

Saint Mary's Beacon.

IN DARKEST ITALY.

(Continued from first page.)

The banquets were a source of terror, for who knew but that his wine was drugged, and that the next hour might be his last. At Cerreto, the favorite retreat of Cosmo, "the father of his country," Bianca Capella, the fair Venetian, and her husband were treacherously poisoned at a supper given by the tyrant Pauli.

He calmly watched their slow torture till amid tearful sobs the fair Bianca expired, with a struggle and long-drawn gasp. That gasp is still to be heard at the midnight hour, echoing through the marble halls and the deserted rooms in the villa of Cerreto; and at the same hour long-wailing shrieks such as penetrate the inmost soul.

Sound through the emptiness of that old den far up among the hills. Within the next five days, in this same villa, were two unexpecting victims welcomed with kisses and then cruelly slain, one with the knife and the other with the fatal noose.

STABBED BY HER HUSBAND. Elenora di Toledo was stabbed there, on the 11th of July, 1576, by her husband, Pietro de Medici; and on the 16th of the same month Isabella de Medici was strangled by her husband, Paolo Giordano. They were at Florence when they were sent for, each in her turn, under the pretext of a hunting party, and each in her turn went to die. Elenora appears to have had a presentiment of her fate. She went when required, but before she set out she bade farewell to her only child and wept long and bitterly over him.

Another instance of treachery is told about the unhappy Pia, a Siennese lady of the family of Tolommei who fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of her husband. He took her to the Maremma during the sultry month of September, where a deadlier foe than the bandit strikes unseen. The subtle poison of malaria fills the air and lulls to sleep—a sleep which leads to death. Here her husband conveyed her and resolved in his heart that she should perish, even though he perished with her. Not a word escaped from him on the way, not a syllable in answer to her remonstrance or her tears; and in sullen silence he watched patiently by her till she died.

In Ferrara is a palace wherein the heartless Lucrezia Borgia, used to prepare her poisonous little suppers, asking her friends to the feast. In revenge for a slight she had received from the Venetians, she gave a grand banquet to 18 handsome young Venetian noblemen. She had poisoned the wine, and as she witnessed the agony of her victims she calmly told them her reasons for committing this fearful crime. Whilst she was still speaking, one of the Venetians told her that he was her son, whom she had not seen for many years. Recognizing him, and overcome with horror, she lost her self command, and plunged her poniard into his heart rather than see him suffer.

FAIR CRISTINE. But if a slight caused such troubles, a glance in a mirror caused still greater. In the palace of Collato a no neglected mirror awakened the suspicions of a jealous wife, and caused the death of her maid. The fair Cristine was fair as a lily; and as much admired as she was beloved. The Countess and Cristine had grown up as children together, and were the best of friends till some malicious gossip, whispered into the ear of her mistress, that Cristine "was not all she seemed to be." She told how Cristine wandered in the woods "like one in love with sadness" and that her white veil and dress had given her the name of the "White lady."

The Countess listened to these evil tales and watched her maid. One day, when Cristine was combing her golden hair and the Count passed through the hall, his wife fancied she saw in the mirror a smile—a glance, given and answered, and her soul was filled with hatred and a longing for revenge.

That night the unhappy Cristine was led forth to die:

No blood was spilt; no instrument of death lurked—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose; Nor was a hair of her unbleached head hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just blown.

And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing She was walled up within the castle wall. The wall itself was hollowed secretly; Then closed again, and done to line and rule.

The place is still to be seen in a darksome vault under the chapel, and there nightly now, in her white dress and veil she stands shuddering—her eyes uplifted and her hands joined as though in prayer. At other times, issuing forth, she wanders along the mountain-track, and through woodland groves, where the shepherd meeting her, exclaims: "Tis the White Lady."

VAULTS THAT ARE TOMBS.

Beneath the Ducal Palace in Venice are deep descents underground, leading to dripping vaults which pass under the flood. Here light and warmth are unknown. These vaults lead to a covered bridge, the Bridge of Sighs, and to the fatal vault, closed by an iron door. No victim entering this fatal room was ever known to return, for the room grew less and less, the four walls being pressed inward by a screw, until the life was forced out of the unfortunate prisoner. Here Carrara and his valiant sons met their silent doom, their only crime being an effort to save their father from his cruel fate. Here also the great and noble Captain Carmagnola was led with all courtesy and honor, and when the door was closed on him he gave a cry of despair, exclaiming in tones of anguish, "I am lost—lost!"

