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Mar 7-8



THE VILLAGE IN THE AIR. — Page 80.

THE Young Dodge Club



THE SEVEN HILLS.

REPORT

THE
UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE YOUNG DODGE CLUB.

THE SEVEN HILLS.

BY

PROF. JAMES DE MILLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE B. O. W. C.," "THE BOYS OF GRAND PEE SCHOOL,"
"LOST IN THE FOG," "FIRE IN THE WOODS," "PICKED
UP ADEPT," "THE TREASURE OF THE SEAS,"
"AMONG THE BRIGANDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:
LEE, SHEPARD AND DILLINGHAM.

1873.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872;
By LEE AND SHEPARD,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry,
29 Spring Lane.

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II.

THE SEVEN HILLS.

CHAPTER I.

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FIRST visit to Rome is an event in the life of every one; and great was the enthusiasm which the Eternal City produced in the minds of the four boys whose wonderful history is here set forth. In their revered relative and guardian, Uncle Moses, there was, however, less excitement; for age had tempered the ardor of his feelings, and the journey from Naples had been a fatiguing one. It will not, therefore, seem surprising that on the following morning, when the boys were eager to go forth, Uncle Moses chose to remain in his lodgings, and seek the rest which he needed.

Rome was, of course, utterly unknown to them; but they did not for a moment think of taking a guide. It was early when they set forth, and all they had in the shape of a guide was Murray's immortal red hand-book.

So, strolling about, they soon found themselves in a long street, of noble appearance, bordered with stately churches and houses of superior pretensions. Along this they walked for some time, until they suddenly found themselves in front of a tall column, whose venerable air showed it to be a relic of the past. Around its sides were sculptured figures, representing scenes of battle and of triumph. A statue was on the top.

"I wonder what this is," said Clive.

"It looks like Trajan's Column," said David, regarding it with a profound air.

"But Trajan's Column is put down on the map in another direction altogether," said Clive.

"At any rate, that isn't Trajan on the top," said Frank.

"It looks like the statue of some Pope," said Bob.

"I have it," said David. "It's St. Peter. This is the Column of Antonine. See here! Here's all about it;" and he pointed to a full and circumstantial description in "Murray."

Strolling on a little farther, they came to a majestic edifice, with marks of antiquity visible on every stone. It was a vast circular building, with

a portico in front, and surmounted by a dome. This they learned from "Murray" was the Pantheon. On entering, they found the simple majesty of its interior more impressive than anything they had ever seen. There were no windows, but in the centre of the dome above there was a circular opening, through which the light came down.

They then wandered on farther, and soon found themselves threading a maze of dingy streets, which were lined with gloomy houses. Mean-looking shops appeared, some for the sale of provisions, others for the sale of wine. Throngs of people, chiefly of the lower orders, surrounded them—men, women, and children, with priests, and soldiers, and peasants, and shepherds, and wine-carts, and sheep, and goats, and droves of cattle. The streets were narrow, without sidewalks, and with the gutter in the middle. The crowd was busy, and bustling, and full of vivacity, and they gave to the place an air of animation which the boys had not expected to find at Rome. At last they found themselves approaching a vast circular edifice, built of enormous blocks of stone, and surmounted by modern fortifications, while crowning the whole work was the colossal statue of an angel. It scarcely needed a reference to the guide-book to show them what this was. The statue told them that it could be no other than the Castle of St. Angelo. But all interest in this was lost in another and grander object which soon rose to view.

"Can that be it!" exclaimed Clive. "That dome, with the smaller ones beside it! But this must be the Vatican Hill, and this must be the Bridge of St. Angelo, and this river—it must be the Tiber!"

"Yes, it was the Tiber; and soon they were standing on the bridge, and were looking down into the fawny waters as they rolled beneath.

"It isn't as large as I expected," said Frank.

"Why, you might have known that it isn't a large river," said David.

"Well, so I might, perhaps; but then, you know, one is apt to think a river that has such a great name may also be great in size. Of course it isn't a very rational way of judging; but still, somehow or other, we do often think so."

"I wonder where the bridge stood where Horatius fought," said Clive.

"That's the Sublician Bridge," said David. "According to the map, it is up that way, and out of sight from here. It's around that bend."

Leaving this, they resumed their journey. The domes arose before them. Could these domes really belong to the greatest of cathedrals, the wonder of the world? It hardly seemed possible, yet they thought it must be so. They expected to see something larger.

"This, at any rate, ought to be big," said Frank; "and if it isn't, I'll lose all faith in wonders of the world."

"O, we're too far off yet," said Clive.

At length they came to an open place, and there, full before them, rose the Cathedral of St. Peter's. They all stopped, and regarded it in silence. Before them spread a magnificent piazza. From the great cathedral two galleries advanced, and from the ends of these sprang two glorious colonnades, which, taking a wide sweep, encircled the whole piazza, and finally approached to within five hundred feet of one another. In the midst of the piazza rose a lofty obelisk of red granite, on each side of which was a fountain, the waters of which went shooting far upward, and then descended in showers of glittering spray. Beyond all this, which was merely the outer court and place of approach, rose the gigantic temple itself, with its sublime dome.

Yet the first impression produced upon the mind of the boys was a feeling of disappointment. The colonnade was magnificent; the piazza, noble beyond expression; but the cathedral itself did not seem as it should have seemed—the crown and glory of all. It seemed, in fact, less magnificent than its gateway and vestibule. It looked small, and its giant dome seemed to have shrunk down.

The boys said nothing, but traversed the piazza, and at length entered. Removing the heavy curtain of the doorway, they passed inside. There was a general blaze of splendor which dazzled their eyes—many-colored marbles in the pave-

ment, walls of polished stones, roof of shining, golden hue; yet there was not that overpowering vastness which they had confidently anticipated. And therefore the disappointment which the first glimpse had caused continued even after they had seen the interior.

Now, the reason of this may easily be given. It lies in the exquisite symmetry of St. Peter's, and the careful proportion of all its parts. For this reason, at the first glance, it seemed to the boys not much larger than any other church. But this first impression passed away. For, as they moved from the door, as they advanced along the nave, as they went from point to point, its size grew upon them every moment. As they walked forward, the vast interior seemed continually to retreat; and on approaching statues which represented cherubs, and at first had seemed no larger than infants, they found them to be of gigantic dimensions. Everything seemed to increase and to become thus magnified; and so the edifice rose constantly all around them to grander proportions, until at last they stood under the great dome, and looked up into its stupendous vault. There, at last, their highest expectation was realized, and the full idea of St. Peter's came over them — St. Peter's, with all its grandeur, glory, and immensity.

“Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp that still doth rise,

Deceived by its gigantic elegance, —
 Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
 All musical in its immensities; —
 Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold, — and haughty dome, which vies
 In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Rests on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim."

At length they had gazed their fill, and had, for the present, at least, become satiated with the magnificence below; so they resolved to ascend to the dome, and penetrate to the ball, and even the cross, if possible. Upon inquiry from a person who had an English look, and turned out to be an Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, they found the doorway, which was on the side of the cathedral, not far from the entrance; and through this they all passed. They found here, to their surprise, not steps, as they had expected, but an inclined plane, of easy grade, paved with brick, and ascending spirally. It was wide enough to admit of several people passing abreast, and from no one thing did they gain so lively and impressive an idea of the immensity of the great cathedral as from this path by which the ascent was made to its roof. It filled them also with very lively expectations of the sights above; for what must be the wonders of those upper regions, which were approached by such a mode as this?

The ascent was thus gradual, and easy, and pleasant. The boys were all in the highest possible

spirits. The various mingled sensations of awe, astonishment, admiration, reverence, and solemnity, which had recently filled them, had passed away, and a reaction had set in. The animal spirits of boyhood became manifest. So they laughed, and joked, and shouted, and played, and raced, and chased one another, sometimes up and sometimes down, making the place resound with their uproarious mirth. But suddenly all this came to an end; for, on passing round one of the turns in the spiral way, they found themselves face to face with half a dozen donkeys.

For a moment they were all completely thunderstruck. They would have expected quite as readily to see a mail coach and four horses, or an Italian diligence with six horses, in this place, as these animals. The thing was a prodigy. As for the donkeys, they also were startled at the encounter, or, perhaps, at something in the manner of the boys; and so they, too, stood still and waited.

The pause was at length ended by Bob.

"Hurrah, boys!" he cried; "let's have a ride up."

And before the others could offer a word of remonstrance, or say anything at all, he was on the back of the nearest donkey. The patient animal did not start, however, or exhibit any manifestations of surprise or displeasure. He stood quite still, and the others did the same.

"Come on, boys," said Bob, cheerily. "What's the use of walking when we can have a ride up?"

Frank was the first to obey this invitation. He sprang forward, seized another donkey, and in a few minutes was mounted on the little animal's back. Clive then clambered on another. Last of all, David tried it; but he was, unfortunately, not so nimble as the others, and, as he put his leg up, the donkey began to move backward, and David slipped off and rolled under his feet. Upon this the donkey seemed surprised, as well he might be, and backed still farther. Up jumped David, and seized him again. The donkey stood still for a moment, and David once more commenced the climbing process. The donkey started back; again David slipped and fell. This time, however, he recovered himself without losing his hold of the donkey; and, being out of breath from his long walk up, and violent play, and struggle with the donkey, he stood still for a few moments, panting and staring at the little jackass, while the little jackass calmly stared at him.

"Come, Dave, don't be all day about it," said Frank. "Give a sudden jump, and there you are."

"O, wait a minute; I'll be all right. You fellows go on; I'll follow at once."

"But we don't want to leave you."

"O, don't mind me; I'll be along at once."

"Here, Dave," said Clive, who was nearest to him; "take my hand."

David reached over to take the outstretched hand of Clive, when suddenly the donkey, startled

at the gesture, drew back rather abruptly. David slid aside, and at this the patient animal seemed to lose all further power of self-control. With an indignant toss of his head he kicked up his heels, and down went David again on the bricks. But this alarmed the donkey still more, and he seemed frightened out of what wits he had. With a jump he started off up the incline. Away he went, with his tail in the air. Away, too, went the other donkeys, with their tails also in the air, as fast as they could, considering the loads on their backs and the up-hill work that was before them. And there was that unfortunate David left behind, lying on his back, alone in this solitary place. What could he do? He did what he could. He picked himself up, and brushed the dust from his clothes. Then he shook himself. Then he listened very attentively, and heard the sound of retreating footfalls dying away far up the incline.

He started off at once to finish the journey on foot. He felt rather sore, and also very much vexed. In the midst of all this he also felt a little anxiety about the boys who had thus been carried away so suddenly, so strangely, and in this utterly unknown place. Those donkeys seemed now like a dream. They seemed, like fabulous animals, to have dropped down from the skies for the purpose of luring his friends to destruction. Whither were they being carried? Could they stop the runaway animals? Was it not in the highest degree danger-

ous to be run away with on donkey-back on the roof of a cathedral? What was the roof like? Was it a steep slope, or was it only a gradual incline? He had a vague idea that it was an arch corresponding with the vault of the interior. His only hope was that, on reaching the top, the donkeys would not be able to go any farther. But if they should be carried farther by their excitement, and run up the roof, what then? That he could not answer; and out of all these terrible questions there grew before the mind of David the dark prospect of some terrible calamity.

At last, after a long tramp, which seemed longer still from his anxiety of mind, and several bruises about his body, the result of his struggle with the donkey, David reached the roof of St. Peter's, and looked around.

His first emotion was one of amazement — so great that all his anxiety and all his pain were quite forgotten.

The roof of St. Peter's!

He had seen plenty of roofs before, and he had been on a few. His idea of the roof of St. Peter's was something like those which had come within the limit of his own experience. It must slope, he thought, in some way. He thought that it might be pitched, but that most probably it was arched to correspond with the vault of the interior. The idea was only a general one, and his mind did not rest on any details. His chief anxie-

ty about the boys arose from a fear that the donkeys might get upon the slope, slide over it, and be precipitated, together with their riders, upon the pavement far below.

With this in his mind he had reached the summit; and what was it that he saw?

He didn't see any roof at all.

On the contrary, he saw what seemed to him — a village.

It was a strange and an unequalled sight. The village — if that name may be used — was a mixture of grandeur and humility, wherein the lowliest cottages nestled under the shadow of the mightiest structures that the genius of man had ever conceived, and the hand of man had ever reared. What may be called the "streets" of this "village" were paved with smooth stones of enormous size. Donkeys were wandering about.

So great was his amazement that for a moment he forgot all about his friends, and he recalled involuntarily the immortal legend of Jack and the Bean-stalk; for Jack had climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and finally, on reaching the top of the said immortal bean-stalk, he had found himself in a new world. So David. Had not he been climbing, and climbing, and still climbing? and was not this a new world that he had reached? It was a new world, — this world with its grandeur and stately magnificence; this world with its lofty domes towering far on high; this world with its

population of giant statues rising before him wherever he turned his eyes.

At length his thoughts reverted to the boys. They were safe, at any rate. His fears had been unfounded. There was no possibility of their rolling, or sliding, or tumbling off, or of going off anywhere in any conceivable way. This was a place where they might ride donkey-back for a lifetime without the possibility of danger. So he started forward with the intention of exploring still further the wonders of this strange upper world.

CHAPTER II.

A singular Promenade. — Wonderful Scenes. — Bewilderment of David. — A sudden Interruption of his Meditations. — Runaway Donkeys on the Roof of a Church. — The Pursuit. — The cast-iron Gendarme. — The Boys under Arrest. — Despair of David. — Flippancy of Bob. — What shall we do. — Tremendous Oration of two Priests. — Puzzle of the Auditors to whom it was addressed.

DAVID walked forward with observant eyes, and those observant eyes were rubbed over and over again in perplexity and wonder, before he could bring himself to believe that their evidence was worthy of trust. For what he saw before him seemed to be actually a row of cottages, or something so much like it that there was no joke about it. Opposite to this row he saw a colonnade, above which colossal statues rose majestically in the air. Most of the cottage doors were open. In some he saw women spinning; children played about the doors; babies were sleeping in their mothers' arms; dogs were lolling in the shade, and looking lazily and sleepily at him, as he passed, as is the fashion with

Italian dogs, and with our own dogs too, in fact — at least in the dog days. Near him were two donkeys with panniers, which were tied to a pillar.

He walked slowly along, and saw next several temples, with arched roofs, which presented great beauty of appearance, behind which was visible the colonnade, with its statues.

Several men came out of a house near by, and, after looking at him hastily, yet searchingly, they walked off, at a rapid pace, in an opposite direction.

Three priests came out of another house, and walked off after the men aforesaid.

Then came an old man, with a big basket.

And then, —

Several dogs.

A dozen children at play.

A number of goats.

More donkeys.

A flock of pigeons.

Some hens.

A man with a wheelbarrow.

A French officer.

Some ladies and gentlemen.

Several priests.

More goats.

More donkeys.

More ladies and gentlemen.

A donkey with a load.

A peasant driving him.

A small boy.

A cat.

A little dog chasing.

Another dog assisting.

All these passed, and David began to think that the immortal Bean-stalk of fairy lore was nothing when compared to the ascending incline of St. Peter's. What had Jack seen, in his never-to-be-forgotten wanderings, that could compare with this?

For there, full before him, arose a spectacle which cannot be equalled anywhere else on earth.

He had come to the middle of this village in the air,—to what may be called the grand square. Here there arose three mighty edifices. One was close by him, on his left. It was surmounted by a dome, and looked like a temple, or some sanctuary for worship. Some distance away arose another, the third of these three great edifices, which was the counterpart of the first. Both of these were, individually, of noble and stately appearance; yet they were dwarfed, eclipsed, and thrown altogether out of the sphere of examination by a giant structure that stood between them, and, towering far on high, dominated over all surrounding things.

Its proportions were vast. David stood and looked at it. He had seen many large buildings, and he tried to compare this with some among them, but found none that could fairly be put in

comparison. As to dimensions, this edifice seemed to cover as much ground as the largest building which he had seen in America. It was a giant rotunda, crowned with a dome. Looking up, he saw that if Bunker Hill Monument were placed by its side on this spot, it would fail to reach to the top. He thought that if Trinity Church, New York, were placed here, it would not cover the surface that was enclosed by these circular walls, and could not recall any church in America, which he had seen, over which this might not be placed like an extinguisher.

There it rose — the giant creation of the giant spirit of Michael Angelo — the “vast and wondrous dome” of St. Peter’s, a wonder alike of artistic conception and of mechanical engineering. Nor was it possible for David, in his admiration of its gigantic size, to lose sight of its majesty of expression, its harmony of proportion, its exquisite symmetry, and the beauty of all its details; for all these things were keenly noted and fully appreciated by him, as he gazed at the stupendous work.

But all around him was a wonder-world, and so he went on to see what else might be before him. He walked on over the way which he had been going, and at length reached the end. Here a colonnade ran along. A fountain played not far away, throwing out waters that sparkled and glittered in the sun, and this fountain seemed to him

not the least extraordinary among all that he had thus far observed in this place.

Here he stood and looked forth.

It was a magnificent prospect that met his eyes. Far beneath lay the city. Immediately under him was the Vatican Hill, and on one side was the immense extent of the Vatican Palace, where quadrangle lay joined to quadrangle, square to square, gallery to gallery, in an apparently interminable series. On another side was a mass of squalid-looking houses, dingy and black, enclosed by the walls of the city. Beyond this lay the waste and desolate Campagna, with its lonely monuments of a hoar antiquity, and endless lines of lofty arches supporting the ancient aqueducts. Among all these David regarded the city walls with the deepest interest. Were these, he wondered, part of the original walls, repaired by Aurelian, by Belisarius, by Leo IV., and by others in later ages? or were they the walls reared by Leo IV., as a bulwark against the roving Saracens, when he enclosed the suburb beyond the Tiber, and formed the "Leonine city"? But suddenly all these questions, thoughts, feelings, emotions, sentiments, and conjectures were rudely interrupted and knocked abruptly out of his astonished head.

There arose behind him a tremendous clatter, accompanied with a wild outcry of voices familiar to his ears. He turned with a start.

An astounding sight met his eyes.

In order to fully appreciate David's situation and sensation, we must remember the state of mind in which this new occurrence found him. For, during his excitement at his novel position and extraordinary surroundings, he had forgotten about the boys. The wonders, the contrasts of splendor and meanness, of grandeur and lowliness, and the diversified scenes that opened up in every direction, had given full occupation to his mind. Besides, his stroll from the top of the inclined plane to the colonnade at the end of the roof had only taken up five or six minutes. He had scarcely stopped at any one point more than a few seconds. At this moment, then, the distraction of his thoughts consequent upon the scenes about him had scarcely lessened, when, in an instant, that distraction was dispelled, and he was roused to himself and to a sense of the existence of his friends.

It was certainly a wonderful sight, and to him one which was unparalleled in its suddenness and in its harrowing effects.

For this is what he saw:—

First, Frank, riding on a donkey, kicking, pounding, shouting, holding on to the animal's ear with one hand, and with the other dealing heavy blows with his fist.

Second, Clive, holding on to both ears of his donkey with both hands, and kicking furiously with his heels.

Third, Bob, who, not having any whip, or any

spur, had taken off his hat, and was whacking the donkey about the face — efforts which, instead of making the beast go faster, only seemed to confuse him and retard his pace.

Fourth, a papal gendarme.

Fifth, two priests.

Sixth, five peasants.

Seventh, a French soldier.

Eighth, a peasant.

Ninth, a woman.

Tenth, another French soldier.

Eleventh, twelve small boys.

Twelfth, a goat.

Thirteenth, an old man.

Fourteenth, a dog.

Fifteenth, another dog.

Sixteenth, another dog.

Seventeenth, another dog.

Eighteenth, a peasant.

Nineteenth, a small boy.

Twentieth, his mother.

And all this varied crowd was in hot pursuit of Frank, Clive, and Bob — the entire population perhaps of this village in the air. Away they went. Away went the three boys. Away went the pursuers. They dashed past David pell-mell, and just as they passed him, the papal gendarme seized Bob's donkey by the tail. Bob beat and kicked the donkey more furiously than ever. The animal lost the patience which ordinarily characterizes the

race to which he belongs, and set off on a faster race, dragging his captor after him; and thus, and there, and then, with wild shouts, both from pursuers and pursued, the whole party swept past, and, disappearing around a corner, moved away, pell-mell, to the other end of the roof.

For a few moments David stood as though rooted to the spot, fairly paralyzed by amazement and horror.

Then he rushed off in pursuit.

He followed along the way which they had taken, and for the whole length of the roof saw nothing of them. At length he reached the front of the edifice, and turned a corner.

Here a startling sight met his eyes.

The boys had dismounted.

The papal gendarme had Frank in his grasp!

One priest had possession of Clive!

Another priest had possession of Bob!

Peasant Number 1 had Frank's donkey!

Peasant Number 2 had Clive's donkey!

Peasant Number 3 had Bob's donkey!

And around them there was a crowd, consisting of the remaining peasants, the men, the women, the goat, the dogs, and the small boy.

All were talking — that is, of course, all except the lower animals — and gesticulating most vehemently, as is the Italian fashion. But David, of course, could not understand a word that they said. The scene, however, was an eloquent one;

it told its own meaning, which meaning David could understand only too easily, and the thought gave a pang to his heart.

The boys were under arrest!

For a few moments David stood utterly aghast. Then he hurried up. The two priests were talking the boys in vehement tones; but as they spoke in Italian, their words were of course unintelligible. Frank was doing his best, by means of gestures, to convey some idea to them; but they either did not notice his gestures, or else could not comprehend them. Clive and Bob looked on with rather blank faces, wishing that they could speak Italian, and vowing from henceforth to make the acquisition of this language the chief purpose of their lives.

Now, though the boys did not understand what the priests said, that is no reason why the boy who reads these wonderful adventures should not know it; and therefore I proceed to give a translation of the same.

This, then, is what one of the priests said, and what the other said was like it:—

“O, sacrilegious ones! Who are ye who thus come to desecrate this sanctuary by racing on donkeys over the roof that covers the hallowed dust of the Prince of the Apostles? Do ye not well know that ye thereby doom yourselves to the maledictions of all the faithful, the anathema of the church, and the terrors of the civil arm? O, the shamelessness of the age, when tender boys like

these are brought up thus to be familiar with sacrilege, impiety, and wanton desecration of holy places! Was it not enough that ye dared to appropriate the ecclesiastical donkeys, but must ye add fresh horrors to your shameless and almost nameless offence by mounting them? Must ye even go farther than this, and dare to run a race around the holy dome? And now what words can express your guilt, or what punishment can be too heavy? Protestants, and heretics, and infidels ye must be; English, too, no doubt, all of ye. For ye English, wherever ye go, heap scorn, contumely, and insult upon Christians; and ye — spawn of iniquity that ye are! — out-English them all. Never imagine that ye will escape without giving compensation! But what compensation, what atonement, is possible? or what penalty can be imagined that shall be commensurate with so dire an offence? O, opprobrious ones! be thankful that the laws are more merciful now than in former ages, and that even sacrilege does not receive so heavy a punishment as of old."

All this the priests spoke in sonorous Italian, rolling out the words in full, round orotund tones, and looking at their prisoners with dark eyes of gloom. Not one word of this was understood, but the general meaning was suggested by the tone, expression, and gestures of the storming orator. The priests were both short men, stout, fat, middle-aged, in long black gowns and broad-brimmed hats.

Meanwhile David's feelings had been swelling within his breast into a fever of anxiety. While the harangue was going on, he could perceive its meaning to be a general denunciation of the boys, and furious threats of some mysterious vengeance. What could be done? Nothing! And what, he wondered, would be the character of the vengeance? As he asked himself this question, all his soul shrank away within him. All the recollection of his youthful Sunday school reading came back before him with extraordinary vividness. He recalled the history of the crusade against the Albigenses. He brought up before his mind's eye the memorable events and impressive pictures, with which he had become familiar long ago, in Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and other works of a similar kind. One scene, in particular, was recalled. It was where an Englishman was burned for not taking off his hat at the sight of the procession of the host. Finally, his thoughts gathered around the pleasing subject of the Auto da Fe and the Inquisition. He had understood that the Inquisition still existed in Rome, — perhaps, he thought, they still used their dungeons, — perhaps these very men were Inquisitors! And what then? O, if he could only speak Italian! O, if he could only find an Englishman, or an American! O, if he could only get word to Uncle Moses! Such were the anxious thoughts and fears that distracted the soul of David.

After a time the priests seemed to grow weary

of their denunciations; or perhaps they saw the uselessness of talking to those who could not understand a word they said. So they motioned to three of the other peasants to guard the boys. This the latter did, by grasping them by their coat collars. The two priests and the gendarme then walked apart, and conversed for some time with great earnestness and gravity. The gendarme was a stiff-looking personage, who looked as though he was clothed in sheet-iron.

David now walked up to his friends, and asked them how it all had happened.

"Why," said Frank, "it wasn't our fault, I'm sure."

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know. The miserable donkeys ran away. That's all."

"What made them?"

"I don't know."

"You beat them, I suppose."

"No, I didn't. Did I, Clive? Did I, Bob?"

"No," said Clive; "he didn't, and I didn't, either."

"Nor I," said Bob. "In fact, it's against my principles to beat a donkey. Don't you remember how often I've sung to you that little hymn of Dr. Watts?—

'O, if I had a donkey,
And he wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him?
No — no — no.'

"Bob," said David, reproachfully, "is *this* a time for nonsense?"

"Well, I don't know," said Bob. "There seems to be a good deal of nonsense going on around us. But see here, Dave; you're not a prisoner. Can't you go off after Uncle Moses?"

David shook his head, mournfully.

"By the time I got back here with him," said he, "you'd all be taken away; and then what good could he do? He can't speak Italian."

"I know; but then I thought that his venerable appearance might somehow strike terror into these Italians. However, it's just as well."

"Just as well?" said David. "No; something must be done. O, how I wish I could find some one who could explain things!"

"What's the use?"

"Why, you'll be taken to prison."

"Well, and wouldn't that be jolly?" said Bob, cheerily. "I'd like to know how many fellows of our age have seen the inside of a Roman prison."

David groaned, and was silent.

CHAPTER III.

Another tremendous Oration of the Priest, followed by an Oration still more tremendous from Bob. — The Priests bewildered. — Happy Thought of David. — Flight. — Pursuit. — A headlong Descent. — The German. — The Dutchman. — The Spaniard. — The Englishman. — The Irishman. — The Yankee. — Where's David? — Debates. — Conjectures. — Final Resolve. — They once more make the Ascent.



T length the priests ended their conversation, and once more came up to the boys. One of them now made an harangue, as before. Its general tone and manner were severe, but less passionate than the first.

This is what he said, done, as before, into English.

“English young gentlemen, whoever you are, you have committed what, in our eye, is a very serious offence and crime, namely, sacrilege, by racing donkeys round and round over the roof of this holy Basilica of St. Peter’s. You must not expect that you will get off without punishment. Yet you are young, and we are willing to believe that you did not really intend to commit so enor-

mous an offence. We cannot, in fact, bring ourselves to believe that young gentlemen of your appearance, and your evident station in life, would deliberately and intentionally perpetrate a deed so foul, so atrocious, and so blasphemous. You have probably your parents or guardians somewhere near, or at least not far off in the city. We will be merciful. We will allow you to send your friend to take word to your parents or guardians, and when they come here we will see what may be done. But, of course, for the present you must be ~~retained~~ in confinement. One of you, therefore, may go, and he must come back as soon as possible."

The boys listened in silence, but of course did not understand a word; a fact which it was strange that the priests had not thought of. The priest, having ceased, looked inquiringly at them, expecting some sort of an answer.

Bob looked very gravely at his friends, and then said, in a quiet, thoughtful tone, —

"True; yes; in fact, I always thought so; and what he says is quite unanswerable. Yet it seems to me that we ought to make him some reply, for the 'honor of the flag,' you know, and all that sort of thing; because it should never be said of any American that when the time came for him to make a speech he was basely mum."

Then turning to the priests, Bob took off his hat, and made a respectful bow.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, you'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on a stage like this, and if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, — which I may add is highly probable, — don't view me with a cricket's eye, but be good enough to pass my few imperfections by. And though I am but small and young, of judgment weak, and feeble tongue, yet, ladies and gentlemen, I, in company with my esteemed young friends here, am a native of the land of the free and the home of the brave. You, my lords, have honored us with an address which is full of perspicuity, purity, prosperity, and precision. I feel that I cannot do justice to the elegance of diction which characterized your remarkable address. I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation in misfortune and disgrace. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot avail us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now time to address the throne in the language of truth, and display in glowing colors the ruin that is brought to our doors. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valor; I know that they can accomplish anything but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. My only answer to the oppressor and the tyrant is, that our bright home is in the setting sun. If I were an Italian, as I am an American, while a

foreign party was trying to come it over me with his lingo, I would never give up the ship, never, never, never!"

While this astonishing address was being delivered, the boys at first stood utterly confounded; and then, as Bob calmly went on, laying an exaggerated emphasis on those scraps of old hackneyed school declamations which he so absurdly confounded together, even the gravity of their situation could not quell the impulse to laughter. Their faces grew distorted with the effort to keep down their mirth, and they bit their lips till the blood came.

The priests looked on in utter amazement. It was their turn now to be bewildered at the sound of an unintelligible speech. They listened intently, however, as though by listening to gain some idea; and, finally, as Bob ceased, and with a low bow replaced his hat on his head, they looked at one another with puzzled faces. Then one of them beckoned the other, and they once more went apart, followed by the gendarme, and engaged in another long conversation.

"Boys," said David, hurriedly, "I've got a plan for you."

"Trot it out, then," said Frank.

"Have you got your purses?"

"Of course," said Frank.

"I've got loose change," said Clive.

"I've a few dollars," said Bob.

"Well, each of you hand some silver to the

fellow that's holding you. They'll all understand *that*. They'll let you go. Then let's all run for it. Be quick, so as to get off while the priests are talking."

This proposal came like a ray of light into the dungeon of their captivity. In a few moments each of them had slyly shown a handful of silver coin to his jailer, and exchanged with him a glance of intelligence. That display of silver coin acted like a charm. The rigid grasps relaxed, and the horny fists of the three peasants closed like three vices around the money.

In another instant the boys were off. The three peasants, who had pocketed the silver, did not make any very great haste to pursue them, though they pretended to be very much excited and confused. But among the others a great riot arose. The women gave a loud outcry, and all the small boys gave chase. The priests and the gendarme looked around, uttered exclamations of wrath, and followed as fast as they could. The peasants, who had the money, made a great show of following. The two French soldiers, who had viewed the whole scene with great composure, now stood laughing at the new turn which affairs had taken; so that the only actual pursuers of the fugitives were, —

- 1st. Thirteen small boys.
- 2d. The mother of boy No. 13.
- 3d. Two small dogs.
- 4th. One priest.

5th. Another priest.

6th. A gendarme.

7th. The three peasants who had pocketed the money, and did not seem to be at all in a hurry.

