

outside, while the crowd waited patiently for his appearance and greeted the opening of each window as staff and officials made their appearance on the balconies. While waiting, the crowd responded gladly to a stentorian voice heard at intervals in the square, crying, "*Viva Vittorio Emmanuel!*" "*Viva il Re Galantuomo!*" Over and over again there were false hopes and uncertain cheers; but presently a sort of moan of joy swept through the people as first one here and there, and afterward the whole crowd caught sight of him standing alone at a window of his own palace at last. Never has a deeper or truer cry been heard in the Piazz di San Marco than now broke from the trembling lips of the multitude. Some mingled their cheers with "*Benedetta Italia!*" Some shed tears, and many of the women laughed hysterically. The King gravely bowed and soon retired. The marching past of the troops, if such had been intended, was rendered impossible; but they filed through the crowd as best they might, passing under the one window of interest, their bands playing the "*Marsia Reale*," and so went outside, where they broke off, and returned to swell the crowd soon after.

But the people had not had enough of him yet. They remained still gazing up and waiting to see him again, till at length he complied with their request, appeared at the open window, was again lustily cheered, and this time when he retired the window was shut, and the crowd began to disperse. But as they turned their eyes from the one point of attraction they saw another open window, and a slight, worn-faced man, in plain black suit, standing on the balcony talking to an official all covered over with gold and lace. Somebody whispered "*Ricasoli*," and the warm greetings sent lately from Florence came to their remembrance. The minister is deservedly popular at present, and soon learned that he is so from the lips of the Venetians. Succeeding Cavour, at the request of the latter, it is said, Ricasoli also has aimed straight at the mark, and is one whom the Italians know they can trust.

To go from the square to the church is a natural inclination, and for a long time a stream of people flowed in and out of the sevenfold golden portals. Within many knelt, men as well as women, to offer thanks for the happiness bestowed upon them; but most walked round the church, returning by another door. This evening there have been grand illuminations, but the thick fog prevented their full effect, except for an hour after 10 o'clock, when for a while the air cleared, and the water shaken by ever-passing boats flickered in millions of golden wavelets. But time fails to describe the glorious scene, and it must be enough for the present that the long wished-for day has passed, the invited ruler has come to his people, and been received with marks of love and enthusiasm, because they believed that he has saved and never will betray them. Such has been the welcome of the *Ré Galantuomo*, the King who keeps his word.

4. GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

Now that the Great Exhibition of 1867, has been opened, a few facts relative to the principal World's Fairs which have preceded it will be interesting.

When the shock of the wide spread revolutions of 1848-9 was dying out throughout Europe, the idea of the first Great International Exhibition was first conceived. Never could it have been introduced more happily, for the interchange of national feeling which was awakened, the new and peaceful contest which it created and the industries which it encouraged served to divert the attention of men from the bloody tragedies which were of so recent date, and directed their thoughts into new and tranquil channels.

There can be no exhibition like that of 1851, for there can never be the same absorbing interests attending any other which were excited by that, the first. There was nothing wonderful about the architectural design of Mr. Paxton, which was indeed nothing more than one of his employer's great graperies magnified. The building rose swiftly after it was once commenced by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors. Its cost was £200,000, the sale of season tickets brought £50,000, and the sum of £80,000 was subscribed before the building was commenced. It was on the 16th of May that the World's first Exhibition was opened, and in the poet's words it was in all respects, "one of the charmed days when the genius of God doth flow." As described in one of the leading journals of the day:

"A splendid sunshine and soft air filled all the hollow of the sky, and every man who had feet to walk with or friends to carry him, made his way to share in the pageant. The ocean and the channel swarmed with ships; bird's eye views of the planet showed dark lines of traveller's streaming from every point of the compass to London, and in London all the streets leading to one shining point, a crystal ball rolling on the grass of Hyde Park, a gigantic dew-drop, or bubble fallen, could it be, from the stars, and inclosing in its many-colored, sparkling sphere, men, women, children, grass, fountains, and flowers, and even the tallest trees.

