

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD—THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

"The impressions of our childhood are so transient, that the life of the Atrium Regium pleased me at first. How could it be otherwise? However wealthy my family, I had never been accustomed to such splendor as now surrounded me. Then, could a horrible scene be presented to the public gaze, the enthusiastic acclamations which greet us wherever we go? The young girls who live here are all of illustrious birth, and their intercourse is of the most charming. I became intimate with the youngest, between whose fate and mine there was less disparity, and I loved them with all the ardor of a heart which knows no other affections! "Friends of my childhood, you are no more! . . . It is long since death parted us! . . . What a void you have left here! What cruel memories torture my heart when I look back to the fatal day which robbed me of the dear beings whose existence completely blended with mine, gave me the most precious joys I have ever tasted! . . . The Grand Vestal's voice had become tremulous, and her tears flowed faster. She resumed, after a short pause, which saw the death of Varonilla and the two sisters Ocellates! . . . From that time I looked upon life with fear, and the future appeared to me gloomy and desolate. It is ten years since that event happened, my dear Cecilia, for it was in the beginning of Domitian's reign, and each of my days during that period has been marked with so much anguish, that I know not how it is I have not succumbed! . . . "Until that time I had lived peaceful, if not happy. I felt, it is true, a vague sadness, but I could not have explained its cause. It is said that the night before, when he left Cecilia, he became restless when the season comes for them to seek moral ailments. In like manner I was agitated and troubled during the transition from infancy to womanhood; and when, seized with the vague desire of a different fate, I saw the horizon of my life bounded by the gloomy walls of this narrow precinct. "However, I swear it by Vesta, my life was so pure and my heart so candid, that I could not understand what I felt. My soul remained in this sort of torpid state until I was twenty-five years old. The vestals are initiated from the first day into the processes of Vesta's worship and general duties, they are never told anything of the closer and more fearful obligations of the soul. It is left to time to instruct them; to their hearts to comprehend; to circumstances to enlighten them suddenly! "This is what happened to me. "One morning I awoke, frightened by moans and shrieks, and the tumultuous noise made by our slaves, as they ran to and fro in the Atrium Regium. I listened and heard a voice exclaim: "They are dead! . . . Their bodies are already cold! "Who is dead? I cried, as the woman who generally attended me entered my room, all in tears. "Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates? "We have just discovered the fact! "Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates? I repeated, with stupor, had left them in all the bloom of health, the evening before. I could not understand what I heard. "It is impossible!" said I to the woman. "What! all three dead at the same time? Who can have said this absurdity? "I had jumped out of bed, however, and was rushing towards the apartment of these three young vestals. I scarcely heard the answer made by a slave: "They have been killed! "Oh! my dear Cecilia, what a terrible sight met my eyes as I opened the door of the room where our servants were crowding around the three young vestals stretched in all the rigidity of death! With a single glance I recognized the pale features of my young companions, of those I loved as sisters! I fell senseless. "I was told that I remained several days in a state of stupor, bereft of reason, of the very sentiment of my existence. When I recovered my senses, I was lying in my bed, and seated near me was a pontiff—Helvius Agrippa! I started with fright, and yet I remembered nothing. Agrippa said to me in a grave and severe tone: "Cecilia, the death of Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates, changes your position here. You are now the Grand Vestal. "My soba interrupted him. Memory was returning and with it the dreadful sight of the blood-stained remains of my three friends. "Great gods! I cried. "It was then true! They are no more! "Thus die the virgins who break their vows, said Agrippa with awful solemnity. "Do not forget it, Cecilia! "What do you mean? I asked, looking up at the pontiff who in his turn gazed at me with astonishment. "What! he resumed, after a short pause, can it be possible that you are not aware that Varonilla and the sisters Ocellates have been convicted of incest, and their corrupters banished? . . . Cecilia! Cecilia! . . . you have been accused of the same crime, and if you do not sleep now in the Campus Scleratus, near those unworthy Vestals, you may thank the clemency of the emperor . . . whose notice is conferred to your care. That child has saved your life! "Having uttered these threatening and mysterious words, Helvius Agrippa left me to study their impetuous sense. "What! my young companions had succumbed under an accusation of incest! . . . What! I had come near perishing under the same charge! Upon what grounds had this abominable denunciation been made? Who had tried me? Why had we not been arraigned and our defence heard? "Here is what was related to me: "Late in the evening, and but a few moments after I had bidden good-night to my young companions, a centurion, accompanied by a pontiff, penetrated into the Atrium Regium. They went straightway to the room where Varonilla and the two Ocellates were still gaily engaged in conversation. "You must die!" said the pontiff, entering abruptly, and addressing those three young virgins, who grew deathly

