

Choir Literature.

Jovinian: or the Early Days of Papal Rome

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The Campus Martius was at length reached. It was a gloomy spot, and called the Campus Martius, because it was here that the great virgin, convicted of breaking then laws, had for a punishment been condemned alive, to be burnt in a public furnace. The fatal pile had not, however, returned the privilege of being interred within the walls. Roman and Christian remained around, for only the priest and his attendants were allowed to enter the abode in the neighborhood of the spot deemed accursed. Beyond these the dark walls, rearing around the city, a sign of the ancient city of the idolaters, who were to and shut them in former days had been considered sufficient for its protection. Near it was the Porta Capena, from whence led the two important roads, the Via Sacra and the Via Nomentana, passing close to the emperor's bath erected by the Emperor Diocletian. There, people from all parts of the city had easy access to the spot. A large crowd such could be seen. Even some of the frequenters of the bath, sauntering forth, prompted by their curiosity to see what was taking place.

Cæsus had kept his intention a secret; how it had become known he could not tell. Although he wished to have some spectators who were likely to approve of his proceeding, he had no desire to have them witness a so large and mixed a concourse. Still, he was determined to go through with what he had undertaken.

The litter stopped near the centre of the field, on the summit of a slight elevation.

The earth turned up in heaps showed the entrance to the horrible tomb prepared for the hapless vestal. The sun was now sinking behind the Pincian hill, but still shone forth its rays above the trees which crowned its summit, and lighted up the dark litter and those who stood around. In the hollow below were the fossors, with the public executioner and his attendants, ready to receive the doomed vestal and to lead her into her tomb. Cæsus, who had to perform the part which would have been taken by the Pontifex Maximus—a dignity long held by the emperors as it was still by Constantine—raised his hands to the skies, but his words, if he uttered any, were not heard. He then gave directions to the bearers to place the litter on the ground, and advanced, in order to lead forth his victim. He started back. Without assistance a figure rose from within, and stepped forth, when, casting off the dark garment which enshrouded her, instead of Cæsus, the vestal Marcia, in her white robes, with a purple fillet encircling her brow, appeared in all her radiant beauty.

"She whom you cruel men would have destroyed has escaped!" she said. "Me you cannot accuse of the crime with which you falsely charge her. My eyes have been opened; from henceforth no longer will I serve your false goddesses! I declare myself a Christian, and appeal for protection to the emperor. Ah, you dare not stop me!" she added, as Cæsus, hoping that what she had said had not been heard by those around, stepped forward to grasp her arm. At the same moment several persons were seen approaching, who were at once perceived to be presbyters and other men of influence in the Christian Church. They were attended by several rioters and other officers of the law.

Cæsus drew back as Marcia spoke, but his presence of mind did not desert him. "I see that there is One who protects the Christians more powerful than the gods of the ancients," he exclaimed. "We were ignorantly endeavoring to perform what we considered our duty, but it is evident that a miracle—of which I have heard the Christians speak—has been wrought. Brother pontifex, what say you? For my own part I am inclined to embrace the faith which has become that of the fair and beautiful Marcia."

"Anything you please," muttered Gaius, in a low voice, "but it seems to me that we have gained but little by this proceeding." Cæsus, however, was, as has been seen, a man of prompt action. Ordering the fossors to fill in the tomb, he declared that from henceforth no vestal should be buried on that spot. He expressed his belief that he had been greatly deceived by some of the witnesses, who had been suborned to swear falsely against the innocent Cæsus. He then advanced towards Amulius and the other presbyters, and expressed his wish to be instructed in their faith. "I will," he added, "in the meantime retain my position as chief of the pontiffs, but it shall be that we may together design the means of advancing further the Christian religion."

Whether or not Amulius and the other presbyters trusted to the expressions of Cæsus it was difficult to say, but the larger number of persons among the crowd, many of whom were Christians, believed him; while the idolaters, who had been wont to look up to him as the director of their religious mysteries, were unable to comprehend the meaning of the wonderful change which had taken place. That the chief pontiff of Rome, who had clung to her idolatry, and even defied the emperor after he had expressed himself openly in favor of the new faith, should thus suddenly declare his intention of becoming a Christian, seemed to them a thing altogether incomprehensible.

The first rejoiced under the idea that they had gained a great accession to their strength, since the chief of their opponents had thus openly declared himself as willing to become one of their number; while to the crowd of heathens it was a matter of indifference so long as they should receive their accustomed doles of food, and could enjoy the spectacles with which they had so long been indulged.

CHAPTER XII.—CAPTURED.

When Jovinian found himself in the hands of the Roman soldier, he naturally struggled to get free. He was held fast, however, by the man who had seized him.

