

GARIBALDI GIUSEPPE

RULE OF THE MONK;
OR, ROME IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

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in the Nineteenth Century

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INTRODUCTION

The renowned writer of Caesar's "Commentaries" did not think it necessary to furnish a preface for those notable compositions, and nobody has ever yet attempted to supply the deficiency – if it be one. In truth, the custom is altogether of modern times. The ancient heroes who became authors and wrote a book, left their work to speak for itself – "to sink or swim," we had almost said, but that is not exactly the case. Cæsar carried his "Commentaries" between his teeth when he swam ashore from the sinking galley at Alexandria, but it never occurred to him to supply posterity with a prefatory flourish. He begins those famous chapters with a soldierly abruptness and brevity – "Omnia Gallia in très partes" etc. The world has been contented to begin there also for the last two thousand years; and the fact is a great argument against prefaces – especially since, as a rule, no one ever reads them till the book itself has been perused.

The great soldier who has here turned author, entering the

literary arena as a novelist, has also given his English translators no preface. But our custom demands one, and the nature of the present work requires that a few words should be written explanatory of the original purpose and character of the Italian MS. from which the subjoined pages are transcribed. It would be unfair to Garibaldi if the extraordinary vivacity and grace of his native style should be thought to be here accurately represented. The renowned champion of freedom possesses an eloquence as peculiar and real as his military genius, with a gift of graphic description and creative fancy which are but very imperfectly presented in this version of his tale, partly from the particular circumstances under which the version was prepared, and partly from the impossibility of rendering into English those subtle touches and personal traits which really make a book, as lines and light shadows make a countenance. Moreover, the Italian MS. itself, written in the autograph of the General, was compiled as the solace of heavy hours at Varignano, where the King of Italy, who owed to Garibaldi's sword the splendid present of the Two Sicilies, was repaying that magnificent dotation with a shameful imprisonment. The time will come when these pages – in their original, at least – will be numbered among the proofs of the poet's statement that —

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage."

If there be many passages in the narrative where the signs are strong that "the iron has entered into the soul," there are also a hundred where the spirit of the good and brave chieftain goes forth from his insulting incarceration to revel in scenes of natural beauty, to recall incidents of simple human love and kindness, to dwell upon heroic memories, and to aspire towards glorious developments of humanity made free, like the apostle's footsteps when the angel of the Lord struck off his fetters, and he passed forth through the self-opened portals of his prison.

It would be manifestly unfair, nevertheless, to contrast a work written under such conditions with those elaborate specimens of modern novel-writing with which our libraries abound. Probably, had General Garibaldi ever read these productions, he would have declined to accept them as a model. He appears to have taken up here the form of the "novella," which belongs by right of prescription to his language and his country, simply as a convenient way of imparting to his readers and to posterity the real condition and inner life of Rome during these last few eventful years, when the evil power of the Papacy has been declining to its fall. Whereas, therefore, most novels consist of fiction founded upon fact, this one may be defined rather as fact founded upon fiction, in the sense that the form alone and the cast of the story is fanciful – the rest being all pure truth lightly disguised. Garibaldi has here recited, with nothing more than a thin veil of incognito thrown over those names which

it would have been painful or perilous to make known, that of which he himself has been cognizant as matters of fact in the wicked city of the priests, where the power which has usurped the gentle name of Christ blasphemes Him with greater audacity of word and act as the hour of judgment approaches. Herein the reader may see what goes forward in the demure palaces of the princes of the Church, from which the "Vicegerents of Heaven" are elected. Herein he may comprehend what kind of a system it is which French bayonets still defend – what the private life is of those who denounce humanity and anathematize science, and why Rome appears content with the government of Jesuits, and the liberty of hearing the Pope's mezzo-sopranos at the Sistine Chapel. He who has composed this narrative, at once so idyllic in its pastoral scenes – so tender and poetic in its domestic passages – so Metastasio-like in some of its episodes – and so terribly earnest in its denunciation of the wrongs and degradation of the Eternal City, is no unknown satirist. He is Garibaldi; he has been Triumvir of the Seven-hill-ed City, and Generalissimo of her army; her archives have been within his hands; he has held her keys, and fought behind her walls; and, in four campaigns at least, since those glorious but mournful days, he has waged battle for the ancient city in the open field. Here, then, is his description of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" – not seen as tourists or dilettanti see her, clothed with the imaginary robes of her historic and classic empire, but seen naked to the stained and scourged skin – affronted, degraded, defamed, bleeding from

the hundred wounds where the leech-like priests hang and suck, and, by their vile organization, converted from the Rome which was mistress of the world, to a Rome which is the emporium of solemn farces, miracle-plays, superstitious hypocrisies, the capital of an evil instead of a majestic kingdom – the metropolis of monks instead of Cæsars.

To this discrowned Queen of Nations every page in the present volume testifies the profound and ardent loyalty of Garibaldi's soul. The patriotism which most men feel towards the country of their birth is but a cold virtue compared with the burning devotion which fills the spirit of our warrior-novelist. It is as though the individuality of one of her antique Catos or Fabii was resuscitated, to protest, with deed and word, against the false and cunning tribe which have suborned the imperial city to their purposes, and turned the monuments of Rome, as it were, into one Cloaca Maxima. The end of these things is probably approaching, although His Holiness is parodying the great Councils of past history, and pretending to give laws *urbi et orbi*, while the kingdoms reject his authority, and his palace is only defended by the aid of foreign bayonets. When Rome is freed from the Pope-king, and has been proclaimed the capital of Italy, this book will be one of the memorials of that extraordinary corruption and offense which the nineteenth century endured so long and patiently.

The Author's desire to portray the state of society in Rome and around it, during the last years of the Papacy, has been

paramount, and the narrative only serves as the form for this design. Accordingly, the reader must not expect an elaborately compiled plot, with artistic developments. He will, nevertheless, be sincerely interested in the fortunes and the fate of the beautiful and virtuous Roman ladies who figure in the tale – of the gallant and dashing brigand of the Campagna, Orazio – the handsome Muzio – the brave and faithful Attilio, and the Author's evident favorite, "English Julia," whose share in the story enables our renowned Author to exhibit his excessive affection for England and the English people. It only remains to commend these various heroes and heroines to the public, with the remark that the deficiencies of the work are due rather to the translation than to the original; for the vigor and charm of the great Liberator's Italian is such as to show that he might have rivalled Manzoni and Alfieri, if he had not preferred to emulate and equal the Gracchi and Rienzi.

PART THE FIRST

CHAPTER I. CLELIA

A celebrated writer has called Rome "the City of the dead", but how can there be death in the heart of Italy? The ruins of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have, indeed, been entombed, but these remains are so impregnate with life that they may yet accomplish the regeneration of the world. Rome is still capable of arousing the populations, as the tempest raises the waves of the sea; for is she not the mistress of ancient empire, and is not her whole history that of giants? Those who can visit her wonderful monuments in their present desolation, and not feel their souls kindle with love of the beautiful, and ardor for generous designs, will only restore at death base hearts to their original clay. As with the city, so with its people. No degradations have been able to impair the beauty of her daughters – a loveliness often, alas! fatal to themselves – and in the youthful Clelia, the artist's daughter of the Trastevere, Raphael himself would have found the graces of his lofty and pure ideal, united with that force of character which distinguished her illustrious namesake of ancient times. Even at sixteen years of age her carriage possessed a dignity majestic as of a matron of old, albeit youthful; her hair was of a luxurious rich brown; her dark eyes,

generally conveying repose and gentleness, could, nevertheless, repress the slightest affront with flashes like lightning. Her father was a sculptor, named Manlio, who had reached his fiftieth year, and possessed a robust constitution, owing to a laborious and sober life. This profession enabled him to support his family in comfort, if not luxury, and he was altogether as independent as it was possible for a citizen to be in a priest-ridden country. Manlio's wife, though naturally healthy, had become delicate from early privation and confinement to the house; she had, however, the disposition of an angel, and besides forming the happiness and pride of her husband, was beloved by the entire neighborhood.

Clelia was their only child, and was entitled by the people, "The Pearl of Trastevere." She inherited, in addition to her beauty, the angelic heart of her mother, with that firmness and strength of character which distinguished her father.

This happy family resided in the street that ascends from Lungara to Monte Gianicolo, not far from the fountain of Montono, and, unfortunately for them, they lived there in this, the nineteenth century, when the power of the Papacy is, for the time, supreme.

Now, the Pope professes to regard the Bible as the word of God, yet the Papal throne is surrounded by cardinals, to whom marriage is forbidden, notwithstanding the Scriptural declaration that "it is not good for man to dwell alone," and that "woman was formed to be a helpmeet for him."

Matrimony being thus interdicted, contrary to the law of God and man, the enormous wealth, the irresponsible power, and the state of languid luxury in which, as Princes of the Church, they are compelled to live, have ever combined, in the case of these cardinals, every temptation to corruption and libertinism of the very worst kinds (see Note 2). As the spirit of the master always pervades the household, plenty of willing tools are to be found in these large establishments ready to pander to their employers' vices.

The beauty of Clelia had unhappily attracted the eye of Cardinal Procopio, the most powerful of these prelates, and the favorite of his Holiness, whom he flattered to his face, and laughed at as an old dotard behind his back.

One day, feeling jaded by his enforced attendance at the Vatican, he summoned Gianni, one of his creatures, to his presence, and informed him of the passion he had conceived for Clelia, ordering him, at whatever cost, and by any means, to obtain possession of the girl, and conduct her to his palace.

It was in furtherance of the nefarious plot thereupon concocted that the agent of his Eminence on the evening of the 8th of February, 1866, presented himself at the studio of Signor Manlio, but not without some trepidation, for, like most of his class, he was an arrant coward, and already in fancy trembled at the terrific blows which the strong arm of the sculptor would certainly bestow should the real object of the visit be suspected. He was, however, somewhat reassured by the calm expression

of the Roman's face, and, plucking up courage, he entered the studio.

"Good-evening, Signor Manlio," he commenced, with a smooth and flattering voice.

"Good-evening," replied the artist, not looking up, but continuing an examination of his chisels, for he cared little to encourage the presence of an individual whom he recognized as belonging to the household of the Cardinal, the character of that establishment being well known to him.

"Good-evening, Signor," repeated Gianni, in a timid voice; and, observing that at last the other raised his head, he thus continued – "his Eminence, the Cardinal Procopio, desires me to tell you he wishes to have two small statues of saints to adorn the entrance to his oratory."

"And of what size does the Cardinal require them?" asked Manlio.

"I think it would be better for you, Signor, to call on his Eminence at the palace, to see the position in which he wishes them to be placed, and then consult with him respecting their design."

A compression of the sculptor's lips showed that this proposal was but little to his taste; but how can an artist exist in Rome, and maintain his family in comfort, without ecclesiastical protection and employment? One of the most subtle weapons used by the Roman Church has always been its patronage of the fine arts. It has ever employed the time and talent of the first

Italian masters to model statues, and execute paintings from subjects calculated to impress upon the people the doctrines inculcated by its teaching (see Note 3), receiving demurely the homage of Christendom for its "protection of genius," and the encouragement it thereby afforded to artists from all nations to settle in Rome.

Manlio, therefore, who would have sacrificed his life a hundred times over for his two beloved ones, after a few moments' reflection, bluntly answered, "I will go." Gianni, with a profound salutation, retired. "The first step is taken," he murmured; "and now I must endeavor to find a safe place of observation for Cencio." This fellow was a subordinate of Gianni's, to whom the Cardinal had intrusted the second section of the enterprise; and for whom it was now necessary to hire a room in sight of the studio. This was not difficult to achieve in that quarter, for in Rome, where the priests occupy themselves with the spiritual concerns of the people, and but little with their temporal prosperity (though they never neglect their own), poverty abounds. Were it not for the enforced neglect of its commerce, the ancient activity of Rome might be restored, and might rival even its former palmiest days.

After engaging a room suitable for the purpose, Gianni returned home, humming a song, and with a conscience any thing but oppressed, comprehending well that all ruffianism is absolved by the priests when committed for the benefit of mother Church.

