

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

In the region of Rome known as the Ghetto, the quarter in which the Jews reside, are various tumble-down houses nodding backward into the Tiber. They appear to have been asleep for centuries, and may be expected to leap into the yellow stream on awaking. In one of the most suicidal-looking of these ruined habitations a deep plot was being matured on the night of October 21. Bags of bon-just, heaps of dirty scraps of paper, unshapely piles of rags, are crowded in the dingy front-room. We have a friend who once began, in verbe, "The story of a rag." It might seem a strange, or, perhaps, a forbidding theme for the Epic Muse; yet what adventures might not a rag relate, were it but endowed with intelligence! However, on this particular night of which our story treats, the rags were all silent; if they had a story of their own they preserved a discreet silence regarding it. Not silent, however, were the rag-pickers, who, seated on the floor, sorted their wares by the dim light of a small lamp. An old, cunning-looking man, with hooked nose, sunken gums protruding chin, wrinkled brow and small keen eyes, was the proprietor of this den. His grizzled and matted hair hung down beneath a red worsted night-cap; his other articles of wearing apparel were old and tattered; his stockings were unmatched, and he wore a shoe on one foot and an ankle-jack on the other. All these indications bore out the truth of the theory that his wardrobe had been picked out of the gutters of Rome. Around him were seated two slovenly girls and three boys whose clothes and countenances were the color of the sewage in which most of their lives had been spent. It is only when contemplating such characters as these that one can realize how degraded a human being may become. A constant chatter was kept up by these occupants of this dreary haunt; each one related for the common amusement a part of his, or her adventures during the day. Occasionally the old man attempted a smile; it was when any one told how deftly a good handkerchief, or some article of linen, had been snatched from a line. The greedy look which came into his eyes as he surveyed the prize plainly told that his mirth was not like that of his younger companions, caused by the dexterity of the trick, but by the love of money.

From time to time persons had been entering this haunt, and, after slightly nodding to the old man, passed a back room which hung over the Tiber. It had once been a covered gallery, overlooking the water, but had been since transformed into a room lighted from the roof, and walled off from the front apartment, so as to lead a stranger to suppose that there was nothing beyond. A trap-door in the floor showed, when raised, the swift-flowing Tiber a few feet below. A muffled form entered the front room, and once glanced from the evil eyes revealed, notwithstanding his disguise, Capodiavolo. As he passed on, the old man, who might be taken for his father, rose, and bidding his companions continue their work and talk, and assume ignorance of his whereabouts should any one call, followed Capodiavolo. There were in all some ten or twelve collected in the back room; a small earthen oil-lamp cast faint shadows of light through the mouldy apartment. Green lizards darted quickly around the floor, and slimy reptiles crawled up the walls. A venomous scorpion showed its head, for a moment, in a faint streak of light, and was crushed beneath the heel of Capodiavolo. "Thus will we crush the scorpion of Italy," hissed the reprobate, meaning the Pope.

"The work is going forward too slowly," began Capodiavolo; "we have not, as yet, obtained a victory. True, we have surprised and captured one or two small guards of soldiers, but no place of importance has been taken. Monte Rotondo is not yet besieged, although it must be our base of operations. In a day or two it will be invested by a large force; Garibaldi will be in command; but it is necessary to terrify the enemy here, so that no troops may be sent out to assist the garrison of that town. We must keep the base soldiers of the Papacy employed in preserving order in the city, while our men attack the outlying towns. Once these are in our hands the whole of the force will march to the walls of Rome; we inside will then openly co-operate with our friends without."

"A good plan, by Dives!" (he always swore by the rich reprobate) grinned the old man; "you have the head of a devil, my noble patriot. But why trust to the sword and bullets alone for success? Why not try a little blowing-up?"

"What do you mean?" queried Capodiavolo.

"Only this," said the heartless wretch. "Blow up the barracks, the churches the houses of the aristocracy, the Pope himself."

A sudden start ran through the crowd. The ball had been thrown; when, or where would it alight? Capodiavolo worked his upper lip; it seemed as if the cruel nose would at last succeed in biting it; then, turning to the old man, he said:

"Is this thing possible on a short notice? We might send some dozens of the foreign rubble flying in the air, if we could undermine their barracks."

"The Sceristori barracks do not need undermining. A sewer passes under them; a barrel or two of powder, a well-laid train, a lighted match, and *poof* away to the devil go a hundred Zouaves, or more." Thus the old man spoke.