"Why, by Mars, I believe he must be the youth we were sent to look for with the slave Eros whom we captured yesterday and took back to his master, the pontiff Gaius," exclaimed the soldier, holding his

torch so that the light fell on Jovinian's countenance.

"Whether or not you speak the truth I am a Roman citizen, guilty of no crime, with perfect right, prompted by whatever cause, to visit the public baths," answered Jovinian, feeling that his best course was to put a bold face upon the matter, and not to exhibit any sign of fear.

"You cannot deny that you are the youth we are in search of, the nephew of the pontiff Gaius," said the soldier. "Although we have not yet seen you, we have heard you, and shall certainly reward you if you can give us any information for the other persons named in our list of names."

"What I can give you for the other persons named in your list of names, I am ready to do, but I am not in company with two or more persons. Will you consent to lead us to where your friends are concealed?" he requested, addressing Jovinian; "I will tell you if you do, for if we take them we will never see you again." So demanded was the soldier, that it did not seem to him that he was taking a man's soul which was sure to be false.

"I know not who those you speak of have gone, nor would I lead you to them if I did," answered Jovinian. "I insist, however, on being set at liberty. By what authority do you detain me?"

"By that of the grip I have on your arm," answered the soldier, laughing; "your boldness proves you to be the youth we were sent to look after, so come along, I say, and it you will not show us the way your friends have taken we must try and find it ourselves."

While the man was speaking some of his companions discovered the gallery along which Jovinian had been endeavoring to make his escape. "This way, this way!" cried several of the soldiers; "they must have gone down here, and we shall soon overtake them."

The party, dragging Jovinian with them, entered the gallery, but he observed that most of their torches were nearly burnt out, and he knew that if they continued on long they would be left in total darkness. This, however, the soldiers did not appear to have thought of. Jovinian was relieved of all anxiety about his friend Severus and the fossor from finding the soldiers proceeding along the gallery by which he had at first attempted to escape, until convinced that it was not the path he ought to have followed. What he had expected soon happened, first one torch went out, then another.

"We must beat a retreat, or we shall be losing our way," said the man who held him, calling to his comrades. "No time to lose! Quick! quick! our best plan is to retreat by the road we entered; let all the torches be put out except one, which will suffice to guide us; these galleries have no end, they say, or may conduct, for what I know, to the infernal regions."

Even the plan proposed availed the party but little. They had made their way much farther than they supposed along the galleries.

The first torch was quickly burnt out, a second and third were soon after extinguished, and in a short time, before they had got to any great distance from the entrance to the gallery where Jovinian had been captured, the torch alone of the soldier who held him by the arm was left alight.

"Here, Bassus," said his captor, addressing a comrade, "hold him fast and bring him along. I will go ahead and lead the way, or we shall be left in darkness."

The speaker hurried forward, and Jovinian felt his arm clasped by his fresh guard.

Directly afterwards the other man, in his eagerness, stumbled over a block of stone, and dropped his torch into a pool of water, by which it was immediately extinguished. The men groped their way in the direction they had before been going. "On! on!" cried their leader, "we must find our way out of this as fast as we can."

Other passages turned off from the gallery they had been following, and, as a natural consequence, some of the men went into one of them, others into a second, and more into a third, and then, suspecting that they were going wrong, they tried to retrace their steps, and in a short time, completely lost themselves.

Jovinian and his guard had not gone far when the latter whispered to him, "If you know your road out of this, and wish to make your escape, you are welcome to do so. It is my belief that we shall be all lost in this labyrinth; the further we go the less hope there will be for you. I would not involve you in our destruction. I am a Christian, and would gladly accompany you, but I must not desert my comrades." As Bassus spoke he released his captive's arm.

Jovinian was at first inclined to doubt the man, but this last remark convinced him that Bassus was a Christian.

"If you will accompany me I will try and find the way," he said; "and would rather have you with me than be alone." "No, no; go, and save yourself," said Bassus. "I am committing a military crime in letting you go, but I feel sure that I shall never be questioned on the subject."

At length Jovinian, finding that he could not persuade Bassus to accompany him, took his advice. With arms outstretched before him, he hastened along the gallery a way from the soldiers. He had carefully noted the distance he had come since leaving the mouth of the passage along which Severus and the fossor, he now felt sure, had proceeded. He hoped that they would come back and look for him, and if not, that he might be led by Providence to the abode of Gentianus. For some time he could hear the soldiers shouting to each other, but their cries grew fainter and fainter. The entrance to the gallery he was seeking for was on the left side, and then he ought, he supposed, to take the first opening on the right, instead, as he had before done, of going straight forward. On he went, but in the darkness his progress was of necessity very slow, still, as he had the path mapped, as it were, clearly in his mind, he proceeded without hesitation. At last he entered the gallery he was seeking for.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ASSASSINS.