CHAPTER II. ATILIO

In the same street, and opposite Manlio's house, was another studio, occupied by an artist, named Attilio, already of some celebrity, although he had only attained his twentieth year. In it he worked the greater part of the day; but, studious as he was, he found himself unable to refrain from glancing lovingly, from time to time, at the window on the first floor, where Clelia was generally occupied with her needle, seated by her mother's side. Without her knowledge – almost without his own – she had become for him the star of his sky, the loveliest among the beauties of Rome – his hope, his life, his all. Now, Attilio had watched with a penetrating eye the manner in which the emissary of the Cardinal had come and gone. He saw him looking doubtful and irresolute, and, with the quick instincts of love, a suspicion of the truth entered his mind; a terrible fear for the safety of his beloved took possession of him. When Gianni quitted Manlio's house, Attilio stole forth, following cautiously in his footsteps, but stopping now and then to elude observation by gazing at the curiosities in the shop-windows, or at the monuments which one encounters at every turn in the Eternal City. He clutched involuntarily, now and then, at the dagger carefully concealed in his breast, especially when he saw Gianni enter a house, and heard him bargain for the use of a room.

Not until Gianni reached the magnificent Palazzo Corsini,

where his employer lived, and had disappeared therein from sight, did Attilio turn aside.

"Then it is Cardinal Procopio," muttered he to himself; "Procopio, the Pope's favorite – the vilest and most licentious of the evil band of Church Princes!" – and he continued his gloomy reflections without heeding whither his steps went.

CHAPTER III. THE CONSPIRACY

It is the privilege of the slave to conspire against his oppressors – for liberty is God's gift, and the birthright of all. Therefore, Italians of past and present days, under various forms of servitude, have constantly conspired, and, as the despotism of tiaraed priests is the most hateful and degrading of all, so the conspiracies of the Romans date thickest from that rule. We are asked to believe that the government of the Pope is mild, that his subjects are contented, and have ever been so. Yet, if this be true, how is it that they who claim to be the representatives of Christ upon earth – of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world" – have, since the institution of the temporal power, supplicated French intervention sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times; while the Pope of our day holds his throne only by force of the intervention of a foreign power?

So the night of the 8th of February was a night of conspiracy. The meeting-hall was no other than the ancient Colosseum; and Attilio, instead of returning home, aroused himself to a recollection of this fact, and set out for the Campo Vaccino.

The night was obscure, and black clouds were gathering on all sides, impelled by a violent scirocco. The mendicants, wrapped in their rags, sought shelter from the wind in the stately old doorways; others in porches of churches. Indoors, the priests

were sitting, refreshing themselves at sumptuous tables loaded with viands and exquisite wines. Beggars and priests – for the population is chiefly composed of these two classes. But these conspirators watch for, and muse upon, the day when priests and beggars shall be consigned alike to the past.

By-and-by, in the distance beyond, the ancient forum, that majestic giant of ruins, rose upon young Attilio's eye, dark and alone. It stands there, reminding a city of slaves of a hundred past generations of grandeur; it survives above the ruins of their capital; to tell them that, though she has been shaken down to the dust of shame and death, she is not dead – not lost to the nations which her civilization and her glories created and regenerated.

In that sublime ruin our conspirators gather. A stranger chooses, for the most part, a fine moonlight night on which to visit the Colosseum; but it is in darkness and storm that it should be rather seen, illuminated terribly by the torches of lightning, whilst the awful thunder of heaven reverberates through every ragged arch.

Such were accompaniments of the scene when the conspirators, on this 8th of February, entered stealthily and one by one the ancient arena of the gladiators.

Among its thousand divisions, where the sovereign people were wont to assemble in the days when they were corrupted by the splendors of the conquered world, were several more spacious than others, perhaps destined for the patricians and great officers, but which Time, with its exterminating touch, has reduced to one

scarce distinguishable mass of ruin. Neither chairs nor couches now adorn them, but blocks of weatherbeaten stone mark the boundaries, benches, and chambers. In one of these behold our conspirators silently assembling, scanning each other narrowly by the aid of their dark lanterns, as they advance into the space by different routes, their only ceremony being a grasp of the hand upon arriving at the Loggione – a name given by them to the ruinous inclosure. Soon a voice is heard asking the question, "Are the sentries at their posts?" Another voice from the extreme end replies, "All's well." Immediately the flame of a torch, kindled near the first speaker, lighted up hundreds of intelligent faces, all young, and the greater number of those of men, decidedly under thirty years of age.

Here and there began now to gleam other torches, vainly struggling to conquer the darkness of the night. The priests are never in want of spies, and adroit spies they themselves too make. Under such circumstances it might appear to a foreigner highly imprudent for a band of conspirators to assemble in any part of Rome; but be it remembered deserts are to be found in this huge city, and the Campo Vaccino covers a space in which all the famous ruins of western Europe might be inclosed. Besides, the mercenaries of the Church love their skins above all things, and render service more for the sake of lucre than zeal. They are by no means willing at any time to risk their cowardly lives. Again, there are not wanting, according to these superstitious knaves, legions of apparitions among these remains. It is related that once

on a night like that which we are describing, two spies more daring than their fellows, having perceived a light, proceeded to discover the cause; but, upon penetrating the arches, they were so terrified by the horrible phantoms which appeared, that they fled, one dropping his cap, the other his sword, which they dared not stay to pick up.

The phantoms were, however, no other than certain conspirators, who, on quitting their meeting, stumbled over the property of the fugitives, and were not a little amused when the account of the goblins in the Colosseum was related to them by a sentinel, who had overheard the frightened spies. Thus it happened that the haunted ruins became far more secure than the streets of Rome, where, in truth, an honest man seldom cares to venture out after nightfall.

CHAPTER IV. THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS

The first voice heard in the midnight council was that of our acquaintance, Attilio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had already been appointed leader by the unanimous election his colleagues, on account of his courage and high moral qualities, although unquestionably the charm and refinement of his manners, joined to his kind disposition, contributed not a little to his popularity among a people who never fail to recognize and appreciate such characteristics. As for his personal appearance, Attilio added the air and vigor of a lion to the masculine loveliness of the Greek Antinous.

He first threw a glance around the assembly, to assure himself that all present wore a black ribbon on the left arm, this being the badge of their fraternity. It served them also as a sign of mourning for those degenerate Romans who wish indeed for the liberation of their country, but wait for its accomplishment by any hands rather than their own; and this, although they know full well that her salvation can only be obtained by the blood, the devotion, and the contributions, of their fellow-citizens. Then Attilio spoke —

"Two months have elapsed, my brothers, since we were promised that the foreign soldiery, the sole prop of the Papal rule, should be withdrawn; yet they still continue to crowd our streets,

and, under futile pretenses, have even re-occupied the positions which they had previously evacuated, in accordance with the Convention of September, 1864. To us, then, thus betrayed, it remains to accomplish our liberty. We have borne far too patiently for the last eighteen years a doubly execrated rule – that of the stranger, and that of the priest. In these last years we have been ever ready to spring to arms, but we have been withheld by the advice of a hermaphrodite party in the State, styling themselves 'the Moderates,' in whom we can have no longer any confidence, because they have used their power to accumulate wealth for themselves, from the public treasury, which they are sucking dry, and they have invariably proved themselves ready to bargain with the stranger, and to trade in the national honor. Our friends outside are prepared, and blame us for being negligent and tardy. The army, excepting those members of it consecrated to base hopes, is with us. The arms which were expected have arrived, and are lodged in safety. We have also an abundance of ammunition. Further delay, under these circumstances, would be unpardonable. To arms! then, to arms! and to arms!"

"To arms!" was the cry re-echoed by the three hundred conspirators assembled in the chamber. Where their ancestors held councils how to subjugate other nations, these modern voices made the old walls ring again while they vowed their resolve to emancipate enslaved Rome or perish in the attempt.

Three hundred only! Yes, three hundred; but such was the muster-roll of the companions of Leonidas, and of the liberating

family of Fabius. These, too, were equally willing to become liberators, or to accept martyrdom. For this they had high reason, because of what value is the life of a slave, when compared with the sublime conceptions, the imperious conscience, of a soul guided always by noble ideas?

God be with all such souls, and those also who despise the power of tyrannizing in turn over their fellow-beings. Of what value can be the life of a despot? His miserable remorse causes him to tremble at the movement of every leaf. No outward grandeur can atone for the mental sufferings he endures, and he finally becomes a sanguinary and brutal coward. May the God of love hereafter extend to them the mercy they have denied to their fellow-men, and pardon them for the rivers of innocent blood they have caused to flow!

But Attilio continued, "Happy indeed are we to whom Providence has reserved the redemption of Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, after so many centuries of oppression and priestly tyranny! I have never for a moment, my friends, ceased to confide in your patriotism, which you are proving by the admirable instructions bestowed upon the men committed to your charge in the different sections of the city. In the day of battle, which will soon arrive, you will respectively command your several companies, and to them we shall yet owe our freedom. The priests have changed the first of nations into one of the most abject and unhappy, and our beloved Italy has become the very lowest in the social scale. The lesson given by our

Papal rulers has ever been one of servile humility, while they themselves expect emperors to stoop and kiss their feet. This is the method by which they exhibit to the world their own Christian humility; and though they have always preached to us self-denial and austerity of life, these hypocrites surround themselves with a profusion of luxury and voluptuousness. Gymnastic exercises, under proper instruction, are doubtless beneficial to the physical development of the body; but was it for this reason that the Romans are called upon to bow to, and kiss the hand of every priest they meet? to kneel also and go through a series of genuflections, so that it is really no thanks to them if the half of them are not hunch-necked or crook-backed from the absurd performances they have been made to execute for the behoof of these tonsured masters?

"The time for the great struggle approaches, and it is a sacred one! Not only do we aim at freeing our beloved Italy, but at freeing the entire world also from the incubus of the Papacy, which everywhere opposes education, protects ignorance, and is the nurse of vice!" The address of Attilio had hitherto been pronounced in profound darkness, but was here suddenly interrupted by a flash of lightning, which illumined the vast *enciente* of the Colosseum, as if it had 'suddenly been lighted by a thousand lamps. This was succeeded by a darkness even more profound than the first, when a terrific peal of thunder rolled over their heads and shook to its foundations the ancient structure, silencing for a brief space Attilio's voice. The conspirators were

not men to tremble, each being prepared to confront death in whatever form it might appear; but, as a scream was heard issuing at this moment from the vestibule, they involuntarily clutched their daggers. Immediately after, a young girl, with dishevelled hair and clothes dripping with water, rushed into their midst. "Camilla!" exclaimed Silvio, a wild boar-hunter of the Campagna, who alone of those present recognized her. "Poor Camilla!" he cried; "to what a fate have the miscreants who rule over us reduced you!" At this instant one of the sentries on guard entered, reporting that they had been discovered by a young woman during the moment of illumination, and that she had fled with such speed no one had been able to capture her. They had not liked to fire upon a female, and all other means of staying her were useless. But, at the words of Silvio, the strange apparition had fixed her eyes upon him as the torches closed about them, and, after one long glance, had uttered a moan so piteous, and sunk down with such a sigh of woe, that all present were moved. We will relate, however, in the following chapter, the history of the unfortunate girl whose cries thus effectually checked our hero's eloquence.

CHAPTER V. THE INFANTICIDE

Born a peasant, the unhappy Camilla had, like Italy, the fatal gift of beauty. Silvio, who was, by vocation, as we have already said, a wild-boar hunter, used often, in his expeditions to the Pontine Marshes, to rest at the house of the good Marcello, the father of Camilla, whose cottage was situated a short distance from Rome. The young pair became enamored of each other. Silvio demanded her in marriage, and her father, giving a willing consent, they were betrothed.

Perfectly happy and fair to look upon were this youthful pair, as they sat, hand in hand, under the shadows of the vine, watching the gorgeous sunsets of their native clime. This happiness, however, was not of long duration, for, during one of his hunting expeditions, Silvio caught the fever so common in the Pontine Marshes, and, as he continued to suffer for some months, the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile Camilla, who was too lovely and too innocent to dwell in safety near this most vicious of cities, had been marked as a victim by the emissaries of his Eminence, the Cardinal Procopio. It was her custom to carry fruit for sale to the Piazza Navona. On one occasion she was addressed by an old fruit-woman, previously instructed by Gianni, who plied her with every conceivable allurements and flattery, praised her fruit, and promised her the highest price for it at the palace of the cardinal,

if she would take it thither. The rest of the story may be too easily imagined. In Rome this is an oft-told tale. To hide from her father and her lover the consequences of her fall, and to suit the convenience of the prelate, Camilla was persuaded to take up her residence in the palace Corsini, where, soon after its birth, her miserable infant was slaughtered by one of its father's murderous ruffians. This so preyed upon the unhappy mother, that she lost her reason, and was secretly immured in a mad-house. On the very night when she effected her escape this meeting was being held, and, after wandering from place to place, for many hours, without any fixed direction, she entered the Colosseum at the moment it was illumined by the lightning, as we have related. That flash disclosed the sentries at the archway, and she rushed towards them, obeying some instinct of safety, or at least perceiving that they were not clothed in the garb of a priest; but they, taking her for a spy, ran forward to make her prisoner. Thereupon, seemingly possessed of supernatural strength, she glided from their hands, and finally eluded their pursuit by running rapidly into the centre of the building, where she fell exhausted in the midst of the three hundred, at the foot of her outraged and ashamed lover.

