DCNED.

eithe

AURELIA;

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL. CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED.

It was represented to Lucius Maximu that this was the only feasible plan, in the new situation brought about by the revel-ations of Marcus Regulus; that Domitian ations of Marcus Regulus; that Domitian possessed immense resources, and would inevitably crush Antonius; that it was therefore advisable to forestall him; to fall suddenly upon the general of the army of Germany; defeat him; take and destroy his papers, and thereby prevent the emperor from wreaking vengeance upon all who had participated in the plot for his overthrow. With nothing but vague suspicions, Domitian would probably not dare to order the murders he already contemplated.

ably not dare to order the ready contemplated.

It is true that this would be sacrificing Antonius; but what was the life of one many were in danger; and man when so many were in danger; and would not Maximus himself be one of the victims, if Domitian learned the share he was to have taken in the proposed insur

rection?

Those whom fortune abandons seldon find friendships strong enough to remain faithful in the hour of adversity. Maxi mus, frightened by the serious news sent him from Rome; knowing better than any one else that Antonius was not yet ready either to attack or resist; and fearing for his own safety, resolved at once to abandon his accomplice. He raised pre-cipitately his camp, and marched with his legions against Lucius Antonius. andden rise of the Rhine had complicate the embarassment of this general, who separated from the greater portion of his troops, was reduced to inactivity. Maxiattacked him at once, and gained a

easy victory.

Lucius Antonius was killed in thi battle. A soldier cut off his head, and preserved this bloody trophy to present it to Domitian. The latter arrived shortly after to reap the fruits of his lieutenant's victory. But his hopes were disap-pointed. Maximus had hastened to de stroy every document conceruing the plan of insurrection. Domitian was in a fear-ful rage when he learned that he could get no clue to the accomplices of Antonius, and that the designs formed against him must remain an impenetrable mystery. He did not punish Maximus, how ever, for the latter's hasty zeal. But he committed unheard-of structities in Ger-many, where he remained some time, trying to discover the lost thread of the

when he returned to Rome his resent. ment knew no bounds. Then commenced a reign of terror for the capital of the world. Tacitus has described with inimitable energy of language those scenes of horror. Death or banishment were the fate of the wealthiest and most virtuous citizens. The informers attained the greatest favors: the rewards they reaped were odious as the infamous acts by

which they earned them.

Pliny-the-Younger, in his letters, has also described those days of universal desolation. But he mourns, above all, the numerous friends of which he was robbed by death and banishment.

But Domitian's relentless pers were not confined to men whose politics influence could have given him umbrage The philosophers had already been driven away by him from Rome and Italy; scholars, historians and poets were now comprised in the renewed edicts of expulsion. For some secret motive the Chris-tians were spared, and neither Flavius Clemens nor his two sons were moles at the time. It is only two years later that the Christian persecution commenced in which Flavius Clemens suffered mar

It may be that the uneasiness caused to the emperor by the recently suppressed insurrection was the secret of his lenience towards his relatives. The young Caesar were very popular, and the people who had borne so long with Domitian's crimes, would probably not suffer him to sacrifice to his fury the princes they looked upon as their future rulers.

There may have been another caus

for the tyrant's hesitancy. The strange adventure of Minerva's statue, disarmed by a God more powerful than Jupiter, was still present to his memory, and he could not help thinking that he would, perhaps, himself succumb, if he dared to attack the worshippers of that mysterious and terrible divinity. What became of the Grand Vestal amsdst general gloom and terror? Since

the emperor's return she had lived in continued anxiety. She had found strength and courage to bear the burthen of her sorrows only in the devoted friend-ship of Cecelia and Aurelia, who scarcely left her.

Cecelia, wishing to complete the work

commenced, spoke to her with affectionate perseverance of the celestial hopes of bristianity, and of the contempt which the greatest misfortune must inspire to those who see in another life an everlast ing reward and eternal repose. But the Grand Vestal was too cruelly troubled to understand these words of comfort. She could think of n othing but the fearful prospect of a terrible death in the vault of the Campus Sceleratus, and it seemed of the Campus Sceleratus, and it seemed to her that Christianity, far from saving her from this cruel fate, would only be another motive for the pontiffs to order the death of the unfaithful priestess who

had renounced her creed.

She derived more comfort from the assurance given her by the divine Aurelia, who proposed to intervene near the em-peror as soon as she who had been to her a second mother would be seriously threatened, and to save her once more. Domitian would not resist when he should set his niece at his feet.