Now, it has already been said that both of the priests were short, and stout, and fat; so, as a matter of course, their progress was not remarkable for speed. As for the gendarme, when he attempted to run, the idea of sheet iron clothing seemed to be more applicable to him than ever. And so, on the whole, the boys had a very good chance. So away they went. They gained on their pursuers. They reached the place of descent. Down they dashed.

But alas for human hopes! Just as David, who happened to be last, was entering, his foot struck against a projecting stone. He fell violently, and lay sprawling. Before he could pick himself up, seven out of the thirteen small boys were around him; and before he could knock them all down or burst away from them, his coat collar was grabbed by priest Number One.

Meanwhile the runaways plunged into the incline, and down they went; and down, and down, and down the long winding way. Frank, who was first, heard the footsteps of those who were behind him, exaggerated and prolonged by the echoes, and thought, naturally enough, that it was the footsteps of pursuers that made so great a sound. The other boys followed Frank, simply

because he was leading. They all thought that David was with them. Bob, who was last, thought that David was ahead of him; and Frank, who was first, thought that he was behind him.

And so down they went, at a pace that was simply tremendous. Suddenly, in making one of their never-ending turns, they ran full against a man who was coming up. This man was hurled violently against the wall, and shouted out after them, —

“Confound you, you young imps! what do you mean by that, for instance?”

He was an Englishman.

They next dashed against a man who evaded them with difficulty.

“Sac-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-e!” That was his exclamation.

He was a Frenchman.

But still they went thundering down, till in the whole spiral way there arose a din that went echoing far down and far above.

Another man, —

“Donner and blitz!”

He was a German.

Another man, —

“Dunder and blitzen!”

He was a Dutchman.

Another man, —

“Bismillah!”

He was a Turk.

Another man, —

“Caramba!”

He was a Spaniard.

Another man,—

“Santissima Madre!”

He was an Italian.

Another man.

He was dressed like a priest. His exclamation was an astonishing one. It was,—

“Thunder and turf! ye thafes av the wurruld ye’s!”

Evidently an Irishman.

But the next exclamation was still more extraordinary. The man who uttered it was tall and thin. He wore a tail coat, black satin waistcoat, black broadcloth trousers, and fuzzy white beaver hat. Against this man each of the boys ran with all his force, and each successive blow was worse than the preceding. Staggering up from the last blow, the man stared down the incline at the vacancy into which they had vanished, and exclaimed,—

“J-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-rew-salem!”

And he was a Yankee.

The boys heard the cry, and at this they felt a wonderful degree of reassurance. They felt as though they were at home again. Their pace slackened involuntarily, and now, though they met many more people, yet they went by them carefully, without jostling them, or startling them in any way.

Now, several reasons may be given why so many people were going up to the roof of St. Peter's. In the first place it was the season when Rome is fuller than at any other time. The Carnival was at hand, after which would come Lent, ending with Holy Week and the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's. This, then, was the season when Rome offered its greatest attractions, and when strangers flocked in from all lands; when the Eternal City made itself all ready for them, and cleaned its dirty streets, and donned its finest attire, and assumed its brightest aspect, and gave its warmest welcome.

In the second place, this was just the time of day when these visitors came in the greatest throngs to St. Peter's, to see the vast cathedral, to ascend to its roof, to mount to the dome, and penetrate through the cupola to the ball.

At length they reached the end of their journey, and stood at the bottom of the descent in the assured consciousness that they were not pursued. Here they stood to assemble their scattered forces. What, however, was their amazement when they found that David was missing! At first they thought that he had delayed on his way down, and with this thought they waited for him some time. But as they waited and he came not, the gloomy fear finally came over all of them that he was in the hands of the Philistines.

"Why," said Frank, "I was sure that he was following us."

"And I," said Bob, "was sure that he was ahead."

"Where was he when we started?" asked Frank.

"He was behind us," said Clive.

"Then he must have been caught, up there."

"I'm afraid he must."

"Poor Dave!"

"And he was the very one that did nothing at all."

"No; he had no donkey."

"We were the only ones to blame."

"Yes; they've nothing against him, at any rate."

"And what is more, he saved us, for this flight of ours was his idea."

"Yes; and he's got into a scrape for our sakes."

"We won't stand that," said Frank, "and leave Dave — this way."

"Never," said Bob.

"Wait," said Clive. "Perhaps Dave has relied on this. You see they can't touch him. They've nothing against him. He didn't do anything. He may be taking his time, and coming down leisurely to cover our retreat. For really there's no reason why *he* should run the way we did at the risk of his neck. So let's wait here a little longer. I dare say he'll be here soon. He's all right. They've no earthly reason to touch him."

"Why, of course not," said Frank. "They wouldn't think of touching him. — O, yes; he's all right. Well, boys, we'd better wait here. He'll

be along. There's no harm waiting. If he don't turn up, we'll all go back, or I'll go back, and you can go and tell Uncle Moses."

"O, yes," said Bob, "of course; we'll go away — won't we? — and leave you and Dave in limbo. O, certainly; by all means."

"Well, why not? It's better — isn't it? — to let Uncle Moses know. We'll get an interpreter, too. In fact, one of us ought to go. Will you, Clive?"

"No," said Clive; "I'll stay here."

"You, Bob?"

"No," said Bob. "What bosh!"

"Well," said Frank, "I won't."

"Very well then," said Clive, "let's wait for Dave."

"All right."

So they stood and listened, and listened and stood, and the time passed, but still there were no signs of David. At length they began to grow impatient, then anxious. Finally they found that they could stand the anxiety no longer.

"I can't stand this," said Frank. "What's the use of waiting here?"

"Something must have happened to Dave," said Clive.

"Yes," said Bob; "he's in the hands of the Philistines."

"He must be," said Frank; "or else he'd have been down before this."

"What I wonder at," said Clive, "is, that no one has come down after us."

"O, they thought, no doubt, that we had run off home."

"But they could see that we did not leave the cathedral. If we had, they'd have seen us crossing the piazza."

"O, no, they couldn't; they might suppose that we ran through the colonnades."

"That's true; for that's the very thing we would have done."

"I don't see the use of waiting here any longer," said Frank.

"Nor I," said Clive.

"I don't, I'm sure," said Bob.

"Well, then, we've got to go back for Dave," said Frank.

"There's nothing else to do," said Clive. "We can give ourselves up again; and then, perhaps they'll let him go."

"Poor Dave," said Bob. "He must think it queer that we've left him so long; but we couldn't help it; for we'd have gone back, but we thought he wasn't in any danger, and that he'd be down."

"O, don't you fret," said Clive. "Never fear; Dave knows us. He knows we won't leave him."

"Well, there's one thing," said Frank, "we'll find some people up there now who can speak English."

"I don't see what good that'll do," said Bob.

"We can speak English very well ourselves."

"O, I mean, of course, that they can speak Italian, too."

"But perhaps they can't," said Bob; "so what then?"

"Didn't you notice that Irishman?" said Clive.

"Of course we did; and the Yankee, too, with his J-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-rew-salem! That word came like balm to my wounded heart, Clive."

"O, but didn't you notice that the Irishman was dressed as a priest?"

"Well, what of that? He's none the less an Irishman. For my part, I don't believe any Irishman can speak Italian."

"But this man was dressed like an Italian priest," said Clive. "I noticed that very plainly."

"So he was," said Frank.

"H'm," said Bob; "that's something. Perhaps he does know Italian. He may be a regular Roman priest, brought here in childhood, and educated by the Pope himself. Hurrah! My heart always warms to an Irishman. It warrums, so it does. But how delicious his Italian must be if he spakes it wid that illigant brogue av his! Sure an it's the foinest brogue intoirely that ivir I sot ois on, so it wor."

"But I'm afraid," said Frank, "that the Irish priest, even if he does speak Italian, won't be of much use. He can't feel very friendly towards us. Didn't we almost knock him down?"

"Pooh! what of that?" said Bob. "An Irishman

would be the last man in the world to take offence at that. Don't you remember the owld song, sure?—

'He spakes to his frind, and for love knocks him down.'

Never you fear. The last thing he would think of would be to take offence. I dare say he's laughing over it now."

"Well, after all," said Frank, "it don't make any difference; there's no use for us to wait here any longer. We must go up at once. So come along."

"All right," said Bob and Clive.

So the three boys began to ascend once more to the roof. As they went up they expected every moment to meet David coming down. They cherished the hope that his perfect innocence, and the fact that he had nothing whatever to do with their adventure, might induce the authorities of the upper regions to release him at once. But they pursued many and many a round of their weary way, and still there were no signs of him.

At last they began to grow despondent, and to fear that David had fallen a victim to the anger of the authorities, which they themselves had kindled. They hardly knew what to do, but determined at all events to save him.

And in this frame of mind, and with this resolve, they went up.

CHAPTER IV.

David a Prisoner. — In the Hands of the Philistines. — A new Comer. — Padre O'Toule. — The little Chamber. — An Inquisition. — The Rogues, the Spalpeens, and the Omadhawns. — The Boys all under Inquisition. — Further Journeys. — The Dome. — The Lantern. — The Ball. — Boundless View. — The Exile and his Confidences. — The Farewell.

MEANWHILE David had been seized by the priests, the gendarme, and the small boys. An excited crowd surrounded him, of whom the priests were the chief speakers. And it was, — Who was he? What was he? What did he want? What did he mean? Was he one of that party of young English miscreants who had come here to desecrate, to dishonor, to insult, to revile? He was. For had he not connived at the escape of his friends?

To all of which David listened with the calmness of conscious innocence, but understood not one single word. He had no desire to imitate Bob's example, and answer their sonorous and unintelligible Italian with sonorous and unintelligible English. He simply preserved his calm demeanor,

and remained silent while the priests talked to him.

But for the priests the question was a perplexing one. Even with the other boys who had been the real offenders, they had scarcely known what to do, and had not altogether made up their minds about the case. But as for this boy, they knew that he was perfectly innocent. His only offence, as far as they could see, was, that he had run off after the others. Still it was evident that he belonged to the offending party, and they felt that something ought to be done to avenge the insult that had been offered.

So they talked apart for some time, and the more they talked, the more they felt the need of an interpreter. While they talked, the gendarme held David.

Meanwhile a number of persons ascended. They were all visitors, and passed onward to the great dome. At last a person came up who was dressed in the garb of a priest. The moment that this man made his appearance, Priest Number One said to Priest Number Two, —

“How fortunate! here is Padre O'Toule. He can speak to the boy.”

So they called to the newly-arrived priest.

He turned about and came towards them. He was a man of middle age and middle size. He had short, curly hair, a round, red face, with much good humor in its expression, and a pair of eyes

in his head which looked out upon the world with a great deal of sprightliness and acuteness.

The priests said to this Padre O'Toule all that they wished, whereupon the latter looked at David very curiously. Then the whole party went away to another place on the farther side of the roof, so as to be out of the way of the concourse of visitors. Here the priests talked long and solemnly to Padre O'Toule, with very serious faces on their part, but with a face on Padre O'Toule's part which grew very red and very queer. In fact, Padre O'Toule seemed to David to be affected by some internal convulsion; and he also used his handkerchief frequently, to cover his mouth and nostrils as though he was affected by the air.

At last he said to the priests in Italian, "Leave the boy with me. I'll talk with him. I'll be responsible." Then turning away, he came to David, and taking him by the arm he led him off to the rear of the edifice. Here there was a small chamber close by the main cupola, and Padre O'Toule took David in. The others quietly dispersed.

As soon as he had brought David inside, Padre O'Toule flung himself down on a rude bench, and then proceeded to burst forth into peals of laughter, so wild, so vehement, and so irrepressible, that David began to fancy that he was in the power of a madman. What, then, must have been his wonder, when Padre O'Toule, suddenly mastering his laughter, looked up with eyes streaming with tears, and burst forth into the following:—

“Och, be the powers, thin! but it's a quare bird, so ye are, an it's a foiné geemé ye've ben a playin. To have a donkey race, an on the top av St. Peter's! Ha, ha, ha! Och, ye rogue, but ye'll be the death of me intoirely, so ye will. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! But what is it all, sure? Tell me all about it, jool.”

At the sound of these words, spoken in this familiar Irish brogue, the last vestige of David's anxiety passed away. To him an Irishman seemed like a fellow-countryman and a brother. Had he been an English priest, he would have seemed, indeed, like a messenger of peace to the lonely boy; but an Irishman, with his honest, jovial, fun-loving, irrepressible Irish heart bursting forth in every look and accent, this was the most fortunate thing that could occur. There was also an infection about this man's laughter that communicated itself to David, and before he knew it, he caught himself laughing over the absurdity of the whole affair.

So he began by assuring the worthy priest that he and his friends had not the remotest idea of doing anything wrong, but that they met some donkeys as they were on their way up, and thought that they would have a ride to the top, so as to save the trouble of walking.

“An sure an it was a very sinsible ida, so it was,” said Padre O'Toule; “very sinsible an iminintly shuitable. Wasn't I wishin me own self, as

I came up, that I could have a donkey that 'ud give me a lift. But go on, jool."

So David proceeded to mention the success of the boys in mounting, and his own scrimmage with the donkey that wouldn't let him mount.

This was greeted with fresh laughter by Padre O'Toule.

"Faith, thin," said he, "an, be the powers, that same donkey showed himself to be a baste of shuparior discerrunmint, an ayvinced shuitable sintimints on sich raysintmint av injury. For it's as clare as mud that ye had no business in life wid him, ye thafe av the wurruld; but go on, darlint."

"Well, then, you know, somehow the other donkeys started off," said David, "and I was left alone. I thought the boys had gone off themselves, but I rather think now that the donkeys had run away with them."

"Ach, be off now out o' that wid yer nonsense. Run away wid thim, is it? An thim same goin up to the roof? Niver a bit av it! They dhrove off thimselves, so they did. But go on. So ye wint up after thim, ye said."

"Yes," said David, "I went up as fast as I could, for I couldn't help feeling a little anxious about them, for I didn't know anything about the roof. I thought it was an arched roof or a sloping one, and felt afraid they might fall off."

"Afeard they'd rowl off, is it? Be jabers it's a quare ida ye had av the roof thin, so it is."

"When I got to the top and looked around, I couldn't see them anywhere."

"Ye thought thin surely they'd come to harrum, I'll be bound; but where were they?"

"Somewhere about on the other side. They told me afterwards that when they got to the top, the donkeys all ran away."

"Niver a bit av it. They started off thimselves, the young rogues, so they did. I'd have done it meself, so I wud. 'Tisn't ivery one that has the chance av doin that same."

"Well," continued David, "I walked about for two or three minutes, when suddenly I heard a tremendous row, and the boys came dashing past on their donkeys, and a crowd after them."

Here David gave an eloquent, vivid, and highly animated description of that memorable scene, enlarging particularly on the gendarme who had seized the tail of Bob's donkey. To all this Padre O'Toule listened with undisguised delight, making him give a particular description of the gendarme.

"Sure it's me that knows that same gendarme. And wouldn't I like to have seen him howldin on! O, but it's tearin mad he must have been wid ye's."

David then spoke about his following after them, and described the scene that last presented itself before his astonished gaze. He then gave a vivid account of Bob's plan, and a verbatim report of his speech.

"The young rogue!" exclaimed Padre O'Toule. "The thafe av the wurruld! The owdacious young spalpeen! To make a spache at thim! Ha, ha, ha! Och, but it's meself that 'ud have given anything to be there."

Finally David described the escape.

This was the climax. Padre O'Toule again burst forth, and laughed so furiously and so long, that David began to fear for the consequences.

"O, dear! O, dear! O, dear!" he roared at last. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! By the pipers of war! but it's rogues they are intirely, so they are. And thim same; ha, ha, ha! now I remember. Thim same; ha, ha, ha! yis, it was thim same, so it was; all three av thim came tearin down from the roof, and nairly dashed me brains out by buttin against me; all av thim as I wor comin up. It's me that saw thim. Meself did. Sure an didn't I know they'd been up to mischief. I did that same. Meself did. Och, but it's meself that'll niver get over this as sure's me name's Michael O'Toule. But where are they now? What in the wide wurruld's become av thim thin? Sure they wouldn't be the boys to run away an lave you here in the hands av the inimy, at all at all."

"O, they'll be back," said David, confidently; for he had not the slightest idea that it was possible for his friends to desert him.

"Back is it?" said Padre O'Toule.

"Yes," said David. "I suppose they thought

I was following close behind, as I was when I started. I don't think any of them saw me fall. Bob was just ahead of me, and he couldn't have seen me at all, for he didn't look round once. I dare say by this time they've missed me, and are perhaps waiting for me somewhere."

"Bedad, thin," said Padre O'Toule, "by this time they'll be afther findin out that yer not followin thim. We'd betther be aff wid ourselves to hunt thim up. They're hereabouts somewhere. Come along thin, jool, an let's hunt up thim young omadhawns."

With these words Padre O'Toule rose from his seat. He stood for a few moments before David, regarding him with a benevolent and affectionate smile, while his face was still flushed and purple from the effects of his late uproarious laughter.

"Be the powers," said he, laying his hand in an affectionate sort of way on David's shoulder — "be the powers, but it does me heart good, so it does, to get howld av the likes av you, and to hear a good story, and have a good laugh in me native language. It's sore an sick at heart that I am sometimes, with livin here where I'm cut off from me own blood. Ye've done me good, so ye have, by the sight of yer honest, fresh boy's face; so come along, and let's hunt them young spalpeens."

With these words he went out, followed by David, who was full of thankfulness to the honest

priest, and of confident hope that his protection would be sufficient to clear the boys, as well as himself, from all unpleasant consequences. Following the priest thus, he went towards the rear end of the church, where they turned, and finally reached the place from which the descent was to be made.

Many new arrivals had taken place since David had come, and people were coming and going between this place and the entrance to the dome. David could not help looking about with a slight feeling of uneasiness, for fear that his old enemies, or some of them at least, might appear. The priests and the gendarme, in particular, were the ones he dreaded. But these did not appear anywhere. In handing him over to Padre O'Toule, they seemed to have considered themselves free from any further responsibility.

David also, at the same time, could not help wondering what had become of the boys; whether they could be in the cathedral below, or outside on the piazza; and for a moment an uneasy fear took possession of him, that the priests and gendarme had left the roof to pursue them, and might possibly have captured them, and be even at this moment in possession of them. These thoughts all passed through his mind in a few moments, and in this frame, and with these conjectures and fears, he advanced with Padre O'Toule to the place of descent.

At that moment they heard the sound of footsteps ascending, and approaching them.

The next instant David uttered a cry of joy.

For there, full before them, they all stood, all three — Frank, Clive, and Bob.

The faces of these boys flushed with joy; but the delight which they felt at seeing David was at first somewhat overclouded by the fear that he was a prisoner, and then uncertainty as to their own prospects. Moreover they had come up for the purpose of surrendering themselves to the enemy. That enemy seemed to stand before them in the person of this priest. They looked at him; and at one look every fear and every feeling of uneasiness died away within their anxious breasts. For on that rosy face, with its sparkling eyes that beamed upon them with a curiously quizzical expression, they saw the best proof in the world that this strange priest was no enemy, — no stern jailer, no inexorable inquisitor. Had any further proof been needed, they would have had it in the first words that Padre O'Toule addressed to them.

“Aha,” he cried, “ye young omadhawns! so ye're the vagabonds that wint and fastened a gendarme to the ind av a donkey's tail, an pulled him round the roof av St. Pether's; and ye're the young spalpeens that wint an powered ridicule on thim howly fathers that made ye's prisoners; and ye're the young rogues that wint an dhruv yerselves at me, head first, whin I was

laborin up the ascint here, an nearly dhruv me all the way back agin. Come along, ye haythins, till I have a luk at ye's!"

The utter amazement of the boys at these words, like that of David, was indescribable, and could only be equalled by their delight. They followed him as he led the way back to the little den to which he had taken David, hearing on the way, from him and from David, enough to reassure them completely. On reaching his den, Padre O'Toule sat down on the judgment seat, and entered upon a long and most searching examination of their case.

Which examination consisted in making each boy tell the whole story over again.

In asking each one what he himself did, said, and thought, particularly.

In asking how each of the priests looked.

In inquiring with the greatest minuteness how the gendarme looked when hanging on to the donkey's tail.

And in making Bob rehearse the whole of his famous speech to the priests.

After each of which points in his examination he would burst forth into peals of laughter, long, loud, boisterous, and illimitable.

After this he took them all up to see the dome and ball of St. Peter's. On entering the dome, they came first to a gallery on the inside, which ran completely round. Looking down, they saw

revealed more impressively than ever the stupendous proportions of the greatest of cathedrals. Between them and the opposite walls of the dome lay an abyss which made them dizzy to contemplate.

Ascending still farther, the boys found the way leading up between two domes, on one of which they walked, while the outer dome rose over them. Such a discovery as this added to the wonder of this mighty work. On reaching the top, they found a circular opening, through which they looked down. The sensation was terrific. The abyss that yawned beneath made their blood tingle and their brains turn giddy. From this they went up to loftier heights, until at last their journey was terminated by the ball.

On crawling inside of this, they were struck dumb by its size. From below it looked no larger than the ball on any ordinary church under the cross or weathercock; but on reaching it they found it nine feet in diameter, and capable of containing a crowd of people. Through slits in the sides they looked forth and saw a magnificent prospect, including the city itself, the towns and villages far away, the waste Campagna, the purple Apennines, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

On descending, Padre O'Toule took them back to his little chamber, and chatted with them for some time in a confidential and affectionate manner.

He told them that he had a brother in New York, Phelim O'Toule by name, of which said Phelim he gave them the address, together with the information that he kept a corner grocery there. And he asked them if there was any probability that any one of them would ever see the said Phelim; and they all promised to hunt him up when they got back. Whereupon Padre O'Toule told them to tell "Phaylim" where they had seen him, and when, and how; and to inform the said Phaylim that his brother Mickey was sore and sick at heart for a sight of him, and sent him his heart's best love and blessing. And the boys were touched by this instance of affectionate craving for those sweet ties of kindred which had been lost in exile, and they all promised to find Phelim if he was alive, and tell him all this.

So Padre O'Toule thanked them, and blessed them, and led them all the way down the incline, at the foot of which he bade them good by. When he shook hands with them, they saw that his eyes were moist with tears.

And now the boys hurried off, and they all trotted back to their lodgings as fast as their legs would carry them.

CHAPTER V.

Terror of Uncle Moses. — Remonstrance. — Ancient Rome. — The Capitoline Hill. — The Tower. — The Seven Hills. — The Tarpeian Rock. — The Roman Forum. — The Arch of Titus. — The ancient Pavement. — The Palace of the Cæsars. — Enthusiasm of David and Clive. — Tremendous Outburst from Bob.



ON their return home, they found Uncle Moses in a state of great agitation. As they told him the story of their adventures, he exhibited the greatest possible horror, and finally declared that he would never let them go out of his sight again.

“Why,” he exclaimed, “it’s truly dreadful to think of. To ride on donkeys over the roof of a church! Why, boys, you’re crazy. What a providence it was that you didn’t all tumble over, and break your necks! And only think of me,—here all the time, as meek and unsuspectin as a lamb. Ef I’d a ony knowed, ef I’d a ony conceived what you were a doin on, gracious ony knows what would a become of me. And then again, them Roman priests. P’aps they’re Inquisitors. P’aps they’d a put you in them dungeons that we’ve read

of. Wal, I allus thought you were kind o' skittish creeturs, but I never expected sich shines as this from you, not in all my born days. ~~Wal~~ beats all that ever I heard in my life. It's truly a mussy that you found that Irish priest. I don't think Irish priests are as dreadful as Italian. They've never had the Inquisition in Ireland, at least as far as I knows on; but if it hadn't been for him, you'd not been here, mind, I tell you. O, it's a great thing for a man to speak English, even if it's Irish."

So Uncle Moses announced his solemn intention after this to keep the boys under his own eye, and not to let them go rambling about by themselves, where they were exposed to such frightful dangers as those at which he had hinted. And accordingly, on the following day, when they proposed to explore the ruins of the ancient city, he accompanied them. Such a tour was a sore trial to poor Uncle Moses, who took about as much interest in the ruins of the past as he might take in the Chinese language; but his anxiety about the boys superseded every other feeling, and so he sacrificed himself for their sakes.

They first went to the tower of the Capitol. It is very high, and being perched upon the top of the Capitoline Hill, it commands an immense extent of view.

Here they ascended with their "Murray" and a map of Rome, and proceeded to study, most care-

fully, the prospect which was spread out before and beneath them. Great was the excitement, particularly on the part of David and Clive, as, one by one, they were able to pick out some place, or some object, the name of which had become familiar to their ears by their reading and study at school.

On one side was the modern city of Rome, with its domes, its steeples, its columns, and its obelisks, all rising above the house-tops, like another city in the air. On the other lay the sad and melancholy ruins of the capital of the ancient world. All around rose those eminences which form the seven hills of Rome. On one of them — the Capitoline — they themselves were standing. Their first object was to find out the seven hills, and for this purpose they eagerly studied the map.

“There,” cried David, after a long study of the map, and a long survey of a certain rising ground; “there is the Palatine. That must be it, — over there, opposite.”

“I see the Aventine,” cried Frank; “it’s just over there, nearer the Tiber. It must be it.”

“And I see the Quirinal,” said Clive. “Look, Dave. It’s just over there, where those buildings are, that look like palaces.”

“Yes,” said David; “and if that is the Quirinal, that other, over there, must be the Cælian.”

“And if that other one,” said Frank, “isn’t the Viminal, then I’ll eat my grandmother.”

“O, bother your hills,” said Bob; “what I want

to see is the real genuine, original Tarpeian Rock; the place where they used to pitch over their traitors."

"Well," said David, "it's close by here, somewhere; but it's hidden by houses. From what Murray says, it ought to be over there;" and he pointed in a certain direction. "But wait till we go down, and we'll pay it a visit. It'll be the first thing that we will go to see."

After finding out as many objects and places as they were able to identify with the help of the map, they went down again; and, as Bob had suggested the Tarpeian rock, they went there without delay, and found it without any difficulty. A general expectation of some tremendous abyss, into which they were to look with fearful eyes from the summit of a lofty precipice, was followed by the utmost disappointment at the sight of the actual place itself. For the top of the lofty precipice had been greatly cut away, and its bottom, in the course of centuries, or, as may fairly be said, of thousands of years, had greatly filled up, so that the height was inconsiderable. Bob offered to jump down himself for a dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents, and Frank was about urging, or, rather, daring him to do so, when Uncle Moses, in great excitement, interfered, and solemnly extorted a promise from Bob that he would not do it. It is not at all likely, however, that Bob would have jumped from the Tarpeian rock, even if Frank had dared him till

doomsday; for, as the height is still at least seventy feet, his bravado would scarcely have attempted that.

After leaving this place, they descended the Capitoline Hill on their way to the Roman Forum. Once this place presented a scene of the greatest possible magnificence. At one end arose the Capitoline, crowned with marble temples. Opposite this arose another hill, — the Palatine, — whereon stood the vast Palace of the Cæsars — the Golden House of Nero; and the intervening space was covered with temples and columns. But now only a few relics, feeble types of all this former splendor, were visible. A few columns of temples, the names of which are disputed, still stand erect and isolated, surrounded by others which, ages ago, fell prostrate. The ancient pavement itself was covered, to the depth of over sixteen feet, with the crumbled ruins of fallen edifices. The Palace of the Cæsars has long since returned to dust; all its stones have dissolved; and so complete is the ruin, that the whole hill is now composed solely of the disintegrated fragments of that once stupendous pile.

“The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a trace.
Chaos of ruins! Who shall pierce the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
Or say, Here was, or is, where all is doubly night?”

Such were the thoughts of David and of Clive, whose well-worn copies of Byron's "Childe Harold" gave a new meaning and a fresh interest to all these monuments of a lost antiquity, around which they now found themselves wandering. The thought that they were now in the place which had once been the very heart of ancient Rome, filled them with enthusiasm. They were in the Roman Forum!

"The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood, —
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed.

Where is the goal of triumph, the high place,
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian, fittest goal for Treason's race, —
The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Ay, — and on yon field below,
A thousand years of hostile factions sleep.
The Forum! where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero."

Such were the words with which David sought to express the feelings of his soul. In such a place it was no wonder that he should be wrought up to a higher enthusiasm than common. And, indeed, in this Forum, in spite of the ruin and desolation around them, all the boys felt most strongly the position in which they were, and realized to its fullest extent the sense of the presence of the past. It was Bob, however, who first gave expression to this feeling. He had been silent for

a long time. David and Clive had been loud, and profuse, and eloquent in the expression of their feelings. And at length he burst forth too.

"Well, it's queer, too—all this. Somehow it's as odd as though I had come to the actual castle where the sleeping princess was confined; or the ruins of the palace of Beauty and the Beast. It's like seeing a plank from the ship of Sinbad the Sailor; or one of the hairs from the tail of Puss in Boots; or the real, original, authentic Simon Pure, honest nigger, glass slipper that was worn by Cinderella at the immortal ball; or the bone that was found in the dilapidated cupboard by the original Mother Hubbard; or the actual and veritable shoe that the old woman lived in, who had so many children that she didn't know what to do; or the bowl of the three wise men of Gotham; or the identical wheelbarrow that the bachelor, who lived by himself, wheeled his wife home in from London; or even the identical fiddle that was played by the immortal and never-to-be-forgotten Cat, to the venerable air of Hey-diddle, diddle."

"O, Bob," cried David, "what in the world is the meaning of such a perfect torrent of nonsense?"

"Well," said Bob, "I can't help it. Haven't I been reading, and studying, and thinking about these things all my life—Romulus and Aladdin; Numa and Haroun Al Raschid; Rome and Bagdad; the Wolf and the White Cat; Tarquin and Camaralzaman; Coriolanus and Robinson Crusoe; the

Gracchi and Goody Two Shoes; Dentatus and Don Quixote; Mutius Scævola and Baron Munchausen; Regulus and Rinaldo Rinaldini; Scipio and Sinbad; Fabius and the Forty Thieves; Tarquin and the King of the Cannibal Islands — all of them — and a thousand more; even including Hannibal, and Cincinnatus; and Manlius, and Julius Cæsar — every mother's son of them, including the mother of the Gracchi, have been jumbled up in my confused brain in company. And now you bring me to the Capitol and the Palatine. You go to work and find out all the other hills. You fetch me here to where the Romans seized the Sabine women. I am supposed to see around me the places that are associated with the memories of Brutus and Lucretia; of Appius Claudius and Virginia. That Capitol, I suppose, is the place where Manlius saved Rome, and where Camilla found the Gauls. This, I dare say, is the identical spot in the Forum where the Romans calmly went on with the sale of real estate when Hannibal was at their gates. O, yes; of course. And now, pray, why mayn't I expect to visit Banbury Cross next — the place I used to trot to when I was a tender infant on my nurse's knee? Why mayn't I see the original Busy Bee, that improves the shining hour, and gathers honey all the day from every opening flower? or the dogs that delight to bark and bite? or 'Lo, the poor Indian? or 'Gayly' the celebrated Troubadour? Is there anything now, I ask

you, to prevent me from finding out who killed Cock Robin? or from visiting the house that Jack built? Havn't the Museums somewhere a pickle-jar, containing the thigh-bone of the Giant who 'smelled the blood of an Englishman'? But the best of it all is, that there really is, somewhere about here, the real, original, veritable Pope of Rome, whom I was brought up to consider a kind of 'Old Bogie.' Where is he? Trot him out."

