FABIOLA:

2

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

CHAPTER I. THE CHRISTIAN HOUSE.

1 It is en an afternoon in September of the year 302, that we invite our reader to accompany us through the streets of Rome. The sun has declined, and about two hours from its setting; the day is cloudless and its heat has cooled, se that multitudes are issuing from their houses, and making their way towards Cæsar's gardens on one side, or Sallust's on the other, to enjoy their evening walk, and learn

the news of the day. But the part of the city to which we wish to conduct our friendly reader is that known by the name of the Campus Martius. It comprised the flat alluvial plain between the seven hills of older Rome and the Tiber. Before the close of the re-publican period, this field, once left bare for the athletic and warlike exercises of the people, had begun to be encroached upon by public buildings. Pompey had erected in it his theatre: soon after, Agrippa raised the Pantheon and its adjoining baths. But gradually it became occupied by private dwellings; while the hills, in the early empire the aristocratic portion of the city, were seized upon for greater edifices. Thus the Palatine. after Nero's fire, became almost too small for the imperial residence and its adjoining Circus Maximus. The Esquiline was usurped by Titue' baths, built or the ruins of the Golden House, the Aventine by Caracalla's: and at the period of which we write the Emperor Dioclesian was covering the space sufficient for many lordly dwellings, by the erection of his Therma (hot baths) on the Quirinal, not far from Salust's garden just alluded to.

The particular spot in the Campus Martius to which we will direct our steps, is one whose situation is so definite, that we can accurately describe it to any one acquainted with the topography of ancient or modern Rome. In republican times there was a large square space in the Campus Martius, surrounded by boarding, and divided into pens, in which the Comitia, or meetings of the tribes of the people, were held, for giving their votes. This was called the Septa, or Ovile, from its resem blance to a sheepfold. Augustus carried out a plan, described by Cicero in a letter to Atticus, of trans forming this homely contrivance into a magnificent and solid structure. The Septa Julia, as it was thenceforth called, was a splendid portico of 1.000 by 500 feet, supported by columns, and adorned with paintings. Its ruins are clearly traceable; and it occupied the space now covered by the Doria and and Verospi palaces (running thus along the present Corso), the Roman College, the Church of St. Ignatius, and the Oratory of the Caravita.

