The Daily News,

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 19.

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE.

The Spy of Venice, or the Council of Ten.

In the year 1618 the dreadful "Council of Ten" was at its height in Venice, the City of Islands. All men feared that Council, for they were liable at any moment to be called before its august presence and be judged for crimes never committed. No person dared to express a thought in regard to its workings, for spies were in the employ of the Council of Ten, and if their masters uttered a word against it, they were sure to be called to stand before its judges. Dukes, counts and nobles disappeared mysteriously. The Venetians knew where they went, but kept the knowledge in their own breasts.

It was midnight. The bell of old St. Mark's had tolled the hour, when a gondola pushed forth from under a bridge, and went smoothly along over the placid waters. Presently it was followed by another, and another, until six were in line. The oars were muffled; and slowly, silently they glided by the houses, like ocean spectres.

At last the foremost gondola ran under a stone arch, the others followed, and the men in them suddenly disappeared. The gondolas were left under the arch, but their late occupants were not in them. Let us see where they went.

As the foremost boat touched one side of the arch, a man rose and opened a large door in the stone wall and entered; the rest did the same, and found themselves in a narrow underground passage. They moved on to a small room, dimly lighted, where they put on masks which concealed their features. At a signal the light was extinguished, and they again moved on until they came to an iron door. Three raps were given; the door flew open as if by magic, and they entered a large room brilliantly lighted by many lamps which hung from the ceiling. There were twenty stone chairs, draped in black, on raised platforms; the highest one was likewise covered with black, but had a sword suspended over it. In niches in the wall were instruments of torture concealed by black curtains. Woe to the man who trod that room of judgment as a prisoner.

The room that I have described was the chamber of the "League of Twelve," a band formed to baffle the Ten. The twelve men who composed this league were dukes who had escaped the chamber of the Ten. This apartment, then, was their place of meeting.

When the Twelve had seated themselves in the stone chairs, a voice cried out, "Are the Twelve in council?"

"They are" came from eleven lips, as ther owners raised their masks to let the chief see their faces.

It would be difficult to describe their faces; suffice it to say that determination was written upon them. Their masks were replaced, and the chief said—

"Proceed to business. Who will speak first?"

"I will," answered one, as he rose from his seat.

"League of Twelve, until to-day I thought that our order was known to none in Venice save ourselves; but now I think I am mistaken."

Here the speaker paused, and the chief cried out—

"Go on. Who is the traitor?"

"No one is a traitor, worthy chief; but listen and I will tell you all. Many of you have seen that old astrologer, with a long white beard, and whose form is bent with age, have you not?"

"We have," was the response.

"Well, I met him in the street to-day. He took my hand and said, 'Beware!' I asked him why, and he answered 'Beware,' and left me."

The speaker took his seat, and muttered curses were heard. But all was soon hushed, and the chief arose.

"League of Twelve," said he, "that old man knows more than he should know. He must die, for you know 'dead men tell no tales.' But what have you to say?" And he resumed his seat.

"League of Twelve," said another member, "our chief has spoken aright—that man must die; but ere he dies, let us bring him here and wring his secret from him."

A vote was taken, and the result was that the aged man should appear before the League at their next meeting. After some other business the meeting closed, and the hall was soon deserted. The six gondolas were rowed to their accustomed places and abandoned.

The next week passed, and the League was preparing for another meeting. The aged man was often seen in the streets. He did not know of the fate in store for him, although he often passed and repassed the chief of the twelve. One dark night, as he was going to his home, he was roughly seized by two men, who blindfolded him, placed him in a gondola, and rowed out on the water.

"Speak not, or death is your portion," was the stern command: and he kept silent.

After they had gone some distance, he was lifted from the boat and placed in an underground passage; he knew that he was in the earth by the smell of the mould. The two men conducted him on until he knew that he was in a brilliantly lighted apartment.

"Remove the bandage," cried a voice.

It was done; and the aged man stood before his judges.