Bob ended, and looked away with a disconsolate expression. Frank laughed. Clive shrugged his shoulders—a little trick that he had learned at Naples; while David assumed an expression of simple horror—horror, in fact, that was beyond the power of words to express. Uncle Moses, however, regarded Bob for a moment with an expression of strong disapproval.

"You should not talk so, Robert," said he, in a tone of rebuke. "You shouldn't revile them that's dead and gone. The ancient Romans never did you any harm. Ancient Rome was a very superior place. Many of the ancient Romans were uncommon smart men. I take quite an interest in the ancient Romans—I do, raily. Some of them I raily admire. Not that I think much of Nero, or any of them cusses; but, at any rate, Hannibal was a smart chap, and so was Demosthenes, and, and—Nebuchadnezzar. However, I don't know much about them; but, at any rate, I won't stand still, and hear them poked fun at, behind their backs. So you jest mind how you're a goin on."

Bob looked down at this rebuke with a meek smile, and didn't say anything for some time. They all then resumed their walk, while David and Clive, pondering over the map, made out place after place. These two went into raptures over everything, while Uncle Moses, and Frank, and Bob listened in silence. At last they came to a venerable arch.

"It's the Arch of Titus!" said Clive.

"And, see," said David, "here's the real, ancient pavement of the road — the same as the pavement of the Appian Way, which we saw at Cumæ."

"See," cried Clive, "these sculptured ornaments of the Jewish temple. How often I have seen pictures of this!"

"But look," said David, "at the pavement. How many conquerors have trodden this! How many triumphs have gone over this up to the Capitoline Hill!

'Blest, and thrice blest, the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day;
Who sees the long, victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitoline Jove!'

What a place this is!" he continued. "Is there any place on earth equal to it? All the past gathers around us here, from Romulus the founder,

to that other Romulus — Augustulus, the last of the degenerate emperors; I may say, even to Rienzi — the 'last of Romans.' What scenes has this place witnessed!"

At this Bob burst forth.

"Yes," he cried, with irrepressible absurdity, and in a wild, melo-dramatic manner, — "yes; methinks I see them all, my friends, in my mind's eye, Horatio. This is the place where Abraham led in triumph the captive kings; where Moses defeated the Amalekites; where the children of Israel spoiled the Egyptians; and the walls of Jericho fell down flat! Here, my friends, Nebuchadnezzar raised his great golden image, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace. Here Lycurgus and Solon composed their laws, and Pisistratus edited the Iliad and the Odyssey. Here, too, Alexander wept, because there were no more worlds to conquer —"

"I suppose you think that wit," interrupted Clive, with a sneer. "Don't you know what the fellow is called who can ridicule a sacred place?"

"He's trying to be sarcastic, now," said David. "He thinks this sort of thing is wit."

"Come, boys," said Frank. "That's not fair. You've had your blow, and Bob ought to have his."

"I scorn your profane interruptions to my enthusiasm," cried Bob, in no way disconcerted. "Didn't you yourselves bring before me all these

hallowed associations? So you just hold your jaws, both of you. I'm looking at Hannibal now. He's hurling his spear at the ancient Romans, who are calmly selling at auction the ground on which his camp is pitched. I'm looking at Caractacus, Boadicea, and Cassivelaunus, as they stand here, exclaiming, 'How is it possible for people possessing so much magnificence at home to envy us our very ordinary thatched cottages in the old country?' Horace and Virgil are singing themselves hoarse. Livy is walking about, with his memorandum-book, arm in arm with Numa and Pompey. Here comes Cicero, with his speech against Catiline, followed by the ancient Romans, with dictionaries, to make him out; and some of the rascals have Bohn's translations under their arms. But who is this? Who in the world is this? Why, really! Why, good gracious! If it isn't his own very self! Our own old friend—Balbus! Balbus *ædificat murum!* Yes, Balbus is building a wall! and all around us we see the very walls that Balbus used to build in the days when we were studying those confounded Arnold's Latin Exercises."

Here Bob stopped abruptly; but David and Clive, too much disgusted at his levity to listen to him, had already gone out of hearing.

CHAPTER VI.

The Palace of the Cæsars.—The Mightiest of Ruins.—The Coliseum.—Arches on Arches.—Bob and Frank attempt to explore.—David and Clive investigate.—Uncle Moses meditates and calculates.—Sudden and startling Interruption of Meditations and Calculations.—A wild Alarm.—Terrific Peril of Bob.—Away in Pursuit.

IT was by the Arch of Titus that Bob had disgusted David and Clive by his ill-timed levity. Not far away from this arch was a place, which, to these two, offered attractions quite equal to any which any other place in Rome possessed, and it was towards this that they directed their steps when they turned away from Bob's light and trifling chatter.

This place was the Palace of the Cæsars; or, rather, the ruins thereof, the entrance to which is near the Arch of Titus. Of the once magnificent and perhaps unequalled structure known in history by this sounding name, nothing is now left save a mountain of rubbish, and vast sub-structures but recently laid open to the light of day. The Palatine Mount was once all cut away to afford a place

for it. Afterwards, during the ages, the mighty edifice crumbled into dust, and out of its ruins there arose another Palatine Mount — that one which now rises before the astonished gaze of the visitor to Rome. This new Palatine Mount is formed thus from the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and its very soil is made up out of the disintegrated atoms of that which once arose in this place in the form of stately column, fretted roof, or towering dome. The ruin is complete. In all the world nothing can be seen more complete in its desolation, more amazing in its utter decay. The Palace of the Cæsars, the Golden House of Nero, the wonder of the Roman world, is now a mountain of rubbish, where weeds grow, and wild grasses, and trees; and ivy clings to the crumbling fragments of wall that still arise to view. To the spade of the excavator is alone due the knowledge of its true character, and, had it not been for this, it might have been doubted that such a ruin had ever been wrought.

Cypress, and ivy, weed, and wall-flower grown,
Matted and massed together; hillocks, heaped
On what were chambers, are crushed, columns strewn
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight; temples, baths, or halls,
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reaped
From her research hath been that these are walls.
Behold the imperial mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls!

But this did not long attract their attention, for soon they were called away by another object so vast, so strange, so impressive, that it altogether eclipsed everything which they had thus far seen. It was a ruin of vast dimensions. Its shape seemed circular as they approached it. On one side it was a dilapidated pile of stones, while on another side it presented the appearance of rows of arches in perfect preservation, rising one above another to the height of four stories, the summit being as high above the pavement as the top of an ordinary church steeple. No need was there for them to look into their guide-book now, or to examine their map. They knew at once, at the first glance, what this mighty mass must be. From descriptions in books of travels, from pictures, from photographs, they were thoroughly familiar with the unequalled ruin, and, though there were certain differences now in its actual appearance from that form which they held in their memories, yet the gigantic structure, as a whole, could not possibly be mistaken for anything else in all the world; and so, as they hurried towards it in silence and in deep thought, they all knew well that this could be no other thing than the Coliseum.

Every one is familiar with the name and the nature of this great structure. It was built during the reigns of the emperors Vespasian and Titus, and was designed to be an amphitheatre which should correspond in immensity and in splendor

with the greatness of the capital of the world. When at length it was finished and opened to the Roman public, the spectacles began, and no less than twenty thousand gladiators were killed in a few days, during the opening entertainments. Other cities in the Roman empire could boast of amphitheatres of vast dimensions—so vast, indeed, that their ruins, even at the present day, fill the mind of the spectator with wonder. But the Coliseum far surpassed them all, and never has any edifice been reared since then which has possessed at once such capacity and such enduring solidity. It was seven hundred feet long, and five hundred feet wide. Its outer walls were one hundred and fifty feet in height, and it could accommodate one hundred thousand spectators. In the arena the professional gladiators struggled with one another, and with wild beasts. Sometimes, also, water was let in, and galleys filled with gladiators represented to the spectators sea fights; not sham fights, but real fights, where the waters were died red with human blood, and the bodies of the slain floated about, a ghastly sight, in the presence of the bloodthirsty Romans. But it was not only gladiators who fought here and died,—others of nobler character here laid down their lives. Here the Christian martyr was called on to witness for Christ; here the venerable disciple of Jesus fell before the fury of wild beasts or the stroke of the gladiator's sword; or, worse than all, died amid

the lingering agonies of burning at the stake. The sand of the arena was dyed with the blood of the pure and the holy, — not of men only, but of weak women and tender children. Wherefore this Coliseum may now be looked upon as a holy place; and now, in the midst of this arena there arises a cross in the place where once flowed the blood of the servants of the cross; and he who treads this ground may know and feel that he is in a place where the very dust is hallowed.

Strange indeed is the history of the Coliseum. Here it was that the monk Telemachus, indignant at the maintenance of bloody gladiatorial games at a time when Christianity had become the religion of the empire, rushed into the arena, flung himself between the swords of the combatants, and, dying there, wrought out by this glorious act of self-sacrifice the doom of these bloody shows. Here it was that pilgrims came, looking upon this mighty edifice as the best material representative of that Rome which had been called the Eternal City. Among these pilgrims were Anglo Saxons from the far-distant isle of Angleland, whose impressions may be known from the memorable words, —

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world!”

During the middle ages the Coliseum underwent strange vicissitudes. Rome was a lawless city

then, given up to disorder and perpetual internal warfare. The Coliseum was turned into a castle, and an impregnable one it must have been. So, in the course of ages, war and time did much to wear it away, and lay it low. After all, however, these agents did not do so much as the hand of man in more peaceful ages. One of the popes turned it into a powder factory, or, rather, tried to, and in the attempt an explosion took place, which was terribly destructive. Afterwards, when later ages came, it was used as a stone quarry. The Roman nobles grew more refined, and sought to rear splendid palaces. Here they saw material all ready for their work; and so it was that many of the most magnificent edifices of the modern city were constructed out of the stones of the Coliseum. The walls of Rome were also repaired with the stones that lay here so conveniently; for these immense blocks, out of which the Coliseum had been constructed, afforded a material which was most inviting for such a purpose. When first built, all the vast blocks of stone had been fastened together with bronze clamps. In the course of ages every one of these was detached and taken away, with the exception of two, which are now shown to the visitor as curiosities.

At length, however, a more enlightened age came. Interest was awakened in all the monuments of the past, and it was determined to put a stop to further encroachments on the ancient edi-

fices. One of the popes made a law prohibiting any further injury being done ; and to enforce this law, the Coliseum was consecrated, twelve small chapels and a cross being put up within that arena wherein so many Christians had in former ages shed their blood, and laid down their lives for Christ. Others did still more. Pope Pius VII. did most of all, and finding that one part of it was threatening to fall, he reared against it an immense buttress, which is very conspicuous in all the pictures which are made of the great ruin. Thus it now appears, a vast ruin, yet on one side still showing the external wall, that wall which was saved from further loss by the buttress of Pope Pius VII. From that side where the wall is most perfect one gains the best idea of the appearance of the Coliseum in its palmy days.

“ Arches on arches, as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands ;
And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man ;
And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws.

A ruin, yet what ruin ! From its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities have been reared.
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered ? or been cleared ?

Alas! developed, opens the decay!
When the colossal fabric's form is neared,
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away."

Through one of the many arches of the lower story they entered the Coliseum, and soon came to the arena. Here they saw the full extent of the desolation which ages have inflicted. Much remained, but more had been taken away. Yet, on looking around, they could see the outline of the mighty fabric, and the ruins, which once were seats filled with thronging myriads, rising in a series of crumbling walls to the outer edge. Over these grew wild grasses and wild flowers of many different kinds, and the vast amphitheatre, which once rang with the shout of the multitude, now stood before them, silent and sombre. But all around them spread the wide arena, the circuit of which was still bounded by the very walls which once restrained the leap of the tiger, or were dyed red with the life-blood of the Christian martyr. Nor were there wanting further memorials of the latter; for there, in the very centre of this arena, arose a lofty cross, symbolizing the triumph of that religion which once had furnished so many martyrs to the ruthlessness of persecution.

It was with varied feelings that they entered this place. Bob at once went off by himself. Frank also went off. Clive and David remained with one another, while Uncle Moses, who was

somewhat fatigued, walked up to the cross, and seated himself on the stone at its base. Here he rested and meditated profoundly, with his eyes roving over the wide circuit of the ruin.

David and Clive together walked slowly about. They had much to examine, much to talk about. They went about the whole circuit of the arena, peering into every opening, entering into every archway, examining, investigating, wondering, and conjecturing. These, they thought, were the *vomitoria*, the places through which the mighty multitude had entry and exit. Those, they thought, might be the *vivaria*, the place where the wild beasts were kept which were destined for the arena. Other places, they conjectured, might have been the rooms of the gladiators, and others, again, the cells where the Christians were kept until the time should come for them to face the wild beasts. They engaged in several earnest discussions. One was about certain marks in the archway, which David thought were intended for iron gratings, while Clive contended that they had something to do with flooding the arena. Out of this there arose a new argument on the subject of this flooding of the arena, in which each of them showed all the knowledge that he had ever gained, together with an immense amount of conjecture. Then followed further arguments about the various kinds of gladiatorial fights, and the probable number of those who were killed each day, followed by a fresh

argument as to whether the Christians actually fought, or allowed themselves to be slain without resistance.

At length they worked their way back to where Uncle Moses was seated. He was still in the position in which they had left him, that is to say, seated upon the stone at the foot of the cross, with his eyes roving in a meditative way upon the wide circuit of ruins.

"Boys," said he, as they came up, "do ye know I ben a thinkin that thar's ben a dreadful waste of stone in this here buildin? It was a kin o' show-place, I know, a sort of theayter, an all that, ony there was actool fights with wild beasts an with gelladytoors. But ony look an see! What on airth was the use of all this here stone? Why couldn't they hev done with wood? or, for that matter, with canvas, like our circuses to hum? Why, I've seen circuses whar they show shows that's as good, every mite, as anythin they ever got up here. An why they should go to work an put up a stone edifice like this here beats me! It doos, indeed!"

"Well," said David, "for that matter, it was a canvas tent, after all. What you see was only intended to support the seats. Wooden seats could hardly have supported a hundred thousand men. But it was really a tent, for overhead they stretched an immense awning on cables, and that awning was far bigger than any ten of the biggest circuses that you ever saw."

"Good thunder!" cried Uncle Moses. "Dew tell! for I want to know."

David was just about to proceed, and give Uncle Moses a full, complete, and exhaustive account of the ancient Roman amphitheatre, when he was suddenly interrupted.

The interruption came in the shape of a loud cry, which was almost like a scream, and startled these three, who were in the centre of the arena, to such an extent that they all looked hurriedly about in every possible direction to see what the cause might be.

For some time they saw nothing; but at length they distinguished a figure about half way up the incline made by the ruins of the amphitheatre, and the figure they knew to be Frank. He was gesticulating wildly and uttering shouts, which, in their surprise and excitement, they scarcely understood. But the cries and the gestures made them turn their eyes farther up the incline in the direction in which Frank seemed to be looking or pointing.


Scarcely had they done this than they saw a sight which filled them with horror, and made their blood run cold in their veins; for there, upon the topmost elevation, upon the very summit of the incline, upon the edge of the outer wall itself, they saw another figure, which they knew to be Bob. He stood there with his arms in the air, swaying backward and forward, and trying to

balance himself. It was from him that the cry seemed to have come which had so startled them; for, as they looked, another cry came, and yet another. They stood rooted to the spot. They gazed spell bound, paralyzed, through utter horror. The awful danger of Bob, their own distance, their perfect helplessness, all conspired to fill them with anguish, and to stupefy them with dread of some terrible calamity. And so they stood, and stared; and Bob, on his giddy elevation, swayed backward and forward, and swung his hands wildly, and tried to save himself. Long indeed it seemed to them, but after all it was but for a few moments. A few moments only it lasted, and then all was over! For Bob, suddenly turning, with a quick movement, bowed his head, and then — vanished from their view!

Uncle Moses gave a groan of anguish, and David and Clive stared at one another with white faces.

CHAPTER VII.

Frank attempts to explore. — A Mountain of Ruins. — The paved Way. — The Relic. — The fallen Arches. — The Chasm. — Alarm of Frank. — His Way cut off. — A Retreat. — The Effort to save Bob. — A toilsome Ascent. — A Severe Struggle. — The Chasms in the Way. — Sudden Interruption. — Amazing Discovery. — A Question and a Rebuke.

N entering the Coliseum, Bob had gone off by himself, as has already been said. The enthusiasm of David and Clive had not been altogether congenial to his mind, and he had responded to their somewhat stilted declamation by a little mock enthusiasm of his own. Of this, however, he had grown weary; and, on approaching the Coliseum, he had advanced before the others, so that he entered it first, and walked at once across the arena, without stopping to see what they would do. Walking thus straight forward, he crossed the arena, and reached the opposite side. Here the wall of the enclosure was all broken down, and before him rose the ruined incline where once had been the seats of the spectators. Over these ruins there seemed an easy way of climbing to the top, and

Bob, whose climbing instinct was strong, at once resolved to ascend as far as he could.

Frank, on his part, had not felt much greater interest than Bob in the classical raptures of David and Clive, and, like Bob, preferred an active search after personal adventures. On entering the arena, therefore, he too moved away apart from the others. From this, it must not, for one moment, be supposed that Frank was indifferent to the effect of the stupendous ruin before him. Indifferent he was not; but the feeling which he had was quite different from those which David and Clive were so voluble in expressing. His feeling was more earnest, more natural, and altogether less sentimental, less artificial. Frank was not a bookish boy, nor was he much of a student; but he was a boy of fine, fresh, ardent temperament, with a soul that was fully alive to the claims of all that is solemn or venerable. It was in this light that he viewed the Coliseum. It seemed to him the most solemn, the most melancholy, the most pathetic, and at the same time the most awe-inspiring scene upon which his eyes had ever rested. He stood midway between the indifference of Bob and the exaggerated sentimentalism of David and Clive; but the feelings which animated him were at least as sincere, and perhaps somewhat more so, than those of the two latter, while his aversion to anything which seemed to him to savor of affectation was at least as great as that which Bob had so openly shown.

For this reason Frank chose neither to accompany Bob, nor, on the other hand, to remain with David and Clive. The one was altogether too indifferent, the others were too demonstrative. And so he wandered away by himself, to look with his own eyes upon this mightiest of ruins, to traverse its gigantic fragments alone, and feel, in solitude and apart from the others, the emotions which might be produced within him by this unequalled spectacle.

And so it happened that while Bob went straight across the arena to the side immediately opposite the point of entrance, Frank made a divergence to the right, and reached the wall of enclosure at a place which was a hundred yards or so distant from the place where Bob began to ascend. On reaching this place, he stood for a while, and looked up. There, just before him, arose the wide extent of ruins where once myriads had found seats. The ages had done their work. Time, with his remorseless hand, had been busy; and busier still had been the destroying hand of man. It looked like the side of a mountain, so confused and so irregular was the rocky slope over which his eyes wandered; but there was this difference, that whereas on the side of a mountain the stones are all rough and irregular, here they were all, even where broken, marked by the hand of man; all bore the signs of human workmanship, and still showed some traces of what they once might have been, while amid the

mass of indistinguishable rubbish there appeared, at regular intervals, certain lines of stone wall, which marked the general divisions in the rows of seats, and the passages by which each division had once been approached.

The place which Frank had reached was terminated by a stone wall, which still rose to the height of about five feet. Like Bob he felt a strong desire to ascend to the ruined seats, and see what might there present itself. To reach them was not so easy; but Frank was agile, and he easily scaled the low, ruined wall, and began the ascent.

As he advanced, he noticed the marks that still remained, showing the ancient divisions of the seats. There were heaps of rubbish where these seats had once been; but after passing over a space which might once have contained about ten or twelve rows of seats, he reached a pavement, which indicated the ancient passage-way by which these seats had been approached. This passage-way ran all round the amphitheatre, and separated the first tiers of seats, which were nearest the arena, from those which came immediately next to them. The passage-way was about six feet wide, and the pavement at this place was still good. It was made of bricks, which were very small, each one being about six inches long, three inches wide, and three quarters of an inch in thickness. These were set on edge, in a zigzag fashion, in much the same way that some of our sidewalk brick pavements are now

laid. These bricks were of a yellowish clay, something like our modern fire-brick ; and Frank, though by no means so ardent a relic-hunter as David or Clive, could not resist the temptation of picking up one, which he saw lying loose, and putting it in his pocket.

As he wandered along, he was surprised at the number and variety of wild grasses and wild flowers which he encountered. The different kinds of vegetation which met his view amazed him, as indeed it has amazed every observer. It has been calculated that there are growing on the Coliseum no less than four hundred different plants. Frank pulled many of these which were most attractive, and put them in his pocket, as souvenirs of this visit.

Absorbed in these innocent occupations, Frank continued his ascent, slowly and leisurely, until at length he came to a place where no farther progress was possible. It looked like a passage-way that had fallen in ; for, though this was the place where such a passage-way might be expected, there was nothing of the kind, but only an abyss, some fifty feet deep, the bottom of which was filled with stones and rubbish. It was only six feet wide, but the opposite side was higher than the side on which he was, and to jump across it was not possible. It seemed to Frank that the passage-way, which had been supported by arches, had fallen in, leaving this abyss in the way of explorers. About fifty feet to the right it seemed uninjured, and there-

fore he thought that the ascent might yet be continued ; but for the present he chose to stand here, and take a full and general survey of the scene.

Standing there, he looked all around. The immense circuit now appeared before his eyes. There were the stones which once had appeared in regular lines of seats, but now they rose before him like a wide-spread scene of utter ruin. In the centre of the scene was the arena, from whose midst arose the cross before mentioned. At the foot of this he saw Uncle Moses seated, while not far away were David and Clive. Turning his eyes in another direction, his attention was arrested by a solitary figure, which he at once recognized as Bob. Far up, in fact, at what seemed the very outermost edge, Bob was standing. His back was turned towards Frank, and he seemed to be looking down. There was something in his attitude which startled Frank most unpleasantly, and filled him with terror. For Bob's arms were swaying upward and downward, and his form was swaying backward and forward, as though he was trying to balance himself on that giddy height upon which he had rashly ventured.

Frank's eyes were riveted upon that spot where Bob stood, in a position so fearful, and in an attitude so dangerous. A thrill of horror shot through him. He could not move, he could not speak. He could only stand still and look. How had Bob ventured there? What sort of a place was it on

which he was thus standing? Why did he not come back? Why did he stand there thus quivering and trembling? Why did he not come back?

These were Frank's thoughts, and they brought anguish to his soul.

Perhaps Bob had ventured there, and could not get back. Perhaps behind him there yawned an abyss like that which he himself had encountered. But before him there must yawn another abyss even worse,—an abyss of one hundred and fifty feet,—which measures the distance from the pavement below to the top of that outer wall on the edge of which Bob seemed to be standing. There was horror, there was agony in the thought. For a few moments Frank stood paralyzed and dumb; then he broke the spell that had been cast upon him, and gave a long, loud cry—a cry which was more like a yell, or a shriek, than anything else.

Then other cries burst from him, which this time were audible words.

“Bob! O, Bob! Lie down! Lie down! Hold on! Bob! O, Bob! Wait! I'm coming! Lie down! Wait! Wait! I'm coming!”

And these were the cries which so startled those below in the arena, and made them look up.

But at that very instant, while Frank was yet calling, and while those in the arena were yet looking up, Bob swayed backwards and forwards, and swung his arms wildly, and seemed to be trying to save himself. But if such was his endeavor, that

endeavor was in vain; for suddenly turning with a quick movement, he bowed his head, and then vanished from the view of those who were looking at him with such agony of fear.

For a moment Frank stood still, and then rushed off wildly. In his haste and his anguish of mind, he remembered the place where the pathway was not yet broken down; and here he hurried, so as to cross over the chasm, feeling certain that this would bring him to Bob quicker than any other way. In a few moments he reached this place, and found the archway uninjured, as he had supposed. Crossing over here, he came to the ruins of that tier of seats which rose above. Over these ruins he hurried, making as straight a course as possible, for Bob. It was a rough and a dangerous place. Several times he was driven back by great openings in the way, which showed yawning chasms, produced by fallen arches; but in spite of all this he hurried onward, with the one idea in his mind, either to save Bob before it might be too late, or else to know the worst as soon as possible. The assurance which he had that in any event some dread calamity had taken place, only served to hasten his movements, and to quicken his energies; and so it was that in a wonderfully short space of time he had traversed at least three quarters of the space that separated him from Bob.

But now, when he had traversed all this, and that too at no slight risk, he suddenly found all

farther progress in this direction absolutely shut off and barred by an insuperable obstacle. For he had reached one of those passage-ways which ran round the entire circuit of the amphitheatre near the top. It was not the highest one of all, but it was next to it. Now, at the place where he had come, all this had fallen in; and here, instead of a passage-way, there yawned an abyss, so deep that the sight made him giddy, so wide that to overleap it was utterly impossible. At first he was in no way dismayed, but made the best of his way along the edge, hoping to find some place where he might cross. In this hope he went on for about a hundred yards, when all hope was suddenly taken from him. For there he came to another chasm, which was as wide and as deep as this one, and from which he could only recoil in dismay. This chasm was formed by the ruin of another passage-way—a way which once had led up the incline from the lower seats to the higher, and which had, no doubt, originally been formed by means of steps; but the steps were obliterated, all had gone, and in place of the ancient stairway a chasm yawned, and there was no resource but to go back, and find some way by which it could be crossed.

So Frank retreated, and descended, once more going down to the arena. There was no crossing-place to be seen, and he was forced to descend all the way, even to the arena itself. But before he reached that place, he was joined by David and

Clive, who, full of fear, had started off to save Bob, and in order to do this, had set out with the intention of following Frank. They thus met half way, Frank descending, they ascending. A few hurried words explained all, and they all descended to the arena together.

Here Frank made a hasty survey and a rapid calculation. He marked the spot where Bob had vanished, and calculated, or tried to calculate, the point from which he had started in order to reach this place. He remembered the direction which Bob had taken, and the distance which separated the point from which he had begun the ascent from his own starting-place. Towards this he hurried, followed by David and Clive. Uncle Moses also followed. They all went in silence. The anxiety of all was too deep to allow of a word being uttered. All had the same fear — a fear, indeed, so strong, that it amounted to a conviction that Bob was lost, and did not permit expression.

Thus they went, in silence and in fear. Frank reached the place first, and hurried up over the ruins in as straight a line as possible. Clive followed after him. Behind him came David; while Uncle Moses toiled onward and upward, slowly and painfully, the last of all, but not the least anxious of all, or the least despairing.

At length, after they had traversed about half the way, they came to an abyss like those which had already interfered with Frank's progress. He,

being first, first reached this. He turned, and hastily telling Clive, who was nearest, to go off towards the right in search of a way, he himself went over towards the left. After running along for about fifty yards, he came to a broken arch, which spanned the chasm, and afforded sufficient foothold. Over this he hurried, and directed his course towards the place of Bob's disappearance. But Clive, though at first somewhat behind him, had found a place by which to cross the chasm sooner than Frank, and was now ahead, hurrying upward. David and Frank were now about on a line, while Uncle Moses was far behind all of them.

Onward they hastened, and still onward — onward and upward. Another chasm was met with, but this was surmounted, like the last one, by both parties taking different ways. The result of this divergence put Frank once more ahead of Clive and David. But in a race like this there was too much grief and anxiety for any one to be conscious of any feeling of triumph, and Frank, though ahead of the others, was scarcely conscious of it, as he had scarce been conscious of being behind them.

And now Frank was within a short distance of the top, — the outer wall was close by ; about fifty yards to the right, Clive and David were hastening upward ; a few steps more would bring them all there — to the very spot where Bob had disappeared ; when suddenly there came a cry — an astounding, an amazing cry !

"Hi — hi yah! Hallo, there. What's up? Hallo!"

It was Bob's own voice!

In an instant all three stopped short, as though they had been shot. They turned and stared wildly in the direction where the voice had sounded.

And there, unharmed, unchanged, as lively, as active, as cool, and as natural as ever, they beheld no less a person than Bob himself. He was advancing towards them from the left. Astonishment was in his face, and he was evidently surprised at the sight which had met his eyes—the sight of Frank, Clive, and David rushing up the incline, with Uncle Moses toiling far in the rear.

In a few moments Bob reached his friends, who surrounded him, and overwhelmed him with questions and with reproaches.

The reproaches Bob disclaimed, the questions he answered most fully and most satisfactorily.

After hearing everything that they had to say, he quietly led them up about a dozen paces farther. Here they saw what seemed like a fallen passage-way; but the chasm which was made showed no such depth as was presented by the others that they had encountered. This upper passage-way, which at this place had fallen in, was about twenty feet in width; but it seemed as though there were other vaulted passage-ways beneath, for when this had fallen there was no abyss disclosed. The lower


arches had sustained the fallen mass, and the depth was but trifling, being only a few feet.

"The fact is," said Bob, "Frank got frightened. He always seems to think that I am a baby, you know. He gave a yell, as he says, and that's what started you. But, in reality, there was no danger, or anything like it. I came up and got to this place. I balanced myself for a few moments, so as to jump down in a good place. I swung my arms, I dare say, rather vigorously, but without the slightest idea of any danger for myself, or of any trouble for you fellows. I merely wanted to jump down. And I did jump down—just there—and a very moderate jump it was. Well, after I jumped down, I went along over all that rubbish for ever so far, trying to find some way to the outside wall; but I couldn't find any, and so I came back up the inside wall, and found you all like a parcel of lunatics. And there's poor Uncle Moses, toiling along up here over those stones. It's natural enough for him to worry about me, for he's got into the habit of it; but as for you, boys, don't you think you've been and gone and made fools of yourselves? Rather."

To this the boys had nothing to say; and as silence gives consent, it may be supposed that they all agreed with the idea expressed in Bob's question.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Ruins of Rome. — The Arch of Constantine. — The Baths of Titus. — The Circus Maximus. — Where Hannibal's Camp stood. — Where Numa had Interviews with Egeria. — The stern round Tower of other Days. — The ancient Cathedral. — The subterranean World. — Its Origin. — Its Extent. — Its Meaning.

HE adventure at the Coliseum thus fortunately terminated in nothing worse than a painful fright. Uncle Moses looked very much as if he would like to make a speech to Bob on the spot; but as Bob had clearly done no wrong and suffered no harm, he did not know very well how to begin. The speech, therefore, was not forthcoming.

