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A Reminiscence of the Revolution in Venice.

BY ALEXANDER OTT.

There is Venice, the proud, the beautiful, and ever memorable city of the Doge, rising with its domes and spires, churches and monasteries, its palaces and prisons, as if by enchantment, out of the lagoons of the Adriatic sea. Black coffin, like gondolas and barcas are solemnly gliding through the dark and sluggish waters of the canalazzo (canals), while the piazza di Santo Marco, with its interesting reminiscences of Othello and Desdemona, represents the usual bustle and life of a motley but picturesque multitude. There the togged nobleman walks the lordly square; there pretty, dark-eyed signoras are seen promenading with gay cavaliers, while priests and monks with their broad, round, full-moon faces, and the characteristic simper on their lips, meet you at every step.

And such was Venice in the summer of 1848; when a multitude of people had assembled on the Piazza di Santo Marco the only square of the city of the Doge, in order to listen to the excellent music of an Austrian military band, which was performing every evening to the delight of the gay Venetians.

The sea, whose waters were broken into small silver waves by a gentle breeze, was mirroring the starry heavens. To a person of a romantic cast, it was one of those lovely evenings which have inspired many a noble bard to strike the lyre; all seemed to be happiness and beauty—all like the creation of an oriental fable.

Remote from the noise of the tumultuous life of that famous square, a handsome young cavalier, whose manly form was enveloped in the graceful folds of a large cloak, a plumed hat on his head, was slowly pacing the steps of the splendid marble staircase leading from the piazza down in the sea. Suddenly the sound of splashing oars of an approaching gondola fell on his ears; he stopped listening. A voice whispered,

"It is me, Silvio."

In the next moment, a boat came up to the steps of the staircase, and an elegantly-dressed gentleman, of a tall and stately form, flung himself in the arms of the young cavalier.

"My dear, my ever faithful Silvio," exclaimed Count Alfieri, for such was the stranger, "at last the hour of revenge has come, when we shall free ourselves from the terrible Austrian yoke. O Italia!" he continued, a dark night hangs like a pall over thy beautiful country. Many a person's bright hopes have been wrecked, but far away over the dark and treacherous ocean of revolution, I see once more the sun of happiness shine on my unhappy fatherland. I grasp now again, convulsively, for the shrines of my household idols, for the hands of those who have in vain shed their blood for our independence."

Ascending the steps of the staircase, the two cavaliers issued forth amid the motly throng of the piazza. Suddenly a man with a rough, red cap and a tri-colored cockade on his head, cried, "Viva Italia! viva Alfieri! Italy for ever! Alfieri for ever! Down with the Austrians!" And a thousand voices burst out as it were simultaneously,

"Italy for ever! Down with the traitors!"

While the amazed musicians, with the few guards, endeavored to make their way to their barcas, a confusion—yes, a storm arose, during which the passions of the low, crude populace of Venice were exhibited in a striking and graphic manner.

"The prisoner of the leaden roofs, Count Alfieri, is released," roared, all at once, a man with a truly stentorian voice. Tears rolled immediately down several ferocious countenances, while others were brandishing their knives and daggers, crying,

"Long live the Republic! Long live Alfieri!"

And to crown the climax of this remarkable scene, the multitude rushed at that young cavalier, and as many as could, bestowed the most fraternal embraces upon him, thus weeping, embracing and shouting, sometimes by turns, sometimes altogether; that heaving, stormy mass of human beings moved on till they reached the canalazzo, where a large number of gondola omnibusses received as many of that wild concourse as could find room.

That quaint city in all the splendor of Luna's silver light reflected on the water, presented something so fairy like, something so provocative to the imagination as the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs and the Rialto with its classical associations of Shylock, Don Antonio and Don Balthazar unrolled themselves before the eyes of the excited populace in their floating vehicles that they forgot for a moment their feelings of hatred against the forestieri (foreigners) and burst forth in shouts of admiration at the sight of the magnificent panorama spread out before them.

