## AURELIA;

# THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

He had once already forgiven Cornelia. It is true that the accusation was based on the most vague suspicions. But the two sisters, Ocellates and Varonilla, had been found guilty, and he had consented to let them choose their mode of death, and to banish their accomplices, whereas and to bauish their accomplices, whereas the former should have been buried alive,

and the latter condemned to die under the lash of the Pontifis.

It was indispensable that reparation should be made for such faults, and something done to compensate this indul-

To this end Marcus Regulus employed To this end Marcus Regulus employed all his industry. This worthy individual had admirably prepared his plan. By corrupting Doris, the divine Aurelia's hair-dresser, and by cultivating the acquaintance of the confiding Palestrion, he hoped to discover, at the same time, the relations existing between Metellus Celer and the Grand-Vestal, and the efficience of Floring Clemens and his

celer and the Grant vestar, and the affiliation of Flavius Clemens and his family with the worshippers of Christ.

But whilst Domitian was endeavoring to protect his throne, God sent before him the Bishop Clemens, the prince of this new society, the supreme Pontiff of the new Cread!

And whilst Marcus Regulus was seekand whilst Marcus regular to discover the secrets of the divine Aurelia's household, God was sending there the humble slave through whom Christ was to be embraced with undying

PART SECOND-THE SLAVE.

CHAPTER I. HYMENEAL DISAPPOINTMENTS OF A VES PILLO.

We must ask the reader to throw a retrospective glance on certain events which transpired in the tonsorial estab-lishment of the barber Eutrapeles, a few months previous to the incidents related

in the second chapter of this book.
Estrapeles's shop was one of the most elegant and fashionable establishments of the kind in Rome, where they were quite numerous and generally well patroniced. This shop, situated in the centre of the Forum, not far from the Græcostasis, had formerly belonged to Angustantia had been the state of the state of the formerly belonged to Angustantia had been the state of the state tus's barber, Licinius, whom Horace mentions in his Poetical Art.

Entrapeles, who had inherited it from his father—himself a tonsor of merit lief nothing undone to make his shop worthy of the fame of its founder. He entertained, probably, the secret hope that Domitian might confer upon him the Licinius had received at the hands of Augustus, who made a senator of his barber

Licinius owed that distinguished honor less to personal merit than to the rare ac-complishments of a magpie which he had taught to recite verses in praise of the Emperor. Eutrapoles's great ambition was to possess a bird whose talents would obliterate the memory of his predecessor's magpie. He succeeded, after several years of patient teaching, in training one whose incontestable superiority would have thrown Licinius into a fit of jealous

magpie of this ambitious barber imitated, with rare perfection, the human voice, the cries of animals, and even the sounds of instruments. Upon a sign sounds of instruments. Upon a sign from its master, it recited, with great ac-curacy, a pompone eulogy on Domitian As a matter of course, Entrapeles never As a matter of course, Entrapeles never failed to give the signal to his bird whenever a senator, a Pontiff, or some distinguished patrician came to intrust their heads into his skilfal hands.

The Trossuli, or dandies of that time, crowded the lucky barber's shop; and the matrons, the queens of beauty and fashing the statement of the statement

ion, never passed by without stopping their litter, their carpentum—the four-wheel carriage exclusively used by matrons of high rank—or their light charlots, lined with silk and inlaid with ivory, which they drove, themselves, with skill and daring. Entrapeles's magpie was a

It must be admitted that the barber was an artist of uncommon merit. The beaux proclaimed him the first tonsor in When a Trossulus came out of his hands, he could show himself safely at the porticos or on the Appian Way; his head bore the seal of that supreme elegance which, at all times, has attracted eyes and claimed the admiration of

The women found in Entrapeles's shop those thousand articles for their secret toilet which they would have sought in vain in the shops of Minucius's portico, of the Villa publica, the Via Sacra or the Septa Julia, with their varied and rich No other tensor could show such an

abundant supply of false tresses and glossy caris, of every variety of shade, from the flaming red to the deepest black; nowhere else could such perfect teeth be found, whether of bone, or ivory, or extracted from the human jaw; no-where those pliable straps of leather, those aromatic pomades of beautiful paste, destined to repair the ruins caused by time—the wrinkles, the angular form, the toothless gums, or the head prematurely bald.

When a matron, struggling against the to give new brilliancy to her eyes, she looked as if Venus herself had traced the delicate black lines which added their favorable shadow to the rosy and fresh complexion drawn from the small alabaster and pewter pots, which the estimable tradesman sold for their weight in gold.

tradesman sold for their weight in gold.