The house to which we invite our readers is ex actly opposite, and on the east side of this edifice. including in its area the present church of St. Marcellus, whence it extended back towards the foot of the Quirinal hill. It is thus found to cover as noble Roman houses did, a considerable extent of ground. From the outside it presents but a blank ground. From the outside it presents but a blank and dead appearance. The walls are plain, without architectural ornament, not high, and scarcely broken by windows. In the middle of one side of this quadrangle is a door, *in entis*, that is, merely resting on two half columns. Using our privilege as "artists of fiction," of invisible ubiquity, we will enter in with our friend, or "shadow," as he would have been anciently called. Passing through the porch, on the pavement of which we read with pleasure, in mosaic, the greeting SALVE, or WEIpleasure, in mosaic, the greeting SALVE, or WEL-COME, we find ourselves in the *atrium*, or first court of the house, surrounded by a portico or colonnade. (The Pompejan Court in the Crystal Palace will here for a final court in the Crystal Palace will arised many readers with the forms of an ancient house). In the centre of the marble pavement a softly warbling jet of pure water, brought by the Claudian aqueduct from the Tusculan hills, springs into the air, now higher, now lower, and falls into an elevated basin of red marble, over the sides of which it flows in downy waves; and before reachin its lower and wider recipient, scatters a gentle shower on the rare and brilliant flowers placed in elegant vases around. Under the portico we see furniture disposed, of a tich and sometimes rare character; couches inlaid with ivory, and even silver; tables of oriental woods, bearing candelabra, lamps, and other household implements of bronze or silver; and other nousehold implements of bronze or silver; delicately chased busts, vases, tripods, and objects of mere art. On the walls are paintings evidently of a former period, still, however, retaining all their brightness of color and freshness of execution. These are separated by niches with statues, repre-senting indeed, like the pictures, mythological or historical subjects; but we cannot hole observing Instorical subjects; but we cannot help observing, that nothing meets the eve which could offend the most delicate mind. Here and there an empty miche, or a covered painting, proves that this is not the result of accident. As outside the columns, the coving roof leaves : large square opening in its centre, called the *implu-vium*; there is drawn across it a curtain, or yeil of dark canvas, which keeps out the sun and rain. An artificial twilight therefore alone enables us to see all that we have described; but it gives greater effect to what is beyond. Through bn arch, oppo site to the one whereby we have entered, we catch a glimpse of an inner and still richer court, paved with variegated marbles, and adorned with bright gilding. The veil of the opening above, which, however, here is closed with thick glass or tale (*lopis* specularis), has been partly withdrawn, and admits a bright but softened ray from the evening sun on to the place, where we see, for the first time, that we are in no enchanted hall, but in an inhabited house. Beside a table, just outside the columns of Phrygian marble, sits a matron not beyond the middle of life, whose features, noble yet mild, show traces of having passed through sorrow at some carlier period. But a powerful influence has sub-it and the say aught to you, or do f' "Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of ur companions, and said, "Come, Pancratius, this, I understand, is the last time we meet *here* (he laid and the recollection of it, or blended it with a particular emphasis on the wordly but I have a sweeter thought; and the two always come together, and have long dwelt united in her heart. The simplicity of her appearance strangely contrasts with the richness of all around her; her hair, streaked with silver, is left uncovered, and unconcealed by any artifice; her robes are are of the plainest color and texture, without embroidery, except the purple ribbon sewed on, and called the *segmentum*, whibh denotes the state of widowhood; and not a The only thing approaching to this is a slight gold cord or chain round her neck, from which apparent. Iy hangs some object, carefully concealed within the upper hem of her dress. upper hem of her dress. At the time that we discover her she is busily

engaged over a piece of work, which evidently has no personal use. Upon a long rich strip of gold cloth she is embroidering with still richer gold thread; and occasionally she has recourse to one or another of several elegant caskets upon the table, another of several elegant caskets upon the table, from which she takes out a pearl, or a gem set in gold, and introduces it into the design. It looks as if the precious ornaments of earlier days were being devoted to some higher purpose. But as time goes on, some little uncasiness may

But as time goes on, some little uncasiness may be observed to come over her calm thoughts, hither-to absorbed, to all appearance, in her work. She now occasionally raises her eyes from it towards the entrance; sometimes she listens for footsteps, and seems disappointed. She looks up towards the sum; then merbaus turns her dance to reach a danced as then perhaps turns her glance towards a *clepsydra* or water-clock, on a bracket near her; but just as a feeling of more serious anxiety begins to make an impression on her countenance, a cheerful rap strikes the house-door, and she bends forward with a radient look to meet the welcome visitor.

CHAPTER II. THE MARTYR'S BOY.

It is a youth full of grace, and sprightliness, and candour, that comes forward with light and buoy-ant steps across the atrium, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manli-lass of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart, while his lofty forchead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment the short *protecta*, reaching below the knee, and a goklen *bulla*, or hollow spheroid of gold suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried by an old servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school. (The cus-tom suggests to St. Aŭgnstine the beautiful idea, that the Jews were the *pedagogi* of Christianity,-carrying for it the books which they themselves could not understand). While we have been thus noting him, he has re-ceived his mother's embrace, and has set himself low by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in idence as if to aligneen this near the bias mother's embrace.

by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets her glance with so frank a look, and with such a smile of innocence, that every

lock, and with such a simile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in a moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows:— "What has detained you to-day, my dearest boy ? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the

Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest (the peculiar

"Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest (the peculiar epithet of the Catacombs) mother; on the con-trary, all has been delightful,—so much so, that I can scarcely venture to tell you." A look of smiling expostulation drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh, as he continued, "Well, I suppose I must," You know I am never "Well, I suppose I must," You know I am never happy, and cannot sleep, if I have failed to tell you all the bad and the good of the day about myself." (The mother suiled again, wandering what the bad was.) "I was reading the other day that the Scythians each evening cast into an urn a white or a black stone, according as the day had been happy or unhappy; if I had to do so, it would serve to mark, in white or black, the days on which I have, or have not an eventual to follow the structure of the structu

not, an opportunity of relating to you all that I have lone. But to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt, a fear of conscience, whether I ought to tell you Did the mother's heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eye, that the youth should seize her hand and put it tenderly to his lips while he thus replied?

'Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear all that has befallen me "Tell me all, dear Pancratius," she answered; "nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to

"Well, then," he began, "this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have been singularly blessed, and yet full of strange occur-rences. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singuhours; and this led, as you will near, to some singu-lar discoveries. The subject was, 'That the real philosopher should be ever ready to die for truth.' I never heard any thing so cold or insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so,) as the compositions read by ny companions. It was not their fault, poor fel-lows! what truth can they possess, and what in-ducements can they have, to die for any of their vain opinions? But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts eemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the essons you have taught me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. The son of a martyr could not feel otherwise. But when my turn came to read my declamation, I found that my feelings had nearly fatally betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word 'Christian' escaped my lips instead of 'philosopher,' and 'faith' instead of 'truth.' At the first mistake, I saw Cassianus start; at the second, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as bending affectionately towards me, he said, in a whisper, 'Beware, my child; there are sharp cars listening.'" "What, then," interrupted the mother, "is Cassianus a Christian ? I chose his school for you because it was in the highest repute for learning and for morality; and now indeed I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger and apprehenand so. But in these days of danger and apprenen-sion we are obliged to live as strangers in our own land, scarcely knowing the faces of our brethren. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed Lis faith, his school would soon have been deserted. But go on, my dear boy. Were his apprehensions well ground-"I fear so; for while the great body of my schoolfellows, not noticing these slips, vehemently ap-plauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scowlingly upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger." "And who is he, my child, that was so displeased,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

covered with wax, on which the letters were traced by the sharp point, and effaced bp the flat top, of it the style). Wrestle with me, or try the cestus (the hand bandages worn in puglilstic combats) against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve before these witnesses of your insolent triumphs." The anxious mother bent eagerly forward as she listened, and scancely breathed. "And what," she exclaimed, "did you answer, my dear son ?" " I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done any thing that could give pain to him or any of my schoolfellows; I nor did I ever the of claiming superiority over them. 'And as to what you propose,' I added, you know, Corvinus, that I have adways refused to in-duge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, end in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge. How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin them with those evil feelings which are usually their had end ?" Our schoolmates had now formed a circle round us; and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to enjoy some of the delights of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, "And now, my comrades, good-bye, and may all happiness attend you. I part from you as I have lived with you, in peace." 'Not so,' replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury: 'but'"—

you, in peace." Not so, replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury; but'"— The boy's countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and, half choked, he sobbed out, "I cannot go on; I dare not tell the vert "

rest?" "I entreat you, for God's sake, and for the love you bear your father's memory," said the mother, placing her hand upon her son's head, "conceal no-thing from me. I shall never again have rest if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?"

The boy recovered himself by a moment's paus

lepart, cowardly worshipper of an ass's head ! of the many calumnies popular among the heathens). You have concealed your abode from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged !' So saying he dealt me a furious blow upon the face, which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of sayage delight broke and stagger, v forth from the boys around us." He burst into tears, which relieved him, and then

vent on. "Oh, how I felt my blood boil at that moment!

how my heart seemed bursting within me; and a voice appeared to whisper in my car scornfully the the name of 'coward !' It surely was an evil spirit. voice appeared to whisper in my car solution, it. the name of 'coward?' It surely was an evil spirit. I felt that I was strong enough—my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping on the ground. I heard already the shout of applause that would have hailed my victory and turned the tables against him. It was the hardest struggle of my life; never were flesh and blood so strong within me. O God! may they never be again so tremendously powerful!" "And what did you do, then, my darling boy?" gasned forth the trembling matron.

