## PALMS

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMPAGNA AND ITS GHOSTS -PAGAN CHIVALRY AND PAGAN FANATICISM.

The dawn crept sleepily up the Sabine mountains, on whose snow-ca peaks the last pale stars looked d The picturesque outlines of the Alban with their richly wooded slopes and treasures of unsurpassed beauty, were still blurred and darkened by the lingering shadows of night. The lingering shadows of night. The mass-ive arches of the great aqueducts, stretching along the Agro Romano, added to the solemnity of the scene wherever the grandeur of their prowherever the grandeur of their pro-portions, which projected still deeper shadows into the dimness beyond, could be discerned. The hooting of an owl from an old ivy-covered tomb accented the silence; the wind swept with a low, plaintive sound through the feathery grasses, and echoed like a sigh through the pines, which reared their golden s near by.

same purpose?

in these subterranean

ecret retreats, had been known to the

Christian priesthood, and transmitted-

though hundreds of

own eyes;

supreme but misdirected heroism,

arrowing spectacles were over.

the

thousands

And had not even Emperors

that

Everything looked ghostly, indefin cealed themselves from t vengeance of insurrections? able, shadowy; and when an armor-clad man, mounted on a powerful horse, emerged out of the near misty gloom, as if out of the air, they seemed the most unreal of all. The brute's hoofs made no sound on the soft, grass-grown earth; and his rider, motionless and silent, was content to let him choose his own gait until, having reached one of the great arches of the Anio Novus, of the two aqueducts referred to-the Claudian and the Anio Novus-the latter was by far the grandest, some of its arches reaching a height of a hun-dred and twenty feet, while its length, from the walls of Rome to the bosom of the mountain whose springs supplied it, was sixty miles,) he drew rein. The halt was needed by both, the journey from which they were returning having been long and rugged.

The rider was Nemesius, on his way back from an old fortress that command ed an important pass in the Sabine range, and which was garrisoned by two companies of his own veterans. News had been brought to him of a threatened mutiny, and, after reporting to the Emperor, he had at once mounted, and proceeded with reinforcements to the cene. The sight of the old commander, under whom the soldiers had won laurels in Gaul, aroused their spirit of military obedience, which in-action, and the long absence of their leader, had relaxed. The sight of his Mashing eyes, his ringing words which recalled the victories of the past, excited their enthusiasm and re-awakened their loyalty. However, two of the ringleaders, a German and a Briton, remained for a time obstinately sullen and defiant ; but the stern military law of that day, which required swift exe cution, removed the last obstacle to the restoration of discipline; and the com mander, well satisfied with the result, after distributing his reinforcement ng the recently disaffected garrison felt at liberty to depart. He accepted an escort as far as the Campagna, then dismissed it, and proceeded alone.

For some time past, the never too friendly relations between Rome and Persia were becoming more strained ; there existed between the two nations a spirit of smouldering defiance, which at any moment was likely to break out in open hostilities. Conscious of this, and not averse to the issue, Valerian prepared for it by a vigorous reorgani-zation of his armies, a strengthening of the Roman defences far and near ; and, to propitiate the gods, he issued more and unmerciful edicts agains the Christions than any that had yet emanated from his malign soul.

This is how it happened that Neme

wept down the wooded slopes, dispersone or two pozzuolana pits, an ancient ing the last purple shadows, burnish one or two pozzionana provident tomb, travertine quarry, and the ruined tomb, all overgrown with brambles, hanging and interlacing vines. That ing the trees with gold, steeping the whole Campagna-its farm-lands, its vetches, and interlacing vines. That was all. A cow lay among the lush grass, lazily chewing her cud, and villages, its pastures of billowy green, its stately villas, its fields of grain ripening for the harvest, its countless herds, the noble acqueducts, the groves for the harvest, its countly turned her great, sleepy eyes with supreme indifference upon Nemesius; a white goat, perched on a fragrant of with of orange and olive—in a great tide of golden light, which, swiftly spreading, fixed his slanting, ambe cast the benison of its glory across to the blue dancing waters of the sea. eyes on his, and with twitching nostrils eemed to ask the object of his intru-