"It is an excellent device; a good plan of ridding ourselves of those hirings of the vampire of Italy," jerked out Capodiavolo, his evil eyes scintillating in the dusk of the room. Our readers must pardon the quotation of such infamous language. To call the noble defenders of the rights of Holy Church "hirings," and the grand old Pontiff, whose name will stand out amongst the purest and best of mankind, the "Vampire of Italy," is enough to make the blood of a true Christian run cold; yet it may be well to quote such expressions, in order to show the infernal nature of the plot against the Church and Rome. It is the thought of demons clothed in human speech, but

it is not invented by us. It is well for Catholics to fully realize that it is hell which has stirred up, and still stirs, that wild revolt against Religion, the rights of man, and God, that is now agitating many parts of the world.

"What think you, Mars, of this old hell-babe's scheme?"

"I do not like it," bluntly spoke this individual; "I am ready to lead my men openly against those foreign dogs, but his plan is too dastardly an act for a soldier to commit."

"What!" exclaimed Capodiavolo, with a bloodcurdling execration, "have you pity on these detestable scoundrels? Are we not sworn to overthrow the Pope, and shall we scruple about the means to be employed? There is a grim irony in the phrase of taking Rome by 'moral means'; this blowing-up of the barracks will give the lie to the half-hearted knaves who seek to deceive themselves and others. Our motto is 'ROME OR DEATH'; Garibaldi has raised it, though I much fear the drivelling old agitator will not choose the alternative of death, but we must. Rome must fall by any means we can devise. Better to stand weeping amidst the ruins and ashes of a fallen city than to live surrounded by luxury, with the Church still triumphantly launching its anathemas against our societies. The city of the Popes must be blotted out; its ashes must be saturated with the heart's-blood of the black-frocked fry who feed on its people. Out from the blood-dyed ashes a new Rome will arise—the Rome of Atheism—the mother of the Universal Republic. A marble pillar, with the terse inscription,

'HERE STOOD ROME,'

will proclaim to future ages our victory over the superstition of the Cross."

At the conclusion of this blasphemous rhapsody Capodiavolo glared round on his companions. The old man leered hideously, and softly clapped his long hands; then he began clawing the air with his skeleton fingers, which had a cruel and hawk-like look on account of the long nails with which they were armed. If Capodiavolo were not his son he inherited his malice. The others, with the exception of Mars, appeared indifferent. He looked disturbed, and turning to Capodiavolo said:

"I am anxious to take Rome, but I cannot resort to such base means. After we have achieved a victory how can we look the world in the face if our battles have been won by the coward's trick, and not by the brave man's steel?"

A derisive snarl broke from the lips of Capodiavolo and the old man; it was not a laugh, nor yet a snarl; it was like the choking of an evil spirit.

"Are you such an idiot to suppose that the world will cry shame when we do this deed against Rome? Were it to be done against any other government the case would be different, but hell and the world are leagued with us against the Pope."

Was Capodiavolo right in this assertion?

Mars pleaded military business and withdrew, saying that he was ready to lead an attack on the barracks, but not to blow them up. The old man after his departure mocked, with horrible levity, the sentiments of Mars, and conjured the others to stick at nothing in order to compass their designs. Capodiavolo then unfolded his plans. At a given hour the next night the gas was to be cut off, the barracks, of Sceristori were to be blown up, an attack was to be made on the Capitol and on Castel San Angelo, while small bands were to create a diversion in various quarters of the city. It was hoped that the darkness and confusion thus caused would strike terror into the hearts of all, and that Rome would be theirs before the arrival of their fellow-plotters from without. The signal for commencing this dark work of iniquity was to be the ringing of the great bell of the Capitol. A party was detailed to bribe the keeper of the tower, or failing in this, to find some means of ascent to the bell. Monti and Tognetti, two unhappy workmen who had been ensnared by the secret societies, were to blow up the barracks; the mode of attack, and the leaders, were duly fixed upon by Capodiavolo, and the plot was complete. Fiercely did the old man and Capodiavolo gloat over the anticipated success of their scheme; it was deeply planned and well wrought thus far; what was to prevent their triumph? Humanly speaking, nothing; but against heaven's counsels shall prevail; no plot of man, or devil, can defeat the Omnipotent.