The way before Jovinian was now unknown, and he had to walk with the greatest caution. He might meet with some

pit, or hole, or flight of steps, or the gallery might turn off abruptly to the right or left. He had heard that persons had been lost in these galleries, and wandered about for days, unable to find their way out, when they had sunk down from hunger and fatigue and died. The woe, however, heathens who had gone in pursuit of the Christian fugitives. The God of the Christians, he knew, could be watching over him; he, therefore, had no cowardly fears, but went forward in the full confidence that he would be protected.

Even with a torch the undertaking would have been a dubious one. It appeared to him that he had seen on the wall half a dozen or more. Every now and then he shouted out in the hopes that his amount bear him; but no answer came to his cries, except an occasional echo from the galleries on either hand. He remembered to have seen the fossor had proceeded on a considerable distance before they encountered the soldiers, so that it must of necessity take him a long time to get back. He was surprised that Severus and the fossor had not come to look for him, feeling confident that he was following the gallery they had taken. How much longer he wandered on he could scarcely tell. At times he felt almost inclined to sit down in despair; but then he said to himself, "He who watches over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; I will trust to him," and with renewed courage he went on. Although he might not discover the abode of Gentianus, or find his way out of the catacomb, he was sure to encounter some of the persons who might come to visit the tombs of their relatives, and they would certainly render him all the assistance in their power.

It also occurred to him that other parties might have been sent in search of Gentianus and Severus, and it would be dangerous to fall into their hands.

He might conceal himself, however, should he discover any suspicious-looking persons approaching. He was too anxious to experience any sensation of hunger, but he at length began to feel very weary. He fancied, indeed, that he must already have been groping his way for several hours. If so, he could hardly have proceeded in a straight line, and might, for what he could tell, be actually turning back in the direction from which he had come. "Had I myself only to depend on, such might be the case, but the God of love and mercy will lead me, I will trust Him," he exclaimed.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness, he found that he could move much faster than at first, and, with his hands stretched out, the instant his fingers came in contact with the rock, he was able easily to avoid it. At length his feet struck against a slab of stone. It was the facing of a tomb, which had never been placed in its intended position. This showed him that he was in a part of the galleries likely to be visited, and reminded him also that he might very probably stumble over other similar impediments.

He sat down to rest, at the same time listening for any sounds which might assist to guide him, should persons perchance be in any of the neighboring galleries. He had sat thus for some time, and was on the point of moving onwards, when a faint cry reached his ear; it came from the direction towards which he had been proceeding. He had gone a few paces when he saw a light streaming along the gallery, on the left. He hurried towards it. As he approached the spot from whence the light shone forth, he observed that it issued from a lantern held by a female, whom he recognized as Rufina. Another female, was bending over a person who lay stretched on the ground. The first was Julia, the other Eugenia, whom she appeared to be endeavoring to restore to animation, uttering, at the same time, expressions of grief and endearment.

"Oh, mother! mother! speak to me," she exclaimed. "Rufina, the danger is over; we have escaped our pursuers, and are safe here!" So engaged were Julia and Rufina in their efforts to recall Eugenia to consciousness that they had not heard Jovinian approach. Rufina, her ear catching the sound of his footsteps, at length perceived him. At first she cast towards him a look of alarm, but as she discovered who he was, she uttered an exclamation of joy. "Here is Jovinian, dear lady," she exclaimed; "your husband Severus cannot be far off, and we shall be able to escape from the wretches who were following us."

From what Jovinian heard he knew that Severus and his wife must still be wandering about the galleries, or else that they had been overtaken by some of the parties sent to capture them. Unwilling, however, to deprive his friends of the hopes Rufina had endeavored to raise, he did not express his fears, but, kneeling down by the side of Eugenia, he tried to assist Julia and Rufina in restoring her to animation.

"There is a fountain near," he said, "I heard the sound of the water bubbling forth as I came along, very likely a cup or basin may have been left near it to enable passers-by to drink; let me take the lantern, and I will quickly return."

"Oh, go! go!" said Julia, "we shall not fear to remain in darkness." He was not disappointed in his expectations, a small metal cup was placed in a niche by the side of the rock out of which the water bubbled forth, making its escape by some hidden course beneath the ground. This showed that the gallery must be frequently visited.

Jovinian hastened back with the cool liquid, with which Julia bathed her mother's brow and lips, pouring a small quantity down her throat.