gasped forth the trembling matron. He replied, "My good angel conquered the demon at my side. I thought of my blessed Lord in the house at my side. I thought of my blessed Lord in the house of Caiphas, surrounded by scoffing enemies, and struck ignominiously on the check, yet meek and forgiv-ing. Could I wish to be otherwise? (This scene is taken from a real occurrence). I stretched forth my hand to Corvinus, and said, 'May God for-give you, as I freely and fully do; and may He bless you abundantly.' Cassianus came up at that ou abundantly.' Cassianus came up at that noment, having seen all from a distance, and the outhful crowd quickly dispersed. I entreated him, y our common faith, now acknowledged between , not to pursue Corvinus for what he had done;

us, not to pursue corvinus for what he had done; and I obtained his promise. And now, sweet mother," murnured the boy, in soft, gentle accents, into his parent's bosom, "do you not think I may call this a happy day?"

CHAPTER III.

THE DEDICATION.

While the foregoing conversation was held, the day had fast declined. An aged female servant now entered unnoticed, and lighted the lamps placed on marble and bronze candelabra, and quiet-ly retired. A bright light beamed upon the un-conscious group of mother and son, as they remain-ed silent, after the holy matron Lucina had answered Pancratius' last question only by kissing his glowing brow. It was not merely a maternal emotion that was agitating her bosom; it was not even the happy feeling of a mother who, having trained her child to certain high and difficult principles, sees them put to the hardest test, and nobly stand it. Neither was it the joy of having for her son one, in her estimation, so heroically virtuous at such an age; for surely, with much greater justice than the mother of the Gracchi showed her boys to the astonished matrons of republican Rome as her only jewels, could that Christian mother have boasted to the Church of the son she had brought up. But to her this was an hour of still deeper, or, shall we say, sublimer feeling. It was a period looked forward to anxiously for years; a moment prayed for with all the fervor of a mother's supplication. Many a pious parent has devoted her infant son from the cradle to the holiest and noblest state that earth possesses; has prayed and longed to see him grow up to be, first a spotless Levite, and then a holy priest at the altar; and has watched eagerly each growing inclination, and tried gently to bend the tender thought towards the sanctuary of the Lord of hosts. And if this was an only child, Samuel was to Anna, that dedication of all that dear to her keenest affection, may justly be considered as an act of maternal heroism. What then must be said of ancient matrons,—Felicitas, Symporosa, or the unnamed mother of the Maccabe -who gave up or offered their children, not one, but many, yea all, to be victims whole-burnt, rather than priests, to God ? han priests, to God ? It was some such thought as this which filled the leart of Lucina in that hour; while, with closed eyes, she raised it high to heaven and prayed for strength. She felt as though called to make a generous sacrifice of what was dearest to her on earth; and though she had long foreseen it and desired it, it was not without a maternal three that its merit could be gained. And what was passing in that boy's mind as he too remained silent and abstracted? Not any as he too remained silent and abstracted ? Not any thought of a high destiny awaiting him. No vision of a venerable Basilica, eagerly visited 1,600 years later by the sacred antiquary and the devout pilgrim, and giving his name, which it shall bear, to the neighboring gate of Rome. (Church and gate of San Pancrazio). No anticipation of a church in his honor to rise in faithful ages on the banks of the distant Thames, which, even after desceration, should be loved and eagerly sought as their last resting place, by hearts faithful still to his dear Rome. (Old St. Pancras', the favorite burial place of Catholies, till they cemeteries of their own). No forethought of a silver canopy or *ciborium*, weighing 287 fbs., to be placed over the porphyry urn that should contain his ashes, by Pope Honorius I. (Anastastasius, Biblioth, *in vitu Honorii*). No idea that his name would be enrolled in every wartyrology, his picture, crowned Not any Honoriti). No idea that his name would be enrolled in every martyrology, his picture, crowned with rays, hung over many altars, as the boy-martyr of the early Church. He was only the simpleenrolled in every martyrology, his picture, crowned with rays, hung over many altars, as the boy-martyr of the early Church. He was only the simple-hearted Christian youth, who looked upon it as a matter of course that he must always obey God's law and His Gospel; and only felt happy that he had that day performed his duty, when it came under circumstances of more than usual trial. There was no pride, no self-admiration in the re-

flection; otherwise there would have been no heroism in his act.