Entrapeles seemed to possess all the secrets of the Fortuna virilis, the goldess dear to the Roman ladies, because she concealed the defects of their beauty from the indiscreet eyes of the men. His shop was better attended than the two temples of this kind goddess, situated on the Palstine bridge and the Carmentales gate.

But, amidst all these perfections, Entraples had some slight faults; he was impertinent, vain, and lequacious in the extreme. For these defects, as well as for his qualities, he was without equal in

for his qualities, he was without equal in the tonsorial fraternity. There was no news, political or private, no wedding or funeral, no scandalous story or kitchen.

"Had she ever consented?"

Gurges seemed to think the question impertinent.

"Let us not quarrel about words," he

in this bachelor's home,—when he was quite alone behind his closed shutters, he gave a preconcerted signai, and, immediately, a man slipped in through a door which he discreetly held ajar. Eutrapeles had long conversations with this man. Who was he, and what was said in

Who was he, and what was said in these frequent interviews? The neighbors had tried to find out, but their curiosity had been invariably baffled.

On the evening of the fifth day preceding the calends of January, \$42, (28th of Dacember, \$41, for the Romans counted the days backwards), and sometime after the Saturnalia, which commenced on the 16th, previous to said calends (17th of December), and lasted one week, Entrapeles and his nightly visitor were sitting in the furthest end of the shop, according to their custom, and conversing in a subdued tone of voice, when a noise was heard at the door of the shop.

The countenances of the two men ex-pressed singular alarm and anxiety; but the familiar sound of a voice calling from

the familiar sound of a voice calling from outside, "Entrapeles! Entrapeles!" soon quieted their fears.

"It is Gurges, the vespille," said the barber; "he brings me certain articles of my trade, which I shall need for the gifts of the January calends. My Lord Regulus, have the goodness to step into this tepidarium (bath-room); this little affair will goon be settled." rill soon be settled."

Regulus disappeared behind the closet

door, and Entrapeles went to let Garges in. He was struck with the wild expres-sion of the vespillo's features and the dis-

order of his dress.
"Have you failed to bring the hair and the teeth I ordered?, exclaimed the bar-ber, whose first thought, like a good tradesman's, was for the evil conse-quences likely to result from the Vespillo's want of punctuality.

The latter made no answer, but he

threw at Eutrapeles's feet six magnificent long suits of hair, and a handful of freshly extracted teeth.
"Gurges, you are a great man!" cried

"Gurges, you are a great man the damiring barber." By Venus! you are the king of Vespillos. Ah! Phillenis, Gellia, Lesbia, Marcella, Lydia, and Phyllis, how charming you will look when these tresses, plaited by my skilful hands, will put between your rosy lips. But what is the matter with you, my poor

furges?"
"Entrapeles, I must speak to you," said Gurges gloomity, but in a firm voice.

"Impossible, my dear Gurges, imp ssible at this hour," replied Entrapeles, remembering Regulus's presence.

"I said I wanted to speak to you, and

I shall speak," repeated the vespillo, almost in anger. "The time is favorable! I selected it purposely." Speak, then, Gurges, but be quick, for

it is late, and I have but little time to give you," replied the barber, who saw give you," replied the barber, who saw that the only way to get rid of the vespille was to listen to him, and who hoped, be sides, that the conversation would not be long.

Caius-Tongilianus - Vespertinus-Gurge belonged to the worthy class of the agents of Libitina, the goddess of funerals, and his title of vespillo could be rendered in our language by that of "undertaker's aid." He was the son of Tongilianus, the master of ceremonies of the inexorable livinity.
This dignity, for nearly a century, had

been transmitted from father to son, in the Tongliana family, and gave its chief the right of marching at the head of funeral processions, preceded by lictors clad in mourning. Caius was only a vespillo; but he would

cans was only a vespino, on he would succeed his father, and when we have the prospect of a high rank, we are looked upon as somebody in this world, whatever be our presant condition.

Caius Tongilianus had taken the surname of Vespertinus as indicating his profession, exercised in the park hours of the evening. Garges was a glorious sur-

the evening. Garges was a glorious surreward of his great deeds; it meant a bold drinker who feared neither the number of the cyathi nor the depth of the amphorae.