Domitian seemed to think no more of me with the execution of a Vestal, condemned in accordance with the most rigorous provisions of the ancient religious law whose traditions he wished to perpetuate. But, at last, this project, conceived long ago, presented itself anew to his mind. It would be the nual e

means of illustrating his reign.
He therefore sent for Marcus Regulus, and stated to him that he would proceed as High Pontiff against the Grand Vestal,

instance and consequently, deserved death on two grounds of accusation.

"Yes, my lord," replied Regulus; "but Metellus Celer is not in your power; and without an accomplice to show to the people, the accusation against a Vestal becomes difficult to manage, and must, at all events, lose its intended effect."

compliment, for at the time of the Saturnalia, people who could write exercised themselves in the flowery style of composition, sending graceful or pleasant epistles to their friends.

The Saturnalia was instituted in the remotest period of antiquity, in commemoration of that fabulous reign of Saturn during which there was neither master nor slave; when everything was held in

"Regulus, it is for you to find this man; you took charge of the management of this business: you must bring about its successful termination."

The emperor was dissatisfied. He dismissed the informer.

Decidedly, Regulus was unlucky. The two great undertakings to which he had devoted himself, and in which he had displayed so much activity, contributed

devoted himself, and in which he had displayed so much activity, contributed little to strengthen his credit and to maintain him in favor. His denunciations against the Christians, had, doubtless, seemed rash and dangerous, for the emperor, far from provoking new revelations, would not suffer him to refer to the subject. The accusation against the Grand Vestal had succeeded better, since Domitian had resolved to proceed: but, nevertheless, there was always some circumstance happening to diminish in the prince's mind the high opinion he had formed of the informer's great ability.

The disappearance of Metellus Celer at the very time he was wanted, was not likely to revive the emperor's singularly weakened confidence. Regulus under-

likely to revive the emperor's singularly weakened confidence. Regulus understood this, and made extraordinary efforts to find Cornelia's pretended accomplice. He neglected all other business and took very little part in the persecution of the citizens. Yet, for a long time, he almost despaired of success. He had lost the spy he had boasted of having placed near Metellus. The young man having discovered that his servant was the agent of his worst enemy, treated him as he had done Parmenon.

At last, one day, when the disappointed informer was beseeching the gods to crown with success the search which was to lead an unfortunate young man to the most cruel death, a courier came to inform him that Metellus Celer had been seized in his retreat, and was now on his

form him that Meteline Celer had been seized in his retreat, and was now on his way to Rome, well secured in a closed litter, and under good escort. The wretch hastened to carry this im-

portant news to the emperor. But, no his way to the Palatine house, Regulus met with an adventure so strange, that we must devote to it a new chapter

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SATURNALIA. To go from his residence to the Pala tine house, Regulus had to cross the For-um. He found that spacious place filled with an immense crowd of people, enjoying themselves in a noisy and disorder! manner.

informer suddenly remembered that it was the day of the Saturnalia, and this delirious multitude was entirely composed of slaves—temporarily the masters of Rome—and who were there only to give themselves up to the wildest revels, and all the license permitted by a

a few days of freedom.

Marcus Regulus would have turned back, but it was too late. A slave, who was seated on the pretor's chair, had per-

ceived him, and cried out:
"By Saturn, here comes, I believe,
that rascal, Marcus Regulus! Lictors
let that man be arrested and brought be

let that man be arrested and brought before me!"

The individual who gave this singular
order—which made the informer shudder
—was one of our oldest acquaintances.
It was Palaestrion, the slave porter of the
divine Aurelia. He was accompanied by
his huge dog, so well fed upon cooked
frogs, and which he had sworn to set upon Regalus, the first day he should meet
him. Yes, it was Palaestrion, in person, n

onger chained by the waist to the wall of his lodge; but Palaestrion triumphant honored, obeyed; Palaestrion wearing the insignia of the urban pretor and sit ting upon his chair; commanding to lict ors, and giving orders which were as promptly carried out as the magistrate's He had hardly spoken when the lictors seized the informer, amidst the joyful ac-clamations of the multitude. This Regu-lus, whose name made so many tremble now stood abashed and humbled, at the feet of the slave whose disdainful and ironical looks increased hisanxiety. But how came Palaestrion to obtain this power, and to preside over the tribunal o

Palaestrion was the hero of the feast of Saturnalia.
On the evening of the sixteenth day of

the Kalends of January, a pontiff had appeared, according to long established ustom, under the portico of the temple of Saturn, situated in the centre of the Forum, and had cried thrice in a loud and solemn voice: Saturnalia! Saturnalia! Saturnalia!