pain and could not restrain a cry of terror. "You have broken your vows!" continued the pontiff with implacable composure. "You must die! such is the order of the emperor who, as High Pontiff, has pronounced your sentence! "The centurion, drawing his broad, short sword, presented it to the unfortunate victims. "They fell on their knees," said the young Vestal, Antonia, from whom I learned these details—being in an adjoining room, she had crept to the door and had been a silent and terrified witness of the horrible scene—they begged those two men to spare their lives, to let them, at least, satisfy themselves from this vague charge. "No," said the pontiff, "the slaves of your corrupters have been subjected to the torture, and they have confessed the crimes of their masters. . . . Even at this moment, the latter are suffering the punishment of flagellation, and each of their days during that period has been marked with so much anguish, that I know not how it is I have not succumbed! . . . "The Grand Vestal's voice had become tremulous, and her tears flowed faster. She resumed, after a short pause, which saw the death of Varonilla and the two sisters Ocellates! . . . From that time I looked upon life with fear, and the future appeared to me gloomy and desolate. It is ten years since that event happened, my dear Cecilia, for it was in the beginning of Domitian's reign, and each of my days during that period has been marked with so much anguish, that I know not how it is I have not succumbed! . . . "Until that time I had lived peaceful, if not happy. I felt, it is true, a vague sadness, but I could not have explained its cause. It is said that the night before, when he left Cecilia, he became restless when the season comes for them to seek moral ailments. 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what an ardor of insane debauchery and and incredible frenzy these matrons are seized, who congregate under the pretext of honoring the conjugal chastity of Fanna! "The first time that I was called upon, as Grand Vestal, to preside over these mysteries, I suspected nothing wrong. The preparations were made with due decorum, and the matrons even covered with thick veils the family pictures of the consul, Petillus Rufus—in whose house we had assembled—in order to carry out to the letter the precept of the rites which demands the absolute exclusion of men from the assemblage. "It was not long, however, in discovering my error, and the moral corruption of these women. But I must stop here; I cannot even recite for you the verses of the poet I alluded to just now, although his description is far below the scandalous truth. "It was some years later, that returning from one of these ceremonies, I had occasion to save Metellus Celer, Cecilia, I cannot tell you how dear this young man has become to me! You know him and you have been able to judge whether he is worthy of the affection which, alas! fills my heart. In this affection, then, a crime! Your religion forbids complaint in suffering, and would have one rejoice at sorrow, you said; would it condemn my sentiments? Shall I not be free soon? "And then? "But what do I say? Why these hopes? . . . The Grand Vestal, rising suddenly in an extraordinary state of excitement. "Metellus Celer is banished! He has fled from the denunciations of Regulus, and yet, I feel it, the fearful anger of the pontiffs still threatens us. What has become of him? What has happened? Why is it that you receive no more letters from me? In the last spoken hopefully. . . he gave me to understand, for the first time, that he loved me; he said he would soon be able to tell me more! . . . This was three months ago . . . and that letter which was so soon to bring me happiness, has not yet come. "Great misfortunes are preparing for the future is gloomy and threatening! I see Metellus expiring under the blows of their bloody lash, . . . and I! horror! . . . I descend alive in that vault of the Campus Scleratus, which has never given up its victims! . . . Great gods! . . . Who will save me? The holy pontiff would shield me from this horrible fate? "I will," said in a grave and solemn voice, the old man who had listened unseen to Cornelia's last remarks, and who now advanced. "The Grand Vestal and Cecilia could not restrain a cry of surprise. They had recognized in this old man, the pontiff of the Christians! "You here, my lord!" exclaimed Cornelia, and she looked at Clemens with mingled astonishment and anxiety; "what motive can have led you to this place? "Madam," said the old man, "I have taken charge of an important mission near you, and I hold in my hands an answer to some of the questions I have overheard you propound to this young woman. . . . But, at the same time, I have to speak to you on serious matters. Can you grant me this interview? "The Grand Vestal acquiesced, with a gesture of respectful deference, and motioned to the pontiff to take a seat. "My daughter," said Clemens turning to Cecilia, "you may retire. . . . Your presence here is no longer necessary. I remain with me to continue the work commenced by you, and to reply to the questions asked of you as I came in." Cecilia kissed the Grand Vestal's hand, and having made a low obeisance to the venerable old man, left Cornelia and Clemens together. "The Christian priest and the heathen virgin looked at each other in silence; Cornelia, with her heart beating with strange anxiety; Clemens, with sadness, as he thought of the sufferings of the young woman and the dangers that threatened her. "CHAPTER XV. CLEMENS FULFILLS THE ENGAGEMENTS OF GURGES. The pontiff was the first to break this silence. He said as he handed a letter to Cornelia: "Madam, this letter from Metellus Celer is not of a recent date. . . . It is some time since I promised to deliver it into your hands; but I had to reflect before I could do so, with serious consequences, and I wished to be prepared to avert them." Cornelia scarcely heard these words. She was absorbed in the perusal of that much wished-for letter in which she found, besides the revelation of public events which must have great influence upon the future, the immense joy of knowing that she was loved. "Knowing but too well what a terrible blow he would deal to her dreams of happiness, Clemens waited in silence for the moment when he would speak with impunity to the great shock to the unfortunate Vestal. "Cornelia turned at last her eyes beamingly with happiness, on the venerable pontiff, and remarked with a sweet smile: "My lord, it would be ridiculous in me to evoke in your presence the gods I serve, to thank you for all the good you have done for me by bringing me news that I had long and anxiously expected. But I shall willingly ask the God of the Christians to repay my debt of gratitude." Clemens bowed without speaking, and the Grand Vestal resumed: "So, my lord, Domitian will soon be overthrown by Lucius Antonius, and his grand republic will be proclaimed emperors in his place! This event is of immense importance to you and me. To you! for it will be the triumph of your doctrine. To me, for my implacable persecutors and the terrible fears which besiege me must disappear with the tyrant. I repeat it, my lord, you do not . . . you cannot know all the good you have done me!" "The moment had come for Clemens to fulfill the painful task he had assumed. "Madam," he said sadly, but with exquisite kindness of tone, "an old man may have the right to manifest his regard for you . . . and nothing—forgive me this—may be so dear to me as the certainty of your death, or that you may have to fear unknown to me! . . . But have you been told that when Domitian left Rome, it was to march with all his forces against Lucius Antonius?" "Great gods! . . . Can this be true, my lord? "It is an event known to everybody in Rome. The whole Senate accompanied