Readers, you would have pitied that old man had you seen him there, his form bent with age; but there was no pity in the hearts of his accusers. The silence was beginning to be oppressive, when the prisoner asked, in hoarse tones, "where am I?"

"Where dead men tell no tales," was the stern reply.

"By whose orders?" again asked the prisoner.

"By the orders of the Twelve," answered the chief.

"Ha, ha! I thought so!" and the aged man laughed a hollow laugh.

"Why do you laugh when you stand in the presence of death?" demanded the chief.

"Because I dare you to harm me," was the answer.

"Man or devil! which are you?" cried the chief, rising from his seat.

"Behold!" cried the prisoner, pulling the white beard from his face and drawing his form up to its full height, "behold Pedro di Alberto, the dreaded spy of the Ten."

Eleven of the men arose from their seats and prepared to rush on the prisoner; but the chief motioned them back, and cried out, "Back, men, and hear what he has to say."

They again seated themselves, and their chief said, "What hast thou to say for thyself?"

"I have nothing to say in my defence, except that I was carried here against my will. By subtle means I found that this order existed, and I warned men to beware of it. You dare not harm me, for should I not escape from this hall to-night, there is one who will make it known to the Ten. Then fear and tremble, for you know its power. It is well I cannot see your faces, or I might act differently. I will make this proposition; if you let me go free from this hall to-night, I will keep the existence of this League a secret, and my friends will do the same; but if I die here, ye die also. Decide, for ye judge your own lives. I have spoken."

There was a long consultation, at the end of which the chief said, "We have decided; you go free."

"Now, remember, all of you, when you see an aged man in the streets recognize him not," said Pedro di Alberto.

"We will remember," answered the twelve voices.

The spy was conducted from the room, put into a gondola, and landed near the place whence he had been taken.

When the iron door closed, the chief arose and said:

"League of Twelve, that man must die!"

"He must! he must!" exclaimed the others.

"The work must be sure," resumed the chief.

"A bravo can be hired to do it. I give the work into the hands of our worthy brother, the Duke of Milan."

A member whose chair was on the lowest platform arose and said:

"League of Twelve, I will give the Duke some instructions. Let him go to the house of Voorn, the bravo. It is situated in the suburbs of the city, near the 'Pirate's rest.' Voorn will do the job well, for he works for pay. Will the Duke heed my suggestions?"

"I will," responded the Duke of Milan.

The chief then rose and said:

"It is time to close the meeting. The duke will report at the next conclave. Men, arise!"

They arose and renewed their oath to exterminate the Council of Ten, and then separated.

* * * * * * *

In the outskirts of Venice was a small stone house. It contained one room, with only one small window to give light to its occupant. It was the home of Voorn, the bravo. He lived alone, and no one visited him, except those who wanted a dark deed done. Voorn worked for money, and when well paid, his stiletto never failed.

On the night when we introduce him to the reader he was seated in his room. The furniture was of the scantiest kind, consisting of a low table, a stool, and a pallet of straw. A candle stuck in the mouth of a bottle was burning upon the stool. He appeared to be expecting a visitor, for he would often go to the window and peer out.

"I wonder why Pedro does not come back?" he muttered. "Hist, there's some person coming this way," he exclaimed, as he heard footsteps approaching.

It came nearer, and there was a rap at the door. Voorn opened it, and the Duke of Milan entered the room.

"Good evening, Voorn," said the Duke.

Voorn returned the salutation gruffly, for he knew that the crafty man would try to flatter him with soft words. The bravo handed him his stool, while he seated himself on the table. There was a momentary silence, when the duke said:—

"Voorn, I came on business."

"Glad to hear it, for my stiletto is beginning to rust," replied the bravo, with a grin.

"Then it shall rust no longer," said the duke. "But see if there are any listeners."

"I will do so;" and Voorn arose and went out. He saw a form crouched below his window; he approached and asked, "Is that you, Pedro?"

"It is," said the spy, in a low voice.