The greater part of the day was yet before them, and it was now proposed to make a general examination of the ruins of Rome, and end the day with a visit to the Catacombs — a place in which they all felt the deepest possible interest, as being at once the sacred resting-place of the ancient Christian dead, and also in itself full of wonders, and surrounded with associations of a strange and

awful character. With this intention, therefore, they left the Coliseum, and proceeded on their way.

They had not gone far before they came to a lofty, triumphal arch, which spanned the road. By the inscription upon it, as well as by their map, they knew that this was the Arch of Constantine. Around this were many objects of interest. In one direction were the ruins of the Baths of Titus; in another those of Caracalla, which, next to the Coliseum, form the most imposing and extensive ruins in Rome. These last surpassed all others of the same kind in magnificence; and the splendor of Roman palaces and Roman churches is largely due to the precious marbles taken from this place. In another direction they found the Circus Maximus, or, rather, the place where it once stood. It was one of the largest edifices in ancient Rome. Begun during the reign of the Roman kings, it increased in size and splendor during the republic and empire, and received additions as late as the time of Constantine, when it was capable of holding four hundred thousand people. Of this great edifice scarce a vestige now remains. Near it can be seen one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of Roman monuments, the Cloaca Maxima. This was the principal sewer of the city, and was constructed during the time of the Roman kings. Originally it was about twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet high. In the days of Pliny it had partly filled up; but he speaks of it as the

greatest antiquity in the city, and as affording room for a cart loaded with hay to traverse it. Since then it has gradually been choking up until the present time, when it is not more than six feet high. But of all the antiquities of Rome none are surrounded with greater interest than this, since it carries the mind of the beholder back to the farthest past; while the vast size of the stones out of which it is constructed conveys a profound impression of the grandeur of the city even in those early ages.

Their way led them through the Appian Gate. Here they saw the Arch of Drusus, the first triumphal arch erected at Rome. Near it was a more interesting monument, the Tomb of the Scipios. It was like other tombs, the walls being honey-combed with niches for the reception of urns with the ashes of the dead. All these, however, are gone. When the tomb was discovered, a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, was found, which was removed to the Vatican Museum; and so

“The Scipios’ tomb contains no ashes now.
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.”

Along this way they walked, and found themselves on an ancient pavement, which they soon learned to be no other than the famous Appian Way. The pavement consisted of great blocks of dark-colored stone, of irregular shape, but very

neatly fitted together. It was built 313 before Christ, by Appius Claudius Crassus, and was afterwards extended to Brundisium. It was the most celebrated of all the Roman roads, and is mentioned by Horace in a well-known satire, and by the writer of the Acts of the Apostles.

As they went on they saw on either side Roman tombs, and the sight reminded them very strongly of the street of tombs at Pompeii. These had the same general character as the Pompeian tombs, but they were very much larger.

After about a mile they came to a little temple, upon which they looked with deep interest, for it stood on the spot where Hannibal's camp is said to have been pitched, on the occasion when he marched to Rome, and menaced an attack, which threat the Romans met by calmly selling at auction the very field which he was occupying.

Near this is what is called the Grotto of Egeria. It is a beautiful place on the side of a hill, and perpetuates the well-known tradition of King Numa holding consultations with the Goddess Egeria. There are on the walls six empty niches, in which statues once stood, and at the farthest end there is a recumbent statue, much mutilated, close by which the water of some neighboring spring pours, with a gentle, bubbling murmuring sound, into the grotto, and flows on through its entire length out into the open field. Here they all sat down and rested, taking occasion also to eat some luncheon, which

they had been wise enough to bring with them. The place seemed to them to be the most beautiful which they had found in Italy; and no remonstrance was made when Clive quoted Byron in his usual enthusiastic style :—

“The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more efface
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern flowers and ivy creep.”

Leaving this beautiful spot, they went on, and soon came to a gigantic tomb, which in size and massiveness might compare with the Pyramids of Egypt. It was one of the most perfect antiquities which they had found thus far. Their guide-book informed them that it was the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Rome. It is seventy-five feet in diameter, and about as much in height. It is circular in shape, and is almost solid, for it only contains one small chamber in the middle, about fifteen feet in diameter, which is approached by a narrow passage-way. In this small room a sarcophagus was found, which was taken away and deposited elsewhere.

This great tomb was destined to have a career like that of the Coliseum, only less ruinous. Dur-

ing the stormy middle ages it was transformed into a castle, and endured sieges without number. At the present day the battlements on the summit form not the least conspicuous feature about it.

“There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown;
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by Time o'erthrown.
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave.

“Perchance she died in youth; it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust; a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites — early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illumine
With hectic light the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

“Perchance she died in age, surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children, with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome. But whither would conjecture stray?
This much alone we know — Metella died
The wealthiest Roman's wife. Behold his love, or pride!”

There are many magnificent tombs in Rome, and four are of giant size. The largest of all is the

Mausoleum of Hadrian, which is now the Castle of St. Angelo. The next in size is the Mausoleum of Augustus, which in the middle ages was a castle, but of late has been used as a circus. This tomb of Cæcilia Metella is third in size. All three of these are alike, being circular in shape, and constructed out of enormous blocks of stone, being also almost solid, with a small chamber in the centre. The fourth of these great tombs is that of Caius Cestius. It is shaped like a pyramid after the Egyptian fashion, and is the only structure of that kind in the city. It is covered with polished marble that once was white, but now is blackened with age.

Turning away from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the party resumed their progress, and not very long after arrived at an ancient cathedral, called the Basilica of St. Sebastian. It was originally a Roman law court, but was one of those edifices which were handed over to the Christians in the days of the Emperor Constantine, or not long after. It is supposed to possess the bones of St. Sebastian; and, in addition to this, the priests of this church claim to possess the real bones of St. Peter and St. Paul; but, as these are claimed elsewhere, and as the mighty Cathedral of St. Peter is supposed to be erected over the tomb of the great apostle, and as that of St. Paul's, in Rome, is also supposed to be erected over the tomb of the apostle of that name, the claims of the priests of the Cathedral of

St. Sebastian need not receive any very particular attention.

But the Cathedral of St. Sebastian owes its chief fame and its greatest attraction to the fact that underneath it are found, not the doubtful relics of a single martyr, but rather the certain relics of countless Christian dead, among which may be found the dust of thousands of those who laid down their lives for Christ in the days of pagan persecution. Here, in a word, is the entrance to the far-famed Catacombs of Rome.

The origin of the Roman catacombs is a disputed point; but it is now commonly supposed that they were formed for the purpose of the burial of the dead, and in the course of ages grew to their present dimensions. It is also believed by many that they were formed chiefly, if not altogether, for the reception of the Christian dead. It was supposed at one time that they were originally excavated for the purpose of obtaining the peculiar sand known as Roman cement; but this theory is now given up on account of the simple fact that no such sand exists here, or could ever have been obtained here. It is found in a different soil altogether. For these excavations are made in a soft sandstone that underlies the city, a material that has nothing to do with Roman cement; and the only wonder is, that the idea was ever started, or that, having been started, it should have prevailed so long without having been disproved.

There is also another mistaken idea which was formerly associated with the Roman Catacombs, and still prevails to a certain extent. It is, that they form one connected array of labyrinthine passages; and as such passages are found in many different places, it has been stated, and believed, that they cover an area of about twenty square miles underground, and pass under the Tiber, and extend even as far away as the shore of the Mediterranean. This extravagant idea, however, has been destroyed by recent observations, which have established the fact that the Roman Catacombs do not form one great whole, but consist, rather, of detached and isolated groups of passages. One of these isolated groups is found in the Catacombs under the Cathedral of St. Sebastian, known as the Catacombs of St. Callistus. The entrance to these Catacombs is made from this cathedral; but their extent is far beyond the bounds of this edifice. The Catacombs of St. Callistus have been thoroughly explored, and an end has been found to them; so that the theory of labyrinthine passages, of almost illimitable extent, has been given up. If groups of Catacombs exist elsewhere, it is now known that they have no connection with the Catacombs of St. Callistus, or with one another.

Regarding the Catacombs even from this limited point of view, however, and even when we know that one group has been thoroughly explored, they


still remain sufficiently bewildering. The passages are so numerous, so irregular, and so complicated, that the stranger cannot avoid experiencing a feeling of uneasiness while traversing them. Besides, fearful accidents have happened here, and tales are told of rash explorers who have lost their way, and wandered off in darkness, and in horror, and in starvation, to meet the doom of a lingering and agonizing death.

The Catacombs of St. Callistus are those which have been most explored, and are best known to the world. Here the archæologist and the Christian have penetrated, and have borne away the hallowed relics of Christian dead. There is a place in Rome, the Lapidarian Gallery, in the Vatican Palace, where these Christian relics have been transferred and treasured up with pious care; and here the traveller, as he passes along the great extent of that gallery, may see the walls for a thousand feet covered over with the slabs that once shut in the Christian tombs. Upon these are the inscriptions exhibiting the expression of that Christian faith and hope beyond the grave, which, in the darkness of Roman paganism, glowed with so divine a lustre, and shed abroad the light of immortal life. Nowhere in all the world is there a more sublime monument to the sainted dead than this collection of Christian epitaphs; and nowhere can one behold such irresistible evidences of the

mighty power of Christianity to renovate and regenerate the soul even of the most debased, to purify the impure, to open the blind eyes, and to lead men out of the lowest depths of heathenism, and point them the way to the heaven of heavens.

CHAPTER IX.

The ancient Cathedral. — The Guide. — The Stairway. — The Descent. — A chill Blast of Air. — The City of the Dead. — The underground World. — The countless Graves. — The labyrinthine Passages. — The great black Cross. — A tortuous Path. — The early Christians. — Danger lurking on every Side. — Keep close together. — The blocked-up Passages. — The warning Stones. — The Chapel under Ground.

HE Cathedral of St. Sebastian possessed all that magnificence which distinguishes the churches of Rome. A pavement of polished marble was under their feet; overhead was a roof of open panel-work, where the panels were painted so as to represent Scripture scenes, and the cross-beams were covered with gilding. The walls were overlaid with verd antique, lapis lazuli, and other precious marbles. The high altar was ablaze with gold and precious stones. The shrine of the saint was a masterpiece of art. Noble paintings appeared over the altars in the side chapels, while on every side they beheld the sculptured forms of apostles, saints, and martyrs, as they looked down upon them from their marble niches.

After they had walked about the cathedral and surveyed everything, they were accosted by a priest, who asked them, in somewhat broken English, if they would like to visit the Catacombs, informing them, at the same time, that he was one of the guides, and would be happy to show them the place. Of course they all answered in the affirmative; whereupon the priest asked them to wait for a few moments, and retired. After about five minutes he returned with half a dozen long tapers, about a foot long, and half an inch thick. These, he informed them, were used to light the way through the dark passages. Motioning, then, for them to follow, he led the way to a door on the side of the church. On passing through this they saw a stairway. The priest went down this, and they followed for some distance. At length they all reached the bottom of the descent, and saw there a door. The priest now lighted all the tapers, one by one, and gave one to each of the party, keeping one for himself.

He then opened the door at the foot of the stairs. Nothing but utter darkness appeared there; and as they entered, one by one, there was a draught of chill, damp air, which swept slowly through the doorway from the place below. It was like the air in a dark cellar. The priest stood till they had all passed through, and then, closing the door very carefully, he told them to follow him, to hold their hands before the flames of their tapers,

and to keep all together. All of which seemed to the boys to be words of warning, words too full of a certain dark significance as to the possible dangers that awaited the heedless visitor in these labyrinthine passages.

"I don't know," said Uncle Moses, suddenly, — "I don't know; I raily don't know;" and with a sickly smile he drew back, as though about to return.

"Don't know what, Uncle Moses?" asked Frank.

"Wal, I'm kine o' feard about this here," said Uncle Moses.

"Afraid?" said Frank. "O, nonsense! There's no danger."

"No, no; no danjaire," said the priest, "only you alla kip to geddar."

"O, it ain't that," said Uncle Moses. "It ain't the danger of bein lost; it's — the rheumatiz."

"Rheumatism?" said Frank. "O, there's no danger of that here. Why, the air is delicious. It's just pleasantly cool."

Uncle Moses shook his head.

"O, it's all very well for you, with your young, warm blood, to talk of this place being pleasantly cool, but my old blood's different, an I feel a kine of a dreadful chill, that makes my poor old flesh kine o' crawl, and seems to strike to my marrer."

"O, that's because you've been standing here waiting for the tapers to be lighted," said Frank. "We'll walk along quick, and the exercise'll pre-

vent you from taking cold. Don't leave us. Come along with us. You'll be interested. Come along, Uncle Moses."

"Wal, it's dreadful resky," said Uncle Moses, "an I don't want to be laid up with the rheumatiz here in Rome; but paps I'll fight it off, if we all walk rail smart; an besides, I don't altogether like the looks of this place, an paps I'd better keep nigh you for a time, till I see how things air."

So Uncle Moses finally decided to accompany them; and they turned to follow the priest, who all this while had been waiting very patiently the result of this discussion.

The darkness was intense and utter; the flickering light of the half dozen slender tapers threw into it but a feeble gleam; but the light, faint though it was, served to disclose the dim shape and surface of the walls. The passage-way was about four feet in width and six in height. The walls were rough, showing marks of the excavator's tools. The stone was a species of soft sandstone, and these passages had been cut without any very great trouble. In an age in which gunpowder was unknown, and hydraulic engines, and drills for tunnelling, it was only the softest rock that could be penetrated in this way, and the tools that were used could only be the pickaxe or the chisel. With such tools as these, the passages of the Catacombs had been excavated, as was evident by the marks still visible on the rocky walls.

The priest headed the party, holding his torch up above his face, yet keeping his hand before the flame, so as to prevent it from being extinguished, or from flickering, as he walked along. The rest of the party followed — Frank first, then David, then Clive, then Bob; while Uncle Moses brought up the rear, being animated solely by the desire of keeping a sufficient watch and guard over these four precious responsibilities committed to his charge. They all did as the priest told them; they held their hands before the flame of their torches, and they resolved to keep together.

At first the walls of the passage-way on either side showed nothing but the rough rock with the marks of the excavator's tools still visible. But after walking about fifty paces, a change took place, which at once showed them that they were really and truly in the Catacombs. The walls on either side showed long niches, arranged one above the other, like the berths of a ship, which berths they resembled not only in arrangement, but also in size. These niches had been cut in the rocky wall on either side. Each one was about six feet long, and one foot in height. As a general thing, there were three, one above another, though in several places there were four. There was this irregularity visible in other respects, for not only did these niches thus vary with regard to the number of excavations, but also with regard to size. Some were much smaller than others, and

the fact explained itself, for in every graveyard, even as in the Roman Catacombs, the unequal length of the grave mounds tells the observer that children as well as men must go down to the tomb.

The guide walked on for some distance, and then stopped.

"Dese," said he, "are de graves. Dey are all Christian. Dey are de graves of de martyr. Dey were burn, or died by de wild beast, in de persecuzione. You see de leetle grave; dey are de grave of de children. All martyr — all martyr — all — men, women, and children."

This assertion that they were all martyrs who were buried here is the common belief at Rome, and for that matter, is a general belief, even out of Rome; but it has no foundation in fact. That martyrs were buried here is beyond a doubt, but that all these tombs are the tombs of real martyrs is believed by no one who knows anything about the Catacombs. The Christians buried their dead here, whether they died on their beds, or laid down their lives at the sentence of the persecutor. These dead thus include all classes, all sorts, and all ages of the Christian population of ancient Rome.

"What are these marks?" asked David, pointing to some marks around the edge of a niche which he had been carefully examining.

"Dese marks?" said the priest. "O, dese. — dey show de place where de tablet was fastened."

"The tablet?"

"Yes; de graves had all a tablet, marble, wid de inscripzione, de epetapha, de name and age of de dead. Dese all gone, all taken away to de Galleria Lapidaria, at the Palazzo Vaticano."

At this Bob put his head inside of one of the graves, the second from the bottom, which was about on a level with his breast. He held his taper in so as to see what was there. The others also all peered in. Nothing, however, was visible. There were no bones there, only a little dust, from which Bob scraped up about a thimble full, and put it carefully in a small piece of paper.

They now resumed their walk. In a few minutes they reached a place where the priest stopped. On either side they saw an opening which was made by a cross passage, but the way was closed by stones piled up so as to prevent any one from wandering there.

"Dese passage," said the priest, "lead far away; dere is danjaire; dey are wall up. You must not go in dere; you will be lost."

This injunction was hardly needed; for as the way was walled up to within a foot of the top, it would have been difficult to have climbed over or crawled through the narrow opening.

Nothing more was said. The party of visitors looked with feelings of deep awe upon these walled-up passages, and there came over them the thought of the fearful labyrinth beyond, and the

horror that might await the unwary explorer of their mysteries. Instinctively they kept closer together for a time, as they followed the priest.

As they walked on now, they noticed that these cross-passages were of frequent occurrence. Some were walled up to the very top. Others were walled up only half way. Others had no blockade at all, but yawned before their eyes, black, dark, menacing, and awful, showing a gloomy depth, where they might imagine a thousand dangers lurking. Into these they threw but a hasty look, and hastened on, keeping still closer to the priest, and throwing hurried glances backward, to see that they were all together.

At length they reached a place where one of these cross-passages was. On the right it yawned black and awful before them, leading into endless horrors, while on the left it had been walled up with stone to the very top. The stone had been whitewashed, and on this had been rudely painted a great black cross. Straight ahead they still saw the passage-way along which they had been moving, and they perceived that they could still go forward in a straight course.

"An accident did once take place here," said the priest, "and it haf ben wall up, an dey all be wall up, to stop de accident. De cross here on de white stone is de warnin. But for us dere is no danjaire."

He resumed his walk, and stopped after a few

minutes' farther progress, with his hand upon one of the niches. Thus far the wall had been lined on either side, all the way, with these graves; but there was something in the grave which the priest was indicating different from the generality.

"You see dis," he said. "It is what dey call a Bisomum; dat means, two are buried — two in one grave."

The boys looked in, holding in their torches. They saw that the grave was deeper than usual, and might have held two bodies. There was, however, nothing in this which they found particularly interesting, and so they once more moved on.

The way now presented merely a continuation of the scenes through which they had been passing. It was of about the same height, width, and form. On either side the open graves yawned. The boys could not help lamenting that all the marble tablets had been taken away, for this prevented any close examination, and threw a certain monotony over the scene. Every step showed what was merely the counterpart of what they had just seen; and so there was no inducement to stop at any one place so as to examine more minutely. In spite of this, however, their interest in this place was none the less. It was so extraordinary a scene, that they could not view it with anything less than the most intense curiosity. It was utterly unlike anything that they had ever seen before, either at home or abroad. These Christian graves

made it seem like a sanctified spot, and the cross-passages threw over it an element of possible danger which did not lessen its attractions. Whether they were walled up or open, made no difference; if walled up, they spoke of possible danger; if open, they showed that danger manifest; and so, as they went along, they felt an eager interest, a kindling enthusiasm, and an intense excitement, which was intermingled with a sense of threatening danger; and all together united to throw a terrible fascination over this scene. Thus they went on, following the guide, and keeping well together.

At length their onward progress in this direction came to an abrupt termination. The passage-way was completely walled up. On the right, however, another opening appeared, which was originally, a cross-way, and into this their guide led them. After proceeding about a hundred yards, they reached some stones, and the guide turned to the left, and proceeded onward for about two hundred yards. At length he reached a place where he stopped and looked around with an expression of deep solemnity. This place was different from any that they had yet seen. The walls stood further apart, and the roof was higher above them. It was, in fact, a species of chamber, about nine or ten feet in diameter.

"Dis," said the priest, "was use by dem for a chapel for de worship. See — on de walls — you

find de picture ; see — here is Noah an de Ark ; and here is Jonah an de whale.”

Saying this, he pointed to some marks on the wall, which the boys proceeded to examine with great attention. Time and damp had caused the colors to fade, and the drawings were never other than rude ; but still, enough was visible to show that there was an attempt to represent those sacred scenes which the priest had mentioned.

The priest now became more communicative than he had hitherto been, and showed himself possessed of much information about the Catacombs and the ornaments on their walls. He pointed out many other rude pictures on the walls of this little subterranean chapel. He showed them Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ; the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace ; Christ stilling the waves ; and many others which represented events recorded in the Old and New Testaments. He drew their attention to the prominence which was given to the figure of a fish in these pictures, and explained the meaning of it. For the Greek letters forming the Greek word for fish are the initials of the Greek words which mean *Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour*.

He also told them of the sufferings of the Christians during the pagan persecutions, and told them of a use then made of the Catacombs which they had never before suspected. For then, when persecution raged, and no man, or woman, or child

might be safe in the city, they fled here, leaving the light of day and the haunts of living men to come down here among the dead, in this place of darkness and the shadow of death; living here, peopling these narrow walks, worshipping in this subterranean gloom, and singing their holy songs amid these mournful surroundings; a subterranean city; a scene unparalleled in all the ages of history.

CHAPTER X.

Walking in a Circle. — The awful Memorial. — The Story of Anselmo. — The Catacombs. — The Lamp. — The lost Clew. — The Valley of the Shadow of Death. — Lost in a Labyrinth. — The Search for the Clew. — In the Dark. — An eternal Separation. — Despairing Efforts. — Through the Paths. — The vain Search. — The Loss of Hope. — The Terror of the Catacombs.



LEAVING the chapel, they now resumed their wanderings along the passage-ways, which were very much the same as before. The priest went on ahead in silence, occasionally indicating some tomb of more than ordinary importance by a brief remark. After some time they turned to the right, and then, after a little longer walk, to the left, then once more to the right, and once more again to the right. These frequent turns were all very abrupt ones, being made where passages had either been closed up, or where stones lay on the floor, as if to indicate that they were closed. So many windings and turnings served to confuse the minds of the boys, who at length lost all idea of locality, and followed their guide in a bewildered way.

At length the priest stopped, and the boys saw before them a passage-way walled up with stones. These stones were painted white, and on them was rudely marked a great black cross.

"Why, this is exactly like that other one that we saw before," said David. "What does it mean? Does this also mark the place where some accident occurred?"

"Dis," said the priest, "is de same place; you air come back."

"What! have we come all the way back?" said Frank, in a disappointed tone; "and isn't there any more to see?"

"Dere is plenty more to see," said the priest; "but we nevare show no more to stranjaire. Dere is danjaire; we go dissa way as you air gone."

"But can't we see some of the real, ancient tablets on the graves themselves?" asked David. "There needn't be any danger for us. We'll follow you, and keep close together."

The priest shook his head.

"Boys, boys," said Uncle Moses, "don't think of it. We've seen enough. Let's hurry out of this, or I'll be laid up with the rheumatiz for a month. I feel it already a penetratin of my bones."

"O, no; don't go yet, Uncle Moses," said Clive; "just let us see a little more. We'll never see such a place as this again."

Uncle Moses buttoned his coat tighter about his chest, and gave a groan.

“Wal,” said he, with a resigned tone, “I don’t want to hender yer enjymints.”

“Dere is danjaire,” said the priest once more, in a solemn tone, “away outside of de track dat is ’ranged for de visitor. Dere is passage, wit open-in in de paviments, into which you sall fall an die. De taper gives not light enough to guard yourself from the trap-door openin. Dese catacombs air in stories, one ’bove de odaire, and so dere is dis danjaire, beside de danjaire of gettin lost. You see dis mark — de black cross on de white stones — dis is a mark, a sign, a commemorazione of a terrible aventura —”

At this the boys were filled with eager curiosity to hear what the terrible adventure was to which the priest alluded, and pressed him to tell them all about it. The priest was not unwilling, but proceeded to recount the following tale, with a volubility and a minuteness that seemed as though he must have learned it by heart, and were evidently the result of a long practice in telling this identical story to visitors whom he led about here. In giving this story here it is not necessary to retain the broken English and the Italian words and idioms which marked the priest’s version of it; but the substance itself is given, without any particular alteration.

“The Catacombs were the work of the early Christians, who buried their dead here, and found refuge here in several persecutions. Afterwards

they were looked upon as a holy place for centuries, and pilgrims came here from the more remote countries, to fast and pray among the holy relics. But at length all this ceased, and through the dark ages they became altogether forgotten. At length, about a hundred years ago, they were discovered once more, and their true character made known to the world.

“Among those who came here to explore were two young priests, enthusiasts in Christian antiquities, who wished to study for themselves the manners and customs of the early Christians, in so far as they could learn these by the pictures and the inscriptions which they had left behind them here. One was named Anselmo, and the other Pascal. They were at first strictly cautioned by the authorities in the Cathedral of St. Sebastian; but, after several visits, it was believed that their experience and their natural caution would prevent them from falling into any danger.

“At length one morning they went down, and took with them the usual materials to assist them in their explorations, namely, a lamp, a clew, and sketch-books. On entering the first passage they unrolled the clew, and then went on, seeking a fresh place to explore. It was through this very passage, now walled up, that they took their way, and proceeded for some distance in that direction, wandering about in different passages, until at length, to their great joy, they came to a Christian chapel.

It was larger than any which they had yet seen, the pictures on the walls were more numerous and better drawn than usual, the colors also were brighter, and altogether the place promised more than any other in the Catacombs.

“Now, it happened that before they had come to this place, the string which formed their clew had given out. It was a serious matter, but they did not feel inclined to return just then, but rather determined to go onward for a short distance. They thought that if they went onward in a straight line, they could easily return to the clew whenever they wanted to. This they accordingly did, and walking on in this straight line, they reached the chapel which I have mentioned.

“It was the largest that they had ever seen here, being as much as fifteen feet in diameter. It was also about twelve feet high, with a vaulted roof. Then one passage-way passed straight through it, and besides this two other passage-ways intersected it, so that around the chapel no less than six openings appeared, all of which led to different parts of the Catacombs. This seemed to show that the chapel may have once been more generally used than other places of the same kind.

“They now proceeded, with the utmost eagerness, to study the pictures, and make notes and sketches of them. Beginning at a prominent figure, which had first attracted their attention, they went on from this, noting everything most care-

fully. They had, as I have said, one lamp between them. One held this, while the other made notes and took sketches till he was tired, when he would take the lamp, and let the other do the work of transcription.

"Anselmo was thus holding the light while Pascal was drawing, when the latter observed that it was growing dark. Anselmo at once suggested a return; but Pascal, who was intensely interested in this particular drawing, entreated him to wait till he had finished it. Alas! it was this that ruined all. Anselmo yielded, and picked the wick so as to make it burn brighter. The light thus flickered up for a few minutes somewhat clearer, but only for a few minutes. Picking the wick only hastened its extinction; it grew dimmer and dimmer, until at last Pascal could see no more, and a faint spark of flame only was left.

"'Quick!' said Pascal, 'before it goes out; let's find the path. Which is it?'

"By the flickering spark of flame the two guided themselves towards the place which seemed to them the point at which they had entered, and scarce had they reached it when the light died out utterly.

"For a few moments Anselmo and Pascal stood in a dumb horror, unable to speak a word. Pascal was the first to break that silence.

"'This,' said he, 'must be the path by which we came.'

“‘No,’ said Anselmo; ‘this other passage must be the one. In fact, I’m confident —’

“‘And I’m equally confident,’ said Pascal, ‘that this is the one.’

“A long argument followed.

“The two passage-ways, about which they argued, entered the chapel at a distance of only two feet apart, and the wall here that separated them was rounded off. But they led in different directions, and if one was the path of life, the other must surely be the path of death. And thus Anselmo and Pascal were debating for life and death, and each one felt sure that this was the case. Therefore they argued all the more vehemently, each in favor of his own opinion, and each unable to convince the other. It was a question which they had no means of deciding, for light was gone, and in that utter darkness they could only compare the two by feeling with their hands. Indeed, even if their light had been burning, they could not have discerned the right path from the wrong, so completely had the charm of their occupation effaced all recollection of this passage by which they came. To the ordinary eye the two were both exactly alike, and as they felt with their hands along the floor and walls, they could perceive no difference.

“I have often thought about this,” said the priest, mournfully; “very often; and it has seemed to me that their only hope was to keep together at

all events. It would have been the best course for them, going in company, to have tried each one of these passages, going along each, for as great a distance as might suffice to bring them to the clew. But perhaps this would have ruined both, instead of saving one; and at all events they did not do so. On the contrary, they decided to separate, and while one was to take one passage, the other should take the other. They also agreed, if either found the clew, to return to the chapel, and wait there by the right passage for his companion. In making this agreement, they thought only of being separated for a half hour or an hour, and had but little idea of the terrible trial that lay before them, or of the true nature of this separation.

“And so they parted—Anselmo going to the passage which he thought the right one, while Pascal took the other.

“Pascal did not dare to walk. He wished to find the clew, and therefore moved onward on his hands and knees. How far away that clew might be he did not know. He had forgotten, in the engrossing occupations of the chapel. As he crept onward upon his hands and knees, he felt with his hand all the time, moving it from side to side, in search of the clew.

“He went onward thus for a long distance, for a distance, indeed, so long that it seemed to him impossible for the clew to be so far away. The farther he went, the more confident did he feel of

this, until at length he felt convinced that he must have taken the wrong path.

“What now? Should he retrace his way. He must, and at once. And was Anselmo right? He might be. At any rate, it was better to return than to wander on in this way.

“So he turned now, and rising to his feet, walked back. He had to walk slowly, so as to be sure that he was keeping a straight line, and to feel the walls with his hands as he passed along. The length of the way back showed him plainly how far he had first gone, and also convinced him more effectually, that he must indeed have lost his way. He now hoped to find Anselmo, and this hope encouraged him. He might have been successful, he thought, and if so, then all would be well. Even if he had failed, all might still be well, for they could make another search, and in company.

“At length he found himself back in what he knew to be the chapel, for there were the articles which they had left—the extinguished lamp and the fatal sketch-book.

“But where was Anselmo?

“This question came to him as he re-entered the empty chapel. Where was Anselmo? How had he fared? How far had he gone?

“Where was Anselmo? He could not tell. He could not conjecture. Was he within hearing? Perhaps so. But he was afraid to call. Afraid, for if no answer should come, then that awful truth would be all revealed which he feared to know.

"At length he could endure his suspense no longer. Standing there by the passage-way up which he had gone, and down which he had returned, he leaned his head over so that it should be in the passage-way chosen by Anselmo, and then called his name. The sound of his voice went far, far up the passage, and died away in the distance and in the darkness. Pascal listened, spell-bound, but no answer came. His cries died away in the dark, and as he listened, the silence seemed terrible. Again and again he cried. Still no answer came.

"And now another thought arose in Pascal's mind. He would go up this passage-way. He would pursue his friend, and try to find him. At any rate, he would be nearer to him. Accordingly he acted on this impulse, and at once proceeded up Anselmo's passage. He moved more rapidly than before, yet still on his hands and knees, partly because he wished to feel for the clew, but still more because he knew that in many of the passages there were openings into stories below, down which one might be precipitated who dared to walk in the dark. Thus he crept on, and at intervals he stopped and shouted for Anselmo, and listened.