At this proclamation, long expected by the impatient and tumultuous multitude, cries of joy rent the air, and a thousand voices replied to the priest by repeating the consecrated exclamation: Io! Io! Saturnalia! Io! Saturnalia!

In answer to this signal, gangs of slaves

rush from every direction, invading the Forum with an impetuosity which the current of the Tiber would have scarcely attained had it suddenly broke through its dikes. All these slaves wear the cap its dikes. All these slaves wear the cap of liberty, as though they had just been set free. Their joy is delirious and the air is filled with their songs and shouts. The last comers find no room in the crowded Forum, and they spread in every direction over the city which will remain during seven entire days the threatre of their wild revels and of licenting excesses subspiring of the control o ous excesses authorized on this occasion by both law and custom.

Such was the inauguration of the Saturnalia; such the first outburst of the popular intoxication whose increasing manifestations ended only after every pleasure had been exhausted. This season of liberty for the slave was

This season of liberty for the slave was also one of rejoicing for the master. It was the time for making friendly calls and sending presents. This ancient custom was generally observed by the poor and the rich, the humble and the great. Nobody would have liked to neglect it and everything, from the precious jewel to the toy of trifling value, or even the bunch of onions from the little garden plot was received with gratingle as a plot, was received with gratitude, as a memento of good omen for the coming

There is nothing better than this annual exchange of little gifts. We cannot, after eighteen hundred years, criticise a custom from which we have derived our own practice of New Year's gifts, and even our letters of congratulation and compliment, for at the time of the Satur-

common, and piety, justice and concord reigned upon the earth. Succeeding gener-ations had sought to perpetuate the mem-ory of that happy time which the poets styled the Golden Age, by annual festiv-ities which should recall that primitive equality, that peace and happiness, now

equality, that peace and happiness, now flown forever.

In the principle, this feast was celebrated in one single day—on the four-teenth of the Kalends of January (December 19th). Julius Caesar when he reformed the calendar, added two days to the month of December, which were claimed as belonging to the Saturnalia, and this was confirmed by a subsequent edict which fixed their legal duration to three days. Subsequently, the celebration of the Sigillaria, also in honor of Saturn, and of the feast of his wife Ops, the goddees of the earth, were added to the Saturnalia, extending their duration to seven days.

even days.

The male slaves alone enjoyed this short period of liberty in December; the women had their turn on the Kalends of March, when the year formerly com-menced. The servants then became the mistresses, and the proudest nations of the aristocracy had to submit to their exigencies. This feast, which lasted bu one day, was styled Matronalia.

Banqueting was the principal source of enjoyment during the Saturnalia, and custom required that it should be at the expense of the masters. The latter were expense of the masters. The latter were sometimes admitted to partake of their servants barquet, and then in the midst of the general confusion and unrestrained license, they had to suffer at the hands of their drunken slaves, the violent reproaches, the offensive railing and harsh truths inspired by a revengeful recollection of evils suffered or, by a simple detruths inspired by a revengeful recollec-tion of evils suffered, or by a simple de-sire to debase those who were condemned to bear temporarily these trials. Atother imes, the slaves were even more exact ing, and they compelled citizens of the highest rank to wait on them. In this case, the most ridiculous commands, orders the most difficult to execute, and subjection to the most fantastic whims were added as a bitter derision to the necessity of this temporary slavery. The law authorized everything short

of bodily violence, and the masters had to submit tamely. It was even expressly forbidden to exercise reprisals upon the slave, when, after using to its full extent his vexatious privilege, he resumed the

yoke of servitude.

These were not, however, the only joys to which these wretches aspired during these few days of interruption to their habitual condition of suffering. After the intemperance of the table, they must try the intemperance of honors. Having copied the vices of their masters, they must ape them in their dignities.

must ape them in their dignities.

The forum became necessarily the theatre upon which were given these grotesque representations of social organization. The slaves assumed the functions privileges of the magistrates and functionaries. All this was done seriously, with comic importance, and with due regard for all the accessories appertaining to each different dignity, such as the costumes, the lictors, the curule chair, and even the rostrum for improvinged operators. The functions of vised orators. The functions of preto were the most sought after in these sati-rical and often humorous mummeries of the "life in the open air" of the forum, pecause they gave occasion to the most amusing decisions. On this occasion Palaestrion had been

designated by the votes of his fellow slaves, in the mock election held for the

slaves, in the mock election field for the office of urban pretor.