Julia thanked him more by her looks than with her lips. "Oh, see! she is reviving now," she exclaimed. After a short time Eugenia was able to sit up, and declared herself strong enough to proceed, should it be necessary.

"We are as safe here as in any other part of the gallery," observed Rufina. "Should any person approach, we can seek for shelter in one of the many passages which turn off close to us."

(To be continued.)

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works; so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.—Quarles.

Making Farming a Business.

The reason why so many men fail to make farming a success is simply because they fail to make it a business. They at once conclude that "farming doesn't pay," and then go to work in such a manner as to entirely exclude the possibility of its ever paying. As a rule the successful agriculturist follows no other pursuit but that of trade. The lawyer or physician who attends to his clients, the merchant who devotes his time, energy, and talent to his profession. The outback who is engaged in his calling, makes diligent use of his time, and works for the acquisition of a goodly property, the majority of his land out. Not only does this theory hold true in all other branches of business, but it holds true of farming. The successful farmer does nothing for a livelihood but farm it. If he has money he invests it in a business that will improve his farm. He attends himself to no business but to work in an intelligent manner. Upon such a farmer no words stand as high as a man's head; nor are fence neglected, buildings dilapidated, implements left exposed to the weather, and stock unsupplied and uncared for, but everything denotes thrift and enterprise. It is really painful to go about the country and observe the number of neglected farms. Pigs, geese, ducks and cattle are allowed almost unlimited range. Weeds round the door yard, the orchard, the meadows even, unsightly. The good wife, in addition to her household cares, must milk the cows, feed the pigs, and do the "chores" generally. But where is the owner? Where and how does he spend his time? He is across the way hanging on his neighbor's fence talking politics, or he is in the nearest store or blacksmith shop talking gossip. Perhaps he is inspired with a desire to make some money, and is out "huckstering," or what is less laudable, selling a "patent right," that may be useful or not, just as it happens. But while he is earning a few dollars away from home, many dollars are being lost at home, because it is time to do Spring plowing, Summer harvesting or Fall sowing. Thus the years are passed and sympathizing ones remark: "He is a clever man, but somehow don't get along in the world," and all because he owns a farm, has a business, and yet fails to attend to it.

The Coming Potato.

A very practical and sensible communication appears in *The American Cultivator* from Wm. J. Fowler, of Pittsford, N. Y., on the subject of potatoe. He says the Peachblows have "run out," and thinks the reason may be found in planting unripe seed. Many believe that just as good crops may be raised from small potatoes as from large, full-grown potatoes. This may be true, provided the small potatoes are ripe. But small potatoes are not so likely to be ripe as large ones, and hence, it is much the better plan to plant only large ones.

In regard to the Early Rose, Mr. Fowler says: "The Early Rose is in quality superior to the average Peachblow. It is not, however, so good for late keeping, and, a worse defect still in the eyes of the growers, it is not nearly so productive as formerly. The truth is that the Early-Rose, like most very early potatoes, needs the richest soil. One reason for this is that land which is rich is always moister in the time when the potatoes are swelling. When we first grew the Early-Rose, eight or nine years ago, farmers planted them in garden as on the richest corners of their fields. It is in these rich spots that the immense yields, 'at the rate of' ever so many bushels per acre, were produced. Grown in ordinary soil, with only ordinary field culture, they often produce less than 100 bushels per acre, and in large pieces seldom go above 150 bushels.

"The Early Vermont potato is so nearly like the Rose that it has been doubted whether they were distinct varieties. There is a difference, but it is slight. The Vermont seems to be a seedling, reproducing the Early Rose as it was a few years ago. It is as yet of a little better quality than the Rose of to-day; but it also is deteriorating in productiveness, through being planted year after year on too poor land. The new seedlings, as a rule, 'run out' more quickly than our old varieties; probably from receiving less care and being planted on poor soil. A great many Early Rose and Early Vermont potatoes have been planted this year. Their early maturity makes the work of fighting the potato-beetle much less severe. This, at least, was what farmers hoped at planting time. In practice we find that the early potatoes have so much less vigorous vines that the potato beetle seeks them by preference over other varieties. The season for fighting the potato-beetle may be a short one; but it is sure to be an active one, if the potatoes are saved.

"The coming potato must be a strong, vigorous grower. The larger the vine the less liable the beetle is to lay her eggs on it; more likely the eggs are to be rotted by rains, dews, or the sap of the vine before hatching; and, when hatched, the more leaf there is for the larvae to eat before destroying the crop. The Late Rose and the Peerless have seemed to fill the bill for a profitable market potato better than any other varieties. They are immensely productive and have sufficiently vigorous tops. I have this year, however, seen and tested two new varieties which promise to be as nearly bug-proof as is possible. The first of these is Will's Seedling, an early potato, resembling Early Rose, but exceedingly vigorous and productive. One piece, which I examined this week, I should estimate at three hundred bushels per acre. The quality is excellent, equaling Early Rose. Its time of ripening is about a week later than that variety.