Near by, are narrow vaults crowded together like tombs in a graveyard, and could the walls speak, what tales of horror they could reveal. Unfortunate victims were imprisoned here, till they mercifully lost their reason and filled the ghostly corridors with their wild shrieks and laughter. During the dark hours of the night the prison boat would arrive laden with freight:

And bore away as to the Lower World, Disburdening in the Canal Orfano, That drowning-place, where never net was thrown Summer or winter, death the penalty, And where a secret once deposited, Lay till the waters should give up their dead.

Yet what so gay as Venice?

Every gale breathed music, night and day the enchantress, Pleasure, waved her hand over the city, but silently misery held her away, and the prisoner, heartsick and weary, hearing the distant murmur of the merry crowd, would sigh for the light and happiness which could never more be his. Let one breath a word or indulge a thought against the laws of Venice, and in that hour he vanished from sight, doomed to drag out a weary existence in some gloomy dungeon, or perish by the hand of the assassin.

STEEN LAWS.

The laws of Italy were stern to a degree; brother could not shield brother, nor a father his child. As an instance, let us draw aside the curtain in the hall of justice in the Ducal palace of Venice and witness a memorable scene which occurred at the trial of Giacomo, the son of the Doge Foscarei. Twenty-six are sitting in judgment, men who have served their country and grown gray in the service. Their black robes and the sombre looking arras give the hall a funeral aspect. Now and again a smothered groan is heard. Half withdrawn, a little to the left sits a venerable man robed in crimson. Cold drops of sweat stand on his brow, his hands are clenched, his eyes are half-closed, and he appears rigid as marble. It is Foscarei, the Doge; and lying at his feet, stretched out on the torture rack, is his son—his only son—Giacomo, accused of murder. The proofs of his guilt have been left in the judgment hall by some unknown hand, and the father must endure the sight of his beloved son suffering the questions of the Council of Ten. Twice has he asked them to let him lay aside his ducal crown, so that he might be spared this cruel trial; and twice have the relentless Ten sternly refused his request.

There he sits, a spectacle of woe condemned to wear in bitter mockery the bauble he had once sighed for. Once again the torture is applied to Giacomo, and looking up at his father he murmurs in a faint and broken voice, "My father!" The old man shrinks back, muffling his face in his mantle;

"Art thou not guilty?" he asks his son, but the denial is of no avail, and Giacomo hears the words of his doom fall slowly from his father's lips: "Banishment to Candia; death if he leaves it." In the dead of night the bark sets sail, and Giacomo is forced to leave Venice without a farewell word from those he loved. Day after day, year after year, he haunted an ancient rampart that overlooked the sea in the direction of Venice, the home of his youth.

At last messengers came bidding him return to the judgment hall, convicted of the criminal offence of sending a petition to the Prince of Milan that he might be permitted to see his wife and children and his aged father before he died. The request was granted, but ere the sun had set he was on his way to Candia, a banished man and condemned for a year to imprisonment in dungeon.

That night one who was dying declared that Giacomo was innocent of the crime and that he was the guilty man. But the confession came too late for the ship that sailed with the message of deliverance to Giacomo bore back a lifeless corpse. Losing all hope of ever redeeming his good name, shrinking from undeserved

blame and grieved at his father's grief, he died a victim to the tyranny of the merciless tribunal.

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

Venice, then dream of the poet! Glorious city in the East, through whose narrow streets the waves ebb and flow, the salt seaweed clinging to the marble of thy palaces! No track of man leads to thy gates, no footfall is heard in thy silent streets, whilst the gondola glides noiselessly on its way as in a dream! In days of old they bore prisoners to their fate, or a gay party of lords and ladies on pleasure intent.

But danger lurked in every place, spies ever on the alert, treasured all they heard, and the careless speaker was brought to account possibly that very night. Yet in those days Venice was a scene of light and glory; with its stately palaces, mosque-like domes and glittering spires, but beneath the mask of beauty and gaiety lurked the cruel knife of the assassin and the relentless decree of the Tribunal, whose oppression finally led to the downfall of a dominion which had endured the longest among men.

O, Italy, how beautiful thou art! Yet I could weep, for thou art lying, alas, Low in the dust, and we admire thee now As we admire the beautiful in death.

HORACE GREELEY.

BY MELINDA SISINS.

From National Economist.