the emperor. I wonder that this news should surprise you! "I knew, my lord, Domitian's departure for Germany; but there was no one to inform me of Lucius Antonius' projects. It is only now, after what you have told me, that I can understand the importance of that expedition. But the Generals will doubtless triumph! Domitian is universally hated!" "Lucius Antonius will be crushed, madam. . . . From positive information I have received, I can affirm this. Do not, therefore, entertain vain hopes!" "But, at least," said the Grand Vestal, growing pale with secret fear, "much time must elapse before the schemes of our enemies can be carried out . . . and in one year, at most, I shall, by ceasing to be a Vestal, escape from the denunciations of Regulus, the resentment of the pontiffs . . . the power of the emperor!" My lord, do you condemn the other hopes which this letter gives me, and would you pronounce me guilty for entertaining them?" Cornelia's eyes were fixed on the pontiff with profound anxiety, for she detected on his venerable features an expression of sadness which he made no attempt to conceal. "You are thinking of Metellus Celer," replied Clemens slowly, "and you ask whether I approve or condemn your projects? Alas! the events which threaten you make it useless to examine this question. O my God!" he exclaimed, looking up to heaven and extending his hands, "I have just read the letter which you have just read passed through the hands of the emperor." "The emperor has read this letter?" exclaimed the unfortunate Vestal, with a cry of terror. "She had sprung from her seat, and stood before the pontiff, rigid as a statue, her face ashy pale, her burning eyes distended by fear. Then this death-like rigidity of the muscles gradually gave way; tears moistened her eyes, and uttering a groan of anguish, she fell heavily upon the cushions. She had not fainted, but was in prey to a paroxysm of tears. "The holy pontiff prayed fervently whilst waiting for the unfortunate young woman to recover sufficiently to listen to his words of consolation and perhaps of hope. A long silent, pause ensued. The Grand Vestal seemed to be interrogating her own heart, to discover whether there existed not some grounds for doubt, some uncertainty connected with the fearful revelation which one word from the venerable pontiff had presented in such terrible light. At last, she made an effort to speak: "My lord," she said slowly, "your word is sacred and your character holy; you would not frighten a wretched woman with vain dangers; but is it not possible that you are mistaken or that you have been deceived?" "Would to heaven that I were, madam," replied Clemens with heartfelt emotion; "unfortunately, I am certain of what I say." "You said, my lord," resumed the Grand Vestal, "that this letter had been in the emperor's hand; how came it, then, to pass into yours?" "This, madam, is the only mystery I have not succeeded in unravelling. I know who gave me the letter. It is the designator Gurges, whose name is not unknown to you. He told me that during the night a stranger had brought him this letter, and had stated to him that it had been read by the emperor. But how the stranger knew this, and how this important document passed out of Domitian's hands, he could not say. However, I understand that you should look upon these facts as vague and uncertain—this is what you would say. But I went further, and I believe I can assert that Gurges was not deceived. Yes, the emperor has read this letter—it is the most important fact, and it matters little to me, that we do not know why he has not kept it." "You are right, my lord," said the Grand Vestal in a calm and dignified tone, "it matters little! Domitian's memory never fails him, and he does not require written proofs! . . . And," she added with bitterness, "when you became certain that this letter contained my death-warrant, you hastened to bring it to me. Such is, indeed, the mission of pontiffs!" The priest, astonished at this remark, gave the Vestal a reproachful look, in which she read so much sincere compassion, that she blushed and her pale features. "Madam," said Clemens, "I go to those of my brethren whom the hand of God has chastised, to tell them it is time to confide in His mercy, and to hope in His Almighty power. Why, then, should I have not come to you with the same words of comfort, if Providence threatens you with some great misfortune?" The Grand Vestal made no reply; her eyes were fixed abstractedly upon the floor; she seemed indifferent to what she had heard. A transformation had suddenly taken place in her, and Clemens had no longer before him a weak woman crushed by her sorrow, but a proud patriot accepting with heroic calmness an inevitable fate. Cornelia belonged to one of those grand Roman races whose firmness may be shaken in a moment of surprise, but who soon recover their energy, and display the most admirable courage. "Madam," resumed the pontiff, "has that young woman, who was conversing with you when I came in, never told you that the ministers of Christ hasten near the afflicted only to bring them hope, and sometimes also, only to promise them salvation?" "Oh!" said the Grand Vestal, "hope! . . . salvation! There can be none for me if I fall into the hands of our pontiff!" "And I, madam, say I will save you!" cried the priest with such solemn assurance that Cornelia started. "How this will be, I cannot say yet; but have confidence, and remember my words. . . . Yes, even if you should be already condemned, I will save you! I will not let that abominable sacrifice be accomplished under my eyes!" At this sudden mention of the dread abyss upon which her thoughts so frequently dwelt, the poor Vestal shuddered, and terror was depicted on her countenance. "My lord, my lord," she murmured faintly, "it would be a prodigy! . . . And