Between the far-stretching purple shadows cast by the aqueducts, as the light streamed through their lofty A moment's reflection, however, eemed to explain the mysterious occurr arches, scarlet poppies, yellow cistus, and pink-frilled daisies, made oases of rich and varied hues. The wild flowerseeme to explain the mysterious because ence. Nemesius felt assured that those he had seen were Christians, going into the catacombs to assist at the secret functions of their banned and outlawed faith. Did not the quarries of tufa and average and the more and average average. ing vines that clambered up the ancient ruins that were to be seen here and there, the flaunting gorses and travertine, and the pozzuolana caves, which had been worked from the remot which had found a home for wall-flowers themselves high up between the traver-tine blocks of the acqueducts, over est times to supply Rome and the neigh boring cities with building material, give whose mighty arches ivies were already access to the ancient sand-pits, with which the whole extent of the Agro weaving their emerald net-work, brightened and glistened and smiled in Romano had been pierced for the same purpose? Was it not known the light just risen out of darkness while above all the blue air was musiit not known cal with the fluting of larks, and the softer warble of thrushes. All the wide, beautiful spaces over rinths, criminals, assassins, robbers and political offenders, had in fortimes found refuge from aveng

the Agro Romano, as far the eye could reach, were astir with life. Thousands ing justice, and safety from pursuit f sheep followed the piping shepherds looking like great to rich pasturage, Had not snowdrifts among the green ; buffalces, surly, savage looking beasts, with short legs, curled horns, and shaggy coats, the first great persecution of over two centuries before, under the edicts of Nero, opened the secret ways of these retreats to the hunted followers of the patiently browsed while waiting to be gin their dreary work of hauling enor-mous loads; wide-horned, gray oxen Christus, who survived the rack, the flame, and the sword : and to their dead, who, having sealed their faith howed their necks to the yoke, and t dead, who, having sealed their faith with their blood, and won their palms, were deposited here in peace? From that early time the key to these intricate, winding galleries, these mysterious chambers and most the wild songs of the Campagna, as old as the hills which embraced

teros, with long poles in hand, had an active task to keep the wild colts, of active task to which they had charge, from straying beyond reach of all efforts to catch them, even by the help of the lasso they carried.

sacred trust-to those who came after them. And now in this fresh perse-cution, under Valerian, new genera-tions of the despised sect, defying the Gay bands of peasants, driving donkeys laden with panniers of fruit, vegetables, and other marketable things, were hurrying, with song and jest, towards the city gates, their wares gods as their predecessors had done, found safety in these wide-spreading, covered with flowers, as was every step of the way under their feet; and now subterranean cities of refuge, where no man, however brave he might be, vn-acquainted with their mysterious netand then a squad of mounted soldiers swept by, intent on some military errand that brooked no delay. Under work, would dare venture in pursuit. Nemesius knew that in seven great ersecutions since that of Nero, alall this brightness and beauty of blue skies and golden sheen, lay the dead cities of Latium ; and under them the Christians had been put to death, the was not extinct ; their numbers

cities of the silent, waiting dead. The Campagna of to-day, over which not lessened, but increased; their strong faith in the Christus of their a dreamy loveliness broods; where deadly miasms lurk amid its vine-clad worship not diminished, but strength-ened. To what principle was to be at-tributed such deathless faith? What deadly masms fork and its vine that ruins and blooming wastes; where the beautiful hills, unchanged, still guard its borders; where the sea along its cost crowns the departed glory with a mighty daemon, at enmity with the gods, helped them to defy and endure pale aureole of light ; where the Ro torture and death under its most fright man sunshine pours its gold, and broidful aspects, rather than compromise their faith by the faintest sign, or a ers it in arabesques of purple and green and crimson, and where its unforgotten past holds the mind in thrall as under whispered word—even by so small a thing as casting a single grain of ina spell-is not like the Campagna of doing they would have purchased life, freedom, honors, and riches? Nemesthe year of our Lord 257, in the reign of Valerian Imperator, about the time in which the scenes of the present story ius had witnessed these things with his called them acts of are laid.