The Queen, too, who from the first, had delighted in her husband's happy thought, declared her gracious purpose to open the exhibition in royal State. See her, then, advancing between long lines of nobles and noble ladies, soldiers and counsellors, to her throne in the transept; see her look round upon the vast assembly with clear eye, and tone as yet untouched by care, clad in a rose brocade, her jewelled head glittering in the brilliant sunbeams like an answering sun; hear her full round tones of English welcome to the world; hear the blare of trumpet and burst of bugle and roll of drum that drown the applauding shouts of the crowd, as with Queenly salutation to all beholders she declares the Exhibition opened. Next the Throne stands old Wellington, who closes his 82nd year, a mark for all English eyes; and near the throne also stands the Minister of China, serene, unctuous, with careful and prolonged pig-tail and embroidered robes of your true peacock splendor, plainly a man of consequence, and, as such, saluted with respect by all the other mighty Ministers and men of state, until one of them, sharper-eyed than the rest, bethinks him that there is no Chinese Ambassador, and, first dimly, then plainly, remembers this face as that of the greasy, opium-sleek countenance of the showman of the Chinese Junk moored in the Thames, just then, a famous penny-show in London."

The next Exhibition of the world's industrial products took place at Dublin in 1853. It was erected at the sole expense of Mr. Wm. Dargan an eminent Irish Engineer. The cost was upwards of £50,000, but it is said that he made money by the transaction in the end, or at all events realized sufficient to repay its outlay.—The Exhibition building consisted of a central hall 425 feet long and 100 feet high covered by a semi-circular roof in a single span of 100 feet. Parallel with the main hall, and communicating with it by arched openings, where two side halls or aisles each 100 feet in width and 65 feet high.—Each of these side halls were divided into three by a nave 50 feet wide, and aisles of 25 feet. Thus the outside dimensions of the building were 425ft. by 200. It was opened May 12, 1852, and was closed in October by the Queen and Prince Albert, on which occasion Mr. Cusack Patrick Rooney, the Secretary of the Exhibition, was made a Knight, and as "Sir Cusack," &c., retired gracefully into private life; Mr. Dargan, having been offered the same dignity, respectfully declined the responsibility of so much additional honor, and remained plain Mr. Dargan until his death, which took place early in last February. In the same year an exhibition of the same kind was inaugurated at New York, which, however, proved in most respects to be a failure.

In 1855, a great Exhibition took place in Paris, which was attended with remarkable success.

In 1857 the Manchester Exhibition of Fine Arts was opened by her Majesty in person, and such a display of rich and precious works of art was made as the world has hardly ever seen. No country in the world is so rich in private collections of paintings and statuary as England, and the owners of the rarest and most beautiful works of art contributed them to the Exhibition with the utmost generosity. Even the *New York Tribune*, alluding to the private collections of artistic productions in England is compelled to say: "From the Queen down, whoever owns any fine work of art seems to consider himself as its guardian only, and as having no exclusive right to its enjoyment. It adds greatly to the pleasure of visiting England that this generous and noble spirit exists, and we always hear with pleasure that this or that valuable picture in changing hands has found its way into an English gallery or parlor, for then we may hope some day to see it. We do not believe there is in all England a man of wealth who has the spirit of a certain well known New Yorker, who, owning some particularly fine pictures and manuscripts of great rarity, takes a foolish pride in making himself notorious by denying the sight of them not only to strangers, however introduced, but even to his intimate friends, and, better still, to his own immediate relatives. There is a pretty tale going about that no less a person than Mr. Prescott, when he was writing one of his books connected with Spanish history, wrote to this public-spirited gentleman and requested permission to consult a very rare MS. in his possession, but received the suave reply, 'that he had bought the MS. for his own use, and not for that of other people.' There may be instances of such churlishness in England, but they are covered out of sight by the multitude of bright examples of a broader and more enlightened spirit." The Manchester Exhibition of 1857 was a bright instance of this spirit.

The success of the London Exhibition in 1862 was somewhat marred by the untimely death of the Prince Consort, who had been the prime originator and leading spirit in the carrying out of the work. The building was at Kensington and covered 24½ acres of ground. For the value and interest of its contents there can be no doubt that the Exhibition of 1862 far exceeded all others. The picture gallery was especially splendid. The immense progress made by France and Britain since the first Exhibition in all branches of art as well as manufactures was the theme of universal wonder