I must not hope for one! . . . Pray to your God that He may inspire my enemies and the emperor to forget this letter—the proof of an innocent affection in which others may see a crime. . . . I have no right to ask or hope more of my God, madam, is the God of Miracles! His has promised to His servants who would invoke His name, to manifest His power by the greatest wonders. . . . He is the God of truth and of life; I shall ask Him to reveal His power for you . . . and He will do it!" "Am I, then, one of you, my lord, that this Almighty God should deign to come to me even in the tomb . . . and to take me out of it at your request?" "Virgin of Vesta," exclaimed the venerable priest, "for thirty years you have worn the immaculate garment which has brides of Christ also wear. . . . You have not, indeed, made the sacrifice of the heart which pleases Him above all; but chastity has bloomed in you, and so beautiful is this flower, that our God looks upon it with loving eyes even when it dwelleth in souls that have not known Him! . . . Be comforted, my daughter, and hope in His mercy!" The Grand Vestal was deeply moved by these simple words. As she gazed silently at the venerable old man who had spoken them, she remembered the words of another pontiff whom she had seen near her in similar circumstances. What a difference between the pagan priest and the minister of Christ! Between Helvius Agrippa and Clemens! Both had spoken of the same threatening peril; but how different their language! What harshness! what pitiless rigor! what cold indifference in the former! What gentleness! what compassion! what devotion in the latter! The vaguest suspicions had sufficed for the pagan priest to pronounce her guilty; the purity of her past life had had no weight with him. Even when knowing the weakness of her heart and her secret feelings, Clemens honored the virgin whose past was irreproachable; and abstained from condemning her for asking of the future some consolation for the sufferings of a life of sadness. This indulgence was what the Grand Vestal felt most keenly in the pontiff's reply. "I return you thanks, my lord," she said simply, but the grateful look she gave Clemens was more eloquent than words. "Farewell, madam," said he, "my mission is accomplished. . . . Should worse days come, you will see me again!" The venerable old man left the Grand Vestal to her meditations. "O my God!" murmured the pontiff, as he wended his way towards the Capena Gate, and he turned to cast a last look on the Atrium Regium, "there is in that asylum, a poor woman to whom I have promised Your help, and who knows not how near may be the hour of danger! . . . Let not my promise be vain, O Lord! . . . but permit me to glorify Your name by saving this virgin who will wish to know You and to consecrate herself to You!" Clemens extended his hand to bless invisibly the afflicted Vestal who, at that very moment, was beseeching the God of the Christians to protect her from the fury of her enemies. A few days after these events the news came that Lucius Antonius had been killed, and the inscription was crushed. In less than a month, Domitian returned to Rome, with rage in his heart, and preparing to carry out his long delayed schemes of vengeance. "CHAPTER XVI. THE STORM GATHERING. The reader will remember that Hirsutus, having been an invisible witness of the conversation in which Marcus Regulus had revealed to the emperor the existence of the conspiracy headed by Lucius Antonius, had immediately dispatched a courier to the general, inviting him to march at once upon Rome, where a powerful party would support him. The events of the following day induced Hirsutus to modify considerably his plans. When Domitian announced to the assembled consuls that he would march immediately against Lucius Antonius, and subsequently informed Regulus that he would defer the execution of his vengeance, in order to make it more complete, the hideous dwarf saw that all would be lost if Lucius Antonius happened to be vanquished, the documents and plans of the conspiracy would fall into Domitian's hands. Now, Hirsutus foresaw the defeat of Lucius Antonius, who had not had time to assemble the forces necessary to the success of his undertaking, and would be taken by surprise. How could he avert the misfortunes which would follow? Deceit was his only resource; how check his cruelty if he came back to Rome, having in his possession the names of those who had meditated his overthrow? Here is what Hirsutus imagined to save so many persons who might, at a later day, and by new conspiracies, less compromised than the recently discovered, save his secret resentment and avenge him upon the master whose ruin he had sworn. Between Rome and Germany, a general named Lucius Maximus was stationed, at the head of strong legions. Like many others, he was in the plot, and his forces were to strengthen the army of Lucius Antonius when the latter would move upon Rome. Hirsutus informed this Lucius Maximus of Domitian's early departure, and advised him to turn immediately against Antonius, in order to preclude all possibility of the emperor's fighting in person against that general, and thereby to prevent Domitian from obtaining possession of documents, to which hung the fate of the senate and the life of so many illustrious citizens. The trustworthiness messenger selected by him, communicated, moreover, with the principal leaders of the conspiracy, and received their private instructions. "TO BE CONTINUED."