"Remove that stone and listen, for I have an important visitor to-night."

He returned and reported that he had found no listeners.

"In the first place," began the duke, "I will ask if you make any distinction between youth and old age in your business?"

"I do not," replied Voorn.

"Have you noticed an old man with a long white beard, walking the streets of Venice?" asked the duke.

"I have. What of him?" said the bravo.

"Well, I want him removed."

"Ah, I see! You want him silenced forever," said the bravo, in a business-like manner.

"Exactly; can you do it?" said the crafty man.

"I can; but I must have pay," replied Voorn.

"Of course; how much?"

"Twenty talents!"

"You shall have it."

The duke arose and poured the gold forth on the table. The bravo looked at every piece, and said, "It is right. I will finish him this week."

"That will do; but bring me his iron ring as a proof that the deed is done," said the duke; and in a moment he was gone.

The bravo re-counted the gold, and then placed it in a drawer in the table.

The duke had not been gone long when Pedro di Alberto entered the same room. He looked like an old man, but he soon threw off his disguise, and stood revealed. He was a noble looking person, in the prime of life, though there were marks of sorrow in his face.

"A good night's work, my friend Voorn," said the spy.

"Indeed it is: and for the money I must kill an old grey-haired man," and the two men laughed.

"Henceforth that old man will not be seen in Venice," said Pedro.

"Give me the ring, Pedro," said Voorn.

Pedro took the iron ring from his finger and handed it to him.

"I guess the duke does not know that I also am a spy of the Ten?"

"Of course not," replied Pedro. "Now is my time for revenge. You know what made me a bravo, Voorn. But for that duke I might have been a happy husband and loving father. I swear that he shall stand before the Ten!" and he brought his clenched hand down on the table.

"Yes, and the League of Twelve, too!" responded Voorn.

"Yes, they shall all stand before the Ten, and be judged," said Pedro, loudly, as he thought of his past wrongs.

They divided the twenty talents, and Pedro went to his abode.

At the next meeting of the "Twelve," the Duke of Milan reported that Pedro di Alberto was dead, and to prove his words he showed the iron ring. The members of the League were satisfied; but in their last dying hours they found that they had been deceived.

Two weeks later, as the Duke of Milan was walking in the street, he was surprised to have a letter handed to him. The words were full of meaning, and his cheeks grew pale as he read them. The letter ran thus:

"Charles, Duke of Milan:—You are commanded to stand before the Ten; refuse, and you die. To-nights the time."

There was no signature to it, but the duke knew there was no use for one; its words were enough, and he awaited with fear the approach of night. It came; two men, wearing masks, appeared to convey him to the Council of Ten. He allowed himself to be blindfolded, and he soon stood in the judgment chamber.

It was a large hall, and the duke shuddered as he looked around and saw the huge instruments of torture. The black-robed judges took their seats, and a voice cried out—

"The Ten are in council."

The chief now arose, and said in a loud voice, that clearly sounded in the hall—"Charles, Duke of Milan, you are to be judged for two things; first, for belonging to an order called the League of Twelve; secondly, for wishing the murder of Pedro di Alberto. What say you; Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty. I dare you to show proofs!" said the duke.

"Witness, come forth!" exclaimed the chief.

Pedro di Alberto and Voorn advanced with uncovered faces.

"The dead is alive!" cried the guilty man, sinking senseless to the stone floor.

Stimulants revived him, and he was put to the rack. While under that horrid torture, he told all he knew about the League of Twelve. As he was expiring, he called Pedro to him and said—

"Pedro, I have wronged you. Heaven forgive me!" and his soul left his mangled body.

Before another month had passed, the League of Twelve was extinct. One by one the members had stood in the chamber of the Ten, and died on the torturing machine.

Pedro di Alberto continued in the service of the Ten until it was destroyed, when he went to Genoa, where he perished by the hand of a bravo.

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March 15, 67.

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August 1.

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August 6.