Palastrion, the slave porter of the divine Aurelia,—the niece of Domitian and future Empress of the Romans—had immediately conquered a consideration and importance proportionate to the supreme destinies of that young and the control of th noble matron. The servant reflects the greatness of his master, and this reflection had thrown around Palaestrion a sort of halo, the brightness of which he did not

No other slave had better enjoyed the now came Palaestrion to obtain this bower, and to preside over the tribunal of the pretor?

One word will suffice to explain this present Palaestrion was the part of the had rid himself of the chains which held himself or the chains which held had not continue in his leader and had held himself or the chains which held had not continue in his leader and had had held held had not continue in his leader and had had held held held held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the chains which had not continue in his himself or the chains which held had not continue in his himself or the hims him captive in his lodge, and had rushed to the Forum, followed by his faithful dog. He had been one of the first to hear the proclamation of the Saturnalia.

To relate everything worthy of note that Palaestrion and his dog had accom-plished during the first six days, would require a volume.

He had plunged headlong into all the

ardent pleasures of the Saturnalia; he had left far behind all who attempted to follow him; he had particularly distinguished himself in those huge banquets worthy of Homer's heroes.

In one word, Palaestrion, as we have already stated, was the hero of the Saturnalia. He had been proclaimed the king of the festive board; and when from the trighing were arrived. from the triclinia were carried to the Forum the last scenes of this festival of liberty, upon which another sun was not to shine, the unanimous voice of his com rades enthusiastically proclaimed Pal-aestrion worthy of the dignified office of pretor.

Palaestrion donned bravely the magisterial robe; appointed his lictors; an terial robe; appointed his fictors; and, sitting in the pretor's chair, prepared to perform his judicial duties. But a judge without a case to try cuts a sorry figure, and poor Palaestrion saw with embarassment the disappointed looks of the audience, as the hours passed without a single pleader presenting himself in court though the criers made themselves. ourt, though the criers made themselves hoarse in inviting the people to test the prudence and justice of the learned judge.

Palaestrion's face was growing purple with shame as he listened to the increas-ing titter which circulated in the mirthful crowd, and the big sweat drops rolled from his brow. It was at this perplexing juncture that he caught sight of Regulus. The slave-pretor recognized immediately his quondam tempter, and, in a stentorian voice, ordered his arrest. He intended to carry his revengeful joke as far as the license of the Saturnalia permitted, and with this view he called to his dog. The animal, who was circulating freely among the crowd, in two bounds took his place near his master's curule chair. "Ah! Cerberus!" said Palaestrion, pat

ting him on the back, "attention! old boy, we are going to have some fun!" boy, we are going to have some lun.

The dog wagged his tail and showed his double row of sharp teeth, as if he

the crowd. Palaestrion had reconquered the crowd. Palaestrion had reconquered all his waning popularity, for curiosity was awakened and every one looked for scenes of more than usual interest. A thousand voices mingled with the growls of the dog, who, his glowing eyes fixed an his master's, only awaited a signal to spring upon the trembling wretch whom the lictors had brought to the bar of the tribunal.

Io! Saturnalia! Io! Io! Palaestrion!" repeated the multitude wild excitement.

rild excitement.

Palaestrion was enjoying his own triumph and the terror of Marcus Regulus raisestrion was enjoying his own tri-mph and the terror of Marcias Regulus. His silence and the ironical expression of his looks increased the intolerable an-guish of his victim. At last, the slave-pretor extended his hand to command at-tention, and the tumult ceased as if by magic. The slaves looked on in breath-less expression.

magic. The sisted solution in the sex expectation.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate, addressing Regulus.

"I am a citizen, and I protest against all acts of personal violence," replied the informer, trying to give some assurance to his voice.

informer, trying to give some assurant to his voice,

"Very well," said the slave-pretor;

"but this is the time of the Saturnalia, and you are accused..."

"What charge can be trumped up against me?" asked Regulus.

"Was it not you," replied Palaestrion, who, by corrupt means, tempted the fidelity of the woman Doris, a slave in the household of the divine Aurelia, and brought upon her the punishment which is caused her death?... What have you to reply?"

to reply?"

The informer shuddered, but remained

"Was it not you, again," resumed the "Was it not you, again," resumed the magistrate, "who, concealing your name, came ta a poor slave named Palaestrion to offer him his freedom, and who endeavored by your insidious questions to surprise the secrets of the divine Aurelia's household, thereby exposing said Palaestrion to perish, like Doris, under the public executionar's lash." ic executioner's lash ?"
"Palaestrion, Palaestrion," exclaimed

Regulus in a supplicating tone, "I swear that my intentions towards you were sin-cere, and it was not my fault if they were not realized."