The business connections of Gurges and Entrapeles will be easily understood. Entrapeles was in constant need of hair

Eutrapeies was in constant need of har-for the head-dresses of the matrons, his customers, and of teeth for the repair of the dismantied jaws confided to his care. Gurges alone could supply him with these indispensable articles of trade. His expert assistants could strip a head of its hair as quickly as an Indian takes his fallen enemy's scalp, and rob a jaw-bone of its mattering ornaments with the of its masticating ornaments with the skill of a modern dentist. This industry was of course illegal; and

t was no easy matter to avoid the vigil ance of the patrols appointed by the capi-tal Triumvir to watch over the inviolabil-ity of the tombs. But Garges managed ings so skilfully that he owned his sur name of Vespertinus to the ability with which he baffled the watchfulness of the

Were the Roman ladies aware of the origin of those soft tresses, arranged so gracefully over their brow by the skilful hands of their maids? We incline to a negative answer, for Eutrapeles was too gallant a tonsor; his delicacy of feeling was too exquisite, that he should frighten his charming customers with such revela tions.
Albeit, Gurges, who had not remarked

inroads of age, applied to Eutrapeles to the embarrassment and hesitation with simulate with a sooty ointment of his which Eutrapeles had consented to listen to his confidences, took a seat, and made to his confidences, took a seat, and made himself as comfortable as possible, pre-paring, evidently, for a long conversation. "Eatrapeles," he began, in a solemn "Eatrapeles," he began, in a solemn tone, "you were aware of my project of a tone, "you were aware of my project of a

tone, "you were aware of my project of a marriage with Cecilia, the young girl who lives with her father, not far from the Maximus Circus, and in the vicinity of the temple of Venus-Libitina, my favorite ! Well, by the Fates, the match

"Impossible, my dear Gurges, impossible!" exclaimed the barber, who was re-markably fond of using this adjective "And what may be the reason? Has

old Cecilius refused his consent?"
"Old Cecilius cannot oppose my marriage; he owes me ten thousand sestertii; but it's the little one who will no longer

"Had she ever consented?"

remarked, "since whether she had con-sented or no longer consents, amounts to

that my ten thousand sestertii are lost, since Cecilius does not possess a stips? And this is not it! The little one loves another man! Look you!" he cried, striking with his fist the table near which they were seated; I can't stand that, Eutrapeles! Yes, by Atropos, Lachesis, Pluto and Proserpina, I shall have revenge for this refusal!"

Garges was getting excited. The bar-

Garges was getting excited. The barber was growing impatient.

"Ah! you are a Christian, a Jewess, and you do not want me for your husband! I—"

band! I—"
A noise, like that of a person starting involuntarily, interrupted the angry Garges. It came from the adjoining closet.

"Eutrapeles, are we alone?" asked the vespillo with alarm.

"Quite alone, friend Garges," replied the barber, hastily. "It is probably water falling in the bath-tub of the tepidarium. But my amiable yespillo." he

arium. But, my amiable vespillo," he continued, drawing his seat nearer, and evincing a sudden interest in his visitor's story, "you must try not to get into a pas-sion, and not to go so fast. Come, Gar-ges, tell me the beginning of this love effair of yours, if you wish me to under-

"It is a long story, Entrapeles, and you are in such a hurry. But I shall abbrevi-

"I can always find time to listen to my friends when they are in trouble. Go on, my dear Garges."

my dear Garges."

The vespillo commenced his story.

"It is about a year since Cecilius, who was a mere scribe in Saturn's Treasury, was appointed collector of the taxes levied on those cursed Jews of the Capena gate,—may the Hades receive them! Cecilius removed to the neighborhood, and my father rented to him the small house we own near the Maximas Circus. You must know that Cecilius, who is poorer than Thersities. has proved. must know that Cecilius, who is poorer than Thersities, has never paid us a single sesterce. On the contrary, it is my money which . . . but I must not anticipate. Cecilius had been a widower for several years; he had but one daughter, the ungrateful Cecilia!"

Here the vespillo relieved his feelings

by several longdrawn sighs, and re

sumed,—
"Every morning, on my way to the temple of Venus Libitina, I would see her at her door, or at the window of her little cubiculum. I would then make her pleasant nod. Cecilia, my dear les, has seen three lustra and a half (seventeen years and a half). She is so beautiful that none of your fashion-able matrons could compare with her. But you have seen her, and you know hat I do not exaggerate. Eutrapeles nodded assent, and Gurges

esumed,—
"I resolved to push things briskly, and to marry Cecilia. My father raised some objection because she had nothing; but I convinced him that all the troubles of narried life come from the dowry (veni unt a dote sagitton); and, besides, he yielded to this great consideration, that a vespillo, — I don't know why,—seldom finds a woman willing to marry him."