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April 23

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CAPITAL .. .. $1,000,000.
PREMIUMS RECEIVED DURING 1867—$2,000,000.
Funds deposited in the hands of the Goverment for the security of Policyholders.
☞ All fire risks carefully surveyed, and the rate of Premium made to correspond with the risk assumed.
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E T N A
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CAPITAL $2,500,000
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Dec. 20, 1867.

1866. Marine Insurance. 1866.

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Losses promptly and liberally adjusted and paid in Canada Currency.
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Losses paid in 49 years, ... $23,000,000.
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$50.000
And is prepared to issue policies on terms as low as the safety of the assured will permit.
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Agent,
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Kingston, Feb. 4, 1868.

CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, &c.

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The Original Preparation of known Composition.
From Dr C. Kidd, Author of Standard Works on Chloroform.
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Sir,—I think if you would advertise your Chlorodyne more than you do, you would help to beat the others, which are secret compounds, out of the market. Many medical men think with me, and recommend your compound, but will never prescribe a secret remedy. CHARLES KIDD, M.D.
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A Surgeon from New York writes:—"I only requires to be known to be appreciated. I have no hesitation in characterising it (viz., Towle's Chlorodyne) as the most useful medicine that has appeared during the present century. In diarrhœa, colic, ague, spasms, I have found it to relieve more pain and cause more joy than any other article that can be named."
NOTE.—The Profession is warned against inferior, secret, and cheap compounds now in the market. Each genuine bottle bears a facsimile of Proprietor's signature on the stamp outside.
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TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, for producing a real Sea Bath in your own Room. The above favourite preparation is strongly recommended.
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Earl Russell communicated to the Royal College of Physicians and to Mr Freeman, that in Manilla the only remedy of any use in Cholera was Chlorodine.

The Medical Times and Gazette, January 13th, 1866, states, "It has an immense sale amongst the public, and is prescribed by scores of Orthodox Medical Practitioners, and, of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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Detecting organic impurities in air and water.

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Removes from the mouth impure and foreign tastes and odours, whether arising from tobacco or other causes, and counteracts the irritation and morbid secretions of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and, used in the bath, tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body.
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FEATHERS: Dye in hot water (a few drops of the dye is sufficient for one feather).
COTTON: Mauve, Violet and Purple are recommended.
LEATHER: Blue, Magenta, Violet and Orange. Dye in warm water.
WHITEWASH: To color: *Magenta*, for Pink or Rose; add half a bottle to a pail of water, then stir in the Whitening as usual. Mauve, Violet, Purple, Blue and crimson produce pretty tints by using one bottle or more, as directed above.
STARCH: Stir in a few drops of Colour—Magenta, Mauve, Violet, Blue or Pink; these impart delicate tints to Lace, Linen, &c.
WILLOW SHAVINGS, Wicker, Ivory, Bone, Hair, Fibres, Seaweed, &c., attract the dye quickly, if applied in boiling water.
BLUE: For laundry purposes is A 1.
BOOK EDGES: A Sixpenny bottle of Magenta, Violet, Crimson or Blue will make from a pint to a quart of beautiful colouring, according to shade required. Apply with a brush.
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OAK STAIN: A bottle of No. 2 Black to half a-pint of hot water.
SATINWOOD STAIN: A Sixpenny bottle Canary dissolved in a pint of boiling water
PHOTOGRAPHS may be tinted; dilute the dye with water; a bottle of Magenta to a pint of water, &c.
ILLUMINATING: Magenta, Violet, Blue, Orange; pour a few drops into an egg cup add warm water; use with a brush or pen Borders of books, similar to Ward and Lock's Arabian Nights, &c., may be prettily illuminated in this manner.
BLANCMANGE, JELLY, CORN FLOUR, ICE CREAMS, &c: While in a liquid state add one or two drops of Magenta. A more simple or elegant tinting cannot be had.
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GELATINES and GLUES are successfully coloured with these dyes.
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