"Hush! wretch. . . Here I am no longer Palaestrion. I am a judge who interrogates. . Come, are these facts true or false? . . By Saturn! take care not realized.

at you do not prevaricate!"
But instead of replying to this question Regulus sprang back, uttering a piercing cry. This unexpected incident was caused by Cerberus. Pending the interrogatory, the dog had gradually approached the informer, and had finally inserted his sharp fangs into the latter's thigh; such, at least, appeared to be the fact, from the manner in which the ani-mal still held on to his tunic. "Cerberus! Cerberus!" cried Palaes

trion angrily.

The dog immediately let go his hold. "Lictors! chastise this insubordinate animal who will not wait for the signal." The lictors, detaching a few rods from their fasces, struck the dog who howled with pain. The crowd applauded this act of justice. "Regulus," resumed the slave, evident-

"Regulus," resumed the slave, evidently gratified by these public marks of approbation, "have you anything to say in ustification of these charges? . . . Speak! . . I listen."

The wretched man could find only

. . I did not know . . . I could not know that I was exposing you to any danger.'

"I am not concerned in this case: Re-"I am not concerned in this case. I we gulus; cease, therefore, misunderstanding my words and pronouncing my name. The question at issue is the trade you follow and the misfortunes which result from your informations. Is it not nough that you have attempted to introduce treachery under the roof of my noble mistress, and that a young girl has perished, a victim to the temptations of your That is what you must f from . . . Or othergold? . . That is what you n justify yourself from . . . Or ot wise you cannot escape punishment. for me, I despise the solicitations with which you tried to deceive me, and as a judge, I must forget them. For the time I charge you to answer without I must forget them. For the last

Palaestrion had spoken these words with great dignity and firmness. The humble slave seemed to be gradually penetrated with the greatness of his func-tions, and he introduced the majesty of truth in the fiction undertaken for amuse

Marcus Regulus, completely over-whelmed, could think of nothing except how he should effect his escape; his eyes wandered about anxiously, watching a favorable opportunity. But flight was no easy matter. Cerberus was there, an at-tentive sentinel, and all around, the serried ranks of the multitude presented ar impassible barrier. No friendly face met the informer's eager glance; he saw, everywhere, nothing but cruel smiles which told him plainly how much the spectacle of his anguish was enjoyed by those who waited for Palaestrion's judg-

The Pretor, silent and collected, was thinking of what sentence he should pro-nounce. A new incident here distracted the attention of the crowd. The melodious sounds of a flute were heard in the direction of the portico of Saturn's temple, and the pontiff was seen issuing from the sacred edifice, where he had been performing an explatory sacrifice. He was accompanied by Misitius playing the harmonious instrument used upon such occasions. The crowd made way respectfully, and the pontiff and his musician soon found themselves in front of the slave-pretor's court.

A drowning man catches at straws, and Regulus no sooner recognized the priest than he sprang towards him, claiming his protection in the most pitful accents. "Saturnalia!' cried Palaestrion, to stop the movement which the pontiff, surprised at finding Regulus in this embarrassing predicament, was about to make in his favor; "Saturnalia! this man belongs to

me until the sentence I am going to pass shall have been executed!"
"It is true," said the priest, "we are in the days of Saturnalia, and you are the the days of Saturnaia, and you are the masters! Regulus, may the gods protect thee, I can do nothing."

The pontiff went away, leaving to his fate Regulus who trembled with rage and gave vent to his disappointment in the most fearful imprecations. Misitius would have followed the pontiff, but Paleagtrion would not permit it.

ture of command, "your presence is re-quired here. Your instrument must mark time for the exercise to which I shall condemn Regulus as a just punish-ment for his crimes. I command you to

stay!"
The unfortunate Misitius would have rather been a hundred miles from Rome, than to find himself in the presence of the wretch he had so much cause to fear! but it was as impossible for Misitius to discher Palestrice as for Regular to wretch he had so much cause to fear! but it was as impossible for Misitius to disobey Palaestrion, as for Regulus to escape from the punishment about to be inflicted.

Misitius stopped, and waited patiently for further orders. The look that Regulus model the proof fellow shudder.

for further orders. The look that Regulus gave him made the poor fellow shudder. Palaestrion, seated on his curule chair proclaimed silence and announced that he would now pronounce the sentence of the culprit.