It had been, it is true, in days re mote from that period, the threshing-floor of hostile and semi-barbarous indiscerning their supernatural incentive, or the grave questions which involun-tarily arose in his mind after the soulvaders, who had trodden out its rich cities, leaving only their husks in heaps of formless ruin to mark the site The brave commander of the Imperial where they had stood, until the soil of Legion had heard strange stories of the centuries buried them out of sight, and mysterious excavations under the Campagna, which, ever since he could remember, had been a subject of inter nature tenderly draped the mounds over them with richest verdure, with delicate flowers whose tints caught from the rainbow, and est to historians, scholars, statisticians, and poets, while imagination had run riot in weaving legends and fables whose interlacing arms seemed to shield them from desceration. But now it was marked by ruins of stately temples, riot in weaving legends and fables which cast a wilder glamour over them; but, after all, actual discovery had of ancient tombs, and crumbling towers of a later time ; and scattered here and never reached beyond a limited knowledge of their outskirts. His most ex travagant conceptions had failed to grasp an idea of what has since been there stood old gray villas, half buried in groves of olive and palm, that seemed to defy the mutations of fate. However, while the cities of the grasp an idea of what has since been revealed to modern science, which has However, while the cities of the campagna were no more, a vast system of tillage, the heavy snows (Strabo, Pliny, Fenestrello, Livy, and other writers, speak of the severe winters, heavy snows, and frozen rivers), that writers, speak of the severe winters, heavy snows, and frozen rivers), that lay upon it during the winter months, the sacred groves bordering the Pon-tine fens, whose luxuriant foliage absorbed their fatal miasms, made egion, which as Livy, Strabo, Horace, Pliny, and Lucretius—each in his day —enthusiastically testify, was unsur-passed for its salubrity and beauty. Its coast was enriched by flourishing cities, and upon its green shores emperors, from Tiberius Cæsar to Con-stantine, had elegant villas, to which they resorted in summer ; while as long as the hot weather prevailed, distinguished poets, Roman patricians, and wealthy citizens, inhabited their

row, stone-paved street, on their way to the barracks; and two dogs, each holding the ear of the other in the vicious grip of its sharp teeth, as, victors grip of its sharp weight, they struggled together, were the only signs of life apparent in the sleepy quarter. Suddenly a wild, piercing shrick rent the air — a shrick such as only a they

oman in instant peril could Nemesius spurred his horse in the direction whence it came, and saw a blackbrowed man, of large stature and muscular build, in pursuit of a half-clad oman, whom he overtook and seized held back her head with one hand, an rendered struggle impossible by twin-ing his leg like an iron trap around her feet. In his right hand gleamed a short, two-edged knife, its blade broad and keen, which he uplifted, and in another instant would have plunged into other instant would have plunged into her bare boson, had not Nemesius, with the quickness of thought, sprang from his horse, strode swiftly behind him, and grasped his arm with a sudden and powerful wrench. Surprised and thrown off his balance, the raffian loosened his grasp on the woman, to de-fend himself against his unseen assailfend himself against his unseen assall-ant, but received a blow on the head from an iron-gloved hand, which sent him reeling into the street, where he fell, stunned and motionless. The woman, a coarse, handsome vira-go, whose long, black hair fell in dis-ordered masses around her, had fainted

in the arms of an old crone, who howle piteously over her. By this time a group of half-dressed men and women, who had been aroused from their sleep dulged in by debased natures. by the woman's shriek, gathered around, nd now a party of the civic guard apappeared on the scene. "Manacle that brute, and take him

with great give, as, wrapped in a lower robe of fine linen, he reposed in his perfumed bath. "The commanders," he began, "ordered by us some time ago to exam-ine the military pulse—for one never can be too sure of the soldiery—brought us the most favorable reports this morn-ing. Some vagene runners of war had o prison at once ; he has just tried to hurder a womar," said Nemesius, addressing them. His tone was and, recognizing him, they manding,