"It is, indeed, time," said Attilio, when Silvio had related the maniac's story, to purge our city from this priestly ignominy; and drawing forth his dagger, brandished it above his head, as he exclaimed, "Accursed is the Roman who does not feel the degradation of his country, and who is not willing to bathe his

sword in the blood of these monsters, who humiliate it, and turn its very soil into a sink."

"*Accursed! accursed be they!*" echoed back from the old walls, while the sound of dagger-blades tinkling together made an ominous music dedicated to the corrupt and licentious rulers of Rome.

Then Attilio turned to Silvio, and said, "This child is more sinned against than sinning; she requires and deserves protection. You, who are so generous, will not refuse it to her."

And Silvio was, indeed, generous, for he still loved his wretched Camilla, who at sight of him had become docile as a lamb. He raised her, and, enveloping her in his mantle, led her out of the Colosseum towards her father's dwelling.

"Comrades," shouted Attilio, "meet me on the 15th at the Baths of Caracalla. Be ready to use your arms if need be."

"We will be ready! we will be ready!" responded heartily the three hundred, and in a few moments the ruins were left to their former obscure and fearful solitude.

What a wild, improbable story, methinks we hear some of our readers remark, as they sit beside their safe coal fires in free England or the United States. But Popery has not been dominant in England since James II.'s time, and they I have forgotten it. Let them hear that in the year 1848, when a Republican government was established in France, which was the signal of a general revolutionary movement throughout Europe, the present Pope was forced to escape in the disguise of a menial, and a

national government granted, for the first time in Rome, religious toleration, one of the first orders of the Roman republic was that the nuns should be liberated, and the convents searched. Guiseppe Garibaldi, in 1849, then recently arrived in Rome, visited himself every convent, and was present during the whole of the investigations. In all, without an exception, he found instruments of torture; and in all, without an exception, were vaults, plainly dedicated to the reception of the bones of infants. Statistics prove that in no city is there so great a number of children born out of wedlock as in Rome; and it is in Rome also that the greatest number of infanticides take place.

This must ever be the case with a wealthy unmarried priesthood and a poor and *ignorant* population.

CHAPTER VI. THE ARREST

We took leave of Manlio at the moment when Gianni had delivered his master's message. The sculptor acceded to the Cardinal's request, and, after an interview with him, proceeded to execute the order for the statuettes. For some days nothing occurred to excite suspicion, and things seemed to be going on smoothly enough. From the room which Gianni had hired Cencio watched the artist incessantly, all the while carefully maturing his plot. At last, one evening, when our sculptor was hard at work, Cencio broke into the studio, exclaiming excitedly, "For the love of God, permit me to remain here a little while! I am pursued by the police, who wish to arrest me. I assure you I am guilty of no crime, except that of being a liberal, and of having declared, in a moment of anger, that the overthrow of the Republic by the French was an assassination." So saying, Cencio made as though to conceal himself behind some statuary.

"These are hard times," soliloquized Manlio, "and little confidence can be placed in any body; yet, how can I drive out one compromised by his political opinions only – thereby, perhaps, adding to the number of those unfortunates now lingering in the priests' prisons? He looks a decent fellow, and would have a better chance of effecting his escape if he remained here till nightfall. Yes! he shall stay." Manlio, therefore, rose, and, beckoning to the supposed fugitive, bade him follow to the

end of the studio, where he secreted him carefully behind some massive blocks of marble, little dreaming that he harbored a traitor.

Manlio had scarcely resumed his occupation before a patrol stopped before the door and demanded permission to make a domiciliary visit, as a suspected person had been seen to enter the house.

Poor Manlio endeavored to put aside the suspicions of the officer, so far as he could do so without compromising his veracity, and, little divining the trap into which he had fallen, attempted to lead him in a direction opposite to that in which the crafty Cencio had taken refuge. The patrol, being in league with Cencio, felt, of course, quite certain of his presence on the premises, but some few minutes elapsed before he succeeded in discovering the carefully-chosen hiding-place; and the interval would have been longer had not Cencio stealthily put out his hand and pulled him, the sbirro, gently by the coat as he passed. The functionary paused suddenly, exclaiming with an affected tone of triumph, "Ah! I have you!" then, turning upon Manlio, he seized the artist by the collar, saying, in the sternest of tones, "you must accompany me forthwith to the tribunal, and account for your crime in giving shelter to this miscreant, who is in open rebellion against the government of his Holiness."

Manlio, utterly beside himself, in the first burst of indignation, cast his eye around among the chisels, hammers, and other tools for something suitable with which to crack the skull

of his insulter; but at this moment his wife, followed by the lovely Clelia, rushed into the apartment to ascertain the cause of so unwonted a disturbance. They trembled at the sight of their beloved one in the grasp of the hated police-officer, who cunningly relaxed his hold, and said, in a very different voice, as soon as he perceived them, "Be of courage, signor, and console these good ladies; your presence will be needed for a short time only. A few questions will be asked, to which undoubtedly you can give satisfactory replies."

In vain did the terrified women expostulate. Finding their tears and remonstrances of no avail, they reluctantly let go their hold of the unhappy Manlio, whom they had clasped in their terror. He, disdainingly any appeal to the courtesy of such a scoundrel as he knew the patrol to be, waved them an adieu, and departed with a dignified air.

CHAPTER VII. THE LEGACY

The Roman Republic, established by the unanimous and legitimate votes of the people, elected General Garibaldi, on the 30th June, legal guardian of the rights of the people, and conferred upon him the executive power of the State, which the Triumvirate resigned into his hands. This national government was overthrown by foreign bayonets, after a most heroic struggle for freedom. The first act of General Oudinot was to send a French colonel to lay the keys of the city at the feet of the Pope.

Thus was the power of the priests restored, and they returned to all their former tyranny and luxury.

These worthy teachers, when preaching to the Roman women about the glory of Heaven, impress upon them that they, and they only, have power to give free entrance into eternal bliss. To liberate these misguided beings from superstition, and rescue them from the deceit of their so-called "reverend fathers," is the question of life or death to Italy; this, in fact, is the only way in which to work out the deliverance of our country. Many will tell you there are good priests. But a priest, to become really good, must discard that wicked livery which he wears. Is it not the uniform of the promoters of brigandage over the half of Italy? Has it not marched as a pioneer-garb before every stranger that ever visited our country?

The priests, by their continual impostures and crafty abuse of

the ignorance and consequent superstition of the people, have acquired great riches. Those who endeavor to retard our progress make a distinction between the temporal power, which should be combated, and the spiritual power, which should be respected; as if Antonelli, Schiattone, and Crocco, were spiritual ushers, by whom the souls of men should hope to be conducted into the presence of the Eternal. There are two chief sources of their wealth. Firstly, they exact a revenue for repentance, as the vicegerents of God upon earth, as such, claiming power to pardon all sin. A rich but credulous man may thus commit any crime he chooses with impunity, knowing that he has the means of securing absolution, and believing implicitly that, by rendering up a portion of his treasure or profit to the clergy, he will have no difficulty in escaping the wrath to come.

The next source of wealth is the tax upon the agonies of death.. At the bedside of the sick, by threats of purgatory and eternal perdition, they frighten their unhappy victims into bequeathing to Mother Church enormous legacies, if, indeed, they do not succeed in getting absolute possession of the whole of their estates, to the detriment of the legal heirs, who are not unfrequently in this manner reduced to beggary. Look, for instance, at the island of Sicily: one-half of that country now belongs to the priesthood, or various orders of monks.

But, to our tale. One evening, about nine o'clock, in the month of December, a thing in black might have been seen traversing the Piazza of the Rotunda – that magnificent monument of

antiquity – every column a perfect work, worth its weight in silver – which the priests have perverted from sublime memories to their cunning uses. It was a figure which would have made a man shudder involuntarily, though he were one of the thousand of Calatifimi; enveloped in a black sottana – the covering of a heart still blacker, the heart of a demon, and one that contemplated the committal of a crime which only a priest would conceive or execute. A priest it was, and he made his stealthy path to the gateway of the house of Pompeo, where he paused a moment before knocking to gain admittance, casting glances around, to assure himself no one was in sight, as if he feared his guilty secret would betray itself, or as if pausing to add even to ecclesiastical wickedness a sin so cruel as he was meditating. He knocked at last. The door opened, and the porter, recognizing the "Reverend Father Ignazio," saluted him respectfully, and lighted him, as he entered, a few steps up the staircase of one of the richest residences of the city.

"Where is Sister Flavia?" demanded the priest of the first servant who came forward to meet him.

"At the bedside of my dying mistress," replied Siccio, in a constrained voice, for, being a true Roman, he had little sympathy for "the birds of ill-omen," as he profanely styled the reverend fathers.

Father Ignazio, knowing the house well, hurried on to the sick-room, at the door of which he gently tapped, requesting admittance in a peculiar tone. An elderly, sour-looking nun

opened the door quickly, and with a significant expression on her evil countenance as her eyes sought those of the priest.

"Is all over?" whispered he, as he advanced towards the bed on which the expiring patient lay.

"Not yet," was the equally low reply.

Ignazio thereupon, without another word, took a small vial from under his sottana, and emptied the contents into a glass. With the assistance of the nun he raised his victim, and poured the deadly fluid down her throat, letting the head fall heavily back upon the pillows, whilst a complacent smile spread itself over his diabolical features as, after one gasp, the jaw fell. He then retired to a small table at the end of the apartment, where he seated himself, followed by Sister Flavia, who stealthily drew a paper from her dress and handed it to him.

Father Ignazio seized the paper with a trembling hand, and after perusing it with an anxious air, as if to convince himself that it was indeed the accomplishment of his desires, he thrust it into his breast, muttering, with an emphatic nod, "You shall be rewarded, my good Flavia."

That paper was the last will and testament of the Signora Virginia Pompeo, the mother of the brave Emilio Pompeo, who perished fighting on the walls of Rome, whence he fell, mortally wounded by a French bullet. His inconsolable widow did not long survive him, and committed, with her last breath, her infant son to the care of his dotting grandmother, La Signora Virginia Pompeo, who tenderly cherished the orphan Muzio,

the only remaining scion of the noble house of Pompeo. But, unhappily for him, Father Ignazio was her confessor. When the signora's health began to fail, and her mind to be weakened, the wily Father spared no means to convince her that she ought to make her will, and, as a sacred duty, to leave a large sum to be spent in masses for the release of souls from purgatory. The signora lingering for some time, the covetous priest felt his desires grow, and resolved to destroy this first will, and obtain another, purporting to leave the whole of her immense estates to the corporation of St. Francesco di Paola, and appoint himself as her sole executor. This document he prepared and intrusted to Sister Flavia, whom he had already recommended to the Signora Virginia as a suitable attendant. One morning she dispatched a hurried message to the confessor, reporting that the favorable time for signing the fraudulent document had arrived. He came, attended by witnesses, whom he had had no difficulty in procuring, and, after persuading the sinking and agonized lady that she ought to add a codicil to her will (which he pretended then and there to draw up) leaving a still larger sum to the Church, he guided her feeble hand as she unconsciously signed away the whole of her property, leaving her helpless grandson to beggary. As if to jeopardise his scheme, the signora rallied towards the afternoon, whereupon, fearing she might ask to see the will, and so discover his treachery, Father Ignazio resolved to make such an undesirable occurrence impossible, by administering an effective potion, which he set off to procure,

wisely deferring his return till nightfall.

The result has been already disclosed; and while the false priest wrought this murder, the unconscious orphan, Muzio, slept peacefully in his little bed, still adorned with hangings wrought by a loving mother's hands, to awake on the morrow ignorant of his injury, but robbed of his guardian and goods together – stripped of all, and forthwith dependent on chance – a friendless and beggared boy.

CHAPTER VIII. THE MENDICANT

Eighteen years had rolled by since the horrible murder of La Signora Virginia related in the last chapter. On the same piazza which Father Ignazio had traversed that dark night stood a mendicant, leaning moodily, yet not without a certain grace, against a column. It was February, and the beggar lad was apparently watching the setting sun. The lower part of his face was carefully concealed in his cloak, but from the little that could be discerned of it, it seemed decidedly handsome; one of those noble countenances, in fact, that once seen, impresses its features indelibly on the beholder's memory. A well-formed Roman nose was well set between two eyes of dazzling blue; eyes that could look tender or stern, according to the possessor's mood. The shoulders, even under the cloak, showed grandly, and could belong only to a strength which it would be dangerous to insult, or rashly attack. Poor as its garb was, such a figure would be eagerly desired by a sculptor who sought to portray a young Latin athlete.