When he raised again his eyes, after his calm

When he raised again his eyes, after his calm reverie of peaceful thoughts, in the new light which brightly filled the hall, they met his mother's cour-tenance gazing anew upon him, radiant with a majesty and tenderness such as he never recollected to have seen before. It was a look almost of inspir-ation: her face was as that of a vision; her eyes what he would have imagined an angel's to be. Silently, and almost unknowingly he had changed his position, and was kneeling before her; and well he might; for was she not to him as a guardian spirit, who had shielded him ever from evil; or might he not well see in her the living saint whose virtues had been his model from childhood ? Lucina broke the silence, in a tone full of grave emotion. "The time is at length come, my dear child," she said, "which has long been the subject of my carnest broke the silence, in a tone full of grave emotion. "The time is at length come, my dear child," she said, "which has long been the subject of my earnest prayer, which I have yearned for in the exuberance of maternal love. Eagerly have I watched in thee the opening germ of each Christian virtue, and thanked God as it appeared. I have noted thy docility, thy gentleness, thy diligence, thy piety, and thy love of God and man. I have seen with joy thy lively faith, and thy indifference to worldly things, and thy tenderness to the poor. But I have been waiting with anxiety for the hour which should been waiting with anxiety for the h decisively show me, whether thou wouldst be con-tent with the poor legacy of thy mother's weakly virtue, or art the true inheritor of thy martyred father's nobler gifts. That hour, thank God, has

"" "What have I done, then, that should thus have changed or raised thy opinion of me ?" asked Pan-

cratius. "Listen to me, my son. This day, which was to be the last of thy school education, methinks that our merciful Lord has been pleased to give thee a lesson worth it all; and to prove that thou hast put off the things of a child, and must be treated hence-forth as a man; for thou canst think and speak, yea,

and act as one." "How dost thou mean, dear mother !"

"What thou hast told me of thy declamation this morning," she replied, "proves to me how full thy heart must have been of noble and generous thoughts; thou art too sincere and honest to have written, and fervently expressed, that it was a glorious duty to die for the faith, if thou hadst not believed it, and felt it." What thou hast told me of thy de believed it, and felt it." "And truly I do believe and feel it," interrupt-

"And truly I do believe and feel it," interrupt-ed the boy. "What greater happiness can a Chris-tian desire on earth ?" "Yes, my child, thou sayest most truly," con-tinued Lucina. "But I should not have been satisfied with words. What followed afterwards has proved to me that thou canst bear intrepidly and patiently, not merely pain, but what I know it must have been harder for thy young patrician blood to stand, the stinging ignominy of a disgraceful blow, and the scornful words and glances of an unpitying multitude. Nay more; thou hast proved thyself strong enough to forgive and to pray for thime enemy. This day thou hast trodden the higher paths of the mountain, with the cross upon thy enemy. This day thou hast trodden the ingner paths of the mountain, with the cross upon thy shoulders; one step more, and thou wilt plant it on its summit. Thou has proved thyself the genuine son of the martyr Quintinus. Dost thou wish to be like him ?"

"Mother, mother! dearest, sweetest mother!" "Mother, mother? dearest, sweetest mother?" broke out the panting youth; "could I be his genuine son, and not wish to resemble him? Though I never enjoyed the happiness of knowing him, has not his image been ever before my mind? Has he not been the very pride of my thoughts? Has he not been the very pride of my thoughts? When each year the solemn commemoration has been made of him, as of one of the white-robed army that surrounds the Lamb, in whose blood he washed his garments, how have my heart and my flesh exulted garments, now have my heart and my flesh exulted in his glory; and how have I prayed to him, in the warmth of filial piety, that he would obtain for me, not fame, not distinction, not wealth, not earthly joy, but what he valued more than all these: nay, that the only thing which he has left on earth may be applied, as I know he now considers it would most usefully and most nolly be."