Gurges heaved four great sighs: two of regret for the past; two of sadness for the omy future. "Having obtained my father's consent,

he continued, "I called on Cecilius. You see, Eutrapeles, I was acting honorably I spoke of marriage by confarreation which gives the wife the title of matron for I could not think of the coemption which looks so much like buying a woman, or of the marriage by usage which is hardly any better than concubin age. My future prospects are good mough, our fortune is known; I mad age. these legitimate advantages appear, and to be brief, Cecilius was delighted, and he accepted me for his son-in-law."

"And what did Cecilia say?" queried

Entrapeles.
"Cecili said nothing," acknowledged

the vespillo. "This was not giving you great hope," remarked Entrapeles.
"My good tonsor," quote Garges with a knowing air, "in such cases women

never reply anything."
"That may be," re simply. "Proceed." "Time is a great master, and in time I trusted to soften that rebellious heart. We come now to the period when Cecilius commenced borrowing money from me, and seemed to forget that he was my father's tenant. Yes, through the fallac ous hope I entertained that Cecilia was getting better disposed in my favor and that Cecilius would soon be my father-inlaw, I allowed myself to be coaxed out of several important sums! Eutrapeles, it is an infamy, a downright robbery!"
ried Gurges, in whom the remembrance
of his ten thousand sestertil seemed in-

variably to rouse a violent storm.
"My good friend," remarked Eutrape les, who had some literary preteusion,
"Juvenal, whom you know, has precisely
addressed a fine epistle to Corvinus to
console him for losing a like amount. You must read it, Gurges; those poets understand better than we do how to pour

balm on wounds.' balm on wounds."
"Finally," resumed the vespillo, "I was under the charm, although I must admit that matters were not progressing much; this did not prevent me from circulating this did not prevent me from croatening the report of my approaching marriage; for it seemed to me impossible that Oscilia should not make the promise so often an-nounced by her father. You remember, Eutrapeles, that I confided to you my

"Certainly, Garges, I cannot have for-gotten it; but amidst all these details, it eems to me you have forgotten something

What is that, my dear tonsor?" "You should have questioned Cecilia

I failed not to do so, Entrapeles; but I obtained this answer: That my name,— Garges,—did not suit her, and my trade

respillo still less. Then, my friend, the game was lost." Young girls are so capricious, Entra-es. They desire to-morrow what they

sed to-day."

Agreed. But out of prudence, you Agreed. But out of prudence, you Agreed. should have held on to your sestertii until the matter was settled."

"I had already given them away, Eutrapeles."
"Was Cecilia aware of this?"

"Was Cecilia aware of this?"
"Not at all. When Cecilius berrowed
money from me, he always said, 'Do not
mention it to my daughter.' And Cecilia,
when I wished to make her some slight

gossip, that Entrapeles did not know in all their particulars, and was not always ready to repeat to every new comer.

Withal, there was a mystery in the life of this m in so joy al in apperance, so familiar and talkative.

Almost every night, when Entrapeles had sent away his numerous attendants and the robust Syrian girl—the only servant remarked, "since whether she had consents, amounts to the same thing."

Well, my dear Gurges, how can you help that?" remarked Entrapeles, who was anxious to end the conversation.

"How can I help that?" Is this the same thing."

"How can I help that? Is this the sunswer to be expected from a friend? and Christians. What does it mean? Are these people in any way connected

with the disappointment you have suf-

Undoubtedly," replied Gurges; "tha is the crowning piece! The wretches!
This is the way the thing happened:
Cecilius was in earnest; at least, I think
so, for he was singularly flattered by the
prospect of his daughter's marriage; it
secured quiet comfort for his old age. He does not spare Cecilia, whom he calls re-bellious and impious, and whose new superstition he says is infamous, and he wants to crosh it. Cecilius is quite as angry as I am. The more so, as he would lose his place if it should be discovered . You understand?"

lose his place if it should be discovered
You understand?"

"Perfectly. But to the point, Gurges,
to the point! Semper ad eventum festina,
hasten towards the event."

"I am coming to it, Eutrapeles. But,
in order to make things clear, I have to
go into so many particulars. But I shall
be brief. Here is the conversation I had
yesterday,—it is recent, as you see,—
with Cecilius; the catastrophe was not
long following it. Tired with all those
delays, I went, yesterday morning, to see
Cecilius. "Is your daughter here?' I asked.