A slight touch upon the shoulder caused the young mendicant to turn sharply; but his brow cleared as he welcomed, with a beaming smile, Attilio's familiar face, and heard him saying, in a lively tone, "Ah! art thou here, brother?" And although no tie of blood was between them, Attilio and Muzio might, indeed, have been mistaken for brothers, their nobility of feature and brave

young Roman bearing being so much alike.

"Art thou armed?" inquired Attilio.

"Armed!" repeated Muzio, somewhat disdainfully. "Assuredly; is not my poniard my inheritance, my only patrimony? I love it as well as thou lov'st thy Clelia, or I mine own. But love, forsooth," continued he, more bitterly; "what right to love has a beggar – an outcast from society? Who would believe that rags could cover a heart bursting with the pangs of a true passion?"

"Still," replied Attilio, confidently, "I think that pretty stranger does, in truth, love thee."

Muzio remained silent, and his former gloomy expression returned; but Attilio, seeing a storm arising in his friend's soul, and wishing to avert it, took him by the hand, saying gently, "Come."

The young outcast followed without proffering a word. Night was rapidly closing in, the foot passengers were gradually decreasing in number, and few footfalls, except those of the foreign patrols, broke the silence that was stealing over the city.

The priests are always early to leave the streets – they love to enjoy the goods of this world at home after preaching about the glories of the next, and care little to trust their skins in Rome after dark. May the day soon come when these mercenary cut-throats are dispensed with!

"We shall be quit of them, and that before long," answered Attilio hopefully, as they descended the Quirinal, now called

Monte Cavallo, the site of the famous horses in stone, *chefs-d'oeuvre* of Grecian art.

Pausing between two of these gigantic effigies, the young artist took from his pocket a flint and steel and struck a light, the signal agreed upon between him and the three hundred, some of whom had agreed to help him in a bold attempt to release Manlio from his unlawful imprisonment.

The signal was answered immediately from the extreme end of the Piazza; the two young men advanced towards it, and were met by a soldier belonging to a detachment on guard at the palace, who conducted them through a half-concealed doorway near the principal entrance, up a narrow flight of stairs into a small room generally used by the commander of the guard; here he left them, and another soldier stepped forward to receive the pair, who, after placing chairs for them at a table, on which burned an oil-lamp, flanked by two or three bottles and some glasses, seated himself.

"Let us drink a glass of Orvieto, my friends," said the soldier; "it will do us more good on a bitter night like this than the Holy Father's blessing," handing them each, as he spoke, a goblet filled to the brim.

"Success to your enterprise!" cried Muzio.

"Amen," responded Attilio, as he took a deep draught. "So Manlio has been brought here," said he, addressing Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons, for such was the name of their military friend..

"Yes; he was locked up last night in one of our secret cells, as if he had been the most dangerous of criminals, poor innocent! I hear he is to be removed shortly," added Dentato, "to the Castle of St. Angelo."

"Do you know by whose order he was arrested?" inquired Attilio.

"By the order of ins Eminence the Cardinal Procopio, it is said, who is anxious, doubtless, to remove all impediments likely to frustrate his designs upon the Pearl of Trastevere."

As Dentato uttered these words, a sudden tremor shook the frame of Attilio. "And at what hour shall we make the attempt to liberate him?" he hissed, as his hand clenched his dagger.

"Liberate him! Why, we are too few," the soldier replied.

"Not so," continued Attilio. "Silvio has given his word that he will be here shortly with ten of our own, and then we shall have no difficulty in dealing with these sbirri and monks." After a pause, Dentato responded, "Well, as you are, then, determined to attempt his release to-night, we had better wait a few hours, when jailers and director will be asleep, or under the influence of their liquor. My lieutenant is, fortunately, detained by a delicate affair at a distance, so we will try it if your friend turns up." Before he could well finish his speech, however, Dentato was interrupted by the entrance of the guard left at the gate, announcing the arrival of Silvio.

CHAPTER IX. THE LIBERATOR

Before continuing my story I must remark upon one of the most striking facts in Rome – viz., the conduct and bravery of the Roman soldiery.

Even the Papal troops have a robust and martial air, and retain an individual worth of character to an astonishing degree. In the defense of Rome, all the Roman artillerymen (observe, all) were killed at their guns, and a reserve of the wounded, a thing unheard of before, bleeding though they were, continued to fight manfully until cut down by the sabres of their foes. On the 3d of June the streets were choked with mutilated men, and amongst the many combats after the city was taken, between the Roman soldiery and the foreigners, there did not occur one example where the Romans had the worst of it in any thing like fair fight.

Of one point, therefore, the priesthood is certain – that in every case of general insurrection the Roman army will go with the people. This is the reason they are compelled to hire foreign mercenaries, and why the revenues of the "Vicegerent of Heaven" are spent upon Zouaves, Remington rifles, cartridges, and kilos of gunpowder.

Silvio was received by the triad with exclamations of joy. After saluting them, he turned to Attilio, saying, "Our men are at hand. I have left them hidden in the shadows cast by the marble horses. They but await our signal."

Then Attilio sprang up, saying, "Muzio and I will go at once to the jailer, and secure the keys. You, Dentato, guide Silvia and his men to the door of the cell, and overpower the guard stationed before it."

"So be it," replied Dentato; "Scipio (the dragoon who had introduced Silvio) shall lead you to the jailer's room; but beware Signor Pancaldo, he is a devil of a fellow to handle."

"Leave me to manage him," replied Attilio, and he hastily left the apartment, preceded by Scipio and Muzio. Such an attempt as they were about to make would be a more difficult, if not an incredible thing, in any other country, where more respect is attached to Government and its officers. In Rome little obedience is due to a Government which, alas, is opposed to all that is pure and true.

Dentato, after summoning Silvio's men, led them to the guards stationed at the entrance to the cells. Silvio waited until the sentinel turned his back upon them, then, springing forward with the agility that made him so successful when pursuing the wild boar, he hurled the sentinel to the ground, covering his mouth with his hand to stifle any cry of alarm. The slight scuffle aroused the sleepy questor-guard, but before they could even rub their eyes, Silvio's men had gagged and bound them. As they accomplished this, Attilio appeared with Muzio, convoying the reluctant jailer and his bunch of keys between them.

"Open!" commanded Attilio.

The jailer obeyed with forced alacrity, whereupon they

entered a large vaulted room, out of which opened, on every side, doors leading to separate cells. At sight of them, a soldier, the only inmate visible, approached with a perplexed air.

"Where is Signor Manlio?" demanded Attilio; and Pancaldo felt the grip of the young artist clutch his wrist like iron, and noticed his right hand playing terribly with the dagger-hilt.

"Manlio is here," said he.

"Then release him," cried Attilio.

The terrified jailer attempted to turn the key, but some minutes passed before his trembling hands allowed him to effect this. Attilio, pushing him aside as the bolts shot back, dashed open the door, and called to Manlio to come forth.

Picture the sculptor's astonishment and joy when he beheld Attilio, and realized that he had come to release him from his cruel and unjust incarceration. Attilio, knowing they ought to lose no time in leaving the palace, after returning his friend's embrace, bade Muzio lock up the guard in the cell. As soon as this was accomplished, they led the jailer between them through the passages, passing on their way the soldiers whom they had previously bound, who glared upon them with impotent rage, till they gained the outer door in silence and safety. Dividing into groups, they set off at a quick pace, in different directions. Attilio, Muzio, and Manlio, however, retained possession a little while of the jailer, whom they made to promenade, gagged and blindfolded, until they thought their companions were at a safe distance. They then left him, and proceeded in the direction of

the Porta Salaria, which leads into the open country.

CHAPTER X. THE ORPHAN

At the hour when Silvio, with despair in his soul, led the unhappy Camilla out of the Colosseum towards her father's house, not a word passed between them. He regarded her with tender pity, having loved her ardently, and feeling that she was comparatively innocent, being, as she was, the victim of deception and violence.

Onward they went in silence and sadness. Silvio had abstained from visiting her home since it was so suddenly deserted by Camilla, and as they neared it a presentiment of new sorrowing took possession of him. Turning out of the high road into a lane, their meditations were broken in upon by the barking of a dog. "Fido! Fido!" cried Camilla, with more joyousness than she had experienced for many many months; but, as if remembering suddenly her abasement, she checked her quickened step, and, casting down her eyes, stood motionless, overwhelmed with shame. Silvio had loved her too dearly even to hate her for her guilt. Or if he had ever felt bitterly against her, her sudden appearance that night, wild with remorse and misery, had brought back something of the old feeling, and he would have defended her against a whole army. He had therefore sustained her very tenderly through the walk from the Colosseum, and had been full of generous thoughts, although silent; while she, timidly leaning on his strong arm, had now and then learned by

a timid glance, that he was pitying and not abominating her by that silence.

But when she stopped and trembled at the sound of the house-dog's bark, Silvio, fearing a return of a paroxysm of madness, touched her arm, saying, for the first time, "Come, Camilla, it is your little Fido welcoming you; he has recognized your footstep."

Scarcely had he uttered these words before the dog itself appeared. After pausing a moment in his rush, as if uncertain, he sprang towards Camilla, barking, and jumping, and making frantic efforts to lick her face and hands. Such a reception would have touched a heart of stone.

Camilla burst into tears as she stooped to caress the affectionate animal; but nature was exhausted, and she fell senseless on the damp ground. Silvio, after covering her with his mantle, to protect her from the cold morning air – for the dawn had already begun to break – went to seek her father.

The barking of the dog had aroused the household, so that the young hunter perceived, as he approached, a boy standing on the threshold, looking cautiously around, as if distrusting so early a visitor.

"Marcellino," he shouted; whereat the boy, recognizing the friendly familiar voice, ran to him, and threw his arms around his neck.

"Where is your godfather, my boy?" Silvio asked; but receiving no response save tears, he said again, "Where is Marcello?"

"He is dead," replied the sobbing child. "Dead!" exclaimed Silvio, sinking upon a stone, overcome with surprise and emotion. Very soon the tears rolled down his masculine cheeks, and mingled with those of the child, who lay upon his bosom.

"O God!" he cried aloud; "canst thou permit the desires of a monster to cause such suffering to so many and to such precious human creatures? Did I not feel the hope that the day of my beloved country's release from priestly tyranny is at hand I would plunge my dagger into my breast, and not endure to see this daylight break!" Recovering himself with a violent effort, he returned, accompanied by Marcellino, to Camilla, whom he found in an uneasy sleep. "Poor girl, poor ruined orphan," murmured Silvio, as he gazed upon her pale and wasted beauty; "why should I arouse you? You will but awake too soon to a life of tears, misery, and vain repentance!"

CHAPTER XI. THE FLIGHT

We left Attilio, Silvio, and Manlio on their way to the suburbs. Attilio had determined that the house lately tenanted by poor Marcello, and still inhabited by Camilla, would be a safe hiding-place for the liberated sculptor, who could scarcely be prevailed upon not to return at once to his own home, so great was his desire to behold his cherished wife and daughter.

As they trudged on, each busy with his own thoughts, Attilio turned over in his mind the visit of Gianni to the studio, for the information Sergeant Dentato had given him relative to the arrest confirmed his suspicion that the Cardinal was plotting villainy against his Clelia. After some reflection, he concluded to impart his suspicion to Manlio, who, when he had recovered from his first surprise and horror, declared his belief that Attilio's surmises were correct, and that it was necessary at once to hasten home in order to preserve his darling from infamy.

Attilio, however, aided by Muzio, at last prevailed upon him to conceal himself, promising to go and inform the ladies of the designs against them as soon as he had placed the father in safety.

Attilio, in truth, though so young, had the talent of influencing and guiding those with whom he came in contact, and the soundness of his judgment was frequently acknowledged, even by men advanced in years. Reluctantly, Manlio felt that he could not do better than to intrust the care of his dear ones to this

generous youth.

The day was beginning to dawn as they neared the cottage at the end of the lane, and, just as on the occasion of Camilla's return on the night of the meeting, Fido barked furiously at their approach. At Silvio's voice, the dog was quieted instantly, and again Marcellino met him at the door. Silvio, after saluting the lad, asked where Camilla was. "I will show you," was the answer, and leading the way, he took them to an eminence near the cottage, from which they beheld, at a little distance, a cemetery. "She is there," said Marcellino, pointing with his finger; "she passes all her time, from morn till eve, at her father's grave, praying and weeping. You will find her there, at all hours, now." Silvio, without a word to his companions, who followed slowly, strode on towards the spot indicated, which was close by, and soon came in view of Camilla, clad in deep mourning, kneeling beside a mound of newly-turned earth.