But suddenly while passing an Austrian fortification situated on a small island, the unsuspecting people in their boats were treacherously greeted with a tornado of iron missiles. A dreadful scene followed now. Count Alfieri and his friend Silvio cheering their countrymen, endeavored to take the fort which as they supposed contained but a small garrison by storm. On therefore they rowed with the intrepidity of heroes, the women with the valor of the ancient Romans, encouraging their husbands and sons, while the bullets swept over the barcas, cutting down men, women and children by scores.

"Come on, my brave friends, shouted the two young leaders, and while their compan-

ions made the air ring with the bold cry of defiance, 'Italy for ever, death to the tyrants,' they rowed on.

At last, that maddened tide of human beings reached the fatal island. Impetuously they rushed on, to meet their equally embittered foes. From behind the fantastic shades of the lovely evening, such wrecks of faces would be cast up to the light of the pale silver moon, that you became at once convinced the infection of the wildly shaken public mind had reached a fearful crisis.

What a dreadful scene! Several thousand infuriated citizens engaged with a strong body of well-disciplined troops, in a most obstinate and sanguinary contest, in which all the destructive powers at man's command were employed to hurl forth their murderous effects, while the bursting of shells, the low rumbling growl of musketry, the wild hissing of the rockets, the whizzing of round shot, the sweeping blast and crash of grape and the yells of men and women, victorious and dying formed a horrid din, such as never before rose from the blue waters of the Bride of the sea.

On the people rushed, endeavoring to scale the parapet, but the troops speedily succeeded in driving back the assailants from the ramparts, and whilst the gallant leaders were encouraging their men to renew the attack, they were killed. Being deprived of those they almost worshipped, confusion and terror seized the hitherto gallant citizens, and completely stunned with the sound of the roaring cannon, they hurried back helter skelter to their boats, in order to save themselves by flight.

But alas! the doom of the unfortunate people was sealed, for the soldiers maddened almost to frenzy by the desperate attacks of the assailants, rushed now from the ramparts, while their artillery again thundered forth against the fugitives, and soon succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the miserable populace. A horrible scene ensued now. Neither mercy nor pity was shown by the imperialists. Men, women and children, the aged and the young, all were massacred alike, and even the corpses of the victims were seized, mutilated and hurled in the sluggish waters of the Lagoons.

Not satisfied with this massacre, which reminds one of the Sicilian Vespers and the Great Revolution in France, the Austrian general had immediately after these dreadful scenes a great many of the suspected citizens seized and put in the dungeons of the "Leaden Roofs, one of the most horrible prisons in Venice. If the walls of that terrible place had the power of speech, what dreadful tales would be told, of youth, beauty and virtue being doomed to pass long, long, dreary years in the cold, damp, vermin-haunted cells of subterranean dungeons.

Immediately after the bloody scenes described above, the fated city was proclaimed by the military authorities as being in a stage of siege, and, in order to stop any further outbreak of revolutionary movements, the prisoners were, after a hasty trial, either sentenced to death, or solitary confinement with hard labor for life.

In a large, gloomy, vaulted chamber of the Leaden Roofs, a number of staff officers among whom the notorious general Haynaw was conspicuous, were seated in a semi-circle, while a strong detachment of *gens d'armes*, *sbirri* (police) and troops guarded every avenue leading to that terrible place of human vengeance.

Suddenly the great bell of San Marco was striking the hour of 11 in the forenoon, and at the first reverberation of the sound from the Campanile, a number of prisoners well manacled and chained, were slowly and sullenly entering the so-called hall of justice.

By a raised finger from the president of the court-martial, for such it was, the unfortunate victims halted, waiting, with the resignation of doomed persons, their unavoidable fate. Now the names of those thus fatally recorded were read, the owner stepped forward to the green table, round which the military judges were seated. A short but scrutinizing glance at the prisoner, a hasty consultation of the members of the court-martial and the president ringing his silver bell, announced in the usual formula:

"In the name of his imperial, royal Majesty, the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, the convict at the bar will be despatched within six hours, from life to death, by means of powder and lead."

On passing the chain of prisoners in the hall, the doomed individual exchanged a few hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over, some shed tears while others maintained a really stoical fortitude throughout those dreadful proceedings.