"It is the first time, by Cerberus, that the prize-fighter Cecco has ever been thrown off his legs!" exclaimed a ing. Some vague rumors of war had reached the camps, and the prospects of active service had already stirred up n, grinning. "I always thought his conceit would

have a fall; it's in the nature of things," laughed another. If the bully had any friends, they were not there, it the wildest enthusiasm. The Prætorian Guard has spoken, and holds itself in readiness to take its old place in the

"It wasn't his conceit altogether, "It wasn't his concert altogether, Burbo, but a hand better skilled in pugliism than his own," observed a man, gazing admiringly at the tall, stately form of Nemesius, who moved towards the woman to ascertain if she was living or dead. At that moment she opened her great, black eyes, and gazed with a 'wild, fixed stare on his face. He dropped a gold coin into her hand, which lay, palm up, by her side, and saw that her fingers instantly clutched it; then he turned back, and was about mounting his horse, when, impelled by an impulse which he could ther resist nor explain, he asked an

ing his folly in the depths of the Tullian ; and, to crown all, just as we were old man who the woman was. "She is Cypria, the—" (what need, not be written). She's as bad as preparing to come hither to enjoy little relaxation, a messenger arrived to report to us the arrest of one Laurence, not be written).

Cecco. who, it is said, possesses magical power to work wonders, by which he deludes " She's a woman !" was the grave, brief response of Nemesius, as he rode

They all wondered who this officer of rank could be, who had turned out of his way to help of such as they. It was

usual. That," said a soldier, who had sneaked into a wine-shop to get out of sight, when he saw who had appeared on the scene—"that is the great commander, Nemesius."

It was with a sense of relief that Nemesius got away from the place ; · he put his horse in a trot, passed within the Ardentina gate, and traversed the streets leading most directly to his destination. But his design was thwarted; for as he turned into the Vico Mamerfor as he turned into tino, the way was obstructed by a tur-bulent crowd in advance of him, which ous thaumaturgist, the success of wh surged around some object in its midst towards which its wrath was directed A mob in a Roman street was too com-

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ened at the sight of Nemesius, in whose

Romans were on a grand scale.

zealous and renewed severity

een taken into custody, and await the

punishment their crimes deserve, which, by the gods ! shall be neither light nor

"Thou wilt rejoice to learn that

Emilianus, the edile, who has become

the most arrogant, contumacious, and defiant contemner of the gods, is explat-

his throat, which meant laughter.

him.

on the reading-desk, thinking that never had he seen Valerian present so repulsive an aspect. "We fear thy tastes are too severe

eyes, they well knew, a negligent per-formance of duty would find no excuse. A few moments later, and the massive A few moments later, and the massive doors of the frowning prison closed on their saintly victim. To look in for a brief moment at his child, see her face brighten with sudden iov at the sound of his footsteps, and joy at the sound of his footsteps, and ive her tender greeting, was all that Vemesius allowed himself on reaching luxurious feast of rare fruits, and old wines awaited the im his palace; for, after partaking of re-freshments, which he much needed after perial palate, which already watered a the spicy, savory, odor that pervaded the atmosphere. Strains of soft music from unseen his fatiguing journey and long fast, doffing his armor, and changing his at-

strains of soft music from unseen performers breathed on the air, that was made fragrant by an invisible spray of perfume, which, in gentle dews, moistened and brightened the garlands and flowers that decorated the tire, he was—in obedience to a note which had been presented to him as he dismounted from his horse—to join the Emperor at the Baths of Sallust, (These establishments of the ancient table. Nothing that could delight the senses was absent. The prandial feast was succeeded by those enjoyments of a Some of the baths were like miniature lakes ; others-the warm and vapor baths-were smaller. They were fitted up with baser sort in which Valerian's low nature was accustomed to indulge; and, with every imaginable luxury. In apartments adorned with beautiful statknowing by past experience that his guest would not participate in them, ary, mosaic floors, and freecoed walls, the rarest wines and choicest viands were served. There were libraries he graciously dismissed him, little dreaming of the disgust and contempt which contained the best authors, and the latter felt towards him.