"Long, long he crept on in this direction, until he had traversed a greater distance than that over which he had crawled in the first path. And still he found no trace of any clew, and still no answer came to his cry. But he had found no openings in

the path, and there were no pitfalls here through which Anselmo could have fallen.

"At length it seemed probable to him that Anselmo had turned about early in his course, and, retracing his steps, had tried another passage in the hope of finding the clew. No sooner had this thought occurred than hope once more arose within him. He would go back at once, and he, too, would try all the other passages. By this means the clew must at last be found, and not only the clew, but also Anselmo.

"Rising once more to his feet, he walked back, moving with painful steps, for he began to feel weak and weary, and his legs and hands were sore and bruised from so long a journey over the rough stone floor. It was, therefore, with uneasy, faltering, and staggering steps, and aching limbs, that he went back to the chapel. It was in a straight line; and by keeping a straight course, he at length, after a long time, reached the fatal place.

"Here once more he called for Anselmo, and once more there was no reply. Once more his cries died away in the abhorrent darkness, and his soul once more sank down in despair. But once more hope on her side revived, and he roused his energies towards a continuation of the search after the clew and Anselmo.

"Pascal now entered a third passage-way, and moved up this, as before, on his hands and knees. But his progress was more slow and painful than

before, and it was no better rewarded. After a long and weary way, he dragged himself back, and once more reached the chapel.

"Here he sat for a moment overwhelmed with despair. This despair was intensified by his own increasing weakness. The time that had elapsed since he had parted from Anselmo seemed fearfully long. But in a situation like his he dared not remain long inactive, and as long as his strength lasted, he had to exert it. Three of the paths he had already explored to a distance far greater than that which could possibly intervene between himself and the clew. Three more remained. He might try them all, yet not go so far. Anselmo might be in one of them, or, if not, at any rate his best way would be first to find the clew, after which he could go and get abler explorers than himself, who might come and rescue the lost one. But first the clew, the clew; without that he, too, was lost.

"Once more, then, Pascal dragged his weary frame over the stony floor, through the darkness and silence, and, as before, he called for Anselmo, yet not so frequently. And so, at length, he had penetrated far up the fourth passage, not so far as in the others, yet far enough to reach the clew if it was there. But no clew was found, and once more the wretched Pascal came back.

"Two passages now remained; but had he strength for them? No matter. He must go. He

must move on, though he died on that pathway. And so he crawled up the fifth passage-way.

“He crawled feebly, miserably. He was weak now, half fainting. He was like one who had been crawling for days over many miles. His voice was gone. When he tried to call Anselmo, there was nothing but a whisper. He could scarce sustain his fainting form. At last, while his brain was reeling with faintness and dizziness, and his tremulous frame swayed from side to side, as he tried to force himself onward, all of a sudden he felt upon his swollen and smarting hand the touch of a line of cord. An electric shock passed through him, a thrill of joy flashed over all his being. It was the clew. He was saved.

“That very instant he fell senseless from joy; and how long he lay he never could tell, nor could he ever tell how long he had been crawling to and fro. But, at any rate, there he was found, three days after he and Anselmo had gone down, by some from the cathedral, who had noticed their long absence, and had become frightened. By these Pascal was brought back, and tenderly nursed into health. But as for the other,”—and here the narrator’s voice sank into a low and thrilling tone, “as for the other, — brother Anselmo never returned.”

CHAPTER XI.

Superstitious Fears.—Another Round.—The hasty Tramp.—Alarm.—Awful Discovery.—Lost in the Catacombs.—The hurried Search.—Frank alone.—The anxious Lookout.—Where is he?—Is there any Hope?—Through the Passages once more.—The Warning from Anselmo's Fate.—How it all ended.

MOST profound was the impression which the priest's story made upon all the boys. Under ordinary circumstances such a story was not without a certain interest; but here in this darkness, with the faint light of the tapers feebly illumining the surrounding gloom, here in this city of the dead, here in the very place where this had occurred, and by the very path over which he had dragged his weary frame, in sight of that great black cross, marked here to commemorate the doom of Anselmo, here, in such a place and with such surroundings, the effect of the story was tremendous. The boys listened to it with quick, throbbing hearts, breathlessly and in silence.

After the priest ended, they poured upon him a whole volley of questions. Among them all, however, one was prominent—"And what became of Anselmo?"

"Noting was ever found of him, and his fate is one of de darkest mysteries connected with de Catacombs. For after dey did rescue Pascal, dey explored de Catacombs far and wide. In vain; not a trace of him was found."

"How strange!" exclaimed Clive. "Do you suppose that he could have wandered so far away?"

The priest shook his head.

"I do not know," said he. "Dere are some dat say dere was foul play, an dat Anselmo desave Pascal; dat he entice him down, an escape himself; but dis is not possibile; for what could be de motif? Dere was no enmity; dey were close friends; dey were quiet students; an more, dey were good Christian priests. In de mind of Pascal dere was never a suspizone like dat. He live an he dié with grief for his friend, an he feel remorse to his death-bed dat he was de cause why dey delayed five minute too long, when de lamp first began to grow dim. He alway say dose five minute de cause of all. If dey had hurried back widout waitin dose five minute, dey might haf found de right passage. But for my part, I not tink dose five minute much good; for if de lamp had been burnin, dey could not tell de right way from de wrong. But for Anselmo, my opinion is, he got lost, an die here; dough whar he got lost, an whar he go, I cannot tell. An now, sall we go back?"

"Go back?" repeated Frank.

"Yes; to de cathedral."

"Back?" cried David; "back? Why, can't we see some more?"

The priest shook his head.

"Dere is no more," said he. "You haf seen de all."

"O, well, then," said Frank, "can't you take us around again? I didn't notice it much the first time, you know; but after your story, it's got to be ten times the place it was before. I want to see that chapel again, and see how it was that poor Pascal made his mistake."

"But dat was not de chapel of Pascal."

"O, I know that; but it'll do. I only want to see how the passages come into it, and whether they all look alike, or not."

"Yes, yes," cried Clive, eagerly; "let's go around again. Why, we can imagine that we see the two friends exploring these passages:"

"Yes," said David, "or Pascal creeping along on his hands and knees."

"What fun!" cried Bob. "It'll be as good as going through a haunted house in the dead of night, or an old graveyard, and looking about for the ghosts to appear. For my part, I do believe that the ghost of Anselmo —"

"H-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-h!" said the priest, with a severe look. "Do not speak so flippant of de awful mystery, of de spiritual state. De ghost of Anselmo may well haunt dis place; but I not wis to see him."

At this rebuke Bob looked meekly down, and made no reply. The others said nothing. All felt that the rebuke was well merited, for certainly this was not a fitting place for levity at any time, but least of all while the memory of Anselmo and Pascal was still so strong in their minds.

The priest now said no more, but with a gesture for them to follow, he walked away in compliance with their request to go over the ground once more which they had already traversed. They all followed him eagerly. The priest now walked much more rapidly than on the former occasion, and they were compelled to be much more careful with their tapers.

But as they now walked along, they surveyed the gloomy scene with far different eyes. The story of Anselmo had thrown around everything a new interest, and given to everything a new meaning. Deep in the shadows before them they could fancy that they saw the forms of Anselmo and of Pascal flitting before them, beckoning them onward, or imagine that behind them those same shadowy figures were pursuing. This feeling at length took possession of them all, and to such a degree that a sort of superstitious fear came over them; and the sense of being pursued was so strong that none of them cared particularly about looking behind him. In this frame of mind they reached the chapel. Here they thought of nothing else but Anselmo and Pascal, as they, in a chapel similar

to this, took notes and made sketches. On these walls before them they saw the dim, faded colors and rude outlines of those symbolical Christian drawings which were the counterparts of those that offered such a fatal fascination to the two explorers; and round them they saw the gaping mouths of passages, each the counterpart of the other, like those which had bewildered Anselmo and Pascal. Here two of the passages had been walled up; but the appearance of the whole formed the best possible illustration to the priest's story.

Then they left the chapel, and hurried on through the passages; past the rows of tombs; the cells that were arrayed like the berths of a ship on either side; past the rough, marked walls that showed the marks left by the Roman fossor who had excavated these passages; past the mouths of cross-passages, some blocked up, others gaping wide, black and grim, with a few stones to indicate a fence rather than to form one; and round corners, now turning to the right, now to the left; and then on, and once more rounding corners, until at length they began to think that they ought to be near the cathedral, when suddenly — sharp, and shrill, and terrible — there burst upon their ears a wild cry from Bob.

In an instant every one turned to see what it was.

Bob stood with pale face and clasped hands,

very different from the Bob of common life — a very different Bob indeed. He seemed actually unable to speak for some time; his eyes stared and rolled wildly around; his lips moved; he said nothing. At last he gasped forth two words, —

“Uncle Moses !”

The two words sent a sharp pang through the hearts of the other boys. They looked around wildly, fearfully, hurriedly.

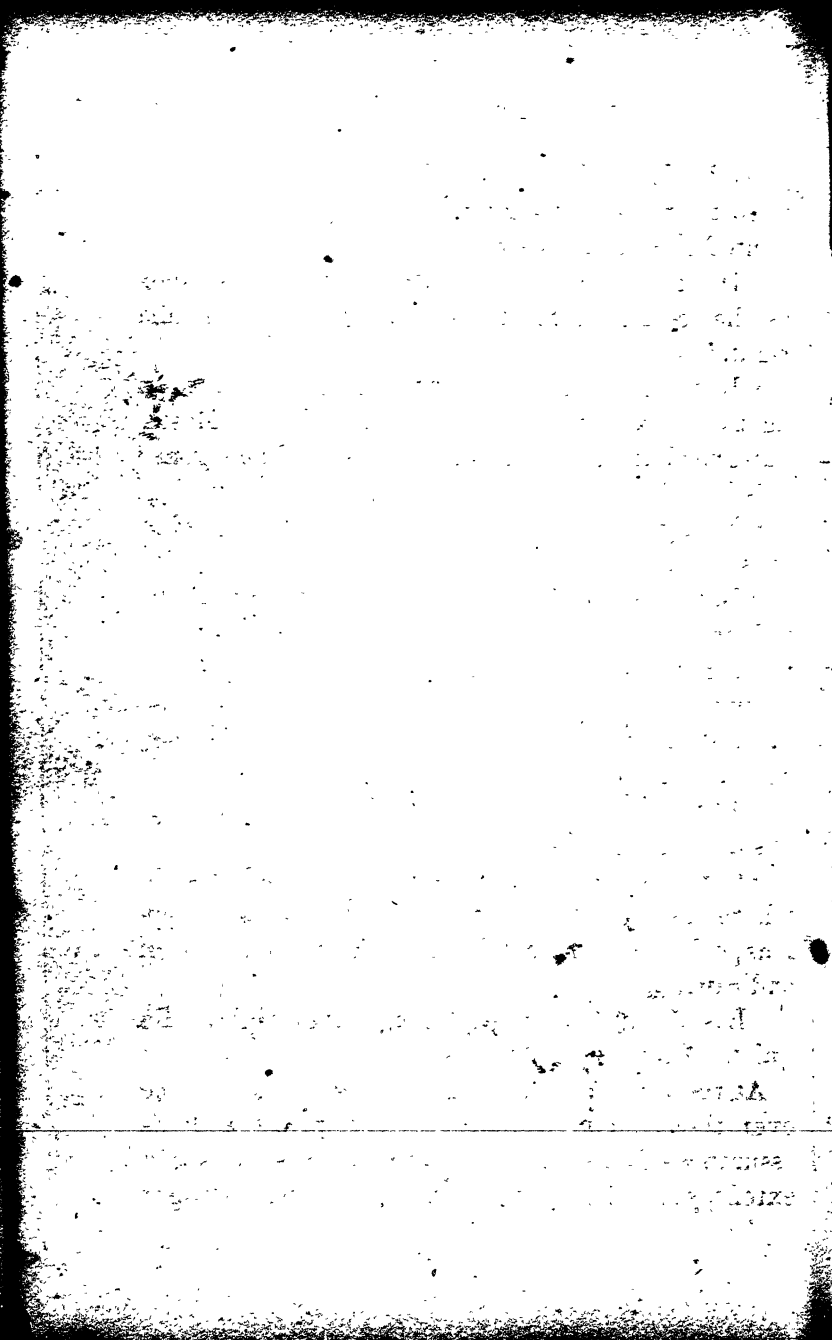
Uncle Moses ! In their excitement they had all forgotten him. They had walked at a rapid pace. He had been toiling after them. He had been left behind. Perhaps he had been seized with a sudden attack of rheumatism, and had sunk down. Perhaps he had called after them, and had not been heard; or, worse than all, — awful thought ! — thought of horror and of despair ! — perhaps he had lost his way !

Their minds were yet excited by the story of Anselmo. The thought that Uncle Moses might have lost his way, and here in this place, was utter anguish. Bob stood gasping, trying to say more, but unable. Frank stood as though struck dumb. Clive wrung his hands, and looked wildly about in all directions, while David burst forth into wild cries of, —

“O, Uncle Moses ! O, Uncle Moses ! O, boys ! He’s lost ! he’s lost ! O, let’s hurry and find him before it’s too late ! O, he’s lost ! he’s lost !”

In the midst of this the priest alone stood un-





moved. He looked earnestly at all the boys, and tried to speak, but for a moment David's cries prevented him from being heard.

"Do not fear," said he, at length, as soon as he could make himself heard. "It is alla right."

"But you don't understand," cried David, in an agony of excitement and terror. "Uncle Moses, our guardian; he came with us here, and he's gone; he's lost!"

"Yes, yes; but compose yourself. Do not fear. It is alla right."

"But he's lost! He's gone astray!" cried David, in continued and increasing agitation, "and we'll never see him again! O, come! O, sir, show us how to find him! Help us to hunt him up before it's too late! Come, boys! Come, Frank! Come! O, come!"

"But I say," said the priest, calmly, "it's noting. It's alla right. No mattaire."

"Can we find him? Can you lead us to where he may be?" asked Frank, in a tremulous voice, which he tried in vain to render cool and calm.

"Easy," said the priest, "easy. Alla right. Be quiet. Do not be disteress."

At these words a feeling of relief began to come over them. The calmness of the priest and his assurances diminished their anxiety to some slight extent, yet not very greatly, for the awful danger

of the Catacombs had been most vividly impressed upon their minds by the story of Anselmo, and they could not easily rally from the effects of this new shock.

The priest said no more, but led the way, at his former rapid pace, in the same direction in which they had been going when Bob's cry stopped them. After a short time they found themselves once more at that well-remembered place — the walled-up passage-way, the white-washed or white-painted stone, the big black cross.

The priest looked up and down in all directions, and then said, —

“He haf got fatigato, and haf drop behind. Some of us sall go round again, and sall catch up to him; but one mus stay here. Which one will stay?”

He looked inquiringly at the boys as he said this. None of them responded. They all wanted to go off in search of Uncle Moses.

The priest looked at Frank.

“Will you stay?” he asked.

“Certainly,” said Frank, “if you wish me to.”

“Yes; alla right. You stay. If he come round, he will see you, and understand. If he don't, we sall catch up to him.”

With these words the priest went off, followed by Clive, David, and Bob, while Frank stood by the walled-up passage-way marked with the black cross, and waited.

The others followed the priest, and once more went over the route which they had already twice traversed, looking out carefully for Uncle Moses. They came once more to the chapel, and then went on as before.

Frank stood by the walled-up passage waiting, hoping to see Uncle Moses make his appearance, toiling along through the gloom, but full of anxiety about him, nevertheless. The time seemed long. At any other time he would have felt some very unpleasant sensations at being left thus in such a place; but now his anxiety about Uncle Moses drove away every superstitious fancy. At length he saw a faint gleam of lights far down the dark passage-way in front. Then came sounds of footsteps, and then the priest, followed by others. Eagerly Frank looked as they approached, hoping to see Uncle Moses; eagerly he listened, hoping to hear cries of joy; while they, on their part, looked and listened, hoping to see or hear some encouragement from him. Alas! there was no encouraging sight, no encouraging sound. They met in silence. None asked the others what they had seen. It was too painful a question, and all knew well what the answer would be. Frank in his lonely watch had seen nothing. The others had gone their round, they had watched carefully, they had called and screamed, but no sight and no sound had come to satisfy their longing hearts.

The priest now stood and looked up and down

the passages in silence. The boys saw a puzzled expression on his face, which to them seemed like the darkest perplexity; and the sight of this made their hearts sink within them, for he was their only hope and reliance. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with these paths. He had led them three times most unerringly from this blocked-up passage with the cross-mark, round by intricate ways, and back again. He had been here for years. He was the guide of the Catacombs, and must be as familiar with these intricate passages as he was with the streets of Rome. Yet this man now stood, and seemed to be at a loss. For such a man as this—the guide of the Catacombs—to be at a loss, and to hesitate, was a circumstance which for the boys had only the very darkest meaning, and the most terrible significance. If he should be despondent, if he should fail, or even falter, what hope was left for them? And meanwhile, where was Uncle Moses? While they were lingering here, where was he? Was he wandering through those interminable labyrinths, among which the wretched Anselmo had been lost so utterly? Was he himself thinking of that story, and in his despair anticipating a like fate for himself? Thoughts like these were horrible; and these were the thoughts which the boys had as they stood there and saw the puzzled face of the guide.

At last he spoke.

"You air certain dat he come to dis place?"

"O, yes," said Frank, "and he complained about the damp, and was afraid of the rheumatism."

"Afraid? ah; an complain of de damp? ah. Ver good. Den perhaps he stay behind. Ha!"

"No," said Bob, sadly, "for he went with us all around. I went last. He was in front of me."

"When was dat?"

"The first time we went around."

"Ah, ver good! De first time? Ver good! An den he complain of de damp?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"H'm!" said the guide.

He then stood in deep thought, with a still more puzzled face.

"O," cried David, "don't let us waste time. Let us be off again."

"But we haf been, an he is not dere," said the guide.

"Then let us go to another place," said Frank.

"Dere is no oder," said the guide.

"He's wandered off into some side-passage," said David, "and lost his way. O, come! O, think! Even now he is in despair, and wondering why we don't come to save him."

"But I tell you dere is no place to wander," said the guide.

"Why, yes there is! We passed them—lots of cross-passages, you know."

"Dem? O, dat is noting. De cross-passages air all stopped up. No one can go trou dem. Nobody can go into dem more dan twelf, fifteen foot. All stopped up. No chance to get lost. No posseebeelettee. Nobody can pass into de oder parts from here. All is shut up, an barricado wit walls an doórs."

"Is that really so?" cried David, with indescribable relief.

"It is so," said the guide. "An now I tell you whar he really is. He haf gone home."

"Gone back?"

"Yes. Not possibile to go anywhar else. He gone back. Too damp here. 'Fraid rheumatismo; tired, hungry, or anyting. Any way he gone back. Come."

The guide's mind was made up. Having said this, he started off with a vigorous step, and an air of decision from which there was no appeal. The boys followed, full of hope; and before long they reached the place of entrance at the foot of the stairway.

The guide opened the door. The boys rushed through.

A cry escaped them, — a wild cry of joy, — for there, calmly seated on the steps, calmly leaning against the wall in a particularly easy attitude, there they beheld Uncle Moses himself!

"Uncle Moses!" cried all.

Their agitation, their joy, their reproaches soon

made all known. Uncle Moses was full of remorse for having caused so much trouble and pain. But his explanation was a very simple one, and soon made. It seemed that when they had got back to the cross, after their first round, he was very tired, and very much afraid of the rheumatism.


"I knowed that thar cross," said he. "I got an eye that's been trained in the woods. Anybody would ha' noticed that thar cross, but me in partic'lar. I knowed that this here entrance wan't over a hundred yards away in a straight line, at least not very much more'n that. I heard the priest offer to go another round, and you all wantin to go, I hadn't the heart to stop you. You were all a enjyin of it at a rate that was a wonder to me, and I knowed that if I said I was fagged out, you'd all give up, an come back with me. But I didn't want to spoil sport, and so I resolved to come back alone. I knowed there wasn't any danger. I knowed that the place was safe, and the stories all bugaboo. For I asked the guide in the chapel about the cross-passages, an he told me they were every one blocked up, every one, without exception, so that nobody could get lost here even if he wanted to. Whereupon," concluded Uncle Moses, "as you started, off I slipped; an here I come, an here I've ben ever since, takin my ease, an wonderin what's ben keepin you so long."

This explanation made all clear. The boys regained their former calmness. Bob was himself again at once.

"Uncle Moses," said he, in a solemn, sepulchral voice, "this will be a warning to me. After this, I will never let you go out of my sight."

CHAPTER XII.

A Story by Uncle Moses. — The Exordium. — The patriotic Pedler. — The haunted House. — A lonely Vigil. — A terrific Apparition. — Terrific Disclosures. — An awful Interview. — The Bones of the Dead. — What is to be done? — An indignant Ghost. — Numerous Morals in a tremendous Story.

HAT thar priest told a pooty tough story," said Uncle Moses, after they had reached their rooms, and were making a comfortable evening of it; "a pooty tough story; an I saw that it took a kine of a holt of you boys that pained me to see. For I couldn't help perceivin that you were all a leetle mite afeard of ghosts an things. Now, my idee is, that superstition's one of the very wust things that could get hold of a person, whether boy or man; an for my own part, I ain't ever had a mite of that thar feelin ever sence I I heard a story that used to be told by my wife's uncle — Uncle Tobias we used to call him; an a very odd, eccentric sort of a character he was, too. But his story knocks the priest's story all holler."

"A story!" cried all the boys; "O, tell us it;"

and with these words they all gathered nearer Uncle Moses.

"Wal," said Uncle Moses, "I don't care if I do, bein as thar's a mor'l to it, an bein as I see that you're all kine o' superstitious, and are apt to be frightened by ghosts. Now, from the story of Uncle Tobias you'll larn that sich sentiments hadn't ought to be indulged."

"Wal," began Uncle Moses, "this Uncle Tobias was a pedler. In the pursuit of that elevated an honorable callin he travelled from one end to the other of our great and glorious Union larnin every day to admire more an more the great an immortal principles of '76 for which our fathers fought an bled an out of whose ashes arose the American eagle phoenix-like whose screams now are heard throughout the earth to the terror of tyrants an foreign despots an long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Uncle Moses had poured forth this astonishing sentence without paying the slightest attention to punctuation marks. On his stopping to take breath the boys burst into shouts of laughter.

"Uncle Moses," said Bob, "you must have given a Fourth of July oration once. You did, now; own up."

"Wal," said Uncle Moses, with a smile, "however you guessed that beats all. I did once, when I was a young man, in my courtin days, an made it

up, an larned it by heart; an I've jest gev you the openin sentence, for I remember it to this day. It's a kind of convenient introduction to a story, and makes it move on comfortabler. An now hev'in fired off that, I'll contennoo without digression.

"Uncle Tobias, then, was a pedler; an as sich he wandered through a most every town and dees-trick in the country, havin ready access to the homes and hearts of all. Now, it happened, in the course of his wanderins, that he once came to a town in North C'lina. It chanced that there was an old house there, by far the best in the place, which for fifteen years had been uninhabited. In short, it was a haunted house. Jest fifteen years before, the tenant had disappeared under dreadful mysterious circumstances, and had never been heard tell of sence. People all said he'd ben murdered; but not a trace of any murder, and not a sign of any violence, had ever ben discovered. The trouble was, however, that from that time on, the house began to be haunted. People darsn't live in it. Them that tried to do it were druv out. They were all skeart at the horrible noises and the horrible sights. The owner got into despair. He offered a big reward to anybody that would find out what the trouble was, and drive off the sperits, ef they were sperits. He tried all the parsons in the state. No use. He fumigated it with sulphur. No go. Still he hoped to get at the bottom of the dif-

faculty, an every little while somebody would try to face the sperits. They couldn't do it.

"Now, all this time, mind you, boys, he had never come across a rail live ginooine Yankee.

"Uncle Tobias was the first critter of that breed that travelled into these benighted regions, though sence that eventfool time," added Uncle Moses, with a dry smile, "there hev been whole armies of them thereabouts. I guess, at any rate, he was the fust one there; an when he heard the story, he felt that at last a crisis had riz in his' destiny. The property was a fine one. The house was of stone, an very valooble. To save it and make it habitable was wuth a great deal; an so the owner offered a thousand dollars cash to any one that'd do it for him. So Uncle Tobias felt as though he was the very man into whose pockets them thousand dollars had ought to go. It was jest the amount that he wanted for some leetle speclations that he had under way; an besides he knowed that ef he succeeded, it would be sech an advertisement for him as he never had before. He could sell out his traps, git home, an go into a settled biz.

"When he went to the owner with his proposal, he was received with a hearty welcome. The thousand dollars were promised, solemn, an to make all sure, Uncle Tobias got it down in black and white. The owner didn't expect that he would succeed, and Uncle Tobias kept calm, an

refrained from boastin, like a true Yankee, as he was.

"Wal, the evenin came, an thar was Uncle Tobias, locked up in the house with a good fire, two lamps well filled, a kittle of water, sugar, whiskey, and a revolver convenient. He went there at ten o'clock, an soon felt quite comfortable. He had a rocking-chair on one side of the fire, while on the other was a large easy-chair.

"For full two hours nothing happened. At the end of that time it was midnight, an Uncle Tobias began to think he'd make his money easy enough, when all of a sudden there riz the greatest row that anybody ever heerd since the world begun. The house shook, the doors banged, the windows rattled, the tramp of footsteps was heerd all around, and yells and shrieks came through the air. Suddenly the door bust open, and two figures appeared. One was a stout, middle-aged man, who dragged after him an old man that seemed kine o' lifeless. He dragged him through one door into the room, an out of the room through another door.

"Uncle Tobias sat watching this closely without movin, looking hard at the figures. This here scene was repeated three times. So Uncle Tobias waited as patient as a lamb for the next. Wal, the row begun agin, the door bust open, and, sure enough, thar were the same figures. At that Uncle Tobias riz from his seat.

"'Gentlemen,' says he, 'allow me to remark that

this here scene's ben represented three times already, an I rize to respectfully submit that this here's beginnin to get kine o' tiresome, an to propose that you start somethin fresh. This is all very well in its way, but when repeated too often, it does grow monotonous. I feel confident that enlightened gentlemen, like you, have too much originality to require any further suggestions.'

"An with this he sot down agin; upon which the two figures retreated by the door by which they entered without actin their show agin.

"Wal, about a quarter of an hour passed, an then thar was a thunderin row, wuss than before. The door opened and a figure entered. It was the figure of an old man, and looked exactly like the party that had been dragged about a short time before. And all around it was a damp, mouldy robe, that kep a drippin, an a drippin, an a de-rippin with kellammy moister, an the face was all gray an greenish," continued Uncle Moses, in slow, lugubrious tones, "an it was all kivered with meould, an the har seemed jest on the pint of droppin off from utter decay, an the expression on that gray, green, grim face was terewly heejus; a horrid grin was on its white teeth, an the cold, watery eyes fixed themselves on Uncle Tobias with a round, glassy stare!

"Wal, as Uncle Tobias saw this figure advancin, he rose an faced it; an as it came up quite close, Uncle Tobias made a bow.

“Good evening, *sir*,” said Uncle Tobias, briskly an politely. ‘I take this quite kind in you. This looks like biz, at last, an I hope to have the pleasure of a brief conversation with you.’

“The figure at this stared, but said not a word.

“‘Pray be seated,’ said Uncle Tobias, as polite as ever. ‘Allow me;’ an he drawed up the easy-chair nearer. ‘Do you find the fire warm enough?’

“The figure still stared without saying anythin.

“‘Wal,’ said Uncle Tobias, ‘ef I chose to be uncivil, I *might* say that you made noise enough a while ago, and that your silence jest now ain’t creditable either to your head or your heart. Perhaps your stout friend out there may be more communicative.’

“The figure shook its head.

“‘No?’ said Uncle Tobias. ‘Wal, that’s odd; an so you won’t set down? Won’t you take somethin to drink then? a drop of whiskey? What! No, again?—not even whiskey? Wal, now, you air a little odd, tew. However, sence you won’t liquor yourself, I’ll take the liberty of drinkin. *Sir*, your very good health.’

“An with this he drank off a glass of whiskey.

“Putting it down again, as he smacked his lips he winked at the figure, an surveyed it with a patronizin an benevolint smile.

“The figure, mind you, boys, had all this time kep its eyes fixed on Uncle Tobias with a grim,

ghostly look. As Uncle Tobias now surveyed it, it stretched forth a long, thin, shurrivelled, sullimy arm, and with its damp, clammy, bony hand, it beckoned. Then it began to move on towards the door.

“ ‘ You want me to follow you — is that it ? ’ said Uncle Tobias. ‘ Wal, p’aps you’ll be more communicative. Pray go fust. No ceremony. I’ll foller.’

“ An sayin this, as polite as ever, Uncle Tobias took one of the lights, and puttin the revolver in his breast pocket, proceeded after the figure.

“ An now that thar figure led the way through the hall an down into the cellar. Uncle Tobias followed. At the foot of the steps the figure stood an pointed at somethin which was lyin on the floor. Uncle Tobias looked down, an saw that it was a spade, which had probably been used here recently by some workmen, an left behind. To this the figure pointed. Uncle Tobias understood him, and picked it up.

“ The figure now moved away to a corner of the cellar, and stood still, pointin with its long, bony finger to the ground, an fixing its big, round, ghostly eyes on Uncle Tobias. The floor was of bare earth, and had never been covered over.

“ ‘ Do you want me to dig ? ’ asked Uncle Tobias.

“ The figure nodded.

“ Uncle Tobias then put the lamp on the ground.

'Wal, sir,' said he, 'if this here's a goin to be a money pot, I'll give you the credit of it, an' never let a word be spoke agin you.'

"To this the figure made no reply, an Uncle Tobias then went on diggin like all possessed. The airth was softish, an before long he had made a hole a foot deep. Then his spade struck somethin white. He threw it out. An what do you think it was? Why, it was a human bone!

"At this Uncle Tobias gave a long whistle, an then drawin himself up to his full height, he stood lookin at the figure.

"'Now, sir,' said he, a little stiff, 'we've got to onderstand one another. An fust, is this here what you want me to dig up for you?'

"The figure nodded.

"At this Uncle Tobias lost his patience teetotally. It was a awful disappointment, you see. 'What!' he said, 'do you mean to say that you take me for such a born fool as that, to come here and dig up a lot of old bones, an me thinkin it was a buried treasure? Why, what sort of people have you been livin among?'

"And stoopin down indignantly, he took the lamp, laid the spade down, and strode back up the stairs into the room. Here he took a glass of whiskey, and resumed his seat by the fire, lighted his pipe, and begun to smoke, to soothe his disappointment. He hadn't drawed more'n a dozen whiffs, when the figure came into the room an stood close by him.

“‘Wal, old gentleman,’ said Uncle Tobias, in a dry voice, ‘you’ve ben an gone an humbugged me nicely — ain’t you? Still I don’t bar malice, an ef you want to set down, why, thar’s a chair for you.’