"What is that, my son ?" "It is his blood," replied the youth, "which yet remains flowing in my veins, and in these only. I know he must wish that *it* too, like what he held in his own, may be poured out in low of his Redeemer, and in testimony of his faith." and in testimony of his faith." "Enough, enough, my child!" exclaimed the mother, thrilling with a holy emotion; "take from thy neck the badge of childhood, and I have a

going Roman who was determined thoroughly to enjoy this life. In fact he never dreamt of any other. Believing in nothing, yet worshipping, as a matter of course, on all proper occasions, whatever deity happened to have its turn, he passed for a man as good as his neighbors; and no one had a right to exact more. The greater part of his day was passed at one or other of the great baths, which, besides the purposes implied in their name, comprised in their many adjuncts the equivalents of clubs, read-ing-rooms, gambling houses, tennis-courts, and gymnasiums. There he took his bath, gossiped read, and whiled away his hours; or sauntered for a time into the Forum to hear some orator speaking. read, and whiled away his hours; or sauntered for a time into the Forum to hear some orator speaking, or some advocate pleading, or into one of the many public gardens, whither the fashionable world of Rome repaired. He returned home to an elegant supper, not later than our dinner; where he had daily guests, either previously invited, or picked up during the day among the many parasites on the look out for good fare.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4.1

At home he was a kind and indulgent master. His house was well kept for him by an abundance of slaves; and, as trouble was what most he dreaded, so long as every thing was comfortable, handsome, and well every thing was comfortable. and well-served about him, he let things go on quietly, under the direction of his freedmen.

It is not, however, so much to him that we wish It is not, however, so much to him that we wish to introduce our reader, as to another immate of his house, the sharer of its splendid luxury, and the sole heiress of his wealth. This is his daughter, who, according to Roman usage, bears the father's name, softened, however, into the diminutive Fabiola. (Pronounced with the accent on the *i*). As we have done before, we will conduct the reader at once into her apartment. A marble staircase leads to it from the second court, over the sides of which extends a suite of rooms, opening upon a terrace, refreshed and adorned by a graceful foun-tain, and covered with a profusion of the rarest terrace, refreshed and adorned by a graceful foun-tain, and covered with a profusion of the rarest exotic plants. In these chambers is concentrated whatever is most exquisite and curious, in native and foreign art. A refined taste directing ample means, and peculiar opportunities, has evidently presided over the collection and arrangement of all around. At this moment the hour of the evening repast is approaching, and we discover the mistress of this dainty abode engaged in preparing herself to appear with becoming splendor

She is reclining on a couch of Athenian workman She is reclining on a couch of Athenian workman-ship, inlaid with silver, in a room of Cyzicene form; that is, having glass windows to the ground, and so opening on the flowery terrace. Against the wall opposite to her hangs a mirror of polished silver, sufficient to reflect a whole standing figure; on a porphyry-table beside it is a collection of the in-numerable rare cosmetics and perfumes, of which the Roman ladies had become so fond, and on which they lavished immense sums. (The milk of 500 asses per day was required to furnish Ponwhich they lavisned mimense sums. (The milk of 500 asses per day was required to furnish Pop-paea, Nero's wife, with one cosmetic). On another, of Indian sandal wood, was a rich display of jewels and trinkets in their precious caskets, from which to select for the day's use.

It is by no means our intention, nor our gift, to It is by no means our intention, nor our gift, to describe persons or features; we wish more to deal with minds. We will, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that Fabiola, now at the age of twenty, was not considered inferior in appearance to other ladies of her rank, age, and fortune, and had many aspirants for her hand. But she was a contrast to her father in temper and in character. Proud, haughty, imperious, and irritable, she ruled like an empress all that surrounded her, with one or two exceptions, and exacted humble homage from all that approached her. An only child, whose mother had died in civing her birth, she had been nursed that approached her. An only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, she had been nursed had died in giving her birth, she had been nursed and brought up in indulgence by her careless, good-natured father; she had been provided with the best masters, had been adorned with every ac-complishment, and allowed to gratify every extrava-gant wish. She had never known what it was to denv herself a desire.