"The Eureka is the most promising new potato I know. It is apparently more productive than any other, and its top grows so vigorously that it would be impossible for potato beetles in our climate to keep it eaten down. It is also of superior quality and keeps well till late in the season. Some which I ate last May were better than any Peachblow I ever tasted so late in the season. When fairly introduced to the consumers of our large cities, the Eureka will rival, if not excel the Merzer and Peachblow of former days, or the Early Rose, Early Vermont, and Peerless of the present."

Scientific and Useful.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID. Break an egg until very light; add seasoning to the taste; then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened.—This will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress even very sensitive stomachs.

PREPARATION OF MILK.

It is worth knowing at this time of the year that milk may be kept sweet for a long time in an atmosphere strongly impregnated with acetic acid. This may be placed on a wooden support, suspended in a glass vessel, on the bottom of which some strong acetic acid is poured.

TO CLEAN SILK.

Take a quart of soft soap, a teaspoonful of cranberry and a pint of gin; mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters; and iron on the wrong side; it will look as good as new, and the process will not injure silks of even the most delicate colors.

ORANGE INSTEAD OF EGGS.

An exchange says: "It is not generally known that *Orbitus oratus*, when properly prepared, forms an excellent substitute for eggs in puddings. They must, for this purpose, be boiled and washed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among the other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of eggs. A pudding made up in this way is much lighter than when eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy, this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention."

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

Lay them on a clean table, and rub the surface gently with a sponge dampened with camphene, camphene and alcohol. Rub the glove into a cup containing the camphene, lift it out, squeeze it in the hand, and again rub gently with the sponge, to remove all the wrinkles. After this gather up the cuff in the hand and blow it to puff out the fingers, when it may be hung up by a thread to dry. This operation should not be conducted near a fire, owing to the inflammable nature of the camphene vapour.

TO CLEAN SILK.

Grate potatoe into clean, cold water, (one large potato to a quart of water). If the silk is light, pare the potatoe, it not merely wash them. Let it remain for forty-eight hours, then pour carefully into a tub, being careful not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. Take each piece of silk separately, dip it up and down in the water, being careful not to crease it; then hang it over a line, or on a horse, and let it drip. When you have dipped all the pieces, lay them on a clean table and wipe them dry. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side with a warm iron. This process will make the silk look almost as "good as new."

GOOD YEAST.

Take twelve large potatoes, wash them well, and put them on in a gallon of water, with a handful of hops when the potatoes are nearly done. Let it boil together until the potatoes are cooked. Take them up, peel, and wash them well; then strain the water upon them, and add one teaspoonful of sugar (white preferred) and one of salt. Two cupsful of sweet yeast to start fermentation. Set it near the fire until it begins to work, and then put it into bottles. Cork, and set them in a cool place. You should put water enough when done boil to make a gallon of yeast. Do not use a particle of flour in making this yeast. It will not bubble and ferment as much as common yeast, but is lively nevertheless. You must remember to use less salt than usual in making up the bread.

PRESERVING EGGS.

A writer in the *English Mechanic* says: "In the year 1871-72, I preserved eggs so perfectly that, after a lapse of six months, they were mistaken when brought to table for fresh laid eggs, and I believe they would have kept equally good for twelve months. My mode of preservation was to varnish the eggs as soon after they were laid as possible with a thin copal varnish, taking care that the whole of the shell was covered with the varnish. I subsequently found that by painting the eggs with fresh albumen, beaten up with a little salt, they were preserved equally well, and for as long a period. After varnishing or painting with albumen, I lay the eggs upon rough blotting-paper, as I found that, when allowed to rest till dry upon a plate or on the table, the albumen stuck so fast to the table or plate as to take away a chip out of the shell. This is entirely obviated by the use of the blotting paper. I pack the eggs in boxes of dry bran."

USE OF MILK.

There is one article of diet which all persons may take under all conditions, and that is milk. There are those who say they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc.; but that is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly. Now milk, I do not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in any and every condition. Perhaps it will require the addition of lime water, if marked acidity of the stomach is present; and perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat; and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but it may be put into a very irritable stomach, given in small quantities at intervals, with the help of some tonic, and have now come to believe that the use of even ice cold water, as a medicinal drink, and therefore as a substitute for milk, is not so beneficial as is often wished, provided too much is not taken one time.