

of the imagination than the substantial creation of human hands. There is a scenic fitness about what may be termed the "properties"—a tranquil serenity induced by the proud evidences of ancient glory that imposes upon his imagination; while the very quietude of the atmosphere, that perceptible absence of the noise of coaches and carriages, which at ordinary times swells the heart so gloomily, adds on such occasions a novel power to the scene, and lends the courtly show an increased awe and majesty.

I was late. And by the time I arrived the procession was issuing from the principal entrance of the grand old cathedral. Slowly it wended its way along the prescribed course, accompanied alone by the rich swelling tones of the organ. A magnificent train of glittering jewels and glowing colors. A huge serpent, in which were blended all the hues of the tropics.

The religious portion of the programme had finished with the solemn Pontifical Mass which was just over. It was, then, a courtly show alone. First came the halberdiers of the prince, in rich old Venetian costumes of maroon and with velvet. And the fiery Italian eyes of the by-standers lit up with a pride indescribable as they marked this tribute to their ancient glory. Next came the personal servants of the members of the prince's suite—running footmen, etc., etc., in the liveries of their several masters. Then followed the *valets des chambre* in magnificent court-dresses of blue and silver—the colors of the prince in their picturesque and flowing national costumes—half-barbaric in their Oriental splendor—followed by over one hundred pages, chasseurs, and footmen of the vice-regal household.

Here intervened a space when a mass of generals, field-marsals, courtiers, etc., appeared—all dressed in the rich uniforms of their several ranks, and their breasts literally blazing with jeweled "orders" and "decorations." Among them walked the famous Lieutenant Field-Marshal Goritzzuti, the military governor of the city—one whose character is of iron, and who neither gives nor expects mercy. He it was, who, when during the last Italian campaign, the Venetians had sought to gain the upper hand and failed—replied, in his rude and broken Italian, in answer to their prayers that he would not bombard their beautiful city. *Venetè bon, Io bon; Venetè non bon, Io bomb, bomb, bomb.*—"If Venice is good, I'll be good; but if Venice is not good, I'll bomb, bomb, bomb." Bad Italian as it was it was understood, and *Venetè was "good."*

A tall, light, graceful figure followed the stern marshal—a space being reserved about him so that he walked alone. Slenderly yet compactly built, a frame neither enervated by luxury nor broken by dissipation, he was commanding yet modest. Fresh-complexioned, with a broad and noble forehead—his deep blue eyes somewhat thoughtful but kindly—the only feature which might possibly prevent his being termed eminently fine-looking was his mouth, which partook of the character of the Hapsburgs. But even that, though heavy, was agreeable and sweetly-formed, with an expression of nobility and magnanimity. Dressed in the plain, dark-blue uniform of the Austrian navy, while all about him were covered with the tinsel insignia of rank, he alone was without ornament, while, with one hand thrust carelessly in the half-buttoned breast of his uniform, he appeared neither to delight in the mummery which a stupid custom had prescribed, nor to be paying attention to the forms accompanying it, but regarded it rather as a necessity which must be gone through with.

This the people saw, and the revengeful glances which had been so liberally showered upon the bedeviled courtiers, now softened, while the gratefully-uttered whisper of "Maximiliano," which ran from one to the other, assured me of what I had already divided, viz., that this plainly-dressed personage was Maximilian of Austria!

Of the train of magnificently-dressed ladies that followed I will speak but of one—the Archduchess—who, habited in a rich court-dress of crimson velvet and white satin, looked as lovely and regal as it is possible to look. Charlotte of Belgium, however, is not what might be termed strictly beautiful, but is, as the French have it, *elegant—tout à fait elegant.* With rich brown hair and hazel eyes—those sure tokens of amiability—she has yet more the appearance, or rather, I should say, the evidences, of having been educated at a court than any other royal lady that I have ever seen. She is every inch a princess, and her queenly head that day needed no herald to proclaim its royal birth, nor the dazzling crown of precious stones which surmounted it to give it majesty; for even as it disappeared up the grand staircase, among the sculptured arches of the palace, did it bespeak its own high origin.

So the procession had passed—without one single word of approbation on the part of the populace, except that grateful mutter of "Maximiliano."

Alas, how fearful is the hate for Austria, and how blind! What, then, must have been the merits of a prince who, being of the hated race, has yet succeeded in winning their esteem, if not their love?