She was so absorbed, that the approach of the three friends was unperceived. Silvio, deeply moved, watched her, without daring to speak, and neither of the others broke the silence. Presently she rose, and clasping her hands in agony, cried bitterly, "Oh, my father, my father, I was the cause of your death!" "Camilla," whispered Silvio, coming close up. She turned, and gazing at them with a sweet but vacant smile, as if her lover's face brought her sin-comprehended comfort, passed on in the direction of her home, for the poor girl had not yet regained her reason.

Silvio touched her on the arm, as he overtook her, saying, "See Camilla, I have brought you a visitor, and if any one should ask who this gentleman is, tell them he is an antiquary who is studying the ruins around Rome." This was the rôle which Attilio had persuaded Manlio to play, until some plan for the future had been formed. After a short consultation, as to the precautions they were to observe, Attilio bade them farewell, and returned to the city alone, leaving behind him, with many a thought of pity and stern indignation, this father's humble household, devastated by the devices of the foul priest.

CHAPTER XII. THE PETITION

We must return to the sculptor's domicile, where two days had elapsed after the arrest of Manlio, nor had Attilio who was gone in search of him, as yet appeared, so that the family were reduced to the greatest anxiety.

"What can they be doing with your good father?" repeated constantly the weeping mother to her daughter. "He has never mixed with any one whose principles would compromise him, although a Liberal. He hates the priests, I know, and they deserve to be hated for their vices, but he has never talked about it to any one but me."

Clelia shed no tears, but her grief at her father's detention was almost deeper than that of her mother, and at last, saddened by these complaints, she said, with energy, "Weep no more, mother, tears are of no avail; we must act We must discover where my father is concealed, and, as Monna Aurelia has advised, we must endeavor to procure his release. Besides, Attilio is in search of him, and I know he will not desist until he has helped him and us, if he have not already done so."

A knock interrupted Clelia's consolatory words. She ran to the door, and opening it, admitted a neighbor, whose name has been mentioned, Monna Aurelia, and old and tried friend.

"Good day," said she, as she entered the sitting-room with a cheerful countenance.

"Good day," answered Silvia, with a faint smile, wiping her eyes.

"I bring you something, neighbor; our friend Cassio, whom I consulted about your husband's affairs, has drawn up this petition on stamped paper, supplicating the cardinal minister to set Manlio at liberty. He says you must sign it, and had better present it in person to his Eminence."

Silvia took the paper, and looked at it doubtfully. She felt a strong aversion to this proposition. Could she throw herself at the feet of a person whom she despised to implore his mercy? Yet perhaps her husband's life was at stake; he might even now be suffering insults, privations, even torture. This thought struck a chill to the heart of the wife, and, rising, she said decidedly, "I will go with it."

Aurelia offered to accompany her, and in less than half an hour the three women were on the road to the palace.

At nine o'clock that same morning, as it happened, the Cardinal Procopio, Minister of State, had been informed by the questor of the Quirinal of Manlio's escape.

Great was the fury of the prelate at the unwelcome news, and he commanded the immediate arrest and confinement of the directors, officers on guard, dragoons, and of all, in fact, who had been in charge of the prison on the previous night.

Dispatching the questor with this order, he summoned Gianni to his presence.

"Why, in the devil's name, was that accursed sculptor confined

in the Quirinal, instead of being sent to the Castle of St. Angelo?" he inquired.

"Your Eminence," replied Gianni, conceitedly, "should have intrusted such important affairs to me, and not to a set of idiots and rascals who are open to corruption."

"Dost thou come here to annoy me by reflections, sirrah?" blustered the priest. "Search in that turnip head of thine for means to bring the girl to me, or the palace cellars shall hear thee squeak thy self-praise to the tune of the cord or the pincers."

Gianni, knowing that these fearful threats were not vain ones, and that, incredible as it may appear to outsiders, tortures too horrible to describe daily take place in the Rome of the present day, meekly submitted to the storm. With downcast head, the mutilated wretch – for he was one of those maimed from their youth to sing falsettos in the choir of St. Peter – pondered how to act.

"Lift up thine eyes, knave, if thou darest, and tell me whether or no, after causing me to spend such pains and money in this attempt, thou hast the hope to succeed?"

Tremblingly Gianni raised his eyes to his master's face as he articulated with difficulty the words, "I hope to succeed."

But just as he spoke, to his considerable relief, a bell rang, announcing the arrival of a visitor. 'A servant in the Cardinal's colors entered, and inquired if his Eminence would be pleased to see three women who wished to present a petition.

The Cardinal, waving his dismissal to the still agitated Gianni,

gave a nod of assent, and assumed an unctuous expression, as the three women were ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER XIII. THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

Rome is the museum of the fine arts, the curiosity-shop of the world. There are collected the ruins of the ancient societies, temples, columns, statues, the remains of Italian and Grecian genius, *chefs-d'ouvre* of Praxiteles, Phidias, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a hundred masters. Fountains, from which arise marine colossi, chiefly, alas, in ruins, meet the eye on all sides. The stranger is struck with amazement and admiration at the sight of these gigantic works of art, upon many of which are engraved the mighty battles of a wonderful by-gone age. It is not the fault of the priest if their beauty is not marred by endless mitres and superstitious signs. But they are still marvellous and beautiful, and it was among them that Julia, the beautiful daughter of Albion, was constantly to be found. She had resided for several years in this city of sublime memorials, and daily passed the greater part of her time in sketching all that to her cultivated taste appeared most worthy of imitation and study. Michael Angelo was her especially favored *maestro*, and she might frequently be seen sitting for hours before his colossal statue of Moses, rapt in the labor of depicting that brow, upon which, to her vivid imagination, sat an air of majestic greatness that appeared almost supernatural. Born and bred in free and noble England, she had separated herself voluntarily from loving

and beloved friends, that she might thus wander undisturbed among the objects of her idolatry. Unexpectedly, her pursuits had been interrupted by a stronger feeling than art. She had encountered Muzio many times in the studio of the sculptor Manlio, and, poor and apparently low as he was, Julia had found under the ragged garb of a mendicant her ideal of the proud race of the Quirites.

Yes, obscure though he was, Muzio was beloved by this strange English girl. He was poor, but what cared she for his poverty.

And Muzio, did he know and return this generous love?

Yes, in truth; but, although he would have given his life to save hers, he concealed all consciousness of her interest, and allowed not a single action to betray it, though he longed fervently for occasion to render her some trifling service, and the opportunity came. As Julia was returning from Manlio's studio, some few days before his arrest, accompanied by her faithful old nurse, two drunken soldiers rushed upon her from a by-way, and dragged her between them some little distance, before Muzio, who secretly kept her in view during such transits, could come to her succor. No sooner had he reached them, than he struck one ruffian to the earth, seeing which, his fellow ran away. The terrified Julia thanked him with natural emotion, and besought him not to leave them until they reached their own door. Muzio gladly accepted the delicious honor of the escort, and felt supremely happy when, at their parting, Julia gave him the favor

of her hand, and rewarded him with a priceless smile. From this evening Muzio's dagger was consecrated to her safety, and he vowed that never again should she be insulted in the streets of Rome.

It befell that the same day upon which Silvia went to the palace Corsini to present her petition, Julia was paying one of her visits to the studio. Arriving there, she was informed by a lad in attendance of all that had occurred. Whilst pondering over the ominous tale, Attilio entered in quest of the ladies, and from him the English girl learned the particulars of Manlio's escape. His narration finished, Julia, in turn, recounted to him the views that the youth had imparted to her concerning the presentation of the petition.

Attilio was much distressed, and could with difficulty be restrained from going directly to the palace in search of Silvia and her daughter. This would have been very imprudent, and therefore Julia offered, as she had access at all times to the palace, to go to the Cardinal's house, and ascertain the cause of the now prolonged absence of the mother and daughter, promising to return and tell him the result.

Attilio, thoroughly spent with excitement and fatigue, yielded to Spartaco's invitation to take some rest, whilst the boy related to him the particulars of what had passed since he left them to carry out the rescue of his friend.

CHAPTER XIV. SICCIO

Let us return to the year 1849, to the fatal scene in which the young Muzio was robbed of his patrimony.

There was an old retainer named Siccio, already introduced, who had served longer in the house of Pompeo than any other; he had, in fact, been born in it, and had received very many acts of kindness there. These benefits he repaid by faithful love to the orphan Muzio, whom he regarded almost as tenderly as if he had in reality been his own child. He was good, and rather simple, but not so much so as to be blind to the pernicious influence which Father Ignazio had acquired over his indulgent mistress, and which he feared would be used to the injury of her grandchild.

But the guardian of souls, the spiritual physician, the confessor of the lady of the house! what servant would dare openly to doubt him, or cross his path? Confession, that terrible arm, of priestcraft, that diabolical device for seduction, that subtle means of piercing the most sacred domestic secrets, and keeping in chains the superstitious sex! Siccio dared not openly fight against such weapons.

The confessor was, however, aware of the good servant's mistrust, and therefore caused him to be discharged a few days after the Signora Virginia breathed her last, though not before he had overheard a certain dialogue between Father Ignazio and

Sister Flavia.

"What is to be done with the child?" the nun had asked.

"He must pack off to the Foundling," replied he; "there he will be safe enough from the evil of this perverted century and its heretical doctrines. Besides, we shall have no difficulty in keeping an eye upon him," he continued, with a meaning look, which she returned, causing Siccio, who was unseen, to prick up his ears.

He straightway resolved not to leave the innocent and helpless child in the hands of these fiends, and contrived a few nights after his dismissal to obtain an entrance to the house by the excuse that he had left some of his property behind. Watching his opportunity he stole into the nursery, where he found the neglected child huddled in a corner crying with cold and hunger. Siccio, taking him in his arms, soothed him until he fell asleep, when he glided cautiously out of the house into the street, and hired a conveyance to carry them to a lodging he had previously engaged at some distance from the city. To elude suspicion and pursuit he had cunningly concealed the little Muzio in a bundle of clothes, and alighting from the vehicle before he arrived at his dwelling, quietly unwound and aroused the child, who trotted at his side, and was introduced by him to his landlady as his grandson.

During the lifetime of Muzio's father, who was an amateur antiquary, Siccio had gained a considerable knowledge of the history of the rains around Rome by attending him in his

researches. This knowledge, as he could not take service as a domestic, on account of his unwillingness to part from the child, he determined to avail himself of, and so become a regular cicerone. His pay for services in this capacity was so small, that he could with difficulty provide for himself and his little charge even the bare necessaries of existence. This mode of living he pursued however for some years, until the infirmities of old age creeping upon him, he found it harder than ever to procure food and shelter of the commonest kind. What could he now do? He looked at Muzio's graceful form, and an inspiration broke upon him. Yes, he would brave the danger, and take him to the city, for he felt that the artists and sculptors would rejoice to obtain such a model. The venture was made, and Siccio was elated and gratified beyond measure at the admiration Muzio, now in his fifteenth year, called forth from the patrons of Roman "models."

For a while they were enabled to live in comparative comfort. Siccio now dared to reveal to him the secret of his birth, and the manner in which he had been despoiled, as the old man only suspected, of his inheritance. Great was the indignation of the youth, and still greater his gratitude to the good Siccio, who had toiled so uncomplainingly for him, but from this time he steadily refused to sit as a model. Work he would, even menial work he did not despise, and he might have been seen frequently in the different studios moving massive blocks of marble, for his strength far exceeded that of other youths of his own age. He also now and then assumed the duties of a cicerone, when the aged

Siccio was unable to leave the house from sickness. His youthful beauty often induced strangers to give him a gratuity; but as he was never seen to hold out his hand, the beggars of Rome called him ironically "Signor."

In spite of his efforts, Muzio was unable, as Siccio's feebleness increased, to provide for all their wants, and he became gloomy and morose. One wonderful evening, when Siccio was sitting alone, shortly after Julia's adventure, a woman closely veiled entered his mean little room, and placing a heavy purse upon the table, said —

"Here is something, my worthy friend, which may be useful to you. Scruple not to employ it, and seek not to discover the name of the donor, or should you by chance learn it, let it be your own secret." And thus, without giving the astonished old man time to recover his speech, she went out closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XV. THE CORSINI PALACE

"This is truly an unexpected blessing – a fountain in the desert," thought the Cardinal, as the three women were ushered into the audience-chamber. "Providence serves me better than these knaves by whom I am surrounded." Casting an undisguised look of admiration at Clelia, who stood modestly behind her mother, he said aloud, "Let the petition be brought forward."