The crowd listened with eager curios-

"It appears," said the slave pretor in a "It appears," said the slave-pretor in a solemn voice, and using the consecrated formula, "that Marcus Regulus, informer, here present, is the author, through his seductions, of the death of a young girl named Doris, a slave in the household of the divine Aurelia. Consequently, I order that he shall be tossed in a blanket, and that the flute-player shall accompany with the sounds of his instru-ment the execution of this sentence. The whole Forum shook under the

thunder of applause which greeted the judgment of the wise Palaestrion. No sentence could have been imagined to crown with a more diverting practical joke the feast of the Saturnalia and to reach, at the same time, the much feared and hated man upon whom it was to be

played.

A large circle was formed around the downcast informer; twelve athletic slaves seized him and, despite his struggles, stretched him at full length on a wide carpet, which impatient hands were lift-ing; and Misitius commenced playing a symphony amidst the plaudits of the deighted crowd and the cries, repeated by Saturnalia! Io! Saturnalia! Io!

Regulated by the modulations of Mis-Regulated by the modulations of Mis-itius's fute, the cadenced motion was ac-complished with a perfection that gave it additional force. The informer's body scarcely touched the carpet than it was again thrown to a prodigious height. These aerial evolutions could be witnessed from all parts of the Forum, and the savage acclamations which greeted it showed how keenly the multitude enjoyed the distress of the wretched Regulus. His

distress of the wretched Regulus. His most cruel enemy must have pitied him!

At last, not perhaps through merciful feelings, but because every punishment must have an end, Palaestrion ordered the tossers to stop. Marcus Regulus fell back once more on the carpet, whence he was permitted to roll on the pavement. In a moment he stood on his feet. His face was deathly relach his aves flashed In a moment he stood on his feet. His face was deathly pale; his eyes flashed with rage; but his voice failed him; he could not utter a word. Palaestrion ordered the crowd to give way and let Regulus go where he pleased. The wretch, still dizzy from his recent performance, and assailed by the jeers of his tormentors, availed himself of this permission and fled with the precipitancy of one who escapes from some terrible

Palaestrion had come down from his urule chair.
"Regulus!" he cried, when the inform er was at some distance, "I am no longer thy judge, but I made an oath and it must be fulfilled!"

must be fulfilled!"

Then, called Cerberus, he pointed out to him the retreating form of the informer. The dog sprang after him with the speed of an arrow. A few bounds sufficed him to overtake Regulus, who uttered a terrible cry and turned to throw on Palaestrion a look full of deadly hate.

on Palaestrion a look full of deadly nate.

"Cerberus! Cerberus! enough! come back, sir!" Palaestrion called to his dog; and his voice had a satisfied and triumphant tone. He had kept his word and consummated his vengeance. At the sound of the master's voice, the obedient dog had let go the leg, into which he had inserted his sharpointed row of teath. inserted his sharp-pointed row of teeth; he returned quietly, bringing with him a piece of Regulus's tunic as a trophy. Palaestrion was carried in triumph to

turnalia

On the next morning he had resumed his chain in the porter's lodge for another year. So he thought at least, for the poor wretch could not foresee what was about o happen. Regulus, notwithstanding his cruel mis

hap, had not renounced his design of ad-vising the emperor of Metellus Celer's capture. He arrived at the Palatine house, still trembling with rage and fear, and thirsting tor revenge, but prepared to dissemble in order the better to secure it. At sight of the informer's haggard looks and disordered dress, Domitian was struck with surprise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CROWFOOT'S PRIEST. Canada is older and younger than

the United States. It is not unco to pass within half an hour's journey settlement dating from the time of Richelieu, and a colony not yet a week old. The whole vast Dominion contains only five millions of souls—a pop ulation about equal to the combined census returns of Greater New York and Philadelphia. The Canadian Indians, still tribal and picturesque, are far more interesting than our ducky "wards of the nation." Almost always they are Catholic, their religion the result of the untiring labors of the French missionaries. Julian Ralph, when traveling through Western Can ada, was keen to notice the work of missions. Himself a Protestant, he did not hesitate to testify to the influence of those whom Stevenson called the only real missionaries-the priests who sacrifice all for God's work among those who know Him not.

The former chief of the Blackfeet, Crowfoot, and Father Lacombe, the Catholic missionary to the tribe, are described as having been the most in teresting and influential characters in the newer part of Canda. They had much to do with controlling the peace of a territory the size of a great empire. The chief was more than In the finding of the first and the same and first and the first and the first and the slave's intentions might be.