"'No, Gurges, she has gone to the Forum pistorium,' (the bread-market). Cecilius, are you aware that daughter never remains at home during your absence. Where does she go?'

your absence. Where does she go?"
"My dear Gurges, she goes most of the
time to the Palatine, to see a matron of high rank, who protects her, and whose name is Flavia Domitilla." "Look you, Eutrapeles, we are not alone

here!" exclaimed Gurges, who had heard again a noise in the tepidarium. "I must The vespillo was rising to ascertain the

cause of the noise; but Eutrapeles per-euaded him once more that it was only the water flowing into the bath-tub. Gurges appeared satisfied with the exlanation, and resumed :are sure of this?' I asked

"'Perfectly sure, Garges. My daughter coes there with an old woman named betroulla, who lives there, near the capenagate. What will you? My duties seep me away all day, and Cecilia must ake some recreation. She has no mother o stay with her.

I replied, somewhat "'Certainly,' soothed. Then I added: Well, Cecilius, has she made up her mind yet?
"'No, Gurges, I am sorry to say that she ssems to give little thought to what

is the object of my daily entreaties."

"It is evident she has not ref has not reflected enough upon marriage. Cecilius, an idea has suggested itself to my mind. What f we were to place your daughter under the influence of the little god Jugatinus?" "'It is a marvellous good thought, dear

Gurges!'
"'We shall fix a sacellum (a little

chapel) in her cubiculum.'
"' Have you a little god Jugatinus?" "'Have you a little god Jugatinus?"

"'I bought one, yesterday, in the Triumphal Way!' And I showed to Cecilius a small status of the little god, which
I had brought concealed in my tunic. It
was gilded, crowned with flowers, ornamented with small bands of yellow,—the
color of Hymen. 'Suppose we carry out
our project immediately,' I added.
'When Cecilia returns, she will see the
sacellum, and, perhaps, the little god will
begin to operate, for she will naturally begin to operate, for she will naturally think that I alone could have had the idea of this delicate attention.

"' Nothing easier, my dear Gurges But let us make haste, for Cecilia will on return for the jentaculum (break "We went up to Cecilia's cubiculum,

continued Gurges, "and penetrated into that sanctuary, until then forbidden to Here the vespillo would have willingly expatied on all his impressions, and had in fact commenced describing his tender emotion at the sight of Cecilia's virginal

retreat, when Eutrapeles, who was anxiously expecting the conclusion, interrupt Gurges! Garges!" he said affectionsuch cases women by, "it is getting late, my good frien understand your feelings,—but le make haste; what happened next?"
"We had just done arranging - but let us

"We had just done arranging the sacellum, when we heard Cecilia's voice, as sweet as Philomela's! She was coming up to her cubiculum. We withdrew quickly, for we wished to enjoy, unseen, her surprise and to observe her countenance. Ah! Eutrapeles, how shall I relate what followed?" Courage, Gurges, courage, my friend!"

said the tonsor, who saw the catastrophe coming.
"Cecilia, as soon as she came in, discovered Jugatinus, and seizing it—I remember those incredible words—'An idol in my room!' she cried, and the little god, hurled through the windows, was harken to wisce on the street, was

was broken to pieces on the street pave Daughter! daughter! What are you doing? exclaimed Cecilins, who sprang forward, but too late, to prevent the rash act. 'Wretched girl,' it is a sac-

rilege!'
"Ah! father, you were there! and
you also, Gurges!' said she, recognizing
me. 'I understand now! Well, so be
it. The time has come when the truth
must be known. Father, I am a Christhere is a christian it was my duty must be known. Father, I am a Christian; and as a Christian it was my duty to act as I have done! Gurges,' she added, turning to me, 'cease to persecute me with your love. I can never be your

"I was overwhelmed," the vespillo entinued; "I would live to be as old as continued Nestor, that this imposing, solemn scene, would remain green in my memory. Cewould remain green in my memory. Ce-cilia was calm, serene, so majestic, and, at the same time so inflaxible in her re-solve that I could not find a single word of entreaty. As for Cecilius, his anger was fearful to behold. He cursed his daughter, and I was compelled to hold him back, or he would have killed her. But he swore that Cecilia should re-nonnce this infamous superstition, or But he swore that Cecina should re-nounce this infamous superstition, or that he would invoke the law, and use all the authority of an off-ended father. The poor man saw misfortune and dis-honor before him. Kuown as the father of a Christian, he must doubtless lose his office, the only resource of his old age."