Another day had passed away forever; another grain of sand had silently fallen from the hour glass of centuries; another bubble had burst on the ocean of time.

Those who lived in Rome during the eventful period of which this chapter treats well know the sense of danger experienced by all. No soldier was seen without his musket, with bayonet fixed; the gates of the city were fortified, and the walls were pierced to permit a safe fire from rifles on an advancing enemy. The citizens retired betimes from the streets, and the family circle spoke in hushed tones regarding the villainy of the raiders. Many a prayer was waited to heaven for the success of the gallant little army which stood like an immovable rock, between the Eternal City and the flood of revolutionary hate. Many a prayer was waited to heaven for the preservation and triumph of the immortal Pius IX., that God might be pleased to sustain this noble defender of social order and justice. Of all the crowned heads of Europe he stood alone, battling against the dark conspirators against the well-being of nations. Mankind has paid a ready homage to Horatius Coles, the noble Roman who defended alone the bridge against a hostile army; but the moral grandeur of Pius IX., weak and old standing forth to fight single-handed the battle of justice and truth against the hordes of earth and hell, far eclipses the physical beauty of the resistance made by the brave Coles.

The company in which were Morgan and Lorenzo was quartered in the Sceristori barracks. They were situated on one of the streets which lead from the Castel San Angelo to the Square of St. Peter's. Several companies of Zouaves were, for the present, quartered here. The mantle of night had fallen over the City of the Popes; the rippling Tiber, humming as it meandered past its historic bride, glistened in the light of a young moon; the sentinel's tread resounded far

in the still night, and gradually died away in the deserted streets with a gentle patter, soft as the footfalls of disenthralled spirits. Save for this sound and a few glaring lamps, Rome might have been taken for a city of the dead; its graceful turrets and symmetrical domes shone white in the moonbeams, like marble memorials of the departed. In the heavens and in the air all was calmness and peace.

But now a loud report, a hissing in the air, a crash of falling masonry, smothered cries of pain, and a wild confusion of voices at the erst deserted streets fill with human beings, break harshly upon the tranquil night. A slight crackling of musketry is heard near the Capitol, and it adds new terror to the situation. The vile deed has been accomplished in part; a portion of the Sceristori barracks has been blown up, and has buried a few Zouaves and two civilians who were passing along, beneath its ruins. But the prayers of the good had not been offered in vain. Just before the explosion, contrary to all expectation, an order had come to draw off several companies of the Zouaves to another point of the city. This providential order left the part of the barracks which was blown up almost empty. Only a few members of the band remained. Thus were the lives of many gallant soldiers saved.

An assault was made on the guard at the Capitol, but it was easily repelled; the deep-laid plot was a failure. Capodiavolo gnashed his teeth as he sat some hours later in the same room in which, on the preceding night, he had plotted to so little purpose. The old man was there scowling like an exorcised demon; Mars, too, was there, wounded and moody. He had led the attack on the Capitol, and had been quickly routed. He looked upon the blowing-up of the barracks as base and injudicious.

"We shall have martial law proclaimed to-morrow, owing to that cowardly act, and then we must fly the city. We are known, and the moment one of our men appears abroad he will be pounced upon and cast into prison. I sincerely hope Monti and Tognetti may be caught and cut into ten thousand pieces."

Thus spoke Mars in answer to Capodiavolo's lament over the failure of his plot.

"I would sell my soul to the Prince of Darkness for one hour's triumph over the accursed minions who surround the gangrene of our country."

These words came from the throat of Capodiavolo as if an evil spirit, having taken possession of him, were striving to use his vocal organs.

"You are sold already, for the matter of that; the devil is ever ready to buy, but he is a poor paymaster, curse him! I am a Jew, but I almost think the story about Judas true enough. By Dives! the devil has played us a scurvy trick tonight"; saying this the old man worked his toothless jaws, and clawed the air with his skeleton fingers tipped with long yellow nails.

"Cease such babbling, you drivelling idiot, and bind up the wounds of Mars. The devil will get his match at scurvy tricks when he piles you on his roasting-heap."

Having said this, Capodiavolo began pacing the mouldy room, frightening by his angry scowl the playful lizards and the crawling reptiles. The old man brought bandages and salve and dressed the wounds on the shoulder of Mars. When this was done Mars began:

"Why did not the bell of the Capitol ring out the promised signal? Its failure marred all our plans. Who is to blame for this?"