Monna Aurelia, considerably taking the document from Silvia, advanced with it, and presented it on her knees.

After perusing it with apparent attention, the Cardinal addressed Aurelia, saying, "So you are the wife of that Manlio who takes upon himself to shelter and protect the enemies of the State, of his Holiness the Pope?"

"It is I who am the wife of Signor Manlio, your Eminence," said Silvia, advancing. "This lady," pointing to Aurelia, "kindly offered to appear before your Eminence, and assure you that neither my husband or I have ever meddled with politics, and are persons of unquestioned honesty."

"Unquestioned honesty!" repeated the Cardinal, in simulated anger. "Why, then, as you are so very honest, do you first shelter heretics and enemies of the state, and then assist them to escape in such an unpardonable manner?"

"To escape!" exclaimed Clelia, who had hitherto preserved

her presence of mind. "Then my father is no longer confined in this dreadful place" – and a flush of joy spread itself over her lovely features.

"Yes, he has escaped; but ere long he will be re-taken, and must answer for his double crime," said the Cardinal.

These words gave a blow to Silvia's new-born hopes, and, what with surprise, fear, and excitement, she fell back into her daughter's arms in a swoon.

The Cardinal, hardened to such scenes, at once determined to take advantage of it, so summoning some servants, he ordered them to convey the fainting woman and her friends to another room, where proper remedies could be applied to restore the stricken wife. As they made their exit, he rubbed his soft hands gleefully, saying to himself, "Ah, my pretty one! you shall not leave the palace until you have paid me a fee." He then sent for Gianni, who, recognizing the trio at their entry, had remained at hand, as he divined his services would be needed. When he presented himself, his master chuckled out —

"Ebben, Signor Gianni! Providence beats your boasted ability out and out."

Gianni, knowing that all was sunshine again when he was thus dignified by the title "Signor," answered, "Have I not always said your Eminence was born under a lucky star?"

"Well," continued the profane Cardinal, "since Providence favors me, it now only rests with you, Gianni, to finish the matter off." Then he continued, "Follow the women, and see that every

respect is paid them; and when they are calmed, direct Father Ignazio to send for the elder woman and the wife of the sculptor, under pretense of questioning them about his escape, that I may have an opportunity of conversing alone with the incomparable Clelia."

Bowing profoundly, the scoundrel departed to execute his dissolute master's commands.

As he passed out, a lackey entered, announcing that "Una Signora Inglese" wished to see his Eminence on business.

"Introduce her," said Procopio, stroking his chin complacently; for he congratulated himself, in spite of the interruption, on his good fortune, as he admired the young Englishwoman excessively.

Julia greeted him frankly as an acquaintance, holding out her hand in the English fashion, which he took, expressing in warm terms, as he led her to a seat, his delight at seeing her.

"And to what am I to attribute the felicity of again receiving you so soon under my roof? This room," he continued, "so lately brightened by your presence, has a renewed grace for me now."

Julia seated herself, and replied, gravely, for she was slightly discomposed by the Cardinal's flattery, "Your Eminence is too condescending. As you well know, my former object in coming to the palace was to crave leave to copy some of the *chefs-d'oeuvre* with which it is adorned; but today I am here on a different errand."

The Cardinal, drawing a chair to her side and seating himself,

said, "And may I inquire its nature, beautiful lady?" placing, as he spoke, his hands upon hers with an insinuating pressure.

Julia, resenting the Cardinal's familiarity, drew her chair back; but, as he again approached, she stood up, and placed it between them, saying, as he attempted to rise, and with a look that made him flinch, "You surely forget yourself, Monseigneur; be seated, or I must leave you."

The prelate, profoundly abashed by the dignity of the English girl, obeyed, and she continued, "My object is to obtain information of the wife and daughter of the sculptor Manlio, who, I am told, came to the palace some hours ago to present a petition to your Eminence."

"They came here, but have already left," stammered Procopio, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

"Is it long since they quitted your Eminence?" asked Julia.

"But a few minutes," was the reply.

"I presume they have left the palace, then?"

"Assuredly," affirmed he, unblushingly.

Julia, with a gesture of incredulity, bowed, and took her leave.

What is there perfect in the world? This English nation is by no means exempt from imperfection; yet the English are the only people who can be compared with the ancient Romans, for they resemble each other in the splendid selfishness of their virtues and their vices.

Egotists and conquerors, the history of both abounds in crime committed either in their own dominions, or in those countries

which they invaded and subdued. Many are the nations they have overthrown to satisfy their boundless thirst for gold and power.

Yet who dare deny that the Britons, with all their faults, have contributed largely to the civilization and social advancement of mankind? They have laid the grand foundations of a new idea of humanity, erect, inflexible, majestic, free; obeying no masters but the laws which they themselves have made, no kings but those which they themselves control.

By untiring patience and indomitable legality, this people has known how to reconcile government and order with the liberty of a self-ruling community.

The isle of England has become a sanctuary, an inviolable refuge for the unfortunate of all other nations. Those proscribed by tyrants, and the tyrants who have proscribed them, flee alike to her hospitable shores, and find shelter on the single condition of taking their place as citizens among citizens, and yielding obedience to the sovereign laws.

England, too, be it ever remembered first proclaimed to the world the emancipation of the slave, and her people willingly submitted to an increased taxation in order to carry out this glorious act in all her colonies. Her descendants in America have, after a long and bloody struggle between freedom and oligarchy, banished slavery also forever from the New World.

Lastly, to England Italy is indebted in part for her reconstruction, by reason of that resolute proclamation of fair play and no intervention in the Straits of Messina in 1860.

To France Italy is also, indeed, indebted, since so many of her heroic soldiers fell in the Italian cause in the battles of Solferino and Magenta. She has also profited, like the rest of the world, by the writings of the great minds of France, and by her principles of justice and freedom. To France, moreover, we owe, in a great measure, the abolition of piracy in the Mediterranean. France marched, in truth, for some centuries alone, as the leader in civilization.

The time was when she proclaimed and propagated liberty to the world; but she has now, alas! fallen, and is crouching before the image of a fictitious greatness, while her ruler endeavors to defraud the nation which he has exasperated, and employs his troops to deprive Italy of the freedom which he helped to give her.

Let us hope that, for the welfare of humanity, she will, ere long, resume her proper position, and, united with England, once again use her sublime power to put down violence and corruption, and raise the standard of universal liberty and progress.

CHAPTER XVI. ENGLISH JULIA

In Siccio's little room was that same evening gathered a group of three persons who would have gladdened the heart and eyes of any judge of manly and womanly beauty.

Is it a mere caprice of chance to be born beautiful? The spirit is not always reflected in the form. I have known many a noble heart enshrined in an unpleasing body. Nevertheless, man is drawn naturally to the beautiful. A fine figure and noble features instinctively call forth not only admiration, but confidence; and every one rejoices in having a handsome father, a beautiful mother, fine children, or a leader resembling Achilles rather than Thersites. On the other hand, how much injustice and mortification are often borne on account of deformity, and how many are the wounds inflicted by thoughtless persons on those thus afflicted by their undisguised contempt or more cruel pity.

Julia, for she it is who forms the loveliest of our triad, had just returned from her visit to the palace, and related to her auditors, Attilio and Muzio, what had transpired.

"Yes!" she exclaims, "he told me they were gone; but you see how powerful is gold to obtain the truth, even in that den of vice! The ladies are there detained. I bought the truth of one of his people."

Attilio, much disturbed, passed his hand over his brow as he paced and repaced the floor.

Julia, seeing how perturbed in spirit he was by her discovery, went to him, and, placing her hand with a gentle pressure upon his shoulder, besought him to be calm, saying that he needed all possible self-control and presence of mind to procure his betrothed's release.

"You are right, Signora," said Muzio, who until now had remained silent, but watchful; "you are ever right."

The triad had already discussed a plan of rescue; and Muzio proposed to let Silvio know, and to engage him to meet them with some of his companions at ten o'clock.

Muzio was noble-minded, and though he loved the beautiful stranger with all the force of his passionate southern nature, he felt no thought of jealousy as he thus prepared to leave her alone with his attractive friend.

Nor did Julia run any danger from her warm feeling of compassion for Attilio, for her love for Muzio, though as yet unspoken, was pure and inalienable. A love that no change of fortune, time, or even death, could destroy. She had but lately learned the story of his birth and misfortunes, and this, be sure, had not served to lessen it.

"No," she replied; "I will bid you both adieu for the present. At ten o'clock I shall await you in a carriage near the Piazza, and will receive the ladies, and carry them, when you have liberated them, to a place of safety."

So saying, she beckoned to her nurse to follow, and departed to make the necessary arrangements for the flight of the

sculptor's family, whose cause she had magnanimously espoused, ignoring completely the personal danger she was incurring.

CHAPTER XVII. RETRIBUTION

Justice! sacred word, yet how art thou abused by the powerful upon earth! Was not Christ, the just one, crucified in the name of justice? Was not Galileo put to the torture in the name of justice? And are not the laws of this unjust Babel, falsely called civilized Europe, made and administered in the name of justice? Ay, in Europe, where the would-be industrious man dies of hunger, and the idle and profligate flaunt in luxury and splendor! – in Europe, where a few families govern the nations, and keep them in a chronic state of warfare under the high-sounding names of justice, loyalty, military glory, and the like! There in the palace sit Procopio and Ignazio in the name of justice. Outside are the rabble – Attilio, forsooth, Muzio, and Silvio, with twenty of our three hundred, who mean to have justice after their own fashion. The hearts of these suitors are glad and gay, as on the eve of a feast. It is true they beat, but it is in confident hope, for the hour of their duty is near. They pace the Lungara in parties of twos and threes, to avoid suspicion, awaiting the striking of the clock. Whilst they linger outside, we will enter, and take a retrospect.

When Gianni summoned Aurelia and Silvia to attend Father Ignazio, Clelia, suspecting treachery, drew a golden stiletto from her hair and secreted it in her belt, that it might be at hand in the event of her needing it to defend herself.

The prelate, meantime, having attired himself in his richest

robes, in the hope that their magnificence might have effect upon the simple girl, prepared, as he facetiously termed it, "to summon the fortress." Opening the door of the apartment in which Clelia was anxiously awaiting her mother's return, he entered with a false benignancy upon his face.

"You must pardon us," he said, "for having detained you so long, my daughter, but I wished to assure you in person that no harm shall befall your father, as well as," he continued – and here he caught up her hand – "to tell you, most lovely of women, that since I beheld you first my heart has not ceased to burn with the warmest love for you."

Clelia, startled by the words and the passionate look which the Cardinal fixed upon her, drew back a little space, so as to place a small table between them.

Then ensued a shameful burst of insult and odious entreaty. In vain did he plead, urging that her consent alone could procure her father's pardon. Clelia continued to preserve her look of horror, and her majestic scorn, contriving by her movements to keep the table between them. Enraged beyond measure, the Cardinal made a sign to his creatures, Ignazio and Gianni, who were near at hand, to enter.

Clelia, comprehending her danger, snatched forth her dagger, and exclaimed in an indignant voice, "Touch me at your peril! rather than submit to your infamous desires I will plunge this poniard into my heart!"

The libidinous prelate, not understanding such virtue,

approached to wrest the weapon from the Roman girl, but received a gash upon his palm, as she snatched it free, and stood upon the defensive, with majestic anger and desperation. He called to his satellites, and they closed like a band of devils about the maiden; nor was it till their blood was drawn by more than one thrust from her despair, that Gianni caught the wrist of Clelia as she strove to plunge the knife into her own heart, while Father Ignazio passed swiftly behind her, and seized her left hand, motioning to Gianni to hold the right fast, and the Cardinal himself threw his arms around her. The heroic girl was thus finally deprived of her weapon. This achieved, they proceeded to drag her towards an alcove, where a couch was placed, behind a curtain of tapestry.

At this instant, happily for our heroine, there was a sudden crash in the vestibule, and as her assailants turned their heads in the direction of the sound, two manly forms, terrible in their fiery wrath and grace, rushed forward. The first, Attilio, flew to his beloved, who, from revulsion of feeling, was becoming rapidly insensible, and tore her from the villains, while the prelate and his accomplices yielded their hold with a cry, and endeavored to escape. This Muzio prevented by barring the way; and bidding Silvio, and some of his men, who arrived at this juncture, to surround them, he drew forth a cord, and, after gagging the three scoundrels, he commenced binding the arms of the affrighted priest, his friends similarly treating Ignazio and the trembling tool Gianni. Many and abject were the gestures of these miserable

men for mercy, but none was shown by their infuriated captors, but the prayers and curses of the Cardinal were choked with his own mantle; and Muzio did not refrain, as Father Ignazio writhed under the pressure of the cord, from reminding him of his villainy in robbing a helpless child of his lawful inheritance.