"Ah! Cacilia! he exclaimed, after this terrible outburst of anger had sub-sided, 'it is those Jews of Capena gate who have ruined you! I should have watched over you more carefully, and not permit you to keep company with that old Patronilla'

"These last words were for me as a ray "These last words were for me as a ray of light. I hurried away to follow the threads of this intamous web by which a father was robbed of his child, and I of the only treasure I had ever wished to possess. I know all, Eutrapeles! It is but too true! Cecilia is a Jewess. That but too true! Cecilia is a Jewess. That old woman, Petronilla, has perverted

her. She and a matron of high rank, Flavia Domitilla, the emperor's relation, have inveigled her into this superstition. And I, I am only Gurges, the vespillo; an odious being, forsaken and scoffed at; who has paid his shame ten thousand sestertii! O venueance! O furies! O furies

sestertii! O vengeance! O furies!
What shall I do, Eutrapeles?"
The question was asked in a tone of
the deepest despondency. Eutrapeles

the deepest despondency. Eutrapeles seemed to reflect.

"Friend Gurges," he said at last, "this is a very serious matter; but I shall come to your assistance, doubt it not. However, I shall require a few days of reflection. I see a means, but it must be used with prudence on account of Flavia Domitilla. We shall work things right. It is very late; go home, my friend, and leave me the care of your vengeance."

The tone in which this was said was so earnest, so full of assurance, that Garges doubted not that he had found a powerful auxiliary. He allowed himself to be gently led out of the shop by the crafty barber who, replying to his supplications by re-

iary. He allowed himself to be gently led out of the shop by the crafty barber who, replying to his supplications by renewed promises of assistance, bade him good-night, and closed the door upon him with great carefulness.

When Entrapeles returned to the end of the shop where he and Gurges had had the interesting conversation we have narrated, he found Regulus waiting.

"Well my lord," said he.

"Well, my lord," said he.
"By Hercules! Eutrapeles, this is wonderful luck. At the very start I am on the track of those Christians of whom I was speaking to you when the vespille came in, and who give so much uneasiness to the divine Domitian. This little gir will be very useful to us; we shall know "You have your plan?"
"Certainly, Entrapeles, Whilst listen

ing to your conversation, certain ideas have suggested themselves to my mind In the first place it is necessary that the In the first place it is necessary that vespillo should get back his ten the and sesterfii, and that his claim agains Cecilius should pass into my hands. shall have a hold on him by this mean and by making him uneasy, besides, about his situation, I shall lead him to do what I please. To morrow you will have the money,—see that the transfer is made without delay. Ah! whilst I think of it, in order to remain free in our movements. we must use the name of a third par I shall make him known to you in go ime. As for the girl, we shan see o be done; I shall attend to it: As for the girl, we shall see what is little care, prudence, and precision, yo promise to the vespillo will be falfill without giving yourself the least trouble Good-night."

And Regulus, leaving the tavern, soon lost in the darkness which filled the streets of Rome. As Eutrapeles closed his door, a hopeful smile illumined his features.

"Who knows," he thought, "but that this matter will result in securing for me the senatorial purple with which the divine Augustus rewarded my predeces-

### CHAPTER II.

THE CRYPT OF LIBITINA'S WOODS,

Cecilius was an old freedman who had Cecilius was an old reedman who had purchased his freedom with the patiently accumulated proceeds of his daily savings on the diarium, or ration of wheat granted to the slaves by their masters. He was, nevertheless, a Roman citizen, for he had stipulated the great manumission which comferred upon the freedman the which conferred upon the freedman the same rights as his former owner enjoyed. same rights as his former owner enjoyed.

After passing forty years in bondage,
Cecilus had found himself, at last,
master of his own person, and at liberty
to carve his own fortune; but, for a long
time, his change of condition had only
brought him the misfortune and hard
trials which were the share of the weak

in a society where public compassion,— this Christian and modern virtue,—did no In fact, the only assistance tendered disdainfully to the poor,—not to console, but rather to debase them still more, and to keep them in perpetual depend- and one by one these inhabitants of ence,—consisted in the sportule or the panariolum, that is, alms of a trifling amount, or rations of inferior food, ostenamount, or rations of inferior food, osten-tatiously distributed by the nomenclators of the patrons to the tumultous crowd of clients assembled at the door of their

sumptuous mansions.

In his capacity of freedman, Cecilus reclient of his former owner, and he had had to earn the sportule by continual acts of cringing meanness,—the usual price of these parsimonious liberali ties. Such necessities cannot redeem the soul debased by slavery, and do not pre-pare man for the exercise of that dignity Such necessities cannot redeem the which he may need in certain circun

stances of his life.
Cecilius, a freeman and a citizen, had remained a slave at heart. To satis selfish instincts, this man would have sacrificed, if necessary, the dearest and most sacred objects of his affection; and

most sacred objects of his all scion; and to conquer the enjoyments of life, for which he thirsted, would not have stopped before an abject or guilty action.