SURPLICE AND SWORD.

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.

There was little in the appearance of the Pennsylvania mining villages to indicate that the great civil war was raging. A visitor in the town of Mount Vernon would not notice the scarcity of men in the streets, and except for the anxious scanning of the daily papers, or the occasional sight of a wounded soldier home on furlough, one might forget that a state of war existed. Work at the mines was plenty, wages was high, and the village seemed to be experiencing a humdrum period of prosperity. "Father Dan" O'Rourke was glad that the town had grown prosperous, for it enabled him to pay the indebtedness of his little parish. It was hard work to raise funds for the church and the modest residence he had bought when the miners were not working well. But his energy and his sunny disposition had accomplished much among the miners towards improving their temporal as well as their spiritual condition. Himself a son of toil, he inherited the strong frame and robust constitution of his ancestors, and when he was not occupied with his pastoral duties, it was no uncommon sight to see him spading up the soil in his little garden or plying the hammer and saw in making some needed repairs about his premises. "The smallness of his income sometimes made such exercise necessary, it was valuable to him in another way, for when the rough "brawlers of stone" saw the tall handsome young priest engaged in those menial tasks they talked about it at the mines and declared that "he hadn't an inch of pride" and was "just like one of themselves." Even Sandy McDade, the "boss driver" at the mines, who was called behind his back "the blackest Scotch Presbyterian in the country," said of Father Dan: "He's a gude man; a canny man; though I dinna care for Poppish priests."