At dawn three bodies, suspended from a window of the Corsini palace, were seen by the awakening people, and a paper was found upon the breast of the Cardinal, with these words, "So perish all those who have polluted the metropolis of the world with falsehood, corruption, and deceit, and turned it into a sewer and a stew."

CHAPTER XVIII. THE EXILE

The sun of that avenging morning was beginning to shed its rays upon the few stragglers in the Forum who, with pale squalid faces betokening hunger and misery, shook their rags free of dust as they rose unrefreshed from their slumbers, when a carriage containing four women rolled through the suburbs. It passed rapidly along towards those vast uninhabited plains, where little is to be seen except a wooden cross here and there, reminding the traveller unpleasantly that on that spot a murder has been committed.

Arriving at the little house already twice mentioned, its occupants alighted; and who shall describe the joy of that meeting. Julia and Aurelia contemplated in silence the reunion of the now happy Manlio with his wife and daughter, for all the prisoners of the wicked palace were free.

Camilla also watched their tears of gladness, but without any clear comprehension. Could she have known the fate of her seducer, it might perchance have restored her reason. After a thousand questions had been asked and answered, Manlio addressed Julia, saying-

"Exile, alas! is all that remains for us. This atrocious Government can not endure; but until it is annihilated we must absent ourselves from our home and friends."

"Yes, yes! you must fly!" Julia said. "But it will not be long,

I trust, ere you will be able to return to Rome, and find her cleansed from the slavery under which she now groans. My yacht is lying at Port d'Anzo; we will make all haste to gain it, and I hope to see you embark safely in the course of a few hours."

A yacht! I hear some of my Italian readers cry. What part of a woman's belongings can this be? A yacht, then, is a small vessel in which the sea-loving and wealthy British take their pleasure on the ocean, for they fear not the storm, the heat of the torrid zone, or the cold of the frozen ocean. Albion's sons, ay, and her daughters, too, leave their comfortable firesides, and find life, health, strength, and happiness in inhaling the briny air on board their own beautiful craft in pursuit of enjoyment and knowledge. France, Spain, and Italy have not this little word in their dictionaries. Their rich men dare not seek their pleasure upon the waves – they give themselves to the foolish luxuries of great cities, and hence is it that names like Rodney and Nelson are not in their histories. Albion alone has always loved and ruled the waves for centuries. Her wooden walls have been her inviolable defense. May her new iron ramparts protect her hospitable shores from foreign foes!

But a yacht is a strange thing for a woman to possess. True, but English Julia in childhood was of delicate constitution; the physicians prescribed a sea-voyage, and her opulent parents equipped a pleasure-vessel for her use. Thus Julia became so devoted to the blue waves that, even when the balmy air of Italy had restored her to robust health, she continued, when inclination

disposed her, to make little voyages of romance, discovery, and freedom in the waters of the Mediterranean. Thus it was that she could offer so timely a refuge to the family of the sculptor.

CHAPTER XIX. THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

Imagine the consternation in Rome on the 15th of February, the day following the tragic death of the Cardinal Procopio and his two abettors. Great, in truth, was the agitation of the city when the three bodies were seen dangling from the upper window of the palace. The panic spread rapidly, and the immense crowd under the façade increased more and more, until a battalion of foreign soldiers, sent for by the terrified priests, appeared in the Lungara, and driving it back, surrounded and entered the palace. To tell the truth, the soldiers laughed sometimes at the jests, coarse but witty, which were flung by the mob at the three corpses as they commenced hauling them up. Many were the bitter things that passed below.

"Let them down head over heels," shouted one; "your work will be finished the sooner."

"Play the fish steadily, that they may not slip from the hook," hallooed another.

By-and-by the cord to which the corpulent body of the prelate was attached broke as the soldiers attempted to hoist it up, and hoarser than ever were the shouts of laughter with which it was greeted as it fell with a heavy shock upon the pavement.

Muzio, who was surveying the avenging spectacle, turned to Silvio, saying, with a shudder, "Let us away; this laughter is not

to my taste now they have paid their debt.

"In truth, Pasquin is almost the only real memorial of ancient Rome. Would that my people possessed the gravity and force of those times, when our forefathers elected the great dictators, or bought and sold, at a high price, the lands upon which Hannibal was at the time attacked. But it must be long before their souls can be freed from the plague of priestly corruption, and before they can once more be worthy of their ancient fame and name."

"We must have patience with them," replied Silvio. "Slavery reduces man to the level of the beast. These priests have themselves inculcated the rude mockery which we hear. At least, it could have no fitter objects than those dead carcasses. Reproach not the people to-day – mud is good enough for dead dogs."

Thus discoursing, the friends made their way through the crowd, and separated, having first appointed to meet at the end of the week in the studio of Attilio.

On the day in question they found the young artist at home, and gave him a detailed account of what they had witnessed under the palace windows. It was the time for the reassembling of the Three Hundred, but, before setting out to meet their associates at the Baths of Caracalla, they lay down to rest for a few hours; and while they slumber we will give some account of the place of assignation.

Masters of the world, and wealthy beyond compute from its manifold spoils, the ancient Romans gave themselves up, in

the later days of the Republic, to fashion, luxuriousness, and excesses of all kinds. The toil of the field – whether of battle or of agriculture – although it had conduced to make them hardy and healthy before their triumphs, had now become distasteful and odious. Their limbs, rendered effeminate by a new and fatal voluptuousness, grew at last unequal even to the weight of their arms, and they chose out the stoutest from among their slaves to serve as soldiers. The foreign people by whom they were surrounded failed not to note the advantage which time and change were preparing for them over their dissolute masters. They rose with Goth and Ostrogoth to free themselves from the heavy yoke. They fell upon the queenly city on all sides, and discrowned her of her imperial diadem.

Such was the fate of that gigantic empire, which fell, as all powers ought to fall which are based on violence and injustice.

One of the chief imported luxuries of the degenerate Romans were the thermæ, or baths, edifices upon which immense sums were lavished to make them beautiful and commodious in the extreme. Some were private, others public. The emperors vied with each other to render them celebrated and attractive. Caracalla, the unworthy son of Severus, and one of the very vilest of the line of Cæsars, built the vast pile which is still called by his evil name; the ruins of which forcibly illustrate the splendor of the past sovereignty, and the reasons of its swift decay. The greater number of these conspicuous and magnificent buildings in the city of Rome have subterranean passages attached to them,

provided by their original possessors as a means of escape in times of danger, or to conceal the results of rapine or violence. In the subterranean passages connected with the Baths of Caracalla it was that the Three Hundred had agreed to meet, and as the darkness of night crept on, the outposts of the conspirators, like gliding shadows, planted themselves silently at the approaches to the wilderness of antique stones, from time to time challenging, in a whisper, other and more numerous shadows, which by-and-by converged to the spot.

CHAPTER XX. THE TRAITOR

The liberation of Manlio and the execution of the Cardinal gave an unexpected blow to the Pontifical Government, and aroused it from its previous easy lethargy. All the foreign and native soldiers available were put under arms, and the police were everywhere on the *qui vive*, arresting upon the slightest suspicion citizens of all classes, so that the prisons speedily became filled to overflowing.

One of the Three Hundred – shameful to say – had been bought over to act as a spy upon the movements of his comrades. Happily he was not one of those select members chosen to assist in the attack upon the Quirinal prison, or the release of Silvia and Clelia. Of the proposed meeting at the Baths of Caracalla he was nevertheless cognizant, and had duly given information of it to the police.

Now, Italian conspirators make use of a counter police, at the head of which was Muzio.

His garb of lazzarone served him in good stead, and by favor of it he often managed to obtain information from those in the pay of the priests, who commonly employ the poor and wretched people that beg for bread in the streets and market-places of Rome in the capacity of spies.

But this time he was ill-informed. The last conspirator had entered the subterranean passage, and Attilio had put the

question, "Are the sentinels at their posts?" when a low sound, like the hissing of a snake, resounded through the vault. This was Muzio's signal of alarm, and he himself appeared at the archway.

"There is no time to be lost," said he; "we are already hemmed in on one side by an armed force, and at the southern exit another is taking up its position."

This imminent danger, instead of making these brave youths tremble, served but to fill them with stern resolve and courage.

Attilio looked once on the strong band assembled around him, and then bade Silvio take two men and go to the entrance to reconnoitre.

Another sentinel approached at this moment from the south, and corroborated Muzio's statement.

The sentinels from the remaining points failing to appear, a fear that they had been arrested fell upon the young men, and their leader was somewhat troubled on this account, until Silvio returned, and reported that upon nearing the mouth of the passage he had seen them. At this moment they heard a few shots, and immediately after the sentinels in question entered, and informed the chief they had witnessed a large number of troops gathering, and had fired upon one file, which had ventured to advance.

Attilio, seeing delay would be ruinous, commanded Muzio to charge out with a third of the company, he himself would follow up with his own third, and Silvio was to hurl the rearmost section upon the troops.

Attilio briefly said, "It is the moment of deeds, not words. No matter how large the number opposed to us, we must carve a road through them with our daggers." He then directed Muzio to lead on a detachment of twenty men, with a swift rush, upon the enemy, promising to follow quickly.

Muzio, quickly forming his twenty men, wrapped his cloak around his left arm, and grasping his weapon firmly in his right, gave the word to charge out.

In a few moments the cavernous vault startled those outside by vomiting a torrent of furious men; and as the youths rushed upon the satellites of despotism, the Pope's soldiers heading the division had not even time to level their guns before they were wrenched from their grasp, and many received their death-blow.

The others, thoroughly demoralized at the cry of the second and third divisions bursting forth, took to flight, headlong and shameful. The Campo Vaccino and the streets of Rome hard by the Campidoglio were in a short time filled with the fugitives, still pursued by those whom they should have taken prisoners.

Helmets, swords, and guns lay scattered in all directions, and more were wounded by the weapons of their own friends in their flight, than by the daggers of their pursuers; in effect the rout was laughable and complete.

The brave champions of Roman liberty, satisfied with having so utterly discomfited the mercenaries of his Holiness, dispersed, and returned to their several homes.

Amongst the dead bodies discovered next morning near the

baths was that of a mere youth, whose beard had scarcely begun to cover his face with down. He was lying on his back, and on his breast was the shameful word "traitor," pinned with a dagger. He had been recognized by the Three Hundred, and swiftly punished.

Poor Paolo, alas, had the misfortune – for misfortune it proved – to fall in love with the daughter of a priest, who, enacting the part of a Delilah, betrayed him to her father as soon as she had learned he was connected with a secret conspiracy. To save his life, the wretched youth consented to become a paid spy in the service of the priesthood, and it was thus he drew his pay.

The worth of one intrepid man, as Attilio showed, is inestimable; a single man of lion heart can put to flight a whole army.

On the other hand, how contagious is fear. I have seen whole armies seized by a terrible panic in open day at a cry of "Escape who can;" "Cavalry;" "The enemy," or even the sound of a few shots – an army that had fought, and would again fight, patiently and gallantly.

Fear is shameful and degrading, and I think the southern nations of Europe are more liable to it than the cooler and more serious peoples of the north; but never may I see an Italian army succumb to that sudden ague-fit which kills the man, even though he seems to save his life thereby!

CHAPTER XXI. THE TORTURE

As the hour of solemn vengeance had not yet struck, fright, and fright alone for the black-robed rulers of Rome was the result of the events we have detailed.

The priests were in mortal terror lest the thread by which the sword of popular wrath was suspended should be cut.

The hour, however, had not struck; the measure of the cup was not full; the God of justice delayed the day of his retribution.

Know you what the lust of priests is to torture? Do you know that by the priests Galileo was tortured? Galileo, the greatest of Italians! Who but priests could have committed him to the torture? Who but an archbishop could have condemned to death by starvation in a walled-up prison Ugolino and his four sons?

Where but in Rome have priests hated virtue and learning while they fostered ignorance and patronized vice? Woe to the man who, gifted by God above his fellows, has dared to exhibit his talent in Papal Italy. Has he not been immediately consigned to moral and physical tortures, until he admitted darkness was light?

Is it not surprising that in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the Church, and the priests permitted to hold or withhold salvation at their pleasure, and to exercise such power in such a continent, that rulers court

their alliance as a means of enabling them the more effectually to keep, in subjection their miserable subjects?