The most savage clamors greeted the informer, who had been recognized by the first and the slave's intentions might be.

The chief was more than gave vent to his disappointment in the imprecations. Misiting the slave's intentions might be.

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The chief was more than gave vent to his disappointment in the gave vent to his disappointment in the intentions might be.

The chief was more than gave vent to his disappointment in the gave years old, the priest a dram years younger, and yet they represent the informer, who had been recognized by

In the chief's boyhood the red man held undisputed sway from the Lakes to the Rockies. In the priest's youth vancing hosts from Europe. But Father Lacombe came bearing the clive branch of religion, and the Christian scholar and the barbarian pecame fast friends, intimates in a companionship as picturesque and out of the common as any the world could

produce. When not even a half-breed Indian has dared to risk his life among angry about their duty fearlessly and unscathed. There was one, just after the massacre of the Little Big Horn, who built a cross of rough wood, painted it white, fastened it to his buck-board and drove through the country in which a white man with a pale face and blonde hair would not have lived two hours.

It must be remembered that in a vast region of country the French priest and voyageur and courier de bois were the first white men the Indi-ans saw, and while the explorers and the traders seldom quarreled with the red men or offered violence to them, the priests never did. They went about like women and children—or, rather, like nothing else than priests. They quickly learned the tongues of the savages, treated them fairly, showed the sublimest courage and acted as counsellors, physicians and friends. There is at least one brave Indian fighter in our own army who will state it as his belief that if all the white men had done thus we would have had but little trouble with our

United States Indians. From Father Lacombe's one sees the snow capped Rockles sixty miles away, lying above the horizon like a line of clouds tinged with the delicate hues of mother-of pearl in the sunshine. Calgary was a mere post in the wilderness for years after the priest went there. The huffaloes roamed the prairies in fabulous numbers, the Indians used the bow and arrow in the chase, and the maps we studied at the time showed the whole region enclosed in a loop and marked, Blackfoot Indians.

But the other Indians were loth to accept this disposition of the territory as final, and the country thereabout was an almost constant battle-ground between the Blackfoot nation of allied tribes and the Sioux, Crows, Flatheads, Crees and others. The good priestfor if ever there was a good man, Father Lacombe is one—saw fighting enough as he roamed with one tribe and the other. His mission led him to ignore tribal differences and to preach o all the Indians of the plain. He knew the chiefs and head men among them all, and so justly did he deal with them that he was not only able to minister to all without attracting the enmity of any, but he came to wield a formidable power over all of them. He knew old Crowfoot in his prime, and as the writer saw them together they were like bosom friends. Together they had shared dreadful privations and survived frightful winters of storms. They had gone side by side through savage battles, and each re-

spected and loved the other.
All through his reign Crowfoot was the greatest Indian monarch in Canada ; possibly no tribe in this country was stronger in numbers than his dur ing the last decade or two. Never was seen a nobler looking Indian or a more king-like man than he. tall and straight, asslim as a girl, and he had the face of an ancient Roman. He never troubled himself to learn the English language; he had little use for his own speech. His grunt "yes" " no " ran all through his tribe. He never shared his honors with a squaw, preferring to live and die an

Altogether Crowfoot was a haughty, picturesque, taciturn, grand old age, a veritable story-book Indian. He never rode or walked without his head men in the retinue, and when he wished particularly to exert his authority and to impress all beholders, his apparel was royal indeed. His coat of bead work was a splendid garment, and weighed a dozen pounds. His leg gear was just as fine-his moccasins would fetch fifty dollars in any city today. To a mere scion of effeminate civilization his kingly crown looked remarkably like an extra tall plug hat, with no crown in the top and a lot of crows' plumes around the band. You may be sure his successor wears that same hat to-day, for the Indians re-

vere the "state-hat" of a brave chief. Crowfoot is dead, and Father La-combe has followed the chief. Only in the far Northwest and in the Indian missions of remote districts in the Province of Quebec may their like be seen in these days of "Anglo-Saxon" domination. Loretto, Caughnawaga, Oka
—in these tiny "reservations" the French priest is still the father and the friend of the dusky tribe.

A QUESTION?

As the strength of the Catholic Church is in the Sacrifice of the Mass, so the strength of the individual Catholic in the Sucrament of the Eucharist. How then can the Catholic who believes the words of Christ: "Unless you eat My Flesh and drink My Blood, you cannot have life in you," stay away from Communion for months and months and menths? Does he prefer in his soul the presence of the devil to the Presence of God?