which contained the best authors, and suites of private rooms, where, uninter-rupted, the patrician guests could enjoy their secret revels. Gaming was the amusement most indulged in. Of the Roman baths, those of Titus, of Sallust, As if to purify himself from the contamination of the last few hours, Nemes-ius immersed himself himself in a vaporbath, then plunged into a cold one, and by the time he immerged into the of Caracalla, Diocletian, and others, were, at different periods, the most celebrated ) the favorite resort of Valeweet, balmy open air, where every bject was tinted with the after gl of sunset, the offended dignity of his rian, where his hours of leisure were noble nature had resumed its usual spent in the enjoyment of pleasures in

equipose. The thought of his sweet, blind Claudia, which, like a sacred The Emperor was in a gay mood, the bird, had been scared away by the ause of which, after the usual florid too near approach of pollution, now again folded its soft, sad wings in salutation, he imparted to Nemesuis with great glee, as, wrapped in a loose his heart, speeding him more quickly towards her.

The group that met his eye as he paused a moment on the threshold of paused a moment on the threshold of the child's richly decorated reception room, bright with lights and flowers, awoke an involuntary smile on his grave face-the Princess Vivia in the midst, a sad smile on her lips, which the merry twinkle in her eyes belied; Claudia on a low, cushioned seat beside her, with one arm thrown across the Princess' la against which she confidently leaned abian in front of them, telling one of van when the imperial eagles lead. And, my Nemesius, as a sign that the gods are propitious to the great enter-prise on hand, and have accepted the his fabulous stories, full of quips fancies, which irresistibly moved his hearers to laughter; and Zilla a little apart, regarding them with a sweet. grave expression on her beautiful pale face, which meant: "I would die to efforts to exterminate the seditious followers of the Christus, several of the most noted ringleaders of this sect have have this last!'

Zilla, ever on the watch, glanced around, and caught sight of Nemesius who laid his finger on his lip, and beckoned her to him. No one but herself and seen him; and, rising, excused herself by saying, in her soft, quiet tones: "There's a draught; I will close the curtain at the entrance." And she glided past the group without were so well interrupting them, they to her watchful ways about Claudia.

She stepped out, closing the heavy drapery over the entrance behind her, and stood in the ante-room, where Nemesius was waiting. "I wished to hear how Claudia is,

the people, and has a tongue so eloquen and how it has been with her during my that he seduces thousands to his false belief. The destruction of such a his absence." he said, speaking low. "She is well in health. She ha missed thee, and wished for thee, as she health. She has leader will strike a heavy blow at the pestiferous sect. By the infernal gods !

we shall see some rare sport at the Temple of Mars and the Flavian Amphialways does. Now she will be brighter for thy presence. "Tell me-I wish to hear if the

theatre before many days !" exclaimed the brutal tyrant, with a hoarse gurgle knowledge of her misfortune has made her unhappy, or how it has affected Nemesius mentioned having met Laur-

her." "It is a new and trying phase in her ence an hour to two, as he was being life, and she can not accommodate herself to it all at once. Since she conducted, under guard, to the Mamer-tine. "And, having seen him," he continued, "I can readily imagine him darkness, she knows that she is longs for the light. When she moves about alone, she is always fearful to be a dangerous man. One whose face shines like a god's when he addresses of striking against something, or of stumbling and falling. She has an inthe people, as I saw his do, is a dangersatiate desire to know exactly how miracles lies in his power of impressing the imagination of those who listen to everything looks; her questions are endless; then she sighs, and wishes she ee: and, knowing their power, bluos wonders if the gods can not open her

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improvisators of Italy the Princess Vivia, which her breath. It had b her; the honest lau first twinkled only burst through all urst through under through under the work the wo face, and put the v conditioned body in a Nemesius came in,

forward to greet him joy Claudia's arms we stant around his nec cess, who by a viole denly resumed her w out her hand. raised to his lips and graceful and deferen ages has been the mo that can be offered

woman. It was a happy eve to Claudia ; and wh cess—who, wheneve with propriety, kep of the Alban hill Nemesius accompani ments, and asked he words, if it we a few words, if it we some. In reply, sh him to enter, wonde was coming. Whe comfortably seated chair, and drawn a f he stood leaning a silent that he might statue of Harp thoughts that were volving in his min rhed every fac "I have a great

last said. last said. "Consider it g may be, if it lies my power," she g pressed by his ma emotion which he suppress, but which have been apparen woman's.