Having been left so much to herself, she had read much and especially in profounder books. She had thus become a complete philosopher of the re-fined, that is, the infidel and the sensual, epicurean-ism, which had been long fashionable in Rome. She knew nothing of Christianity, except that she understood it to be something very low, material and vulgar, she despised it, in fact, too much to thin of inquiring into it. And as to paganism, with it gods, its vices, its fables, and its idolatory, sh

FRIDAY NEW

The release from England enthusiastic w The Ohio M on Saturday. dismissing Re immorality. Dr. Baird, e of Publicatio

funds of the been reinstate suspended fro A free pard was mixed up Montreal, and

were strong of the charge Two British cholera-thei ment. The d and this fact

temperance n broke the ple Bogus \$5 b circulation in Smith" appea evidently bee much thicker. genuine. Ou money passin

The Pope's duced to 100 an officer hay Von Sonnenh officer will red ings in the Vi

Lord Head meeting that United States grated from h of them has £10,000 wort THE destru

boat has invo siderably ov evening as I from the Th time, also b Fund for th those who ha The Cure of port that Lot

gone to Lour outside her h that she daily the house, ar hundred doct detected the

The latest Colliery expl of lives lost i the mine, b saved. A su relief of the catastrophe.

From the month of A in the eight p siderably belo only 17 per month was c barometer an

Mr. C. D. tall, straight, He has not s sometimes, b working cont nights. Her At night he and lies ther While eng

cars on No. 1 London, Mr. second and t into a jelly. Moore's surg dressed. M during his ra similar mist suffering inte possible und

and wherefore ?" "He is the oldest and strongest, but, unfortunate-

"He is the oldest and strongest, but, unfortunate-ly the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had an ill-will and grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand."

"Did he say aught to you, or do ?" "Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show your superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself; I saw ine and others older and better than yourself; I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spouted your high-flown declamation to-day; ay, and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon; for my father, you woll be that very soon; for my father, you well know, is Prefect of the city (the mother slightly started); and omething is preparing which may nearly concern you. Before you leave us I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name, and it be not an empty word, (the *pancratium* was the exercise which combated all other personal contests,—wrestling, boxing, &c.) let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tables. (The implements of writing in schools, the tablets being

 better token to give thee."
He obeyed, and put away the golden bulla.
"Thou hast inherited from thy father," spoke the mother, with still deeper solemnity of tone, "a moble name, a high station, ample riches, every worldly name, a negl station, ample riches, every worldy advantage. But there is one treasure which I have reserved for thee from his inheritance, till thou shouldst prove thyself worthy of it. I have con-cealed from thee till now; though I valued it more than gold and jewels. It is now time that I make t over to the

With trembling hands she drew from her neck the golden chain which hung round it, and for the first time her son saw that it supported a small bag or purse richly embroidered with pearls. She opend it, and drew from it a sponge, dry indeed, eeply stained. "This, too, is thy father's blood, Pancratius," she

said, with faltering voice and streaming eves. "gathered it myself from his death-wound, as, dis 4T guised, I stood by his side, and saw him die for Christ."

She gazed upon it fondly, and kissed it fervently; and her gushing tears fell on it, and moistened it once more. And thus liquefied again, its color glowed bright and warm, as if it had only just left The holy matron put it to her son's quivering

The holy matron put it to her son's quivering lips, and they were empurpled with its sanctifying touch. He venerated the sacred relic with the deepest emotions of a Christian and a son; and felt as if his father's spirit had descended into him, and stirred to its depths the full vessel of his heart, that its waters might be ready freely to flow. The whole family thus seemed to him' once more united. Lucina replaced her treasure in its shrine, and hung it round the neck of her son saving—""" it round the neck of her son, saying:—"When next it is moistened, may it be from a nobler stream than that which gushes from a weak woman's eyes!" But heaven thought not so; and the future com-batant was anointed, and the future martyr was consecrated, by the blood of his father mingled with his mother's tears.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEATHEN HOUSEHOLD.