Take your crucifix in your hand and ask yourselves whether this is the religion of the soft, easy, worldly, luxurious days in which we live; whether the crucifix does not teach you a lesson of mortification, of self-denial, of cruci-fixion of the flesh,—Cardinal Manning

WHEN FARMS WERE ABAN. good

drea Bon Just over the hill on the old Mill Road as you go out of Charenton, you will notice the two homes, one a mere white cottage, long built, and lying deep back in the field behind a little grove of lilac shubbery; the other, a dwelling of more pretention, but so fast toppling toward ruin that the very vagrants from the wayside, and the painters who come out from the habitation as in great manner

The huge, homely chimney rears itself still boldly up but every other portion, from the eaves to the door sill, has yielded more or less to the persist ent forces of demolition. The old-fashioned gables are weather stained and riddled; the slanting roof shakes with the wind as if it would slide off to the ground; the pale green shutters hang loosely on their fixtures, and the white paint of the clapboarding has grown washy where it has not altogether disappeared. The great front door is never opened now; the eagle shaped knocker that has hung there for ten decades has grown prown with its crusting of oxide, and the grass parterie, which runs down from the threshold to the two great elms bending over the road, is no longer a smooth-shaven lawn, but is general free camping ground for the flowery children of Mother Nature. Hollyhocks side by side with dock weeds, ribbon grass close at hand with lamb's quarters, violets so tender and sun flowers so hardy, are all huddled together in that community of abode and live out a life of sweetness ever amid that anarchy. It is the realization of the visionary's social dream.

It was here that they lived, both lads of nineteen, when the war broke out Mike Hartley in the little house at the lilacs, Harvey Stedman in the big near the road. Between the two households lies the well kept ceme tery where Charenton has been burying its generations ever since the epoch of King Phillip's War. Puritans of the old days and Puritans of the recent, many of them good men, some of of them wicked men, repose beneath the tufty verdure, waiting for the trumpets of the resurrection.

Mike and Harvey were comrades yea, almost brothers. In those years there was no high school in Charenton; and when the two boys had passed together through the last class of the grammar grade, Mr. Stedman came one evening to the little Hartley abode and very generously, in hi whole souled way, offered to young Mike the same chance in life that he was offering his own, single son.
This chance was the opportunity of
learning the trade of carpentering the for Harvey's father was himself the master-joiner of the village. Mike, in his heart of gratefulness, never forgot this act of purest kindness, and when Mr. Stedman died, Mike cherished his obligations toward the son as all the more tenaciously binding.

Neither was very rich; neither was extremely talented. Yet Mike, rating the roadside manor as a residence veritably palatial, looked up to young Stedman as to one surrounded with lavish wealth, and Harvey on his side, having noted Mike's cleverness in the schoolrooms, thought that Hartley was nothing short of a human genius. the first five lustrums of one's life it is easy to become a hero worshipper.

Politics were stirring in those im

pulsive days. Excitement ran high the voice clamoring for abolition har roused every village population from Bunker Hill to the Berkshire valleys in districts further south blows wer struck that left rankling wounds, an bitter words were hurled that provoke many a caustic memory. Mike we an abolitionist of the better but ine fective sort. He instinctively looke up to Douglas, of Illinois, as the ide patriot; and when he spoke of the matter at all he said that the genuine best remedy for the critical case wou be for the nation to buy the slaves any cost short of bloodshed; pay as price in the money of the land, as then turn the Africans over into t body of American free men. In vague way Mike felt that at twen one he would be in principle oblig to cast a different ballot from the ticl which he knew Harvey Stedm But as yet th was going to vote. interest in national questions a merely platonic; it hung fire, and not fret them much. Even the fi campaign, wnich had just wound with Lincoln's triumph, had failed stimilate within them the moment enthusiasm, so well-nigh gene throughout the North. South States had proclaimed their manifes of secession, Southern Senators v resigning their seats; but, never less, the declarations of secession not heeded with genuine or gen seriousness. The widespread belie the time was that in a few mor after the noisy storm of discon would have spent itself; after all froth and talk and bluster, the S from below the Dixie line would

> hold. Mike used to say that " most of talk." Hardey used to call it buff game of politics." Poli The politics that interested them were the fishing-pole and the fow piece. To come in from the with a string of beauties, spe with the tints from the rainbow, or to come back from the heart lowland thicket with a brace of partridge; these were the vic

Politics! One candidate

back, like real but wayward child

to their places in the national he