In England, America, and Switzerland this torture has been abolished. There progress is not a mere word. In Rome the torture exists in all its power, though concealed. Light has yet to penetrate the secrets of those dens of infamy called cloisters, seminaries, convents, where beings, male and female, are immured as long as life lasts, and are bound by terrible vows to resign forever the ties of natural affection and sacred friendship.

Fearful are the punishments inflicted upon any hapless member suspected of being lax in his belief, or desirous of being released from his oaths. Redress for them is impossible in a country where despotism is absolute, and the liberty of the press chained.

Yes, in Rome, where sits the Vicar of God, the representative of Christ, the man of peace, the torture, I say, still exists as in the times of Saint Dominic and Torquemada. The cord and the pincers are in constant requisition in these present days of political convulsion.

Poor Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons who facilitated the escape of Manlio, soon experienced this. He had been unfortunately identified as engaged at the Quirinal Morning, noon, and night means too horrible to divulge were resorted to to compel him to give up the names of those concerned in the attack upon the prison. Failing to gain their point, he had been

left by his tormentors a shapeless mass, imploring his persecutors to show mercy by putting him to death.

Unhappy man! the executioners falsely declared he had denounced his accomplices, and continued daily to make fresh arrests.

Yet the world still tolerates these fiends in human form, and kings moreover impose them upon our unhappy countries. God grant the people of Italy will before long have the will and the courage to break this hateful yoke from off their necks! God set us free, before we are weary of praying, from those who take His holy name in vain, and chase Christ himself out of the Temple to set their money-changing stalls therein!

CHAPTER XXII. THE BRIGANDS

Let us leave for a time these scenes of horror, and follow our fugitives on the road to Porto d'Anzo. Their hearts are sad, for they are leaving many dear to them behind in the city, and their road is one of danger, until it be the sea; but, as they breathe the pure air of the country, their spirits revive – that country once so populated and fertile, now so barren and deserted. Perhaps it would be difficult to find another spot on earth that presents so many objects of past grandeur and present misery as the Campagna. The ruins, scattered on all sides, give pleasure to the antiquary, and convince him of the prosperity and grandeur of its ancient inhabitants, while the sportsman finds beasts and birds enough to satisfy him; but the lover of mankind mourns, it is a graveyard of past glories, with the priests for sextons. The proprietors of these vast plains are few, and those few, priests, who are too much absorbed by the pleasures and vices of the city, to visit their properties, keeping, at the most, a few flocks of sheep or buffaloes.

Brigandage is inseparable from priestly government, which is easy to understand when we remember that it is supported by the aid of cowardly and brutal mercenaries. These, becoming robbers, murderers, and criminal offenders, flee to such places as this desert, where they find undisturbed refuge and shelter.

Statistics prove that in Rome murders are of more frequent

occurrence in proportion to the population than in any other city. And how, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we consider the corrupt education instilled by the priests?

The outlaws are styled brigands, and to these may be added troops of runaway hirelings of the priests, who have committed such dreadful ravages during the last few years. We have a sympathy for the wild spirits who seem to live by plunder, but who retire to the plains, and pass a rambling life, without being guilty of theft or murder, in order to escape the humiliations to which the citizen is daily subjected.

The tenacity and courage shown by these in their encounters with the police and national guards, are worthy of a better cause, and prove that such men, if led by a lawful ruler, and inspired with a love for their country, would form an army that would resist triumphantly any foreign invader.

All "brigands" are, indeed, not assassins.

Orazio, a valorous Roman, though a brigand, was respected and admired by all in Trastevere, particularly by the Roman women, who never fail to recognize and appreciate personal bravery.

He was reputed to be descended from the famous Horatius Cocles, who alone defended a bridge against the army of Porsenna, and, like him, curiously enough, had lost an eye. Orazio had served the Roman Republic with honor. While yet a beardless youth he was one of the first who, on the glorious 30th of April, charged and put to flight the foreign invaders.

In Palestrina he received an honorable wound in the forehead, and at Velletri, after unhorsing a Neapolitan officer with his arquebuss, deprived him of his arms, and carried him in triumph to Rome. Well would it have been for Julia and her friends had men of this type alone haunted the lonely plain! But when they were not far distant from the coast, a sudden shot, which brought the coachman down from his seat, informed our fugitives that they were about to be attacked by brigands, and were already in range of their muskets. Manlio instantly seized the reins and whipped the hones, but four of the band, armed to the teeth, rushed immediately at the horses' heads. "Do not stir, or you are a dead man," shouted one of the robbers, who appeared to be the leader. Manlio, convinced that resistance was useless, wisely remained immovable. In no very gallant tone, the ladies were bidden to descend, but, at the sight of so much beauty, the robbers became softened at first, for a time, and fixed their admiring looks upon the exquisite features of the youthful Clelia and the fair Englishwoman, with some promise of repentance. But their savage natures soon got the better of such a show of grace. The chief addressed the disconcerted party in a rough tone, saying, "Ladies, if you come with us quietly no harm shall happen to *you*, but if you resist, you will endanger your own lives; while, to show you that we are in earnest, I shall immediately shoot that man," pointing to Manlio, who remained stationary on the box. The effects produced upon the terrified women by this threat were various. Silvia and Aurelia burst into tears, and

Clelia turned deadly pale. Julia, better accustomed to encounter dangers, preserved her countenance with that fearlessness so characteristic of her countrywomen. "Will you not," said she, advancing close to the brigand, "take what we possess? we will willingly give you all we have;" putting, at the same time, a heavily-filled parse into his hand, "but spare our lives, and permit us to continue our journey."

The wretch, after carefully weighing the money, replied, "Not so, pretty lady," as he gazed with ardent eyes from her to Clelia; "it is by no means every day that we are favored by fortune with such charming plunder. We are in luck with such lovely ones. You must accompany us."

Julia remained silent, not realizing the villain's presumption; but Clelia, to whom the chill of despair which struck her when her father's life was menaced was yielding to a deeper horror still at the scoundrel's words, with a spasm of anger and terror, snatching her poniard from her bosom, sprang upon the unprepared bandit.

Julia, seeing the heroic resolution of her friend, also attacked him; but alas! they had not the chief alone to struggle with. His comrades came to his assistance, and the English girl was speedily overpowered, whilst Clelia was left vainly to assail him, for, although she succeeded in inflicting several wounds, they were of so slight a nature that, with the aid of a follower, he had no difficulty in wresting her weapon from her and securing her hands.

When Julia was dragged off by two of the ruffians towards some bushes, Aurelia and Silvia followed, entreating them not to kill her.

Manlio, who had attempted to leap to the ground to aid his daughter, had been instantly beaten to the earth, and was being dragged off in the direction of the same thicket by the band, while the chief brought up the rear with Clelia in his arms.

All appeared lost. Death – and worse than death – threatened them.

But they had not gone many paces before the knave whose vile arms encircled Julia was felled to the ground by a blow from a sudden hand; and Clelia gave a cry of joy as her deliverer raised her from the ground.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE LIBERATOR

Clelia's liberator, who had arrived so opportunely on the scene of violence, was by no means a giant, being not more than an inch or two above the ordinary height; but the erectness of his person, the amplitude of his chest, and the squareness of his shoulders, showed him to be a man of extraordinary strength.

As soon as this opportune hero who had come to the rescue of the weak, had stricken down the chief by a blow of his gun-butt upon the robber's skull, he levelled the barrel at the brigand who held Manlio in his grasp and shot him dead. Then, without waiting long to see the effect of his bullet – for this hunter of the wild boar had a sure eye – he turned to the direction pointed out by Clelia. She was still much agitated; but when she perceived her champion so far successful, she cried-

"Avanti! go after Julia, and rescue her. Oh, go!"

With the fleetness of the deer the young man sped away in pursuit of Julia's ravishers, and, to Clelia's instant relief, the English girl soon reappeared with their preserver; Julia's captors having taken to flight upon hearing the shots.

Reloading his gun, the stranger handed it to Manlio, and proceeded to appropriate to his own use those arms which he found upon the dead bodies of the brigands.

They then returned to the carriage, and found the horses grazing contentedly on the young grass that bordered the road.

For a little while no one found a voice. They stood absorbed in thoughts of joy, agitation, and gratitude; the women regarding the figure of the stranger with fervent admiration. How beautiful is valor, particularly when shown in the defense of honor and loveliness in woman, whose appreciation of courage is a deep instinct of her nature. Be a lover bold and fearless, as well as spotless, a despiser of death, as well as graceful in life, and you will not fail to win both praise and love from beauty.

This sympathy of the fair sex with lofty qualities in the sex of action has been the chief promoter of human civilization and social happiness.

For woman's love alone man has gradually put aside his masculine coarseness, and contempt for outward appearances, becoming docile, refined, and elegant, while his rougher virtue of courage was softened into chivalry.

So far from being his "inferior," woman was appointed the instructress of man, and designed by the Creator to mould and educate his moral nature.

We have said our fair travellers gazed with admiration at the fine person of the brigand – for "brigand" we must unwillingly confess their deliverer to be – and as they gazed, the younger members of the party, it may be acknowledged, imported into their glance a little more gratitude than the absent lovers, Attilio and Muzio, would perhaps have wished. But admiration gave place to *surprise*, when the brigand, taking Silvia's hand, kissed it, with tears, saying-

"You do not remember me, Signora? Look at my left eye: had it not been for your maternal care, the accident to it would have cost me my life."

"Orazio! Orazio!" cried the matron, embracing him. "Yes, it is indeed the son of my old friend."

"Yes, I am Orazio, whom you received in a dying condition, and nursed back to life; the poor orphan whom you nourished and fed when left in absolute need," he replied, as he returned her embrace tenderly.

After exchanging these words of recognition, and receiving others of ardent gratitude from the party, Orazio explained how he had been hunting in the neighborhood, when he saw the attack, and came to do what he could for the ladies. He advised Manlio to put them into the carriage again, and depart with all speed; "for," said he, "two of these bandits have escaped, and may possibly return with several of their band." Then, ascertaining the name of the port from which they intended sailing, he offered to become their charioteer, and, mounting the box, drove off rapidly in the direction of Porto d'Anzo.

Arrived there without further adventure, the freshness of the sea air seemed to put new life and spirits into our jaded travellers, and the effect upon the beautiful Julia in particular was perfectly marvellous. A daughter of the Queen of the Ocean, she, like almost all her children, was enamored of the sea, and pined for it when at a distance.

The sons of Britain scent the salt air wherever they live; they

are islanders with the ocean always near. They can understand the feeling of Xenophon's 1000 Greeks, when they again beheld the ocean after their long and dangerous Anabasis, and how they fell upon their knees, with joyful shouts of "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and saluted the green and silver Amphitrite as their mother, friend, and tutelary divinity.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE YACHT

The English girl broke out into pretty speeches of gladness when she caught sight of her little ship. "Dance, graceful naiad," ejaculated Julia, when she beheld it upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, "and spread your wings to bear away my friends to a place of safety. Who says I may not love thee as a friend, when I owe to thee so many glorious and free days? I love thee when the waters are like a mirror and reflect thy beauty upon their glassy bosom, and thou rockest lazily to the sigh of the gentle evening breeze which scarcely swells thy sails. I love thee still more when thou plungest, like a steed of Neptune, through the billows' snorting foam, driven by the storm, making thy way through the waves, and fearing no terror of the tempest. Now stretch thy wings for thy mistress, and bear her friends safe from this wicked shore!"

Julia's companions were in the mood to echo this spirit of joy and exultation, and eagerly gazed at the little vessel.

Not daring, however, to excite suspicion by conducting the whole of her party at once into Porto d'Anzo, Julia decided upon leaving Silvia and her daughter under the protection of Orazio, who would have been cut in pieces before he would have allowed them to be injured or insulted. They were to wait in a wood a short distance from the port, while Julia, taking with her Manlio, who acted the part of coachman, and Aurelia, as her

lady's maid, passed to the ship to make preparations to fetch the others. Capo d'Anzo forms the southern, and Civita Vecchia the northern limits of the dangerous and inhospitable Roman shore. The navigator steers his vessel warily when he puts out to sea in winter on this stormy coast, especially in a south-west wind, which has wrecked many a gallant ship there. The mouth of the Tiber, is only navigable by vessels that do not draw more than four or five feet of water, and this only during spring. On the left bank of the Tiber near Mount Circeli, dwelt of old the war-like Volsci, who gave the Romans no little trouble before those universal conquerors succeeded in subjugating them. The ruins of their ancient capital, Ardea, bear witness to its ancient prosperity.

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