While the scenes described in the three last chaprs were taking place, a very different one present ed itself in another house, situated in the valley between the Quirinal and Esquiline hills. It was that of Fabius, a man of the equestrian order, whose family, by farming the revenues of Asiatic pro-vinces, had amassed immense wealth. His house was larger and more splendid than the one we have aheady visited. It contained a third large peristyle, or court, surrounded by immense apartments; and besides possessing many treasures of European art, it abounded with the rarest productions of the East. Carpets from Persia were laid on the groud, silks

erely scorned it, though outwardly she followed i In fact, she believed in nothing beyond the presen life, and thought of nothing except its refined enjoy ment. But her very pride threw a shield over her virtue; she loathed the wickedness of heather society, as she despised the frivolous youths where the society is a she despised the frivolous of the society of the soc paid her jealous attention, though she found amu-in their follies. She was considered cold and selfis, but she was morally irreproachable.

If at the beginning we seem to indulge in log descriptions, we trust that our reader will believe that they are requisite, to put him in possession of the state of material and social Rome at the period the state of material and social Rome at the period of our narrative; and will make this the more in-telligible. And should he be tempted to think that we describe things as over splendid and refined for an age of decline in arts and good taste, we beg to remind him, that the year we are supposed to visit Rome is not as remote from the better periods of Roman art, for example, that of the Antonines, as our age is from that of Cellini, Raffaele, or Donatello; yet in how many Italian palaces are still preserved works by them, fully prized, though no longer imitated ? So, no doubt, it was, with the houses works by them, thiry prized, though no longer imitated ? So, no doubt, it was, with the houses belonging to the old and wealthy families of Rome. We find, then, Fabiola recliming on her couch, holding in her left hand a silver mirror with a handle, and is the other transmission processing of the form and in the other a strange instrument for so fair a hand. It is a sharp-pointed stiletto, with a delicate-ly carved ivory handle, and a gold ring to hold it by, This was the favorite weapon with which Roman ladies punished their slaves, or vented their passion on them, upon suffering the least annovance, or when irritated by pettish anger. Three female slaves are now engaged about their mistress. They belong to different races, and have been purchased at high prices not merchy on account of their set belong to different races, and have been purchased at high prices, not merely on account of their ap-pearance, but for some rare accomplishment they are supposed to possess. One is a black; not of the degraded negro stock, but from one of those races, such as the Abyssinians and Numidians, in whom the features are as regular as in the Asiatic people. She is supposed to have great skill in herbs, and their cosmetic and healing properties, perhaps also in more dangerous uses—in compounding philtres, Since is supposed to have great symmetries, such that cosmetic and healing properties, perhaps also in more dangerous uses—in compounding philtres, charms, and possibly poisons. She is merely known by her national designation as Afra. A Greek comes next, selected for her taste in dress, and for the elegance and purity of her accent; she is there-fore called Graia. The name which the third bears, Syra, tells us that she comes from Asia; and she is distinguished for her exquisite embroidering, and for her assiduo usdiligence. She is quiet, silent, but completely engaged with the duties which now devolve upon her. The other two are garrulous, light, and make great pretence about every little thing they do. Every moment they address the most extravagant flattery to their young mistress, or try to promote the suit of one or other of the profigate candidates for her hand, who has best or

profigate candidates for her hand, who has best or last bribed them.

To be Continued.

As No. 5 Catherines o and her dau over Twelve Railway ahe by the cowravine, 40 fe prove fatal. escaped.

Too WIL Memphis co his last let afternoon a J. Farrow, a ada, contain to the affli \$150 per me years. He and servant declined." The leadi

charge of C Portland Pr train on th charge of a c warders, wh the North (sailed from class passen them. The previous to William]

Liberals, wh Yorkshire charity has When, in 18 starving fro lence in the Ireland wit in organizir the plague-was not co America fo Since the en butor to the

From the of Sept. 28 an accident walk. Con steamer Ad dock, at eig York. Six bull and m probably t far as ascer with memo Lord ; Mrs Allen, Nor Hoyt, of H bodies were certained. Those that are some ty are likely t bodies ; bu