“The figure shook its head.

“‘You seem to be kine o’ dumb,’ said Uncle Tobias, knockin the ashes out of the bowl of his pipe. ‘Anythin the matter?’

“The figure shook its head.

“‘Wal,’ said Uncle Tobias, after a few moments’ reflection. ‘P’aps you can tell me this. Was there, or was there not, a murder done on these here premises.’

“The figure nodded, with an awful look.

“‘H’m,’ said Uncle Tobias; ‘an now, my friend, one more question. Air you the party that — a — come to grief, eh?’

“The figure nodded.

“‘Now, see here, my friend,’ contenoed Uncle Tobias, in a remonstrative tone. ‘You must want something; so why don’t you speak up like a — a — sperit? Perhaps if you took a drink it would do you good. At any rate you’d better tell me, up an down, exactly what it is you want, an not stand there starin like a born fool.’

“At this a deep moan issued from the figure, an then a sound, which Uncle Tobias said was like the sighin of the wind, escaped, an it wan’t louder than a whisper, —

“‘I — want — my — bones — buried,’ said the figure.

“‘Bones? H’m. Buried? H’m,’ said Uncle Tobias. ‘So them air *your* bones—air they? Buried? Why, ain’t they buried?’

“‘I want them buried proper,’ said the figure, ‘in consecrated ground.’

“‘Uncle Tobias looked at the figure thoughtfully.

“‘What makes you kick up such a row here?’ he asked.

“‘I’m bound to the place where my bones lay unburied,’ said the figure, in a voice that sounded like the last dying wail of some passing night blast.

“‘Wal, an if they were took away, would you stop your noise?’ asked Uncle Tobias.

“‘I must go where my bones go,’ said the figure.

“‘An would you contennio to make this tremendous uproar?’ asked Uncle Tobias, eagerly.

“‘I must make an uproar,’ said the figure, ‘till my bones air buried. Every night I must rehearse the scene of my murder.’

“‘Whew!’ said Uncle Tobias, with a whistle. ‘So — that’s — the — arrangement — is — it? Wal, you must have been havin a pooty high time of it these last fifteen years; that’s all I can say. An that stout party — was he the party — that — a — a — that — a — a — fixed you?’

“The figure nodded.

“‘Uncle Tobias remained in a meditative attitude for a few minutes, and then he looked at the figure, that never took its eyes away.

“‘Come, now,’ said Uncle Tobias. ‘Look here; I mean business. I want you to clear out from these here premises — bag and baggage — bones and all. You’ve ben here long enough. Now, what’ll you take to evacuate?’

“The figure replied, in the same voice as before, —

“‘Bury my bones, an bring my murderer to justice.’

“Uncle Tobias meditated over this for some time.

“‘So, that’s your ultimatum, old gentleman — is it?’ he asked at length.

“The figure nodded.

“‘An you won’t take a drink?’

“The figure shook its head.

“‘Nor set down?’

“The figure shook its head.

“‘You needn’t be the least bit afeard o’ me, you know,’ remarked Uncle Tobias, in a tone meant to reassure his companion; ‘I won’t hurt you. ’Tain’t in me to hurt any one.’

“The figure stared at him with its awful eyes.

“Uncle Tobias once more fell into deep thought. At last he looked up, and again addressed the figure.

“‘Bury your bones — h’m — an bring your murderer to justice, is it? Wal, old gentleman — I may do the fust — büt as to the second — not if I know it. Bring him to justice? Why, whar air the proofs. See here, now; will you undertake to come into court, an stand in the witness box?’

"The figure shook its head.

"Of course not. There it is, you see," said Uncle Tobias. "I am to have all the trouble, an you ain't goin to turn a finger. O, no — not you. And who is this party? Name him."

"The figure named him.

"That party?" said Uncle Tobias. "Why, he's a leading man in these parts. What! do you think I'm such a fool as to raise a row with him? No, sir."

"Then I must remain here," said the figure, with a low wail.

"Uncle Tobias looked at it earnestly, and shook his head.

"Not at all, old gentleman. Excuse *me* — but you ain't goin to do nothin of the kind. Contrariwise, you've got to come with me."

"With *you!*" wailed the figure.

"Uncle Tobias rose to his feet, and laid his pipe on the table, an insenuated his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, — a favorite position, — an in that thar attitude confronted the awful figure face to face.

"See here, old gentleman," said he; "you've got to follow your bones, you know. Wal, I mean to take them up, an carry them about with me —"

"With *you!*" wailed the figure, a second time.

"Yes, *sir,*" said Uncle Tobias; "an all I've got to say is, that ef you feel equal to sich tremenjous performances as you've ben a exhibitin of to me to

night, and can keep em up, and can indooce that other party to lend a hand—why, there ain't a show, or a circus, or a museum, or a waxwork,—no, sir, there ain't nothin on this green airth that'll come within a thousand mile of the exhibition that I'll be in a po-sition to offer to the public. So look alive, old gentleman. You've got to go with me; an I mean to exhibit you throughout the length an breadth of these here United States, at midnight, twenty-five cents a head, children half price —'

"The figure staggered back. Its eyes rolled fearfully. A shriek, loud as a peal of thunder, escaped its lips, and in an instant it had vanished.

"Wal, Uncle Tobias waited for a time, but the figure didn't come back. He then went down, an dug up the bones. Then he went back, an fell asleep. When he waked it was morn'n. He went to the hetel for his wagon and an empty trunk, came back to the haunted house, put the bones in the empty trunk, and then returned to the hotel.

"He waited on the owner, an indooiced that gentleman an a party of friends to go to the house on the following night. They did so, an staid all night; but thar wan't a sound. For a month different parties stopped there, but the house was quiet. At the end of that time the owner paid Uncle Tobias the thousand dollars, repaired the house, an went to live in it himself. As for the bones, Uncle Tobias said he never found them of

any use — not a mite. He watched several nights, but the figure wouldn't come. He kept em a whole year, an at last concluded to have em buried reg'lar, in consecrated ground. He did so, and never heerd anythin more, or saw anythin more, of that thar figure. He allus declared that he'd frightened the figure away."

After Uncle Moses had ceased, there was silence for some time. At length Frank exclaimed, —

"What a tremendous story!"

"It beats the priest's all hollow," said Clive.

"Well, Uncle Moses," said Bob, "how you, with such a story as that, could have been with us all these years, and never fired it off before, is utterly beyond my comprehension."

"But," said David, "I don't understand. Did your Uncle Tobias tell that to you as real?"

"Wal — yes — he allus did," said Uncle Moses; "though I don't know that he ever objected to havin it took allegorical."

"But *was* it real?" asked David. "How could it have been? Still he must have taken the bcnes away."

"Wal," said Uncle Moses, "it's a story that I've thought a good deal over; an I see my way to account for it in various ways. Fust and foremost, Uncle Tobias, in them days, was a free drinker, an may have had a turn at delirium tremens. That would account for everything. Besides, he himself says he was drinkin whiskey all night."

"But how could he have dug up the bones?"

"Wal, I dar say he heard some talk about the bones before he went thar. The spade-in the cellar looks as if some one had bin explorin around. Then, again, there's another thing; he may've been asleep, and dreamed it all."

"But mayn't some people have tricked him?" suggested Clive.

"Wal—hardly," said Uncle Moses; "not when he had that thar revolver. Besides, they came so close, an he saw them so plain, that it couldn't hev ben livin man. It must hev been dreams; or, as I think, delirium tremens."

"But how did it happen that the noises stopped after that night?"

"Wal—p'aps the noises had never been thoroughly explored. No doubt rats did it all; an the example of Uncle Tobias, an his departure with the bones, destroyed all further fears, an gave confidence. People went there to watch afterwards, staid all night, and weren't troubled. It was all the work of Uncle Tobias, an he airned his thousand dollars honest."

"But, boys," continued Uncle Moses, "this ain't all. It can be took allegorical. The beauty of the story of Uncle Tobias is, ~~that~~ it has a mor'l. An the mor'l of it is, that nobody hadn't ought ever to bother his head about imaginary evils; an that thar's lots of things that seem terrible, an have ony got to be faced like a man, an they turn out to be

nothin. An another mor'l is, nothin ventur, nothin hev; an another mor'l is, appearances often deceive. An, O! thar's lots of more mor'ls; for instance, one is to bewar of the intoxicatin bowl; an another, which has reference to the superstitious owner who lost a thousand dollars, and may be stated as — never leave to others what may be done by yourself; an another, bearin upon the thoughtless confession of the apparition — don't be too confidin to strangers; an another, touching upon the written agreement that Uncle Tobias got out of the owner — a bird in the hand's wuth two in the bush; an another — time an tide wait for no man. An thar's lots of others, but — ”

Uncle Moses was interrupted by a groan. He started, stopped, and looked around. The groan came from Bob. He was lying on the sofa. Uncle Moses hurried over to him with terror in his heart. Had he fainted with fear at this dismal story?



He turned him over.

No; it was not a faint. Poor Bob, tired out with a hard day's work, had gone asleep during these moralizings. The others also were all nodding in their chairs.

“ It's time to go to bed, boys,” said Uncle Moses, gently.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Heart of Rome. — A weary Way. — The Network of Streets. — The long Street and open Square. — Piazza del Popolo and Pincian Hill. — The Egyptian Obelisks. — How came they here? — The Italian Engineer and the English Sailor. — The giant Fountain. — The Treasures of the Tiber.

HUS far the wanderings of the boys had taken place chiefly among the ancient parts of Rome. It was natural that their first impulse should be, as it was, St. Peter's, and then those hoary ruins which speak so eloquently of the fallen greatness of the ancient capital of the world. After this it was equally natural that they should wish to see the modern city — the Rome of to-day; that city with its contrasts of mediæval gloom and modern smartness, of splendor and squalor, of magnificence and decay. They wished to traverse it in their usual fashion, at random, without any guide; to see things for themselves, to form their own impressions, and to judge from the living fact, and not from guide or guide-book. Their guide-book they of course took, and their  also, so as

to see the nature of each thing which they might encounter; but they followed no order, and merely wandered about at random.

Uncle Moses accompanied them. He dared not trust the boys out of his sight, and was afraid of their falling into some fresh difficulty. Bob, on the other hand, speaking in behalf of the boys, declared that he could not trust Uncle Moses out of his sight, and that he dreaded some evil to him if they were to leave him behind. And thus Uncle Moses became their companion, and a weary, weary way it was in which they made him go. For they were young, enthusiastic, fond of activity, pleased with novel sights and scenes, while he would much rather have remained in some snug corner, resting his wearied limbs, or have sauntered at a moderate pace over some more restricted scene. This, however, his anxiety for the boys, always keen, but now much more so since their recent adventures, would not allow him to do; and so he felt himself bound to toil on after them in their wayward career.

Thus, therefore, without any plan, they plunged into the heart of Rome. They found the streets narrow, and the houses high and gloomy. Most of them enclosed a court-yard, and were inhabited by families in stories. There were numerous wine shops and provision shops. The pavement of the streets was of irregular blocks of a dark stone. There were no sidewalks, but the gutter was in

the middle. They saw Rome at its best, for at this season of the year it is always cleaned up for the reception of the crowds of visitors who flock here at this time, and therefore could not know, or even imagine, the unspeakable abominations which the streets of Rome present after a year's neglect. On the score of cleanliness, therefore, they had but little occasion to find fault.

They wandered on through many of these narrow streets, now coming out into some square, and then once more plunging into the network of unknown ways. At last they found themselves in a street which was very long, of respectable breadth, and of a decidedly modern aspect, for it had sidewalks, and shops appeared which had quite a modern air. A short walk onward enabled them to recognize in it the Corso, the chief street of Rome. Its character, on the whole, entitled it to the epithet of magnificent, which has sometimes been bestowed upon it; for, though there was much here of a common kind, still its general appearance was decidedly picturesque, and here and there an edifice of distinguished grandeur conspired to give an elevated character to the whole street.

They walked along its whole length, and at last reached a spacious place, which they found to be the Piazza del Popolo. Where the Corso joins this place two domed churches arise on either side; on the farther side of the place is a gateway, and in the middle a lofty Egyptian obelisk raises

its taper form, in a single shaft, into the skies to the height of about ninety feet.

On one side is a hill, which is approached from the Piazza del Popolo by a winding carriage-way. This is the Pincian Hill, the great resort of the pleasure-loving Romans. Here every afternoon during the season the whole city seems to flock. The drives are beautiful. All around there are trees, and shrubbery, and marble vases, and sculptured figures. Here pedestrians come and lounge, with their cigars, over the stairs and balustrades, looking forth from the top of the Pincian Hill upon the scene beneath. The scene is a magnificent one. Immediately beneath is the broad Piazza del Popolo, with its churches, its gateway, and its tapering obelisk. On one side lies the city; on the other the Campagna. Immediately in front may be seen the windings of the historic Tiber; there the colossal mass of the mausoleum of Hadrian shows itself, now transformed to the Castle of St. Angelo; while beyond this a mightier and a sublimer object appears — the vast and wondrous dome of the greatest of cathedrals — St. Peter's.

All this appeared to the boys, though not on their first visit. It was not until later visits that they saw all the life, bustle, and animation which characterize this place at certain times of day, and watched that grandest sight of Rome — a sunset from its summit. Now, however, there was much to interest them, though on this first visit the chief

object of attraction was that tapering Egyptian shaft of red granite that shot up ninety feet in the air from the centre of the Piazza del Popolo.

This was not the first one that they had seen. One they remembered which stood in the middle of the place, in front of St. Peter's. Others they had encountered during their wanderings on this very day. But the question arose, How came these mighty masses here? They were Egyptian; fashioned first in a country far away over the sea. They were originally single masses of stone, though some of them had been broken. How came such enormous masses to Rome from Egypt over the sea? How had they been moved here, and set up in these places?

These obelisks were all brought from Egypt to Rome in the time of the emperors, during the first Christian century. The fact that they were brought over the sea from Egypt shows that the Romans must have built larger ships than many suppose, for it has been calculated that in order to carry one of these enormous masses in safety for such a distance, a ship would have been required of not much less than a thousand tons, modern measurement. That such ships were constructed is evident from the existence of so many of these gigantic Egyptian monuments in Rome. The vast amount of engineering skill and actual toil required to move one of these for any distance has been proved, in later days, in the case of the obelisk which the

French brought from Egypt in the time of Napoleon I., and set up in Paris in the Place de la Concorde. It was felt that one such task was enough for a great empire. But the Romans did this many times over; yet no Roman writer considered it as of sufficient moment to deserve special notice.

After the decline of Rome, and during the middle ages, these obelisks shared the fate of the other monuments of the past; and every one of them, in process of time, fell prostrate, or was overthrown out of the love of wanton destruction. All except one were broken — some in many pieces. At length Pope Sixtus determined to elevate them to their former places and repair them. This he succeeded in doing; and so well was it done that the casual observer sees no marks of fracture on any of them. The largest is that one which stands near the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, and this is the largest in Europe still, though a portion of the base had to be cut off, in order to form an even surface on which it could stand erect. The oldest in Rome is that one which rises from the midst of the Piazza del Popolo; and Egyptian scholars, learned in hieroglyphics, have decided that its date cannot be later than the time of Moses. For all these obelisks, with but one exception, are covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, and each one has its own story to tell to the diligent inquirer who may choose to examine it.

The only one that does not bear any inscription

is that which stands in front of St. Peter's. This also was the only one which remained whole. It had fallen, like the others, but had not been broken or injured. In connection with this there is a legend which is universally told and universally credited.

The legend refers to its erection in the place where it now stands. The mighty mass had been brought here, the engines were erected, and at the labor of thousands of men and horses, and in the presence of myriads of spectators, it began to rise into the air. Higher and higher it rose, until at last it stood almost upright, needing but a slight effort to complete the work. Yet at that very moment it was found that no further power could be applied. The cables used at the huge windlasses and capstans below were all drawn up to the last inch, and the huge guys and slings attached to the obelisk stood stiffened out like iron rods across the air. Nothing more could be done. The engineer had miscalculated. It seemed as though the obelisk must be lowered again, and all the work performed afresh. Yet to lower it was difficult, if not impossible, for they had not made arrangements for that. In the event of such an attempt, the descending mass might go down with a run, and be shattered to fragments.

Now, the legend states that at this supreme moment, when the obelisk, and the minds of all who saw it, were alike hanging in suspense, a certain

English sailor, who happened to be in the crowd, and saw the difficulty, shouted out, —

“ *Wet the ropes!* ”

The engineer caught at once at the suggestion. He knew how ropes shrink on being wetted, and perceived that the shrinking would apply all the force that was now needed to complete the elevation. Enough. The command was given; the ropes were wetted. They shrank. The shrinking raised the obelisk, which ascended grandly into its place.

There is a certain sceptical class who deny everything, from Romulus and Remus down to William Tell or Casabianca, and these men will not accept the English sailor. They object that an English sailor was not likely to visit Rome, and if he did so, he was not likely to speak Italian. Of course these and a thousand other objections may be made. But after all, the story is a good one. It is perfectly probable, and therefore may as well be accepted as rejected — like the story of King Alfred in the herdsman's hut, or Canute and his courtiers, or George Washington and his immortal hatchet. True or false, however, the story has a moral, which is simply this, that Theory must go with Fact, and that the man of scientific attainments may often be at a loss for some idea which a plain, practical man may be very well able to suggest.

At length the boys left the Pincian Hill and the

Piazza del Popolo, with the resolve to come back often — a resolve which they did not fail to carry out. Once more they plunged into the streets of Rome, while Uncle Moses toiled after them as before. They went on until at length they were arrested by the noise of falling waters, and on going a little further they found themselves before the largest fountain that they had ever seen.

The fountains of Rome form a very peculiar feature. No other city in Europe or in the world contains so many or so large ones. This is chiefly due to the supply of water which still flows in generously and lavishly through those ancient aqueducts that yet remain. The Romans themselves needed and secured for themselves this lavish water supply, and these men, who have been said to have "built for eternity," have a right to that hyperbolic saying in the case of their aqueducts at least. The fountains of the modern city are of modern construction. The most famous are those glorious jets that shoot a hundred feet into the air in front of St. Peter's, on either side of the obelisk; but the largest in Rome is the Trevi Fountain, where the boys now found themselves. Here a vast body of water pours forth like a small river, over artificial rocks, and falls into a spacious basin with a roar that is heard for some distance around.

As for the river, — the river of rivers, the Tiber, — matchless though it may be in the charm of its historic and poetic associations, it may be consid-

ered as possessing no practical value to Rome at the present day. It is usually a shallow and muddy stream; yet sometimes it makes its latent power known, and asserts itself in a most unpleasant, if not alarming manner, when its waters, swollen by winter rains, rise and inundate the city and Campagna. Yet there are some who think that even from the lowest and most practical point of view, the Tiber may yet prove to be of incalculable value to Rome. These men assert that the bed of the classical river must contain an untold treasure, accumulated here for centuries, and only waiting to be dug up. These men declare that in the river bed are immense treasures in gold, in silver, in precious stones, and in works of art. These men propose to dig a new channel by which to divert the Tiber from its bed, and then excavate said bed for an extent of about ten miles. The idea is not without plausibility; and it is not at all impossible that it may eventually be carried into execution. Whether, in such a case, the discoveries would pay for the cost of excavation, cannot be said; but certain it is that many objects would be discovered of immense value to the artist, the archæologist, the scholar, and the historian.

This day's walk revealed to them many characteristic features of Rome. They saw the shepherds from the mountains, with their flocks of sheep or of goats. They saw the curious wine carts, with their freight of fresh wine, and the queer device

by which the driver shelters his head from the sun. They encountered groups of beggars, companies of soldiers, and crowds of priests. They met with monks and nuns. They saw crowds of paupers in certain places receiving supplies of soup at monasteries. They came to a huge jail, where the prisoners glared at them through iron gratings. They stumbled upon a hill outside the city, which was altogether composed of fragments of broken pottery. They wondered at the absence of organ-grinders in Italy — the country which seemed to them the headquarters of that well-known profession. They penetrated into the Ghetto, or Jews quarter, which they found more filthy than the worst parts of New York. Finally they returned to their lodgings, where Uncle Moses informed them that he had never worked so hard or felt so tired in all his life, and that Rome was, in every respect, inferior to Boston.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Churches of Rome. — A great Crowd kissing the Pope's Toe. — Uncle Moses curious. — The Line of Guards. — Great Eagerness. — Pertinacity of Uncle Moses. — Embarrassing and awkward Position of the Swiss Halberdiers. — Tremendous Sensation.



THE churches of Rome are very numerous. They exceed three hundred in number; and that is surely a large, in fact, an unequalled, proportion to a city of a hundred and fifty thousand people. They are of every size, from the sublime St. Peter's, the mightiest work of human hands, down to that church which is famous from the fact that its dimensions, or, rather, the area which it covers, is precisely the same which is occupied by one of the four piers which support the dome of St. Peter's.

These churches are generally most magnificent, and go far beyond anything known in America in the way of adornment.

“Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold,” —

these are found everywhere, and in such profusion that the very splendor and the glitter of so much ornament become tiresome, and the traveller longs to behold the gloomy, yet grand, interior of some of the Gothic churches of the north.

Chief among all these splendid churches — prominent among them all as princes and gods — are the great cathedrals of Rome. These are seven in number, and are known as *basilicas*, because they were originally, under that name, the halls of justice, or court-houses of ancient Rome. Under Constantine and his successors, these halls of justice were handed over to the Christians to be turned into churches, which purpose they well served; so well, indeed, that they became models in shape and in architecture for all future cathedrals. Of these St. Peter's is the greatest. St. Sebastian's is another, though only sixth in rank. The others are St. John Lateran, which ranks second famous for its magnificence; famous also for the Santa Scala, or sacred steps, which are said to be those which once belonged to Pilate's judgment hall, though, of course, such a legend is incredible. They are, however, the very steps up which Luther once went on his knees, and up which thousands still go in the same way every year. The third basilica is the Cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore (St. Mary the Greater). It is most magnificent, and the gilding, spread lavishly over the ceiling, was made from some of the first gold brought

by the Spaniards from Peru. The fourth in rank is the Cathedral of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme (the Holy Cross in Jerusalem), which is famous for its relics. The fifth is Santo Paolo fuori le Mura (St. Paul's outside the Walls), which was once the most magnificent and most interesting church in Europe, but was unfortunately burned down about thirty years ago. The present edifice is, therefore, modern. The next is St. Sebastian's, famous for the Catacombs; and the seventh is the Cathedral of San Lorenzo. This is the oldest of all, and still retains, more than any, the form, outline, architecture, and general characteristics of the ancient Roman basilicas. For this reason it is more studied by scholars and archæologists than any of the others.

But besides the cathedrals, there are the churches, which rival them in magnificence as in size. The greater churches are more splendid than the lesser cathedrals. San Carlo in the Corso raises its dome on high, and exhibits a lavish adornment which is unsurpassed; and many others there are which come near to it in this respect; but among all none can equal the Chiesa di Gesù (the Church of Jesus), which belongs to the order of the Jesuits.

Here one day our party found themselves. Uncle Moses and the four boys were all together, and in the course of their wanderings they had come to this church. There was some great cele-

bration going on, which at once attracted them. They saw a crowd outside, among whom were the life-guards of the pope, in their armor; the Swiss halberdiers, in their gorgeous mediæval costume; the cardinals, in their scarlet robes; military officers of high rank; and carriages of the Roman aristocracy, filled with beautiful Italian ladies.

Something was evidently going on, and that, too, of no common kind; and therefore the boys mingled with the crowd, and worked their way through it, until at length they all found themselves upon the steps of the church, where they stood looking forth upon the scene, and patiently waiting to see what it all might be. Close by them there happened to be a knot of English tourists, drawn here by curiosity, and chatting gayly with one another. It was thus that they made known their nationality; and no sooner did Bob hear their familiar language than he asked them what the present gathering was all about.

"O," said one of them, carelessly, and with a laugh, "this, you know, is the Church of the Jesuits, and the pope is going to perform some great ceremony or other here — high mass, kissing his toe, and all that sort of thing, you know."

This information was at once communicated to the others, and of course stimulated their curiosity to the utmost.

"Kissin his toe!" said Uncle Moses, who had

clung fast to the boys in spite of the crowd, as they had also clung fast to him; "kissin his toe! Why, raily now! Is that raily so? Dew tell! I want to know, for I never myself raily believed it; an even now I can't quite get hold of the idee. Who air the people that dew it? Why dew they dew it? Why does this here pope let em? It's a thing I can't fathom. To me it's an inscrootable idee. Ef they want to kiss, ef they must kiss, why don't they kiss his lips, his forehead, his cheeks, or even his hand? Why his toe? Who upon airth ever happened to hit upon that thar partic'lar idee, now?"

To this particular question, however, no answer was offered, and consequently Uncle Moses had to solve the problem by himself. But now his thoughts, and those of the boys, and of the whole assemblage were drawn in another direction. A bustle arose, succeeded by a deep stillness. Then the Swiss halberdiers began to drive the crowd to the right and left, so as to make a way. Through this way a carriage drove up in regal state. In this was seated an elderly gentleman, richly arrayed. He had a very mild and gentle face, and on it there was a peculiarly sweet and winning smile. Indeed, no face in the world possesses more attractiveness and a more gentle charm than the face of Pio Nono. This was the face that met the gaze of the astonished boys, and upon which the crowd of spectators now looked, many with deep reverence, all with respect.

Upon the boys the sight of this sweet and gentle face, with its winning smile and venerable mien, produced a very great and striking effect. This was not at all their idea of the Pope of Rome. They had formed no very definite conception on the subject, but had thought, in a general way, of a big, burly, bloated, hard-faced, red-nosed, Babylonian monster, with a purple robe and a triple crown, with cruel face, vindictive eyes, frowning brow, and malignant expression.

Instead of that, however, they saw this venerable figure, this face of gentleness, this winning smile, and friendly glance. The result was, of course, an immense revulsion of feeling.

"I like him," said Clive, emphatically. "I never saw a nobler face. I had no idea that he looked anything like this."

"Nor had I," said David. "He's got a gentler face and a sweeter smile than any one I ever saw; no, not even excepting Dr. Harrison," he added, after a pause; and this was a very strong statement for David to make, who looked upon Dr. Harrison, his old preceptor, as the beau ideal of a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar.

"What makes people abuse him so?" asked Frank. "I don't see how they can have the heart to. I should think one sight of that face would destroy all prejudice."

"O, it isn't he that they abuse," said David, with a profound gravity that he often assumed; "it's the system, you know."

Bob said nothing, but kept humming to himself the following very appropriate words, from a well-known song:—

“The pope he leads a happy life:
No care has he or worldly strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine.
I would that his gay lot were mine.”

“You’d better look out,” said Clive. “They’ll hear you, if you don’t sing a little lower, and you’ll be arrested.”

“Well,” said Bob, “let ’em rip. Don’t you know I want to see the inside of a Roman prison?”

Meanwhile Uncle Moses had surveyed the pope with the deepest attention, and had experienced the same revulsion of feeling which had been undergone by the boys; for his idea of the Pope of Rome had been quite as extravagant as theirs, and the reality produced upon him a very profound impression. He held up both of his hands in wonder, and for some time said nothing. At last his feelings burst forth.

“Wal, I never!” said Uncle Moses. “Dear, dear, dear! Is that raily the pope? Why, what a nice, kind, sweet-lookin old gentleman he is, to be sure! Why, I’d like to make his acquaintance. I would, raily. I think I’ll jest go a *leettle* nearer, so as to get a better look. And his toe, too! Raily now! Surely *he* won’t let em kiss his toe. Dear, dear, dear! Why, what an on-common nice-lookin old gentleman, to be sure! Yes, yes. I

rally must try to git jest a *leetle* mite nearer to him."

Saying this, Uncle Moses took a careful observation of the scene, and then backed down slowly and carefully from the place where he had been standing, after which he began to work, or, rather, worm his way through the crowd, with the intention of getting nearer. The Swiss halberdiers, on dividing the crowd so as to make way for the pope's carriage, had arranged themselves on either side, so as to keep order, and secure the passage-way from interruption, and prevent the people from pressing in upon it. Thus they stood; and on working his way through the crowd, Uncle Moses at length found a line of these faithful guards immediately in front of him, and intercepting all farther progress.

Meanwhile the coach of state was advancing along the passage-way that had been formed through the crowd, and between the Swiss halberdiers, who stood in lines on either side. The venerable occupant looked pleasantly out upon the crowd, and smiled, and bowed, and reached out his hand, as if to bless them. Applause arose, and cheers. At length the carriage stopped, the door was thrown open, the steps let down, and several attendants presented themselves to receive the pope, and assist him down.

It happened that the pope had stopped close by Uncle Moses, who could not have taken his stand

in a better place. But in his eagerness to see more, he pushed his head forward between two Swiss halberdiers in front of him, and not content with this, actually forgot himself so far as to try to work his way between them by the same process which had been so successful in bringing him thus far through the crowd.

At first the Swiss stood motionless, and Uncle Moses had actually succeeded in working himself about half way through. He was immediately opposite, or, rather, in front of the pope, and was staring at him with all his might. His attitude and face were so singular that the pope could not possibly help being struck by it. He was struck by it, and so much so that he uttered an involuntary exclamation, and stopped short in his descent.

The very moment that his holiness stopped, Uncle Moses stopped short, too, and quite involuntarily; for the Swiss halberdiers, irritated by his pertinacity, and seeing the pope's gesture, turned suddenly, and each one grasped Uncle Moses by the collar.

Poor Uncle Moses!

The boys saw every incident in this scene. They saw it from a distance. They could do absolutely nothing, and could only stand aghast and stare.

The Swiss halberdiers stood for a little while rigid and motionless, like two cast-iron men, holding poor Uncle Moses like two vices. It must be

owned that it was an extremely undignified attitude for men like the Swiss halberdiers, whose position is simply an ornamental one, and whose contract is to the effect that they shall never put themselves in anything else but graceful attitudes. Nothing but the most unparalleled or unpardonable outrage to their dignity could have moved them to this. So unusual a display of energy, however, did not last long, for in a few moments several persons in citizens' clothes darted through the crowd to the spot, and secured the prisoner. Upon this the Swiss, finding their occupation gone, resumed their upright, rigid, ornamental attitude. The pope found no longer any obstacle in his way, and resumed his descent; and, as far as he was concerned, he remained free from all further interruption for the remainder of the ceremonial.

But Uncle Moses had been the unconscious cause of a tremendous sensation. For a moment he had created a wide-spread consternation in the breasts of all the different and very numerous classes of men who composed that crowd. Utterly unconscious of what he was doing, he had, nevertheless, done that which, in thousands present, had made their nerves thrill, and their hearts throb fast with a sudden tumult of awful fear and apprehension.

1. The pope himself, who stopped and stared at him, and thought, "It's some Garibaldian."

2. The nearest cardinal, who thought, "It's an assassin."

3. The footman, who thought, "This is another proof of the uselessness of the pampered halberdiers."

4. The chamberlains, who did not see Uncle Moses, their backs being turned to him, and who thought, "Something has disagreed with his holiness. He has vertigo."