"I am a man of mise me to refus what I shall ask, i or convenient. T ere this that we foreign power; e comes into Rome information of a not allow the cont single day. It i time. Thou know war. I shall go legionaries, and n e I fall, wilt th blind, helpless ch

'The gods av quick tears; they so order i take thy sweet cl held out her plur he grasped, and kissed her forehe

"So we seal t row I will ma t arrangements care, and will guardianship of which would be thee. Receive thy ready acqui and the immens me," said Nem meaning more

by most men. "My Nemesi tinued the Prin thou listen to turn, have long something whic but dare not gi thy promise not "There must

between us, aft It is possible I It will give me should imperati alternative. C then, frankly replied Nemesi "Speaking of the war," said

her courageshe saw she w the war, whi should, there shouldst not e it not be bette and her future It is thy duty mother who w and train her know of one, and of high bi -who would ments, and pr thy home-" Dear Pri

sius was released from many of those secret duties which for some time past been imposed on him by the Emhad been imposed on him by the Em-peror-duties which only his loyalty had made endurable; and the reason why he was restored to the more con-genial and ennobling exercise of his military functions; and it will also ex-plain why he is waiting there alone, among the shadows of the Campagna, at on the whon only the undlest things of an hour when only the unblest things of earth and air are supposed to be abroad. But no superstitious fears disturbed his the indistinguishable, gloomy dimness around him, and the silence were in accordance with his feelings for his thoughts still dwelt on the his thoughts still dwelt on the azunting sorrow of his life-the blindmess of his child.

he became conscious that Suddenly living objects were moving with stealthy steps somewhere near him; perhaps the sound proceeded from some wild creature, creeping home to its covert in a tufa cave or ancient tomb. It was now retreating-not one, but several footsteps, which his keen ear discorned as surely human. Holding his breath, his hand grasping his sword, his head leaning forward, he listened to assure himself of the direction they were taking, then followed the sounds slowly and noiselessly, until, having erossed under the wide arch, he halted an the opposite side, and cast a pen texting glance around him. Through in advance of him, several tall figures which enveloped their heads-figures seemed to glide in swift unison which seemed to give in swift unison towards some object, which he could not discern. Their forms were dimly omstlined, and, only that they were darker, they would have seemed part of the misty shadowiness which surrounded them Shom. Nemesius was at first startled; he

boosdered if they could be shades of the degrated, who, finding no rest in the realms of the dead, had returned to earth in the vain quest of repose. Kee ang his eye fixed on the receding form Keephe rode towards them. A ruined tomb intercepted his view for an instant, and when he passed it, they had disappeared he completely as if the earth had sud dealy opened and swallowed them. He salloped to the spot, but saw no trace of them, nor clue of how they had escaped. Were they, indeed, shades Plutonian realms? There were

yet, after fifteen hundre years, penetrated the full extent of this Campagna were no more, a vast subterranean city, "in whose black tunnelled streets," says Story, lie entombed a mighty population of the dead ; where tier upon tier, story above story, for mlles and miles along these silent avenues, repose the skele-tons of persecuted and martyred tons of persecuted and martyred Christians, each with his lacnrymatory, now dry, and his little lamp, went out in darkness." (How which (How few, comparatively speaking, of these cata comparatively speaking, of these cata-combs have yet been explored ! But it is supposed they extend as far as Ostia. Northcote tells us that "the united length of all the streets in the Cemetery of St. Agnes alone would be fifteen or sixteen miles," and reckons the length of all the streets in all the catacombs

at not less than nine hundred miles, According to Father Machi's calculations, the Roman catacombs contain nearly seven million tombs.)

With only a vague knowledge of this vast underground kingdom of the dead, and also of the living, in times of per-secution like the present one under Valerian, is it strange that Nemesius should have thought of it as symbolic of a seemingly indestructible principle, which was undermining the empire of which was undermining the empire of the gods and of Rome ?