The great war had raged for two years, and conscription was reaching out its inexorable hand summoning the men to the strife. Now Father Dan found a new field of duty—comforting bereaved families, breaking the news of disasters that had come to them on the far-off southern battlefields and giving spiritual strength to the weak ones ere they departed for the theatre of the mighty conflict. In the midst of his apparently interminable labors he received a sudden and painful surprise—the more forcible because he had never dreamed of such a contingency. This was a notification that he had been drafted for service as a private in the Union army, ordering him to report at Wilkesbarre the following week for medical examination. The next Sunday, after he had celebrated Mass, he read the official notice to his congregation, and when the murmur of surprise had been subdued, he continued: "My dear friends, it was supposed by many people, as well as by myself, that the sacred calling of the clergyman would relieve him of the obligation to take arms against his fellowman. But since the Government, which it is our duty to obey, has decreed otherwise, I must prepare to sever the ties that have grown so dear to me and enter upon this new duty. Whatever we may think of this decree, let us not place our personal feelings above our patriotism. Our country has much to contend with in these troublesome times, and even if an occasional error is made, all will be remedied in the proper time and under the proper authority. Daring my absence you will have no resident pastor, as the Bishop has no priest available to send in my place. "Now I may say good-bye to you, and in making this let me ask you to remember your religion and your duties toward your neighbor. No matter where I may be you may know that my prayers will always be with you. I am weak in the sight of God, my friends, and I beseech you not to forget me and to pray that, if it is His will, I may be permitted to return to you. So now, once more, good-bye, and may God bless you and protect you."

He they listened to the words of the priest, the men of the congregation were filled with mingled indignation and grief. The women were openly sobbing, and when, with a smile of resignation, he made the sign of the cross over their heads, perhaps for the last time, there was a hoarse murmur of impotent protest. As the priest turned to go, several men rushed up to the altar railing and commenced to talk excitedly in low tones. "You mustn't go, Father," said one. "The drafting office has no right to compel you to go. It's a scheme to get money, that's all! We all know that these officers may be bought off. We can raise the money! I say the word and we'll have it in an hour." "Your impulsiveness has carried you away, James," said the priest. "What you suggest would be simply bribery, and I cannot countenance that either directly or indirectly."

The rejection of this plan, which seemed so feasible to the men, left them silent and unresolute, brooding in helpless rage. At last one burly, red-haired miner, who was noted for his explosive language, blurted out: "By cracky!" The soldier that crawled upon with him he will have to take over me first!" That was what they all wanted to say, and now they had found a spokesman, their eyes glistened and their fists clenched as if in anticipation of the contest. There was a brief silence and then an old woman groaned out:

"Orahwirra, w. . . . Don't go, wailed the old church was filled with weeping. "There mud friends," said affected by the unwilling to go, needless pain the law." "Let me go, red-haired miner!" "You have pendent upon answered, no! to be aimed not to e. "Never mind miner's wife. "No, no!" must be no more me deeply to s duty is plain t all again before day, and now GATHERING about him, he holding his head twitting of when he thought not looking gave a suspicious thought so when the priest he was smiling he must have Father Dan with excited few days. A impossible pl him and fully act as a substitute. "Sure we'll selves, anybo unselfish plan thanked them parations for Father O'R man who he alone the Cat men of all de interested in made a stro authorities; could not, or the matter, tary of war f in church of strongly exp to deprive th advisers in th of spirit that of religion. government, slow, and Father Dan departed for Six of his been drafted party in chas geant. Up were taken and placed clean and p two dozen ne types, some in appeara the dregs of noisome and stench of ch human unc the poor wr the effects had indulg qualifying test. The men ly then he recognizing their hats looking man was indulg that the gr to suppress and whisp the fellow, Dan, stopp of a fresh c his hat and Presently clear-eyed features a fighter. I in the cent finger over had given "O'Rou is—Daniel The priest of the tal what he p of defiance sullenly an. "Take Father stant, and cheeks whi "Docto this test? I can furn my good p "None nence!" thick neck or I'll hav dination. than any quicker t for them There disappear even in F that bode it was no priest qu and sub wholly un surgeons charged it a pra bribing m Dan, kn jests and pelled to parative. Of satisfac order for arose, largest

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