5. The general of the Jesuits, who muttered, "Aha! h'm! It's a Carbonaro."

6. The archbishops, who turned pale.

7. The bishops, who clasped their hands.

8. The abbots, who crossed themselves.

9. The Propaganda students, who made an effort to get nearer.

10. French soldiers, who— But it is unnecessary to describe the feelings of all present on this occasion, for in that case we should have to consider in detail the feelings of

11. Italian radicals.

12. Papal dragoons.

13. Papal soldiers.

14. English tourists.

15. Russian do.

16. German do.

17. American do.

18. French do.

19. Dutch do.

20. Spanish do.

21. Belgian do.


22. Swedish do.

23. Artists.
24. Priests.
25. Monks.
26. Friars.
27. Frank!
28. David!
29. Clive!
30. Bob!

And now, of all the horror that was experienced by all the above, certainly none was more genuine or more intense than that which was felt by the last four, whose names close the above list. For what did they see? They saw Uncle Moses seized by the Papal Guard. Then they saw him seized by some men in citizens' clothes. Then they saw six gendarmes advance and take possession of him. He was arrested, and by the gendarmes! What would be the result? What had he done? What would the pope do? What could they do? What would become of Uncle Moses? Alas! it was too true, what Bob had said in jest, that he could not take care of himself.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrest of Uncle Moses.—The Gendarmes again.—The Boys surround their hapless Friend.—Affecting Scene.—Mournful Interview and pathetic Farewell.—Uncle Moses is dragged off to the Dungeons of the Inquisition.—The Boys fly for Assistance.—No Hope.

 HE arrest of Uncle Moses filled the boys at first with despair; but soon they rallied from this, and a confused medley of desperate plans arose. Their first impulse was to make a rush at the man in plain clothes and rescue him. With this intention they forced their way through the crowd for a short distance. But it was only to see an additional grief descend, in the capture of poor Uncle Moses by the abhorrent gendarmes. They tried to get nearer, however, in spite of this; and though they could not make their way very easily through such a crowd, still they managed to keep on following after Uncle Moses. Thus, with the mere instinct of affection, they followed him, not knowing what they could do, and with their thoughts and purposes all confused.

Working their way on thus, they succeeded in following the cocked hats of the gendarmes which

appeared above the heads of the crowd, though of Uncle Moses they could only catch an occasional glimpse ; but at length the throng of people became less dense, and they gained ground upon the object of their pursuit. Finally they came to the outskirts of the crowd, where the gendarmes stood and surrounded their prisoner, while one of them went away on some business.

The boys now drew near. Uncle Moses looked at them with a pale face, and heaved a heavy sigh as he saw them.

"Wal, boys," said he, "you see how it is. I can't get free. These rascals hev nabbed me. What on airth they're a goin to do with me I can't tell. But don't be oneasy. It'll be all right in time. 'Tain't myself I'm troubled about, but you ; for I can't bear the thought of leavin you unprotected. But as for me, they won't dare to harm so much as the hair of the head of a free American."

"O, Uncle Moses," cried David, in deep distress, "what can we do?"

"Darned ef I know," said Uncle Moses. "It's these here Roman police. They darsn't hurt me — course — bein as I'm a free American citizen ; but they can keep me tied up for a few days, an I dar say they will. But ef they do — ef they dar to do so — as sure as my name's Moses, I'll prosecute em all for damages. I will, by thunder. An so they'd better look out."

With these words Uncle Moses cast a look of

gloomy menace at the gendarmes around him, but the look was an unnatural one for him; after a time it passed away, and his face resumed its usual serenity.

"As ~~was~~ a sayin," he continued, "I don't care for myself, not a mite. The ony thing I do care for, is for you boys. Ef I'm kep away two or three days, what on airth is goin to become of you? I'll be dreadful anxious an oneasy about you. Now promise me one thing."

"What?" asked David, in a doleful voice.

"Why, promise me you won't go and get into any scrapes."

"Scrapes!" said Frank. "Why, Uncle Moses, we don't intend to leave you. We'll follow you, and stick by you through thick and thin, till you get free."

"Wal," said Uncle Moses, "I rayther guess you'll find you've got to leave me."

"No; we'll give ourselves up," said Frank, firmly, "and go to prison along with you."

"Yes, yes," said David. "That's what we'll do. We'll all go. We won't leave you, Uncle Moses."

Uncle Moses gave a short, dry laugh.

"A likely story," said he, "a very likely story. But 'tain't so easy done, dear boys."

"O, yes," said Frank, "we'll give ourselves up, you know."

"Wal," said Uncle Moses, "as to that, there air two objections. In the fust place they wouldn't

take you. In the second place, ef they did take you, they wouldn't put you in the same place with me. They'd separate us all, put each of us in a separate dungeon, so's to examine us each by ourselves. That's the way they'd do it. No; you keep clear of this here business, or else you'll only complicate matters, and make it all the harder for me."

"But, Uncle Moses, we can't bear to leave you in such a situation as this," said Clive, "for ever so short a time." The other boys said nothing, but stood looking at him with their young faces exhibiting the deepest affliction.

Uncle Moses gave a short cough, and then cleared his throat elaborately.

"As to leavin me," said he, "you've got to do that. You talk of givin yourselves up, an gittin yourselves arrested; but there ain't no way you can manage it, an ef you was to be arrested, as I said before, you'd all be separated, and so you can't come with me whatever way you fix it. So you cheer up, an go quietly home, an wait for me, an keep yourselves out of scrapes. Don't fret about me, for I'll be along shortly. They'll have to let me go soon. They darsn't detain me long. They've got nothin agin me, not a hooter."

"Can't we do something for you?" asked David. "Can't you think of anything that we can do to help you?"

"Wal, yes; I could think of somethin you could

do for me ef you could only speak I-talian. But the misfortin of it is, you can't do it; an so you can't explain to them how things is. But now I think of it, there's something you can do, after all. There's our minister. You go and try to find him. He's here. You tell him all about it. He'll git me out. They darsn't refuse the demand of the American ambassador. Jest send him to see me. I'll tell him all about it, an he'll talk to em about right. He'll give em fits. He'll fix me up in five minutes. Yes, yes, boys, that's our plan; hurry off for our minister, and send him along as quick as you can."

This suggestion about the American minister inspired all the boys with hope. They all had boundless confidence in the power, might, majesty, and influence of the ambassador of the Great Republic. In him they at once felt that they would find a friend and a champion, who would interpose immediately and with effect to rescue Uncle Moses from the grasp of Roman jailers.

But now the conversation was interrupted by the approach of a cab. It was a large, clumsy vehicle, of a rusty black color, and drawn by two dingy horses. Beside the driver was seated a gendarme, in whom the boys recognized that one who had gone away. They understood now the purpose for which he had gone. It was to secure this cab. They were about to take Uncle Moses away in this — and where? It was a miserable, a dismal question.

The cab hauled up; the gendarme leaped down as nimbly as the stiffness of a gendarme would allow, and then conversed for a few moments with the other gendarmes, who surrounded the prisoner. Again the boys felt a sharp regret at their ignorance of Italian. How often had this ignorance stood in their way! At length they seemed to have settled the subject of their conversation, for one of them opened the door of the cab, and another, leading Uncle Moses by the arm, pointed significantly towards it.

Uncle Moses regarded the vehicle with a face of disgust. He walked a few paces till he reached it. The boys followed. Then he turned and looked at them mournfully.

"I didn't think boys," said he, — "I didn't think that I'd live to see the day when I'd be dragged off to the lock-up in a close wagon. But it ain't no fault of mine. I'll tell you what it is. It's despotism. And, boys, let this be a warnin to you all the rest of your lives — let it be a lesson — to teach you to uphold to your dyin days the immortal principles of '76; to fight agin monarchy, aristocracy, slavery, hierarchy, agin thrones, principalities, an powers, an speritool wickedness in high places. You behold your uncle led off by the minions of the tyrant! Ef you ever go an forgit this scene, I'll disown you. And mind what I told you about the American minister. Hunt him up at once. Don't wait. Tell him all about me. Tell

him that a free American citizen is a lyn a pinin in a prison in captivity in the dungeon of the despot. And hurry up."

Here the gendarme drew Uncle Moses with some force towards the cab, speaking at the same time with evident impatience.

"Well, well," said Uncle Moses, "there ain't no sich dreadful hurry about it, any way; an you'll git me where you want me. There ain't no danger of my gittin loose and runnin areound. An now, boys, I'm off," he said, putting one foot on the steps of the cab, and turning to speak a few parting words: "Good by, dear boys. Don't fret. I'm all right. I'm supported by a peaceful conscience. My only anxiety'll be about you. So you take care of yourselves for my sake, an don't give me any additional trouble. Hurry away and hunt up the American minister as fast as you can, and send him to me. Good by, dear boys; I—"

Here Uncle Moses stopped abruptly, and turned away his head. A sob burst from him. He sprang into the cab. The boys stood with hearts that seemed almost ready to break. It would have been bad enough had Uncle Moses left them with a smile of confidence; but that sob, wrung from him in spite of his assumed cheerfulness, showed them beyond a doubt what his actual feelings were, and at once brought back the very worst fears which had formerly come to them.

Thinking only of him, and of his danger, and the

mysterious fate before him, the boys, obeying a blind impulse, dashed forward, and made as though they would follow Uncle Moses into the cab. But the cast-iron gendarmes coldly motioned them back, uttering at the same time what seemed like threats. Of course the boys at once desisted from any further attempt to act out their wild impulse. They therefore fell back, and stood looking with mournful faces, and hearts that throbbed feverishly and painfully.

Two of the gendarmes now got into the cab along with Uncle Moses. A third shut the door, and then mounted the seat beside the driver, and the others walked solemnly away.

The cab now started off, and drove rapidly away.

"Boys," cried Bob, "let's run after the cab, and see where they take him."

The suggestion was at once acted upon. Away went the four boys, running at the top of their speed, and trying to keep within sight of the cab. For some distance they had no difficulty in doing this, as the cab went on in one direction, and the pace at which they went was quite fast enough to prevent it from going out of sight. At length, however, they entered a part of the city where the streets were narrow, and winding, and irregular. Here the cab went out of sight once or twice in the windings of the street; but by making an extraordinary effort, they managed to get nearer

again, and catch sight of it. At last the cab turned a corner, and when they went up they saw nothing of it. Running down the street, for the length of a block, they came to a cross street, where they stood looking anxiously up and down. In this cross street they felt sure that the cab must have turned, and whether it took the right hand corner or the left, they could not conjecture. But they had to decide on one or the other, and that, too, without delay, for there was not a single moment to lose; so, at Frank's suggestion, they turned to the right, and continued their pursuit, or rather search,—for that was what it had now become,—at the very top of their speed. But the next corner raised new doubts and difficulties, which were increased at the succeeding one, and filled them with perplexity. Still, baffled though they were, they kept up the search for a long time, even after all hope had left them; but at length they were compelled to give it up.

"Well, boys," said Frank, "there's no use for us to waste our time any longer. We can't find the cab. By this time it has reached the place it was going to, whatever that was. We're only wasting our time now that might be far better employed. So I say, let's go off at once after the American minister."

"So, I say," said David; "but where can we tell him to go? We can't tell him where Uncle Moses has been taken."

"But we don't know that, and can't find it out," said Frank, "and we're only losing time. So come, boys; let's hurry off."

"We don't need to know," said Bob, "where Uncle Moses has been taken. The American ambassador won't care to know, either. It'll be enough for him to know that a fellow-countryman is imprisoned, and he can go and demand his release."

"It's all very well," said Clive, to say, 'Let's go to the American minister;' but where does he live? Do you know, Frank?"

"No; but that's no matter. We can easily find out at the lodging-house."

"Or the Hotel dell' Inghilterra," said David. "There are always lots of English there, and Americans, too, for that matter. They'll know. Besides, the waiters speak English, and we can find out from them everything we want to know; so hurry up."

"Hurry up!" said Bob, looking around with a puzzled face. "It's all very well to say, 'Hurry up,' but for my part, I'd like to know where we are to hurry. We don't know where the American minister's is, and what's more, we don't know where our own lodging-house is."

"Well," said Frank, quickly, "that's all the more reason why we should hurry up, so as to find it."

With these words he started off, and the others followed. Having now some definite purpose, the

boys threw aside all feelings of gloom and despondency, and thought only of the task before them. Hope revived along with action. They all felt that they were doing something. The thought of the American minister roused their confidence to the highest point. Armed as he was with all the authority of the Great Republic, that formidable functionary could scarcely be refused in any just demand. He was their fellow-countryman, and they could tell him all their story, and pour all their sorrows into his ear. He would help them. His sympathy would be all enlisted on their side, and he would fly at once to the assistance of the innocent prisoner. Now they understood fully the advantage of having a representative of their own nation in foreign lands. Before this they used often to wonder why it was that American citizens were sent on embassies to the courts of foreign despots; but at this moment they appreciated the fact to its fullest extent.

For some time they wandered up and down through a tangled network of crooked streets, and could not find their way. The place was utterly unknown. At last, however, they emerged into a place where they recognized certain familiar landmarks in the shape of the Pantheon, and the Column of Antonine. From this they went to the Corso, and thence to their own lodgings. They then hurried off to the Hotel dell' Inghilterra.

Here, as Frank had said, the waiters spoke Eng-

lish, and from them they found out at once, without any trouble, the residence of the American minister. It was in a part of the city, however, with which they were not at all acquainted; so they had to go home to their lodgings, and find it out on the map which they had left behind them on this day. Then, map in hand, they went in search of the house of their country's representative. After a long search they at last succeeded in finding it.

But on making inquiries, they learned, to their dismay, that the American minister was not at home.

For this they had not been at all prepared, and it was with much anxiety that they asked, —

“And where is he, then?”

“He has gone with a party to Tivoli.”

“When will he be back?”

“I don't know, I'm sure. He left no word. I don't think he will be back till to-morrow evening.”

At this the boys' hearts sank within them. They could not wait for the return of the American minister. Uncle Moses must be rescued before then.

But how?

What could they do, mere boys as they were, young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the language?

So they hurried away in deep gloom and disappointment, not having the remotest idea of what they ought to do next.

CHAPTER XVI.

New Plans to rescue the Captive. — The friendly Waiter. — The grumbling Englishman. — The Man of Honor, and the first Lawyer in Europe. — An interesting Interview. — A slight Taste of Roman Law. — Terror of the Clients. — No Hope for the Prisoner.



AFTER leaving the residence of the American minister, the boys retraced their steps back to their lodgings. The high hopes which they had set upon the American minister, and the confidence with which they had come in search of him, made their present disappointment all the more bitter; and it was now with the deepest despondency that they walked along. They walked without saying anything, for the simple reason that no one had anything to say.

At length the silence was broken by Frank.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said he: "we can do something yet, after all."

"What?" cried all, in the utmost eagerness.

"Why," said Frank, "we can do just as people do at home, in a case of this kind—get a lawyer."

"A lawyer!"

"Yes, of course — a lawyer. That's the very man we want."

"But where can we get one?" asked David.

"O, anywhere," said Frank, confidently. "There are plenty of them here in Rome. There must be plenty of them, of course; and, for that matter, there never has been, and there never will be, any place in the civilized world without plenty of lawyers. It must be easy enough to find them. So, boys, my idea is, that we had better set off at once, and hunt up a lawyer. We can hear about some good one at the Hotel dell' Inghelterra. We want a leading lawyer, though; a real tip-top, first-class man — none of your pettifogging attorneys. Now that's the sort of a man we want, and I propose that we give him the case of Uncle Moses, and urge him to go ahead with it at once, and first of all get him out of jail."

David gave a sigh.

"Well, I don't know," said he; "but somehow I don't like the idea of getting a lawyer. I'm afraid if poor Uncle Moses gets into the clutches of the lawyers, it'll be worse for him. Better fight it out with the gendarmes. A lawyer will contrive to keep him in prison all his life, and make a living out of this one case. I wish we could do something else. I'm afraid of lawyers, even at home among ourselves; but what would become of us all if poor Uncle Moses got into the hands of the Roman lawyers? For my part, I prefer relying on the American minister."

"But we can't rely on him," said Frank. "He's out of town, and mayn't be back for no one knows how long. Do you mean to say that you prefer standing still, and waiting till he gets back?"

"I don't know," said David; "I don't mean that, of course; but I had a vague idea of trying to find him. But of course that would take time."

"Of course it would. What we want is to get Uncle Moses out of prison; and to-day — not next week, mind you. Now, has any one anything else to propose?"

"No."

"Very well, then; we had better get a lawyer. For my part, I can't stand still and do nothing, and you can't, either. Whether a lawyer can do anything for us or not, is a different matter altogether. He may help us, or he may not; but at any rate, we can feel that we're doing something. To stand still, and mope, and groan, or to go skylarking over the Campagna, on a wild-goose chase after the American minister, isn't the best way to help Uncle Moses."

"So I say," cried Bob, energetically. "Let's do something; no matter what it is."

"Yes," said Clive; "let's get a lawyer as soon as possible. It's the only thing we can do now. Whether it's the best thing or not isn't the question at all."

"O, well," said David, "there isn't anything else to be done, I suppose. But how can we find one?"

"O, there are lots of them about, as I said," replied Frank. "We must first go, though, to the Hotel dell' Inghilterra, and make inquiries there. I wouldn't ask the waiters; they may be in the pay of some tenth-rate lawyers. I'd prefer asking some English or Americans, who may reside here, if we can find any."

"But how can we communicate with the lawyer after we find one?" said David, again raising an objection.

"O, the lawyer'll speak English, I dare say; or, if not, we can get an interpreter," said Frank, who was as quick to demolish David's objections as David was at raising them. "O, there needn't be a bit of trouble about it at all. It's all easy enough."

Frank spoke in such a tone of cheerfulness that it reassured the others, and filled them all with something of the same feeling of hope which he evinced. Once more there arose before them a more encouraging prospect. A change came over them all, and they rose out of the extreme prostration of spirits which had been caused by their late despondency. They were determined now to think the very best of all lawyers, and of Roman lawyers in particular. They did not know anything of Roman law, nor had they any idea of what the nature of Uncle Moses' offence might be; but they believed it to be a very trivial one, and assured themselves that he only needed a frank explanation

to be made to the authorities in order to be set free at once. They thus reasoned as boys, who judge instinctively from the laws of fair play, and know nothing of the sophisms of law and the wiles of lawyers; and thus, in this more cheerful frame of mind, they hurried back with the intention of making further inquiries at the Hotel dell' Inghilterra.

They at once sought the waiter, with whom they had spoken before; for Frank thought that, in spite of the caution which he had just advised as to accepting the recommendation of a waiter, it might be best to ask his opinion, at least. With this resolve, then, he sought him out, and paved the way to a conversation by the donation of a half Napoleon — a gold coin, equal to two dollars or so. The waiter pocketed it with a beaming smile, and at once evinced so much zeal in their cause, that Frank was delighted with the success of his little plan. He therefore told the waiter all about the arrest of Uncle Moses, its cause, its accompaniments, and its consequences; about their ineffectual search after the American minister, who very unfortunately happened to have gone away to Tivoli; and about the decision to which they had come respecting the employment of a lawyer. The waiter listened to all this with the deepest attention, with an expression on his face indicative of the profoundest sympathy, and with many remarks full of concern. Finally, he offered to find for them a friend of his who would take them to a lawyer.

The friend, he assured them, was a man of honor, and the lawyer was one of the most famous, not only in Rome, but in all Italy, or even in all Europe. Would they wait till he went in search of his friend, the man of honor?

They would.

Whereupon the waiter left them, and at once went forth to seek after his friend, the man of honor, who was to introduce the boys to the most famous lawyer in Europe.

The boys waited there for the return of their disinterested friend. As they waited, a gentleman approached them. He had been sitting in the room, and had heard the whole conversation. He now came up to them, and accosted them with a friendly smile.

"Your uncle seems to have come to grief," said he.

By his accent the boys knew that he was an Englishman. There was something about him which invited their confidence. He was a man of middle age and of medium stature, with red whiskers, red face, red mustache, red hair, red eyebrows, red nose, and, above all, a glaring red neck-tie. It was not, however, this tremendous display of red which attracted the regards of the boys, but rather the expression of his face, the kindly gleam of his eye, the genial tone of his voice, and the warmth of his manner. The fact that he cherished a taste for red neck-ties, and even, as they afterwards saw, for red

silk pocket-handkerchiefs, could not conceal the self-evident fact that underneath that red neck-tie there was a warm heart and a manly nature. For this reason, therefore, the hearts of the boys warmed towards this new acquaintance, and they felt a singular confidence in him.

"I've heard the whole story, boys," said he. "I'm sorry for you; it's confounded hard too; but you can't do anything, you know — that is, not to-day."

"But we must do something," said Frank. "Uncle Moses must be got out to-day. The only way we can think of is to get a lawyer. It seems about the most natural thing to do. I suppose he'll be able to do something, at least, for Uncle Moses, if it is only to let us see him. The American minister would, of course, be the best one for us to get; but then he's out of town, and we can't wait. We must do something."

"Well, I understand exactly how you feel — impatient, and all that sort of thing, you know," said the Englishman; "still you ought not to deceive yourselves about this, you know. You must bear in mind the important fact that a Roman lawyer is a very different sort of personage from an English lawyer, or an American; just as Roman law is different from English, or American. I've lived in Italy a good many years, boys. I know Rome and its ways better than most people, and I tell you, sincerely, that there isn't a Roman lawyer

living who will not take advantage of you in a hundred different ways, and cheat you out of your very eyes. You don't know what you are doing when you propose to engage a Roman lawyer."

"But what can we do?" asked Frank.

"Well, you've only one thing to do. You'll have to rely altogether on your American minister. He'll be able to do more than a hundred Roman lawyers, and he'll be willing to do more than ten thousand of them, even if they were all as honest as they could be. The fact is, your American minister is your only hope; and I'd advise you to drop your idea about the lawyer, and rely altogether upon your fellow-countryman, the minister."

"But he's out of town; he's at Tivoli; and we can't tell when he'll be back," said Frank.

"Yes," said the Englishman; "so I heard you say; and that is very unfortunate, I confess; but still you'd better wait for him."

"Wait for him? But how can we tell when he'll be here?"

"O, he'll probably be back to-morrow, you know," said the Englishman.

"But we want to get Uncle Moses out of prison at once — to-day," said Frank, impatiently.

"At once! To-day!" said the Englishman; "and you're getting a Roman lawyer to do that — are you? Why, boys, how long a time would it be, do you think, before your Roman lawyer would get him out, if you trusted this thing to him entirely?"

"I don't know," said Frank.

"No — of course not," said the Englishman. "Well, I should say, speaking from experience, that six years would be a moderate allowance. A very conscientious and energetic lawyer, whose sympathies were all enlisted in the case, might possibly do it in that time. The majority, however, would spin it out to twelve years; many of them to twenty. Roman law! Why, there isn't any law in particular here. The only way to get justice done, is to bully the authorities. Common people have no chance. Your American minister is your only hope. But don't be alarmed. America has great influence in every court in Europe. Your American minister can free him in half an hour, unless he has done something very serious indeed. Your uncle's case can be satisfactorily explained, I think. They're very particular here with suspected political agents; but it can easily be shown, I think, that he could have been nothing of the kind. O, yes, I think so. In fact, I'm sure of it."

"And don't you think that a lawyer could do anything at all for him to-day," asked Frank.

"Nothing whatever," said the Englishman. "He can't; and what's more, he won't. The American minister is your only chance."

"But we must do something to-day," said Frank.

"O, yes; I know all that," said the Englishman. "I'm awfully sorry for you, you know; and I understand exactly how you feel. I wish I could

do something myself, but I can't; and the fact is, your only hope is in the American minister. He will procure your uncle's release at once, if it is possible. Just wait patiently till he gets back. Don't go near any of the Roman lawyers. Meanwhile, if you want to amuse yourselves, I'll be happy to take you round the town, and show you some things that are not generally visited."

"You're very kind," said Frank; "but we don't feel much inclined for amusement just now. We thank you, however, for the kind offer. But we can't give up our hope of doing something to-day for Uncle Moses, and we'll visit every lawyer in the city, and every one else that can do anything, rather than give it up and wait."

"Well, boys, you're right," said the Englishman; "hang it all, you're right. Go about as you propose. Do as you say. But above all, whatever you do, don't forget the American minister. He's your only hope."

"O, there's no fear," said Frank, "whatever we do, or wherever we go, that we'll forget him. Only, we hope, you know, to get Uncle Moses out before to-morrow; and so we hope not to have to go to the American minister at all."

After some further conversation, the Englishman went off; and not long after, the waiter returned. With him there came his friend, the man of honor, who would show them the first lawyer in Europe, and act as interpreter also. The interpreter

was a thin, bony, sallow, seedy personage, who spoke very fair English, and informed them that the best lawyer in Europe was one Signor Cucini, to whom he would be happy to introduce them; and that if any lawyer in Europe could do anything for them, that lawyer was Signor Cucini himself. This information roused the boys from the dejection into which they had been thrown by the Englishman's disparaging remarks about Roman lawyers, and they at once urged the interpreter to take them to Signor Cucini as soon as possible.

In a short time they stood before Signor Cucini.

They found him in a little, dingy room, in the basement of a gloomy edifice, in a remote part of the city. Around the room stood a few boxes, of enormous size, while in the middle were a huge table and three heavy stools, which comprised the furniture. The light, which struggled in through a window covered with dust and cobwebs, disclosed the person of the lawyer himself. He was a thin, attenuated person, with wizened features, sallow skin, carrotty hair, unshaven beard, and exceedingly dirty hands. He wore a long black gown, which was fastened about the waist with a cord; and this gave him so ecclesiastical an appearance, that the boys thought he must be a priest.

After having learned their case, Signor Cucini fell into a profound fit of abstraction. The boys grew impatient, and urged the interpreter to ask what could be done. The interpreter did so.

Signor Cucini thereupon looked steadily at his youthful clients; then he turned over some papers; after which he said, slowly and solemnly, —

“Very well. Yes, I will undertake the case.”

He then asked the address of the prisoner, and jotted down the particulars of the case.

“Ask him what time to-day he can get out,” said Frank.

The interpreter did so, with a half smile.

“To-day!” said Cucini. “What do they mean?”

“They’re Americans,” said the interpreter.

“They don’t know any better.”

“To-day! They’re mad!” said Cucini. “To-day! Tell them that it will take more than five weeks to go through the preliminaries of so complicated a case as this. Why, the mere writing of documents connected with this case would take up eighteen or twenty days!”

The interpreter translated this. The boys looked at one another in dismay. So great was their consternation that they did not say a single word. A common conviction came to them that the Englishman was right, and that the American minister was their only hope. From this one remark of the Roman lawyer they all felt the utter hopelessness of any help from this quarter. They did not attempt to remonstrate, or to influence Signor Cucini in any way whatever. Frank rose from his seat; the others did the same. They then bowed them-

selves out in silence, and retired, followed by the interpreter.

They walked back to their lodgings in deep perplexity. Each one was thinking over the case; yet no one had any suggestion to make. They could only conclude to wait for the return of the American minister.

CHAPTER XVII.

A new Plan.—A Friend in Need.—Hope arises, but is followed by Despondency.—The Agony of Hope deferred.—Back to their Lodgings.—Uncle Moses.—Immense Sensation.—Joyful Reunion.—The singular Report of Uncle Moses.—Unusual Prison Fare.—Ludlow to the Rescue.

“**W**ONDER,” said David, as they walked along, “if it would be any use for us to go to the English ambassador.”

“The English ambassador?” said Frank. “Why should we go to him?”

“O, I don’t know,” said David. “It is only because he speaks English that I thought of him. If the French or German ambassador could speak English, I would just as soon go to them.”

“And none of them would undertake the cause of poor Uncle Moses,” said Clive. “An ambassador thinks he has enough to do, I fancy, in attending to men of his own nation, without bothering about men of other nations.”

“I wish,” said Bob, “that there was an Irish ambassador here. I’d go to him fast enough.”

“Especially if he was like Padre O’Toule,” said Frank.

"Padre O'Toule!" cried David, stopping short as he walked, and striking both hands together. "Why, he's the very man for us! Why in the world didn't we think of him before?"

"So he is," said Frank, "sure enough! He's the very man for us, and he'll do anything we want."

"Let's go at once," said David, "and try to find him."

"I wonder if we'll have time," said Clive.

"O, yes, lots of time," said David, "if we only hurry."

The boys now started off as fast as they could go for St. Peter's, in search of their friend, the Irish priest, Padre O'Toule. It was as much as two miles away; but they got a cab, and before long reached the place. Then they entered the well-known incline, and hurried to the top of the cathedral. On reaching the roof, they were all very much out of breath; and on looking around they saw nothing of their friend. Upon this they walked around to that little chamber where the good priest had given them an audience on their former visit. On the way they were met face to face by a stiff gendarme, who seemed to them the very counterpart of that cast-iron potentate who had, on the former occasion, held them in captivity for a time. The boys, however, did not look at him very closely, but kept their eyes fixed straight before them, while the gendarme, if he really was

their former enemy, did not seem to recognize them now, for he paid no attention to them whatever. It was with a feeling of relief that they passed him without being stopped; and in a few minutes they found themselves at the door of the priest's little chamber.

The door was open, and to their great joy, on looking in, they saw the jovial face of Padre O'Toule himself.

"Tare an ages!" he exclaimed, starting up, and coming forward as he recognized them. "Sure but it's meself that's glad to see yez, so it is! But what's come over yez," he continued, noticing the sad and anxious expression of their faces. "Sure it's trouble ye're in, thin? What is it, thin? Sure it's meself that'll be glad to do anythin I can to hilp yez, if I can, so it is."

Upon this Frank began, and told him all about the misfortune that had befallen Uncle Moses, together with their own doings. At first the priest seemed to take it as a joke; but as they went on to speak about his arrest, and his removal in a cab, the merry face grew less merry, and a shade of anxiety came over it, which the boys were quick to notice.

When they spoke about their search after the American minister, he nodded his head approvingly, and said, —

"Sure that's the very best thing ye cud do, so it is. An he's the man that'll make it all right for yez."

But then they went on to explain their impatience, and their eagerness to have Uncle Moses released at once, together with their visit to Signor Cucini.

At which Padre O'Toule shook his head significantly, and remarked, —

“ ‘Dade, thin, an it's well ye're not in the clutches of that same Cucini, for it's an owld blackgyard he is; it's a leech that he is, and he'd suck yer warrum heart's blood out of yez, if he cud, so he would, the thafe of the wurruld!”

When the boys had ended their story, Padre O'Toule remained in silence for some time.