The manner in which he had encouraged the hopes of Gurges, and the loans he had obtained from him through the arrange of his daughter's early conthe promise of his daughter's early con-sent, at a time when he was certain of her opposition to the match, have already induced the reader to form a poor opinion

of his honesty.

Albeit, a somewhat extraordinary cir-Albeit, a somewhat extraordinary circumstance had brought a sudden and im portant improvement in the freeman's affairs. He had saved the life of the con sul Afranius Dexter, by protecting him from the fury of one of his freedmen, wh attempted to murder him. The consul in his gratitude, gave his rescuer a wife, a dowry, and the lucrative office of scribe

in Saturn's treasury.

Cecilia was born in the first year o this marriage, and her childhood had been much neglected. Her mother died while she was yet in her infancy, and her father, from his habits, his instincts and his character, was ill suited for the task of devotion and tender solicitude imposed by a young girl's education.

### TO BE CONTINUED. PATRICK IS STYLISH.

From the Freeman's Journal. Queen Victoria has ordered one of her grandsons to be named Patrick. The name will now become so common among the American Auglophiles tha you cannot know a real Irishman when you see him. That half baked Irishman out in St. Louis who petitioned the Missouri Legislature to change his name from Patrick to Percy will be sorry now.

which it contained, one object especially attracted my attention; not because of its intrinsic or artistic value, but on account of its oddity. It was a violin made out of bits and clippings or tin, rather awkwardly soldered together, yet recalling the form of the king of instruments.

I inquired of the keeper what could have procured for this poor old fiddle the honors of a permanent exhibition in such noble company; but notwith standing the loquacity natural to a cicerone, and the imaginativeness natural to a Southerner, the old fellow was obliged to confess that he did not know.

I was then an orderly of the King of Naples. When, that evening, I entered upon my duties at the palace, I spoke to some of the officers of my visit to the museum, and of the odd in strument I had there noticed. At first no one could tell me anything about it. A few had seen it, and, like me, had wondered why that ugly thing had been placed among so many art treasures; but their curiosity had not gone so far as to lead them to inquire particularly concerning this important question. I had already determined to give up the investigation, and I verily believe I had forgotten the incident, when the Duke de Casa Calenda, who was one of my colleagues in the service of His Majesty, and of whose exquisite politeness and most obliging disposition I had had a hundred proofs, brought to me the Marquis de Rivalo and introduced him to me, saying that he knew the history of the violin in question, and of its admission to the museum. Here is what the cou-sin of Casa Calenda then related:

One evening-it was, I believe, in 1832, Paganini was to come to the palace, to play before the Court some secret he has kept; for he alone could attempt and accomplish what no one has dared to essay since the days of this immortal artist, who obtained from his violin tones and effects which have justly caused him to be proclaimed the incomparable Paganini. It was in the month of July, if I

rightly remember; the concert was to take place at 8 o'clock, but by 7 o'clock the carriages began to arrive at the palace and the Via di Toledo was full of people. Our beautiful bay was flooded with light, for the sun, away down the horizon, about to disappear beneath the waves, seemed to caress with a last glance of love this shore to winter is unknown. Like a god who changes to purple, gold or precious stones, everything which his gaze but lights upon, the sun caused the waves to sparkle, while invisible genii hung above his downy couch and shining curtains of clouds, which seemed like a magic cloth, woven of golden rays and azure vapors. distance, one could see the passing sail of some felucca from Sorrento, or the upright sculptured prow of a gondola, which might have been taken for the whits wings of some halcyon skimming the waves, or for a swan with elegant and majestic carriage slowly sailing to land. Upon the shore, the sea-birds, anxious and hurried, flew in large circles, and flung towards the king of day, who was about to disappear beneath the blue sea, a harsh and sharp cry-a prayer or a reproachthe air were seen to disappear within the clefts of the rocks, where they were about to hide their heads beneath their wings, in order that they might not see the darkness, but peacefully sleep until morning. As the daylight faded away large gleams of red light became more and more visible on the east of the bay; it was Vesuvius that was being lighted like a gigantic light-house, to guide homeward the gondolas, which all the day long glides over the most beautiful bay in the world.

Although familiar with the splendors of those sunsets, for they are daily, the gondoliers and the fishermen leaned upon the quay or upon the side of their boats to admire them. Even the lazzaroni, lazily lying upon the steps of the palaces, raised themselves upon one elbow, to address a last, long look to the setting sun ; and the carriages, the horsemen and the promenaders that filled the street, walked, or moderated their speed to look towards the west.