Not so strange, in the economy of human events, as to see how Almighty God prepared, by the hands of the heathen themselves, this refuge for His heathen themselves, this refuge for His Church in the times of her tribulation, and graves for her manufactured who enriched His harvests with their blood, whose testimony made sure the foundations of His city, whose palms are its glory, and whose bodies are its

sacred treasure. Not so wanderful as that Rome throned on her seven hills, the very abomination of desolation, treading out the blood of the saints in the wine-press

the blood of the saints in the wine-press of her vengeance, should, to her own shame and their glory, have preserved with jealous care faithful records of their testimony for Christ; and that at last, humbled to the dust, she should become the heritage of the Cross. As Nemesius proceeded slowly to-wards the city, his mind occupied with grave conjectures, morning blushed against the snowy crests of the Sabine heights; the gossamer mists, rising slowly from the plain, caught the glow, and floated on to scatter roses before

own luxurious dwellings by the sea, diffusing prosperity among the peasants

and fishermen, who supplied their tables, by a liberal expenditure of money. (Those who have felt the spell the Roman Campagna-apart from tour-ists' vexations-will not wonder that my pen lingers on a subject which has deep and sacred interest to not only a deep and sacred interest to the Christian mind, but is also draped in lore which appeals irresistibly to the lover of classic history and poetry. As regards the readers to whom the sub-

ject is not familiar, we can only hope they may find enough interest in it to lead them at some future day to explore the scenes which we have briefly outlined.)

Such was the Campagna on the morn-Such was the Campagna of the morn-ing we have described, with its pure, healthful air, and its hardy, light-hearted people, who, buoyant with life, were never saddened or stayed by thought of the countless generations

in the repose of Hope, lay silent that. beneath it.

Nemesius had reached the suburbs of the city, outside the walls, near the gate of the Via Ardentina, whose denizens, of the lowest class, were mixed with many of the most degraded. A small wine-shop here and there and one or two miserable inns were being opened to the sunshine and air, as well as to any early customer that might straggle in. A few ragged, homeless beggars were prodding among garbage heaps, looking for scraps wherewith to appease their hunger. A squad of soldiers, who had been on guard all the advancing day. There was a soldiers, who had been on guard all sudden gleam, then a flood of radiance night, tramped heavily along the nar-

mon an occurrence for notice, t was not one of the usual sort. It was not composed of the worst elements of the population of Rome, although they were there in force; there were also officials and respected citizens. In the centre of the surging human mass. towering above it, appeared the iron helmets of soldiers. Nemesius had approached, and was

now near enough to hear and see from his saddle what it all meant. It was only a Christian Deacon-one Laurence -for whom there had been a long search, who had been apprehended that morning on the Appian Way, and was now being conducted to the dunged of the Mamertine. They would have goaded him along, but there was no need; for, with head erect, his noble thee.

face radiant with supreme hope, and his eyes full of serene courage, his step required no urging. Had not his per secutors pressed so closely upon him, he would have outstripped them in his haste towards the palm and crown of the final victory he had so long hoped for. Their hopes of derision, their threats of the lions, their blows and inattention had been dire sults did not move his composure, and he opened not his lips, except like his beloved Lord and Master, to pray for those who thirsted for his blood.

The swirling mob now approached a statue of Jupiter-one of the hundreds erected to this false deity which adorn Rome (Rome had eighty gold statue of Jupiter, and sixty-six of ivory, be-sides others of marble and bronze-Ampere.) —and a thousand roaring voices shouted to the holy captive to make an act of homage to their god. He cast his eyes over the circle of furious faces that surrounded him ; the mad human bellowing dropped into the sil-ence dropped into the silence of expecta-tion, and while every eye watched for tion, and while every eye watched for the demanded sign, his clear voice ascended like a pean of triumph, and his words feel upon every ear: "The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold, the cende

work of the hands of men. But our God is in heaven ; He hath done whatsoever He would." (Psalm cxiii.)

