN SPECTATOR.

While Venice is thus a fire at sea, a city of light-houses, a great beacon burning down the Mediterranean, a new Stromboli, with souls for coals in its working crater, every sister city in Italy has leaped into flame to honor her. There are burning torches at Palermo; Massena is belting her famed Strait with fire; the Bay of Naples is a beach of blaze; Florence hoists the tricolor lamp to all her towers and campaniles; Ravenna, in her remote and venerable repose, cries *vivas* for Venice at Dante's tomb; in Pisa, the leaning tower swings to the reverberating cheers; Sienna's checkered Cathedral flares in the illumination; every glorious pinnacle at Milan is white in the flash of happy windows; Genoa, the crescent of the sea, no longer threatens to bridle the horses of Saint Mark, but wreathes their counterfeits in laurel; and every city under the Alps becomes a bonfire, to make this liberation an equal outburst of humanity and love wherever the soft language of the south is a household utterance. One of the galaxy of great municipalities alone stands dark and sullen among her mountains. There is no streak of light upon her hills. Around her forum there are those who keep watch to murder him who cheers for Venice. Her churches are dumb to the choral song of a waiting people redeemed and made glad by freedom. Crumbling sternly and unbendingly to ruin, like her barbaric Coliseum, Rome, that cannot be Mistress of the World, can at least rail upon it. From under the great dome of St. Peter's, flung over it by the Republican arm of Michael Angelo, a strange, discordant reproof fell upon Venice the day that her people crowded to the polls. Not a word of all hail for the fulfillment of suffering years. No earnest of "Be happy, Italy, our native land!" But a mad wail and rail, and termagant shout against the deliverers and delivered of "our dear son in Jesus Christ, Francis Joseph of Austria!"

The scandal of this speech echoes through Europe. It is a part of the history of Venice delivered. It may make infidels of some; of millions it will make better Catholics, showing them that till the temporal sovereignty of Rome is suppressed, they will neither have at the head of the Church a wise priest, a good patriot, nor a rational man!

To keep as a miser's inheritance this particle of the Earth, the Head of the Church is compelling independent action and even secession among his Italian clergy.

The next political event, due within two weeks, will be the rising of the Roman people against the temporal power. On the 17th inst. the last French gun, French nag, French standard and Frenchman will quit Civita Vecchia. Two bands of volunteer fanatics will give some military show for a while to the Vicar of God, but these will have had both their zeal and their reverence well corrupted by that time, as it is impossible for any stranger of common heartfulness to look inside the Vatican and outside the faces of its subjects without feeling his good will transferred to the latter. There is in Rome a silent committee, invisible, omnipotent, whose counsel starts against the dead walls without a palpable agency, and bursts out of the dawn like the writing against Belshazzar. The Pope has spies in plenty; but the presence of spies begets universal craftiness, and the Republicans of the Imperial City seem to work without hands. Therefore the march of the temporal millenium comes sure apace. We shall see, within the year, that seven-hilled city as free to travel and to happiness as Venice, which wears with a gracious face its new tri-color apparel. Meantime, the Pope has issued two manifestoes, one leveled at his countrymen, the other at the temporal head of the Greek Church. In the latter he espouses the part of the Catholic Clergy in Poland, whose monasteries and great monastic estates have been confiscated, but passes over the political wrongs of the Polish people, which it would be entirely inconsistent in him to notice. A temporal Government so sensitive, little-minded and ill-administered as that of Rome, must make a contemptuous paragraph in the history that describes its downfall. Venice beheld her German mercenary guards fade over the line of the Adriatic, the Pope's new enthusiasts, recruited in Savoy, exhibited the tri-color from their garrison in Viterbo. The great Pontiff sent a special envoy to rebuke their commander, who replied:

"Why! we meant to make the Roman people cheerful."

"Very ill-timed cheerfulness," said the Envoy; "there is nothing in Italy to make the subjects of the Pope happy. Take down the flag and court-martial anybody that cheers it."

DESTINY OF NEW VENICE.

Heads wag around me, Englishmen's, particularly, when I say, "What shall Venice become now that her hands are untied?" Yet there is more for hope than when at the beginning of her race, just eleven centuries before her independence was given away, Venice elected her first Doge and set out upon the commercial enterprise that gave her victory over Turk and Christian. She has all to expect from the dismemberment of the Turkish and Austrian despotisms, which will be accelerated by the unity of Italy, for even in the present Austria there are two millions of Italian people, as Venice herself was first built among the Dalmatian Islands, on the Austrian coast. The affairs of Greece, long attached to Italy, forbade her not remote desire to be attached to the peninsular kingdom she has generated and adorned. The power that has the chance to succeed to the commerce of the Dardanelles is Italy. The boast of Napoleon, that the Mediterranean should become a French lake, is not unlikely to be realized by the people he gave away. It there is no coal in the Appenines there is plenty of it on the opposite mainland. As a self-sustaining country, Italy has few rivals; the maritime spirit of Venice is fresh as in its Spring; when Rome shall be incorporated, the Italians will be the most harmonious nation in Europe; they have more dignity and deliberation than the French, and the freedom of their institutions will attract to them the components of those contingent nations which hate the Austrian and contemn the Turk. Not for there physical reasons only, but for the spiritual ones that appeal more frankly and directly to the liberal man. I believe in the good star of Venice. Her charity and brotherly love; her long-suffering, that has not tamed her spirit but disciplined it; her contempt of sham friends and pretentious superstitions; her straightforward resolve to have all that is hers, to conquer it herself, to develop it and intellectualize it; something to me more than this, the personal resemblance her people bear to our own in America, and the common partnership we have in the gallant energy that made tyranny his enemy when a fisherman's boy, and rose to be the superbest biography of the era in which we live. These things rise to tell me that Venice has another chance and Italy renewing glory.

I walked, a few nights ago, upon the long dike of the Leide, among the graves of the Jews. The story of Shylock and Antonio came to me as I touched with my foot the stones of commemoration, and I saw Venice in the early dusk, hanging her lamps against the sunset. I stood between her—a mile to my west—and the Adriatic, plashing against the dike at my feet. The city's songs of rejoicing were so faint that it seemed a deeper silence where I looked alone. Here were the tombs of a race without a country; but in their unconquerable unity they had compelled respect and gathered power among the peoples of the earth. They believed in their destiny, kept their blood pure, and outlived the centuries. What shall not yonder city, with equal homogeneity of will, accomplish, now that her soil is her own, her toil for another no more! Into the dark at last plunged Campanile and Cathedral, gray arsenal and gossamer flag; but the lights were stronger on the water; the energy of evening bells drove over the lagoon; the great lighthouse cast an armful of fire through the sluices of the port. And so I seemed to see the light, and life and glory start anew in Venice, and seek the sea for its fortune.