As one approached the upper portion of the Via di Toledo, the came more and more dense and the carriages more and more numerous, for it was towards the Royal Palace that most of the carriages were going, and the crowd was increased by the idlers and curiosity hunters who came to see the "upper ten" alighting from their carriages. Therefore, it was not without some difficulty that a tall, spare and eccentric looking man, of some fifty years of age, elbowed his way through the populace that crowded the sidewalks. He had just crossed the Via Frattina, when he suddenly stopped and listened. For a minute he listened so attentively that he did not discover that the crowd was pushing him and carrying nim along towards the palace until the strange sounds which struck his ear appeared to become more and more remote.

' Per Giove!" cried he, speaking to himself, "what instrument can that be?" He listened again. "It sounds like a clarionet," he said aloud, "and vet it is a stringed instrument! What can it be? And his curiosity, I should perhaps say his anxiety, became so great that he bravely pushed against the ever increasing crowd, and returned to the entrance of Via Frattina.

Here there was an open space, and saw sitting upon the steps of a pals but a few doors away from the gr thoroughfare which the multit crowded, an old man playing a vio He was playing before a lazzar who dozed, leaning against a colum and three or four bambini in tatt who, standing with legs wide ap listened as they ate remnants of anges, or gnawed away at waterm rinds. By the side of the old man a little boy, who held upon his kn misshapen hat, which was protabl serve as a contribution box, bu which there was not a single car since no one had listened to the musician.

When he saw the old man pla the violin the listener was more b dered than before. He saw, and onot believe ; for his ear told him positively than ever that those not be the sounds of a violin, had gion of katydids been put into it. stepped forward, and was at last pelled to admit that it was a violin one made of tin-whence those un He looked, listening, when the

minstrel stopped to search his por from which he at last drew a pic rosin, upon which he rubed his vigorously, preparing probable make use of all his means to plea one genuine auditor who had come, and whose attentive air a nevolent smile caused him to ho a few carlini-the first that day, But, just as he was about to r the instrument under his chi stranger stopped him and said : don me, my friend, but what is "Why, it's a violin, as you ca

Signor!" answered the other, what hurt that any one should recognize it. Yes, to be sure," continu stranger, who understood the t old artist, and did not wound his feelings, "it is a viol—an extraordinary one! Will low me to look at it?" The old man handed it to hi

The old man named it to assumed the dejected look con-old paupers, when you ask that anything, without emphasizing request by putting your fingyour vest pocket. After having turned it over der to examine it on all si stranger said to the old man did you get the notion of havin

violin made?"-for it was un ably made of tin.
"Papa made it!" proudly s "Yes," answered the old " it was the child's fat

son, who made it." Nor was without a touch of pride. "Ah!" said the auditor ; " gave your son the idea of man a tin violin?" he repeated. 'I'il tell you," replied the plly. "My son is a tinner sadly. "My son is a tinner seven children, and his wag one scudo a day. One scudo, sighing, is but little for ten he, his wife, the children ar (for he never would hear of i to the poorhouse), and so we w so poor that I often thought

out begging, since I am to work upon the quay—bu ashamed." He was silent for stant, and then continued long ago I had learned to violin, and many a time hav for the merry dancers; and myself that if I could only strument, I could play in t and bring home a few car evening. But how can or violin when one has no mo bread! And yet, I had spot so often that my Giuseppe, good son and a good workm tool, began to make one for the worthless clippings abo of his employer. He must a month at least making it ing a violin is no easy job

At last he succeeded, and o he brought me-'Yes, I understand," the stranger, stretching to take the bow. "Will y

to try it?" The old man gave hi Then the stranger pick strings with his fingers a tune the instrument. It that he did it not unskilf owner, smiling in a frien said to him: "Ah, you a

trade, too? "Humph! just a bit," smiling; and as the vio gave one stroke of the b ous, so masterly, that the even the children, looked deringly; for in Italy ev artist by instinct.

After a short prelude, give him the range and the instrument, the ecce man whom I introduced transfigured; the lines at became sharper and de neath his thick eye b depths of his cavernous appeared; and as he pla grew and developed, ill face and ennobling the of the weird player, w have forgotten both the was and the people who surround him; for he whole soul to the breath even as a vessel opens favoring breeze, or as of antiquity, possessed her god, gave up all h prophetic ecstasy which vious of earthly things.

In the meantime, the tinued to proceed slow palace, whither they aristocracy of Napl that had gathered at the Via Frattina attra tion of a lady, who re-