"I must confess a preference for higher idealization. Under certa He would." (Psaim cxiii.) In another moment the Christian deacon would have been torn to pieces, had not the soldiers, who had orders to consign him to the keepers of the conditions, if art be too true to nature its delineations must of necessity b coarse and suggestive. The sculptors of Greece understood ertine, fearing punishment through Mame failure to obey, dispersed the mob by main force, regardless where or on whom their blows fell; their zeal quicknice distinction in their chaste and

graceful creations. He replaced the volume of Lucretius

It will be a wonder if by these arr we don't find the way to their treasures eyes, and why they do not pity her. I say what I can to comfort her, but I can which they manage to conceal so suc-cessfully. By Plutus ! our need for cessfully. By Plutus ! our need for money has never been greater than now no longer deceive her; it is impossible, knowing her own case as she does. that another war threatens."

can only try to inspire her with courage, until my words sound almost heartiless to myself. She has learnt After some time spent in the discus-sion of secret matters, Valerian sounded a note on his gold whistle to summon his attendants, and, turning to Nemes some little airs on my lute, which give her great pleasure. Fabian has been her great pleasure. ius with a throaty laugh and wicked leer, remarked :

daily, and the Princess-ever she heard what happened-has Thou wilt find a new group o since she been so kind and motherly in her attenmarble nymphs beyond that curtain ; await us there. By the time these slaves are through with us the prandial ions, that Claudia begins, I think, really to love her." (corresponding with our lunch) feast will be spread, to which we invite

" Ah !" said Nemesius, with an inton-"She has one dread—shall I tell thee

all ?'

with

The invitation was a command. Nemesius signified his assent, and, " Yes all."

"She can not bear the thought of drawing aside the drapery, passed be-yond, into a small, exquisitely fitted apartment, (we use this word, not in going to Salernum and Capreze; she says it is too far. She has asked a says it is too far. She has asked a thousand questions about the sea, of which I think she has a secret dread; for distance and vastness are incompre-hensible to her mind. The idea of them its European sense, meaning a suite of rooms, but in the English, which means only one). The statuary to which his attention had been directed, he found hensible to her mind. The late of these is abysmal; and when she tries to realize their meaning, she gasps for breath, and covers her face with her hands, saying: 'I can not !--it is no repulsive to his severely classic taste as being suggestive of base ideals; and he turned willingly from it to occupy hands, saying: 'I can not !--it is no use !' She would be far happier at the villa. The Jew-healer has seen Fabian, and thinks, all things con-sidered, that the sea-trip should be himself with a volume of Lucretius which was lying open on a reading-stand of carved citrean wood. When Valerian, fresh from his bath. redolent with sweet unguents, arrayed in white and purple, his jewelled solead

avoided. " And thou-what is thy own opinloosely strapped on his bare feet, his large, fat fingers blazing with superh

ion, Zilla ?" "I agree with him, as she is so gems, and a wreath of sweet laurel en circling his brutal head, at last made averse to it, and her health does not re-quire the change," she answered, his appearance, Nemesius was so ab sorbed in the sophistical arguments o

timidly. "I may change my plans. A war is Lucretius, in his attempt to prove inpending ; if it breaks out i shall have to enter the strife at the head of my legion, and must provide for my child that the soul is mortal, he was uncor scious of his presence, until he heard him say, in jeering tones : "Philosophy some safe sanctuary, out of harm's way," he continued abstractedly. A thousand thoughts surged through before pleasure is the legend of pleas

the heart of Nemesius ; he walked away "Forgive my inattention," he said. to the other extremity of the long, nar-row ante-room, and Zilla re-entered the rising, and not unobservant of the sarcastic expression of the Emperor's face reception room, just as Fabian brought his story to a most astonishing and ridiculous climax, for which he was recertain warded by the merry laughter of his audience, in which he himself joined as as if he had been listening neartily to a first-rate comedy instead of recit-

ing one. "Until to-night, I feared that all the

gently, as the gathered in a threatened to hanks for th which I am co meant; but m bride of my y can ever fill. sever, but ne such a tie as the mother v has passed be into oblivio visit thee m

The Prince with the en sorry, and a ing ventured man so res and timidly nate appeal

there.

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the famous peers in F his profess simply, "A the answer Montalemb ometimes laity, to t schoolmast Nay, it w learned an who will ]

stirring ans

clared that money," b words, so Louis Aga ary Beview