It cannot but strengthen and arouse the hopes and energies of all who are enlisted in this great contest to uplift the hands of the oppressed, to read the seemingly inspired words of the great author, editor and philanthropist and commoner—Horace Greeley. While great battle of his life was waged against chattel slavery, yet, were he living to-day, he could use no stronger language against wage-slavery than the sentiments he uttered over fifty years ago. The problems which, he says, incessantly cry out for solution, and can never be stifled, but will become ever more vehement until they are solved are these:

"Why should those by whose toil all comforts and luxuries are produced or made available, enjoy so scanty a share of them? Why should a man able and eager to work ever stand idle for want of employment in a world where so much needed work impatiently awaits the doing. Why should a man be required to surrender something of his independence in accepting the employment which will enable him to earn, by honest effort, the bread for his family? Why should the man who faithfully labors for another and receives therefor less than the product of his labor be currently held to be the obliged party, rather than he who buys the work and makes a good bargain of it? In short, why should speculation and scheming ride so jauntily in their carriages, splashing honest work as it trudges humbly and wearily on foot."

Again he announces the eternal fact that— "That so long as life is a battle in which men fight not for, but against each other, the victors must necessarily be few and ever fewer, the victims numberless and ever more helpless."

Such words must have been written with a pen dipped in the living fire of eternal truth. Dwelling upon the fact that the majority of men are poor and uneducated, he endeavors to show how the condition of the masses can be alleviated by legislation, as follows:

The State should ordain, and the law should fundamental, that no man may own more than a certain, very limited extent of land; that the State should fix a definition to the phrase, "a day's work;" that the State should see to it that no child grows up in ignorance; that the State is bound to prevent the selling of alcoholic beverages.

These great principles were enunciated from his prophetic mind before an acre of land had been granted to railroad corporations. Had they been heeded, the 200,000,000 acres that have been disposed of would have been kept for free homes for the homeless; the great struggle for shorter hours of labor would have been prevented; the thousands of children that are now being, and have been for years, dwarfed upon the tread-wheels of our factories would have been in school preparing for useful and exemplary lives. That our prisons, insane asylums and poor houses would have been robbed of their numberless victims and the millions that are squandered for drink would have been expended in procuring the comforts of life. He refers to another crying evil the subserviency of the clergy to the rich, as follows: "He may speak ever so fluently and feelingly against sin in the abstract, for that cannot give offence to the most fastidiously sensitive incumbent of the richly furnished hundred dollar pew. But will he dare rebuke openly, fearlessly, specially the darling and decorous vices of his most opulent and liberal parishioner—to say to the honored dispenser of liquid poison, 'your trade is murder and your wealth perdition!'" To him who who amasses wealth by stinting hou-

est labor of the reward and grinding the faces of the poor. "Do not mock God by putting your reluctant dollar into the mummy box—there is no such heathen in New Zealand as your self!"—and so to very specious hypocrite around him who patronizes the church to keep to windward of his conscience and freshen the varnish in his character, "Thou art the man!"

These burning truths are a fair picture of the situation to-day. Few, if any, preachers dare stand in the pulpit and denounce the hell-born atrocities of our present industrial slavery. So it was in the early agitation against chattel slavery. However, after the agitation had gained popularity, then they were its warmest supporters. So it will be in this case; when the danger of being ousted from the pulpit shall have passed, then they will join the great army of wealth producers that are now marshaling from the field and the shop; from the highways and the byways, and whose picket lines are now penetrating the gilded halls and sanctuaries of opulence and caste—the fruits of unrequited toil. Again he says:

"The world does move, and its motive power, under God, is the fear—fear of thought and speech of those who dare be in advance of their time, who are sneered at and despised through their days of trial and struggle as lunatics, dreamers, impracticables and visionaries—men of crochets, of vagaries, or of 'isms.' These are the masks and sails of the ship to which conservatism answers as ballast. The ballast is important, but it would be of no account if the ship were not bound to go ahead."

Dear reader, is your armor on? Then, on with the fight.

After suffering horribly for years from scrofula in its worst form, a young son of Mr. R. L. King, 706 Franklin St., Richmond Va., was recently cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other medicine can approach this preparation as a cleanser of blood.

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FOR COMMISSIONERS' COURT. Messrs. Editors—Please announce Mr. CLARKE CAWOOD, of the 8th district, as a candidate for the Commissioners' Court and say he will receive a warm support from the PEOPLE. March 26.

FINE DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE, Wedding and Birthday Presents. **CHARLES A. ROUSH,** 38 West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY Oct. 11—1y*

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Restored My Health and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious.—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal. "For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Neb.

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