Thus several hundred unfortunate citizens were hurried either to a cruel death, or to a living tomb, while thousands perished in an open contest.

But I drop now the curtain upon that bloody drama, adding that the movements of a Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and Victor Emanuel are merely the necessary effects or results of past wrongs inflicted upon the Italian nation; because, when an age is ripe for great changes, the signal alone is wanted to rouse the whole community into action, as if struck by the wand of magic; and those who have thus supplied that want, and proclaimed it aloud, are appreciated by all as the great authors, altho' they have only pronounced with their voice and by their actions that which has long since existed in the lap of time and has become already matured within the souls of all.

—Thirty-six tons of tacks were recently sent from Taunton, Mass., to different purchasing localities.

Order and the Means by which it can be maintained in the School-room.

One week ago, we left the boys and girls seated in the school-room, ready for their books, slates, etc.

It will also be remembered that we left them under the influence of that all-powerful agent, which we style the "Spirit of the Lord."

Now, if they have been moving in this delightful element during the interim, we will find them pliable and eager to excel in every exercise of the school.

We will first inquire—who is the teacher? and—what are her qualifications?—Is she highly endowed with firmness, benevolence and love of children?—And has she the educational qualifications requisite?

Some people think anybody will do to teach. There are Martha and Jane; they are old enough to do something for themselves; and they are not expert enough to make a living by any domestic labor! They can read and spell, and perhaps write their own name: "O, I think they'll do to teach the Ward school!"

On this point I will be brief:—They have taught the Ward school—and you need only go to the empty houses, and the idle, profane children for proof of their success.

Now, I do not blame the young girl, the old maid or the grandma who has taken advantage of this as a dernier resort to get a calico gown or a pair of shoes.

No! But I do blame the parents who have so lightly treated the high and holy trust committed to them!

Better keep one fast-day in each week, and observe the "word of wisdom" and feed and clothe the destitute by their self-denial.

Better let the young girl go to the dance in her lincey dress and pegged shoes than to supply her fancied wants at the expense of the moral and mental culture of your children!

But to return to the teacher in question.—One thing is certain—she has some knowledge of order and good taste, or we would not find these children seated as they are.

Now there is a silent partner in every school that we have thus far neglected. I mean the school-house and furniture. We cannot expect children to be contented or orderly where they are seated uncomfortably.—If the benches have no backs and are too high for them to rest their feet on the floor, how can we expect them to be still?

Again—if there is not sufficient ventilation and light, how can we expect them to feel well, or, if we keep them too long, how can we preserve the buoyancy of their spirits?

But we will suppose the school-house we are contemplating to be large enough and light enough, and, since we have found a teacher well qualified for the business, let us look a moment at the children.

There is Jacob with his coarse hair, rough skin, fearless eye, and determined manner, betraying his want of adaptation to the duties of a well regulated school. And there is little Annie, so pure and gentle, with soft hair, clear skin and the streams of emotion ebbing and flowing continually all over her face.—Her voice is like the subdued notes of a well tuned instrument. Her eyes like the language of an eloquent speaker, irresistible. And then there are all the grades between these two extremes.

Oh! my soul, what an exquisite labor! Who shall be able to take the material and, out of it, make an honorable vessel. Where will we find wisdom and knowledge so blended as to promise success in this work? Where will we find justice and mercy, tenderness and severity, faith, patience and hope so combined in one human character? Who can so equalize words, actions and looks as to bring about the desired result? Shall we treat the one extreme with the rod and epithets repulsive to all refined sensibility? and all the intermediate grades in proportion to the demand? Or shall we try gentle means with all, and from time to time, penetrate the inner person of our pupils with expressions so pointed that they shall reach the latent moral fiber that lies concealed in almost every human heart? In my whole life, I have seldom found an instance in which I could not discover this hidden string to play upon.

It is evident, then, that your humble servant could never adopt corporal punishment as a means of bringing about order in any institution.

I have heard of a man in this Territory who taught a popular school without prayer, singing, scripture or revelation forming any part of the exercises of his school. And what was the result? Why, some shade tree suffered the loss of a limb, or the branch that might have borne delicious fruit in the garden was brought into requisition, and the cries of the victim struck terror to all hearts and they said, "we are afraid of him!"