Maximilian of Austria has indeed been a blessing to the Italian people. He has obtained more than one amnesty for them, and bid return to their homes those whom tyrannous subordinates had caused to fly from wives and children dear. In doing this, too, it was not his nature to seek the praise or glorification of the world, but rather to conceal the good he had done. The grateful swell of the returned exile's bosom, as he clasped in his arms the loved ones from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated—the tearful blessings of the wife, or mother, or sisters, as they clung convulsively to the form of him who was more than life to them—these were the tributes that he loved the best, and that he sought alone.

One of the prince's pet projects for the improvement of the city of Venice, as the sea-port of his vice-regal dominion, was the cutting of a canal, direct from Malamoco through the different islands of the Lagoon, up to the city proper. This was to have accommodated vessels of the largest class, and was conducted and supported entirely by his private purse. As it was likely to be a tedious task, he had ordered the canals already existing to be cleaned, so as to admit vessels of 2000 tons being moored alongside the quays. This had been accomplished, and great was the joy of the Venetians thereat.

While this work was going on Maximilian was everywhere. Supervising this, overseeing that. Making everything go right, and watching that the work was conducted honestly and economically. His little black *gondoline* (without ornament or designation of rank) was to be seen everywhere. One day this light boat came into collision with a large one, bearing a number of workmen. It went crashing through the bow of the larger and apparently stronger boat, consigning its cargo of living freight to the swift tide of the Lagoon. The prince would have plunged instantly to their aid, had he

not been restrained by his followers. Nor did his care cease until he had seen them deposited in safety. Kindly guarded with warm garments from the fatal effects of the malaria, for it was in the winter season, and a proper donation, "*buona mano*," with which to drink his health. One little child, who had been in the boat, the prince carried away with him—wrapping it in his own cloak, and not leaving it until it was deposited with numerous gold-pieces in its mother's lap.

In ordinary times the Archduke goes about in citizen's dress. A plain black or dark-blue suit, cut apparently after a manner of his own, neither quite in nor quite out of the fashion. And on this occasion the poor mother never suspected for a moment that the plainly-dressed gentleman, who had so kindly brought her back her child, was "Maximiliano." She therefore treated him throughout as a "Signor Inglese;" and as such proffered him the hospitality of her poor house, which was freely accepted, and it was not until long afterward that she learned that it was the Viceroy, and brother of her Emperor, that she had entertained. The Archduke's *gondoline* was, whenever its master was in Venice, a conspicuous object. Darting here and there, it seemed always on the go; while every morning, regularly, it was to be seen gliding swiftly in the direction of the Arsenal, where a noble frigate, the *Dandolo*, was being built.

"When," said one of his aids-de-camp to me one day, "his Imperial Highness goes away satisfied, which is very seldom the case, we feel that we need bother ourselves no longer; for you may depend upon it, every bolt is then in its right place."

"Is he, then, so very observing?" I asked, "I have always understood that it was comparatively easy to deceive a prince. That is, if his followers wish to deceive him."

"It is not so with Max. His eye takes in every thing. He sees more than any man I ever knew; and with his quiet and sarcastic way points it out and waits until it is corrected. As for telling him a lie, I don't believe there is a man living who would dare to do so. He would detect it in a minute. Another peculiarity," continued the aid, "which he possesses, is to see that all his orders are duly executed. In this matter he trusts no one—not even his nearest friends. For instance, you remember the music on the piazza last Sunday? The prince was at a window listening. One of the pieces, a little Hungarian air, struck his fancy. He sent to the leader of the band to obtain a copy arranged for the piano. That evening it was left at the palace. The prince, well-satisfied, sent the man a present, but with it a *receipt-book*, to obtain his acknowledgment of its actual reception—thus obviating the difficulty under which the snuff-boxes, diamond-rings, etc., of the Russian princes sometimes labor. Nine-tenths of them, it is said, never reach their destinations."

Indeed, in his business way of doing things Maximilian is any thing but Austrian; and in many respects his feelings and habits are more those of an American, evinced, among other things, by his fondness for fast traveling. He is very fond of our nation, and never does he show to such advantage as when in conversation with one of our countrymen. His admiration for every thing that is noble; for the strength of mind that dares to think and feel differently from the great mass of ordinary mortals, attracts him, apparently, to our people. I have seen him before now, with some stickler for rank and precedent, quite ill at ease, scarce able to say a word. But the moment his look