"St. Peter, if there be such a one. The guardian of the tower accepted our offer to let in a few persons at nightfall; they entered for I saw them, but they never rang the bell; neither did they return." Capodiavolo looked thoughtful as he said this.

The apparent mystery of this proceeding is easily explained. The guardian, being a shrewd man, suspected that the offer of a large sum for access to the belfry was connected with the plots of the revolutionists. If they wished to ring the bell as a sign of rising it would be well, he thought, to let them imagine that they could give this signal, otherwise they might prepare another one. He therefore promised access to the belfry, pocketed the money, and went straight to the Senator of Rome, the Marquis Cavaletti, to whom he made known the whole affair. A few soldiers were quietly stationed in the belfry, and the guardian was told to admit the revolutionists at night. They entered, and instead of ringing they were handcuffed and led off to prison. As the bell did not ring out, the conspirators in the various parts of the city did not know what to do; the programme was spoiled by the failure of the opening act. Only Monti and Tognetti and Mars held their parts; but they, too, fell far short of all expectation.

"We must leave Rome at once," said Capodiavolo; "we will hasten to join our friends without, and hurry them on to the assault. Once the news of this blowing-up business reaches France the ugly crows (the clergy) will raise a noise and strive to force a return of French troops. We must act quickly; we must storm Monte Rotondo to-morrow night; entrench ourselves there, and then pour down on Rome. We will thus arrive here before any French soldiers can land at Civita Vecchia."

Capodiavolo was good at planning; he had a quick perception, a powerful mind and an unfeeling heart; but, like many plotters against the Church, he forgot that she is a Divine institution overshadowed and protected by the Almighty. The action of Providence in favor of the Church did not enter into his calculations; consequently they were never correct.

The trap-door in the floor of the room was raised; a small boat suspended on two hooks was lowered, and Capodiavolo with the wounded Mars silently dropped aboard. Trusting to the darkness of the night, for the moon had set, and to the confusion consequent on the blowing up of the barracks and the assault on the guard at the Capitol, Capodiavolo pushed the boat out into the stream and floated down its current. His object was to

quietly make his exit from the city, to land below St. Paul's, and then to strike across the country in a northerly direction towards Monte-Rotondo. Wishing him a prosperous voyage and breathing curses on the defenders of Rome, the old Jew closed the trap, and turning round found himself confronted by a policeman and two Zouaves. They were the patrol on their round, and having seen traces of blood near the door had entered just as the boat pushed off. The old Jew was staggered, but only for an instant; quickly recovering presence of mind he piped out, "Hurrah for the Pope! hurrah for the brave defenders of Rome!"

"Peace, old hypocrite," sternly began the policeman; "we know your loyalty. What were you doing just now with the floor?"

"Only closing the cellar hatchway, noble officer."

"How do you account for the traces of blood on your door-step and in the front room?"

"Why, see, noble soldiers," whined the wily old Jew, "I was out buying a goat's liver from Eben Ben Albi the butcher; I do so love goat's liver chopped in my macaroni; and the blood was dripping from it as I came along."

(To be continued.)  
[This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowlton's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. (3%) for the current half-year has been declared upon the paid-up stock of this institution, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office of the Bank in this city on and after WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 24th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the said Bank will take place at the Head Office of the Bank in Montreal, Tuesday, June 21st next, at noon.

By order of the Board of Directors,  
W. WELLS, President.  
Montreal, April 28th, 1892. 41-1

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER

DIVIDEND No. 53.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. (3%) for the current half-year has been declared on the paid up capital stock of this institution for the current half-year, payable at the office of the Bank in Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The general annual meeting of shareholders will take place at the offices of the Bank in Montreal on Wednesday, the 15th of June next, at 1 o'clock p.m. By order of the Board.  
A. L. DEMARTIGNY, General Manager  
Montreal, 25th April, 1892. 41-1

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 5 per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Registrar will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 10th May, 1892. 41-3



World's Columbian Exposition,  
Chicago, 1893.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on that occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, fisheries, minerals, machinery, manufactures, arts, &c., to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibits and the shipment of goods, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to co-operate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits coming and returning, and for the placing of exhibits on site.

Articles must be made not later than 31st July. The reception of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1892, and all exhibits, excepting live stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of applications for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter post free to the undersigned,  
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