When you met this man in the streets you saw imprinted on his face—vengeance!

He became pale and haggard, and his limbs grew feeble; in a word he failed!

This man might often be heard to say, "I'd rather work in the canyon and haul wood for a living than teach school in this place!"

And so would I, were I denied the usual means by which the Spirit of the Lord is cherished in any habitation.

How can order be maintained in any school when the peace of the whole concern is jeopardized every hour of the day, by the shrieks of some one writhing under the lash of a passionate teacher?

If I must whip a child, I would crave the room to myself and the culprit alone, that I might with him bow my knees low before my God and plead with him to avert the evil.

Order gained by violence in a school is, to

my mind, like the protection alluded to by a certain writer who observes, "Yes! such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them."

In my early teaching about twenty years ago, a boy was sent to me, who had been found quite unmanageable in every school to which he had been sent. Although a small boy—only about eight years old, he was noted for his swearing, horse-racing, etc. His mother was very pious, but his father was a gambler, and they lived in great style in the city of V—. Well, John seemed pleased with my school, and no difficulty occurred for some weeks; but suddenly he rebelled one afternoon, and I was forced to point him to a rod that I kept sticking up by a post at the side of the room. When all the scholars were gone, he and I stood alone! The doors were shut—I turned the key and all was silent as the grave! I said not a word for some time; at length, I took down with great solemnity the switch and approached him in silence. As I drew near, I saw he was pale; I felt my pulses quiver with compassion for him. Now, said I, almost in a whisper, "John, God alone can see us. He alone can see what I now do!" And I raised the rod, but not to let it fall upon the trembling child before me; for, while I raised the hateful weapon, he tottered and his look so alarmed me that I had only power to seize him by the arm and prevent his falling. I quickly unlocked the door and freed my captive. And never again had any trouble with him. He attended my school nearly a year after this; and his mother said, "John is very changed." Ten years afterwards, I was waited on in a large mercantile house, by a young man of pleasing manners, and evident stability of character; and, upon inquiring, learned that it was my old pupil, John R.

I wonder if I need ask pardon of this society for presenting incidents of this kind in the first person. If I err, there is a saving clause in our constitution, to which, pro or con, I hope willingly to submit.

In my humble opinion, any plan that has succeeded in cultivating the hearts, heads and manners of our pupils is valuable as a means of preserving order in the school-room.

Now the scholars have had time enough to study their lessons and the classes should go to their recitation rooms. Certainly it would have a blighting effect upon the order of this school to attempt to hear more than one class at a time in the same room; and indeed I do not believe the greatest good can be done where recitations are heard at all in a room occupied by students pursuing a variety of branches. Can any avenue to the mind be occupied by two things at any precise moment of time?

Now, shall we call out, "Class No 1 recite," and let them make a plunge to see who can reach the door of the next room first and perhaps secure the most comfortable seat in the class? Or shall the thing be understood and at a tap of the bell the classes move quietly in the prescribed direction?

Again—if water is wanted, shall we let each one go to the bucket and perhaps spill as much as they drink? Or shall some agreeable little girl take the bucket and cup and pass the water round, commencing with the largest scholars? For this purpose, I would never select a boy or girl of unpleasant manners, but one habitually peaceable. Now, all books must be shut or the water may drop on the leaves.

At this point, I believe we must leave the school for the present.

While I feel I have read enough for one time, the subject widens and deepens before me; but the heavens are full of days, and perchance another opportunity may be granted to visit this same school and witness the order carried out in the recesses, course of studies, and, although last—of vast importance, the close of the school. E. P.

Atmospheric Poison.

People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analysis of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the public brain. The fact is, the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which, if allowed to remain for a few days, forms a thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules—a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings.

This was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith in his beautiful experiments on the air and water of towns, where he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is in itself a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease, or epidemic, according to its strength. Why if "a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog can produce death, with the usual phenomena of typhus fever," what incalculable evil must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn?

Such contamination of the air and consequent hot-bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes, and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—Dickens' Household Works.