“Sure an he'll get out fast enough,” said he, at length, “whin the American plinopitintinary extraordinary comes back here, for it needs only a brief steetmint from that same. The ony trouble is, he mayn't be back for a month, an ye want to get him out this day. An sure an it's meself that would be`glad to do that same for yez, if I could, an I'll thry, so I will; for I've got a frind that's butler to one of the cyardinals, an I can get the ear of his imminince, I think; but not to-day, an there's the trouble. Ye see, boys, there's trouble about, an what with the Liberls, an the Radicals, an the Atheists, an the Carbonari, an the Garibaldi, the police have their hands full, so they have. An what's more, by the same token, the life of his holiness — more power to his elbow! — has been minaced, an ayvin shot at several times of late.

An that's why your uncle's case was taken up so severely. They don't know him, an they'll send out spies everywhere to find out who he is, an whether he's an imissary of any of the saycrit. societies. I tell you this, boys dear, not to make you alarrumed, but simply to let you prepare yourselves for a little disappointment. Ye may have to wait longer to get him out than ye expected; but this much ye may comfort yerselves wid, that he'll get out in time, an before very long."

At this the boys all exchanged glances of sadness and consternation. They had expected something far, very far different.

"Sure an don't look so disconsolate," said the priest, kindly, and with a face full of sympathy. "I'll start off at once, and see what I can do. I'll hunt up me friend, the butler of his immince, an perhaps I can do somethin, after all. I'll do what I can. An now you try to cheer up, boys, jools, an I'll be off at once. Ony ye must remember that I'm only a humble praste, an haven't got any influence to back me; but I'll do what I can."

With these words the priest arose, and started off at once, followed by the boys. They all descended the incline together. They traversed the piazza, and went down the street that leads to the Bridge of St. Angelo. This they crossed in silence. On reaching the other side, the priest stopped.

"Where are you living?" he asked.

They told him their address.

"Well," said he, "you go straight home to yer lodgings, an make yer minds as ayzy as ye conveyniently can. I have to go down this way. I'll look in some time before night, though, and tell yez what the prospects are. Ony don't be too impatient. Try an assure yerselves that he's all safe. He'll be all right, ye know. Sure an he can't suffer a mite of harrum, at all, at all, an he'll be as comfortable where he is as anywhere, barrin the confinement."

With these words the priest left them; and the boys, in sadness and in silence, continued their way to their lodgings.

It was in a deeply-despondent mood that they reached this place, and went up to their chambers. The situation of itself was one which now seemed bad enough to fill them all with gloom and anxiety; but in addition to this, they all were now completely worn out from sheer fatigue. They had gone so far, first in pursuing the cab, then in going after the American minister, and finally in the toilsome ascent to the roof of St. Peter's, that they could scarcely get up stairs to their own rooms. This weariness of body, therefore, made them fall more completely a prey to their disappointment and trouble of mind.

Thus they slowly toiled up the stairs that led to their chambers — Frank first, next David, next Clive, and Bob brought up the rear. Slowly and gloomily they went up. None of them spoke a

word. All were thinking in deep dejection, while Frank was turning over in his mind various arguments for and against a plan which he had proposed of getting a carriage at once, and driving out to Tivoli, so as to secure the American minister. Beyond this no one had anything in his mind. Such, then, was their general state of body and of mind, when Frank placed his hand on the door-knob.

He turned it in a slow, dejected way.

He opened it, his eyes on the floor, with all his gloom, grief, disappointment, despondency, anxiety, and trouble now at the utmost height.

Thus he opened the door.

The next instant a shout of amazement burst from him, and not from him only, but from all the others also.

For there!

Calmly seated on an easy-chair!

Slippers on his feet!

And those feet perched upon the table, so that the soles were towards the boys!

Sitting in such a way that he would face any one entering, evidently awaiting the arrival of the boys, with a mild light in his eyes, and a bland smile on his lips, and an expression on his face of general peace and good will to all mankind, not excepting his late persecutors!

There, so sitting, so looking, so smiling, they beheld Uncle Moses!

One long, loud, wild, enthusiastic shout, and the next instant the delighted boys were all upon their venerable and rejoicing relative. They seized his hands, his arms, his legs, his head, any part of him that happened to be most convenient, or at all seizable, and each one thus seizing it proceeded to shake it, or to squeeze it, most vehemently.

Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before Uncle Moses could utter a single word. One reason was, that he was too much pulled and shaken about by the boys to be capable of expressing himself in an articulate manner; and another was, that the boys themselves cried, and shouted, and vociferated so continuously, so irrepressibly, and so deafeningly, that the few words which he did succeed in uttering were not at all audible. But at length the boys were compelled to desist out of sheer weariness, and the uproar subsided in some degree, and Uncle Moses was able to make himself heard; whereupon he began to give an account of himself.

"Wal, boys," said he, "you saw me git into that thar cab, an drive off, or git druv off. I felt dreadful homesick, an pined arter you, an felt sick with anxiety about you; an what with bein carted away from you, with two policemen in front of me an one on the driver's box outside, it want an agreeable sitooation by no manner of means, mind I tell you, particoorlarly as I couldn't speak one single, solituary word of their language, an couldn't

make out a word of their gibberish when they chattered to one another; so we druv an druv, it seemed about twenty mile an more, though in ac-tool reality it wan't so very far, arter all. At last we came to a black an gloomy buildin in a street I never saw before, an don't intend ever to see agin ef I can help it.

“Wal, I thought they were goin to thrust me into one of the dungeons of the Inquisition, sure; but they wan't, an they didn't. On the contrary, they took me into a very tasty an stylish room—marble pavements, pictoors, statutes, an all that, with easy-chairs an luxoorous couches. An as I arrove there, I was asked to set down; so down I accordinly sot.

“Wal, arter waitin a few minutes, an elderly gentleman come in. He was dressed in some kind o' uniform, an wan't bad lookin, considerin he was a *Italian*. With him there was another person, who was dressed common. They both took a good stare at me, an I bore it very meekly, bein as how I was in their power, an didn't want to make a unfavorable impression on their inquirin minds. Then the common-dressed person spoke to me in English. He spoke English very well. He asked me all about myself—whar I come from, whar I was goin to, an who were with me. I told him everythin, made a clean breast of it, all fair an square, an honest, an open, an aboveboard; an arter every word he'd stop, an talk to the other, jest,

you know, as if he was translatin it into Italian. Wal, this questionin lasted for a long time, but it wan't onpleasant ; it was all very polite an respect-ful, an the man in uniform smiled several times quite good-natured like, an this made me feel re-lieved considerable.

"Wal, this questionin came to an end at last, an arter it was over, they went away, an I sot there waitin, an wonderin what would turn up next. I begun to feel a little hopeful ; still I didn't know but what the next moment I'd be taken off to a dungeon. Wal, I heard footsteps, an thinkses I, this here's the po-lice ; they're a comin with chains an manacles. An sure enough it was the po-lice ; an what do you think they brought?"

None of the boys could guess.

"Why, a tray, with coffee an biscuit. Now, wan't that pooty tall treatment ? I cal'late it was. Wal, did I eat an drink ? I did. Wal, arter this the time seemed a leetle mite dull, an so about two hours passed. At the end of that time the man in uniform come in, bringin with him another man ; an who do you think he was?"

The boys could not think.

"Guess."

The boys declared they could not.

"Yes, you can," said Uncle Moses. "Of course you can, for thar's ony one man there could be, that you know."

At this Bob at once cried out, —

"Ludlow ! Ludlow !"

"The very man."

"Why, is he here?" cried the boys, in great delight.

"He is; an what's more, he was the man that got me off."

"Hurrah ! hurrah !" cried all the boys. "And is his wife here, too? And can we see him? Is he going to stay here?"

"Wal, he is, I do believe," said Uncle Moses. "He's comin here to stay some considerable time, — longer'n we air, at all events, — so you'll see him often enough. I believe he's goin to spend most of his time here for the rest of his life, for that's the way of these painter people; but, at any rate, I'll finish my story.

"He looked fairly dumbfounded when he saw me, an one of us was as much amazed as the other. But the moment he recognized me, he bust into a roar of laughter, an then rushed up, an shook my hand so that I ain't begun to git over it yet. Wal, then he asked me all about it, an I told him everythin over again. He listened, an went on laughin as I told him about it; an finally he told me that it was all right, an that the authorities had alfeady made up their minds that I was a harmless character. But he explained all about the reason why they arrested me. You see they were afeard at first that I might be some refoogee, bandit, or somethin, an so took me up. The pope's life has

been threatened, an all that. Wal, Mr. Ludlow explained all about me. It seems they had gone out for some American, who might see me an testify to me, an had hit on him by chance; an so when he explained, the end of it was, they let me off. The fact of it is," continued Uncle Moses, emphatically, "considerin everythin, I think they treated me oncommon handsome; an I don't believe, ef an Italian was to frighten our president that way, an try to git at him by breakin through a file of soldiers, I don't believe our *po*-lice would give him a lunch an let him off, the way the Roman *po*-lice let me off. That was Mr. Ludlow's opinion, an that's mine, tew."

"How long have you been here in the rooms, uncle?" asked Frank.


"Wal, I come straight here as soon as I could. I felt dreadful anxious about you. I've ben here nearly two hours, an I've ben a wonderin where you all could be. I couldn't go out an hunt you up, for I didn't know where to go to fust; so I jest sot down here, an here I've sot ever sence. An now, boys, tell me what you've ben a doin with yourselves."

Upon this the boys began to tell him all about their fears, griefs, and anxieties; their chase after him; their search after the American ambassador; their interview with the lawyer; and their last resort to Padre O'Toule; to all of which Uncle

Moses listened with the most intense interest, and interrupted the story incessantly with exclamations indicative of grief, sympathy, astonishment, indignation, and many other feelings of a similar character.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Celebration of the Captive's delivery. — Arrival of Ludlow. — Congratulations. — Padre O'Toule is dumbfounded. — The Roman Season. — The Approach of Lent. — Farewell to Gayety. — The Glories, and Wonders, and Festivities, and Extravagances of the great Roman Carnival.

FTER the first joy at their reunion had subsided, their universal thought was about dinner; for none of the boys had eaten anything since morning, and the prison fare of Uncle Moses had not altogether taken the edge off his appetite. But now the appetites of the boys, which, during the anxieties of this eventful day, had been under a cloud, and quite dormant, now revived and asserted themselves in a way that was too vehement to be denied. A half-starved band, they therefore sallied forth from their rooms to fly to that café which was their usual resort. Here they settled themselves for a solid, substantial repast, which should restore fainting nature, satisfy the demands of appetite to the uttermost, and make amends, as far as possible, for the enforced self-denials of the day.

Towards the close of which pleasing and impor-

tant duty they were roused by a thunderous laugh, and the approach of a tall and burly form, bearing a head with bushy hair, and whiskered face.

At the sight of which every one of the four boys dropped knives, forks, and spoons, rose to their feet, and rushed forth to greet the new comer.

It was Ludlow.

He wrung their hands all round.

"I've been to your rooms," said he, "to find out whether you had got your runaway uncle back again, and to see whether said runaway had fallen into any fresh difficulties or not. I found you had all come here, and very properly ; so I trotted along after you."

Now followed any quantity of questions and answers from both sides. Ludlow must know what the boys had been doing, and how they had passed the time during the loss of their uncle and guardian. He thought that, on the whole, they had done very well indeed. He also must hear the whole story of Uncle Moses and his attack upon the Swiss halberdiers once again ; and he heard it once again, with additions volunteered by all the boys, each one giving some fresh statement from his own point of view ; at which the bold Ludlow laughed long and laughed hugely ; and, following this up, he made them tell him all the incidents connected with their visit to Rome, and, in fact, all the adventures which they had met with since they left him.

"But we didn't expect to meet you here," said Frank.

"O, my wife was crazy to come here. This is the great Roman season, you know. There's no place in the world equal to Rome at this time."

"And has your wife come with you?" asked David.

"My wife come with me?" said Ludlow. "Of course she has. I'd like to see myself coming here at such a time as this without her."

"O, how glad I am! I should so love to see her!" said David.

"Well, Davey, my boy, that's a state of mind with which I fully sympathize," said Ludlow; "and I admire your taste. I may also add that your feelings are fully reciprocated, and I am sure Mrs. Ludlow will be delighted to see you, and not only you, Davey, my lad, but all of you boys; so come, as they say on the election notices, come early and come often. We're stopping at the Hotel Vitruvio, close by here.

"I wouldn't be away from Rome at this season," said Ludlow, "for all that the world calls great and good. It is *the* Roman season — the time when Rome stands alone, unequalled in attractions, and unapproachable. Lent is coming. To-morrow the Carnival begins. It lasts for a whole week, although the Carnival proper only takes up the last day. What is the Carnival? Well, I'd rather be excused from trying to explain. Wait one week.

Then you'll know what the Carnival is, and you'll understand why I decline describing it.

"Well — then comes Lent. Rome is great all through Lent, religiously, but I came here perhaps rather for art than for religion. It's the season when visitors crowd here to an enormous degree, and among them come lots of friends, and also brother artists. I expect to meet ever so many people that I want most particularly to see. And then, Mrs. Ludlow's perfectly crazy about the religious services of holy week and the illumination of St. Peter's.

"The illumination of St. Peter's?" said Ludlow, in answer to a question from Clive. "Well, my boy, in answer to that I can only say as I said about the Carnival, that I'd rather be excused from describing it. It's indescribable. There's nothing like it in all the world. It stands alone and unapproachable, like Raffaello's Transfiguration, like the Apollo Belvedere, like Handel's Messiah, like Niagara, or, I may add, like St. Peter's itself. Now, St. Peter's itself, in ordinary daylight, is simply one of the wonders of the world; but imagine that astonishing structure suddenly bursting into sight from out the midst of darkness, with all its vast outlines marked by myriads of lamps, with crowns of glory cresting the mighty dome, and circles of radiance surrounding it from the base to the cupola, — imagine all this, and then you'll have but a faint idea of what is meant by the illumination

of St. Peter's. Now, that's one of the things I've come to see, and show Mrs. Ludlow. The season of Rome begins with the Carnival and ends with the illumination of St. Peter's."

After much further conversation Ludlow left them, promising soon to see them again, and to show them all the great works of art which Rome possessed. They also returned to their rooms.

On reaching them they began to make arrangements for the following day, when they were interrupted by a hurried knock at the door. Bob opened it.

Padre O'Toule stood there. He looked much changed. The rosy cheeks had gone, the jovial expression had vanished. He was pale and troubled.

"Are ye all here, boys, jools?" he asked as he entered, throwing a wistful gaze over the party. As he did so he recognized the form of Uncle Moses, which was decidedly conspicuous in the little assembly.

"Tare an ages!" he cried; "what's this? What d'ye all look so overjoyed about? Have ye got him, thin? an is this himself?"

The voice of the worthy Padre O'Toule trembled with emotion as he asked this. All was soon explained, and Padre O'Toule's own visit was also explained. It seemed that he had been unable to find "his frind that was butler to his Iminince," and, after much search, had learned that he had

gone to Naples for a few weeks. He then had tried to see the authorities, but without success. He had come now, full of grief, to advise the boys to be patient till the return of the American ambassador, and to bewail his own failure. But he had found Uncle Moses himself present.

So great was the revulsion of feeling in the mind of the worthy Padre O'Toule, that he remained for a long time enjoying the situation. In an instant he himself had passed from gloom to happiness, and the pallor of his face and the anxious expression were exchanged for the hue of rosy red and the brightness of jovial mirth. He interrogated Uncle Moses closely, and struck up a friendship with him. For the advances of the worthy priest were met by Uncle Moses more than half way, who, like the boys, and in fact like all Americans, recognized in this priest an Irishman and a brother. It was the brogue that softened Uncle Moses' too susceptible heart; and as his old prejudices against Roman ecclesiastics had already been dispelled by the treatment which he had himself received at their hands, so now this new manifestation of the Roman priesthood was nothing else than most pleasing and most welcome. Uncle Moses therefore conceived a very strong regard for this Padre O'Toule, who once had saved his boys from serious trouble, who had sought to interfere on his own account, and whose very failure had evinced the strong feelings which had animated him in such interfer-

ence, and the deep disappointment which he had felt at finding himself unable to help them.

Padre O'Toule remained until a late hour, and at length reluctantly departed, leaving a stronger regard for him than ever in the minds of the boys, and a very friendly feeling indeed in the mind of Uncle Moses.

Ludlow had spoken to them of the Roman season, of the Carnival, and the illumination of St. Peter's. Of these things they had heard, but had not laid any stress on them, nor had they calculated on being present at them until Ludlow had spoken to them in such strong language. But on the following day they began to see the meaning of his words, and to understand something of his enthusiasm. They began to find scenes and sights far different from anything that they had yet encountered. The Carnival week had now begun, and all the inhabitants of the city, from the highest to the lowest, yielded to the influence of this festive time. This week is the one that immediately precedes Lent. As the Lenten season approaches — the time of sadness and gloom — the Roman wishes to take a fitting farewell of worldly pleasures; and so he crowds into that last week preceding Lent all that he can of noisy sport, of extravagant play, of uproarious nonsense, of reckless and desperate buffoonery. For this he has preserved his ancient Saturnalia, and cherished it, and brought it down through the middle ages to

modern times, associating it with the observance of the Christian year, and christening it under the name of the Carnival—a word compounded of *carne* and *vale*, and meaning a farewell to flesh, or meat diet.

For this last week all Rome gives itself up thus to wild sport. All this week the fun, the merriment, and the absurdity go on increasing in extravagance till the last day comes, when it all reaches a climax. The Corso, the chief street in Rome, is the place where all gather to enjoy the last of mirth and laughter. Here the wildest satire prevails, and the most unlimited license of action, of dress, and of speech. Romans generally are quiet and grave in their demeanor, but during the Carnival they all become transformed to the noisiest, funniest, drollest, queerest, rowdiest, absurdest, foolishhest; into the most fantastic, nonsensical, crazy, maudlin, frantic, roaring, howling, frenzied, extravagant, unreasonable, hairbrained, rollicking collection of human beings that ever gathered together, at least in modern times, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Fancy, then, the feelings of the boys as they found themselves day after day among such a people and amid such scenes. The Corso was the centre of attraction. In the mornings quiet usually prevailed; but in the afternoon the great street became filled with crowds of people—men, women, children, boys, girls, priests, beggars, soldiers, trav-

ellers, monks, nuns, and representatives of all that varied class of people who at this season flock to Rome above all other places. Here, for this season at least, speech is perfectly free — free, indeed, to an extent unknown anywhere else. The crowds, as they move to and fro, and backward and forward, exchange a never-ending fire of sharp remarks and repartees. No matter what may be said, everything is taken in good part, and answered good-naturedly. It is forbidden to be angry or to take offence at anything during the Carnival. Every day is dedicated to fun, and mirth, and wit, and joy. Grave people, serious people, sober people, sad people, all people with long faces must keep away. What is most astonishing is this — that in all this reign of fun, and sport, and nonsense, where the lower orders all come crowding in, hobnobbing nobles of every degree, there is none of that drunkenness which is so sure to prevail at any general merry-making attempted among people of the Anglo-Saxon race and speech. It is an unfortunate fact that the Anglo-Saxon, or English-speaking race, if it be the greatest on earth, is also the most prone to drunkenness; while, on the other hand, the Italians, whatever their faults may be, are certainly a very abstemious and temperate people. Whether this is owing to the influence of climate, or to the characteristics of the race, the fact remains that one may see many of these wild, lawless, and unli-

censed Roman Carnivals, and yet never encounter a single drunken man. Such a season in England or America would be associated with unlimited drunkenness, and all the accompaniments of drunkenness. Here the Italian, even in the midst of his excitement, can restrain himself. And surely it is a sad thing that the English-speaking race, which has created the mightiest literature of modern times, and the noblest law, and the freest government, which has spread itself all over the world, and has carried the Book of God with it wherever it has gone; which also promises to make its grand language universal among men of the future; — sad it is, and most miserable, that this great, this chosen race, should thus be distinguished beyond all others for that one vice which makes man most like the brutes.

The afternoons of this week generally pass away in this manner amid sport and extravagance, and at length at six o'clock there is a sudden change. Just before that time at one end of the long Corso, in the Piazza del Popolo, which is a circular place of great extent and beauty, a number of horses are gathered. They are all decorated with ribbons, and over their flanks, and along their backs, there are fixed sharp spurs, in such a way that when they run these shall strike into their flesh and pierce the skin, and goad them on. In front of these is a company of Papal Dragoon Guards, mounted on stout war horses, and arrayed in shin-

ing steel cuirasses, and polished steel helmets, with horsetail plumes. Just before six o'clock this company of dragoons charge down through the crowded streets at a swift gallop. To a stranger this seems like a fearful and perilous thing — full of danger to that dense throng of idle, careless, laughing people, — men, women, and children, — who, for two miles, fill the long street. But the danger is only apparent. The people know what is coming, and are prepared for it. They see from afar the shining helmets and the waving plumes, and though many of them recklessly linger in the middle of the street until the very last moment, yet, as the dragoons come thundering along, the crowd all moves to one side or the other, and thus a wide open space is left in the midst. Then, after the dragoons have charged, a gun is suddenly fired. It is the signal for the horses to start. The barricades at the Piazza del Popolo are let fall, and at once, with a bound, a snort, and a frantic plunge, the whole crowd of half-wild and riderless horses, excited to madness by the sting of their goads and the roar of the multitude, rush straight down the Corso, through the pathway opened up by the dragoons.

On they fly! And as they go there rises from the people a loud cry, — a yell of acclamation, — so wild, so long, and so sustained, that there is nothing which can be heard anywhere else that is at all like it. Beginning with the crowd at the

head of the long street, it bursts forth, and goes on as the horses pass by, to be caught up by others, and transferred to others yet again, and so to be borne far along through two miles of roaring multitudes — behind the rushing horses, before them, and on each side of them, until at last the accumulated thunder of the many mingled voices dies away in distant reverberations where rises far away the lofty tower of the Capitolian Mount.

And with this last scene each day ends.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Wonders of the Carnival. — The noisy, uproarious, nonsensical, multitudinous Crowd. — A whole City of Boys. — The Battle of the Confette. — Street Fight. — All the Corso in Arms. — The Smoke of the Battle. — Uncle Moses retires from the scene of Conflict. — The modern Saturnalia.



For all the days of the Carnival season, the last is by far the greatest. This forms the climax when all the fun, and mirth, and burlesque, and extravagance, and satire, and buffoonery ascend to their fullest height.

On that day, as the afternoon begins the festivities commence. The Corso presents a striking scene. From one end to the other it is all ablaze with gorgeous colors. From every window is displayed a wonderful variety of decorations, flags of all nations, bearing every possible device; streamers of all colors, of every possible material. Every story in every house has its balcony, — for this is the Roman, or rather the Italian fashion, — and now all along these are spread cloths of most brilliant hue. Ribbons fly off and float in the air; gay draperies hang in festoons intertwined with

flowers along the balconies, or from window to window, or across the street from house-top to house-top. All around are rosettes, flowers, and other ornaments intermingled with devices and mottoes of innumerable kinds, ranging through every mood; from grave to gay, from lively to severe; from elevated and sincere patriotism down to the lowest buffoonery; from the lightest and most sparkling wit to the severest and most trenchant satire. Some have reference to the social world only; others are sentimental; others again go further, and tri-colors appear, bearing mottoes of the Radical school; and these last generally exhibit no restraint, but rush boldly into politics and religion.

Gradually the street fills, but from the houses come ladies and children all dressed as gayly as possible, and crowd the balconies. In the street below, carriages pass filled with gentlemen. On every balcony there are barrels, and baskets, and bags, filled with a certain material called *confette*. These are nothing more than grains of some sort coated with plaster, which, on being thrown against any object, send forth a fine, suffocating dust. With this *confette* every carriage is also loaded down. The sidewalks and the shops are also crowded with dealers in this material, who drive a roaring trade; for this *confette* forms an all-important means for carrying on the great work of the Carnival.

Thus the balconies on either side of the long Corso are filled with ladies, and up and down pass continuous lines of carriages filled with gentlemen, while the sidewalks and the vacant spaces of the middle of the street are filled with an enormous crowd of people, which seem to increase in number continually.

And such people!

All are in masquerade attire, or nearly all, whether in carriages or on foot. People. Few of them are altogether like the inhabitants of a city in the nineteenth century. It is a mixture of centuries and of ages, where one sees

All the past.

The Pre-Adamite ages.

The Palæozoic period.

The Italian opera-house.

Melodrama.

The circus.

Romance.

The middle ages.

Nursery love.

The Antediluvians.

Phalansterians.

Ancient days.

Classic ages.

The lower regions.

The world of waters.

The upper air.

The fictions of novelists.

The dreams of poets.

Old Boguey.

Mother Goose.

Sindbad the Sailor.

Aladdin.

And representations of every element in literature, or every character in fiction, of every class of conceptions which have entered into the imagination of man with regard to living and moving things.

What a scene was this for the boys! It was utterly unexpected. They had heard of the Carnival before, but had not thought much about it. They had not had any idea that this was the season for it. Nor did they suppose that the nature of the festival was of this sort. They found the gravest, the most solemn, and the most venerable city in the world suddenly transformed into a sort of Bedlam; its quiet, decorous inhabitants suddenly changed to a riotous assemblage, capable of more uproarious nonsense than any set of school-boys just let loose from school into the play-ground.

This scene, however, gradually dawned upon the boys, and it was only piece by piece that they understood it. Seeing it thus, they threw themselves into the spirit of the time with the utmost ardor and enthusiasm. What was the meaning of this, of that, of the other? What was to take place on this day of days? Why did those fair Italian dames throng to the balconies? Why did

gentlemen only ride in the carriages? What did they all carry in these baskets, bags, and barrels? And what was that dusty stuff which was being sold in such enormous quantities?

Such were the questions that suggested themselves to the boys as they suggest themselves to every visitor at Rome, who may, like these, have stumbled upon the Carnival. All these things they were gradually to learn, but as yet no one of them could answer these questions. So they wandered about amid crowds that grew denser every moment, and every moment more bizarre, more curious, more absurd, more outrageous, more bewildering, more confounding, more astonishing, more confused, more huddled together, more hustled about, more mutually aggressive, more generally uproarious, more picturesque, more burlesque, more Romanesque, more grotesque, more disorderly, more laughable, more tumultuous, more many-sided, more manifold, more variegated, more multitudinous, and more utterly incomprehensible.

"Boys," said Uncle Moses, as he laboriously picked himself up, after stumbling over a small boy dressed like a monkey, who had got before him for that special purpose,—"boys"—I—am—dumbfounded! I am, rilly!"

And very good reason had Uncle Moses for being dumbfounded, or anything else he pleased; and so, for that matter, had all the rest, only they favored different feelings. They—the boys—

found themselves suddenly in the midst of what seemed a population of boys, or children, — for here grown men and women had evidently gone back to childhood, and were playing as only children can. Yet, for all this, it was certainly bewildering. For, if they merely stood still, as they did, on the steps of the Café Nuovo, and looked on the vast masquerade, — on the rapidly moving throng, with its fantastic characters and amazing costumes, — what was it that met their eyes? Why, nearly everything that could make those eyes open wide in wonder.

Such as, —

The Great Mogul in his robes.

Tamehameha.

Ten men on hobby horses.

Tae Ping Wang.

Nigger minstrels with bones.

A knight in armor.

Seven devils with horns and tails.

Two crocodiles walking erect.

A rhinoceros do.

A hippopotamus do.

Twenty-one men with big noses.

Aunt Sally.

A colossal bat with folded wings.

Six men with vultures' heads.

Seven men with donkeys' heads.

Two mermen with scaly tails.

A figure with a skeleton head.

A dozen in shrouds with eye-holes.

Three Zouaves.

Papal Guards.

Swiss Halberdiers.

Cardinals with cocked hats.

Giants on stilts.

Aboulpharagis.

Pterodactyls.

Chimpanzees.

Mandarins.

Dervises.

Pachas with many tails.

Gorillas without any.

Garibaldini.

Boys banging inflated bladders.

Knights of Malta.

Crusaders.

Fratelli di Misericordia.

Trasteverini.

Quakers.

Bandits.

Pirates.

Vampires.

A giraffe formed by two men.

A sea-serpent formed by forty men.

And hundreds, yea, thousands of other figures, equally absurd, equally fantastic, and equally bewildering.

On a sudden a change came over the scene.

The crowd which thus far had moved about in

comparative ease, and seemed to be engaged in nothing but showing themselves and staring at others, now became agitated to the wildest tumult. Thousands rushed to and fro, and in an instant the atmosphere became filled with a white shower. It was as though some snow-storm had suddenly burst forth, or rather some hail-storm, for the patter of the falling atoms was louder than the light fall of snow, and the blow was harder. On all sides, up, down, wherever the eye turned to look, fell the white shower. Now the boys learned the use of the confette, and the need of the bags, baskets, and barrels. Now they understood why the ladies discreetly remained in the balconies, leaving the gentlemen to run the gantlet in the street. It was a universal fight, which consisted in dashing handfuls, or scoopfuls, or basketfuls of confette in one another's faces. The war began. The crowd swayed and tossed in all directions. Figures darted swiftly to and fro. Shouts, screams, laughter, yells, hoots, whistles, cat-calls; all the sounds of the barnyard, all the noises of the wild forest, arose, mingling together in one deafening clamor. All in the street took part in the universal strife and riot. The rhinoceros engaged with the Great Mogul; the Quaker with the Giant on stilts; the Chimpanzees with the three Zouaves; the crocodiles with the mandarins; and an immense crowd made a terrible and united attack with confette upon the sea-serpent. The whole scene

shifted and changed like the disordered figures of some fever dream, and around and amid it all fell the white showers of choking plaster dust.

The attitude of the boys at first was simply that of astonished spectators. They stood, and stared, and wondered. They found it quite incomprehensible, and could not conceive the meaning of it at all, or whether there might be any meaning to it whatever. But they were not long allowed to maintain the peaceful attitude of interested spectators. For before they had looked on two minutes, before they had even begun to satisfy their curiosity, the scene was brought home to themselves most suddenly, most vigorously, and most irresistibly. As they stared, a carriage passed by, and from that carriage, which was filled with lads of about their own age, there came a dozen discharges of the confette, from scoops and dippers, full into their faces, penetrating their eyes, mouths, and nostrils. At the same instant a whole barrel full was poured down upon them from the balcony immediately above. Gasping, choking, rubbing their eyes, they stood for a few moments helpless, trying to regain their breath.

A wild laugh burst from the lads in the carriage.

"Hurrah!" cried one of the lads. "Give it to them!"

And the carriage passed on.

"So that's it," said Bob, as soon as he could speak; "so that's what this white stuff is for — is

it? Well, here goes. I'll try if I can't give as good as I get. Boys, don't you remember the old saying, 'When you're in Rome, do as Rome does'? Come along. Let's do as Rome does. Let's get hold of a supply of ammunition, and charge into the thickest of the battle."

Away rushed Bob to the nearest side street, and after him hurried all the others. It was no easy matter getting through the crowd. Their haste also served to attract attention, and make them the targets for every one to fire at. They had to run a-muck for it; but at last, half blind and half choked, they reached a corner, and turned into a cross street. Here all was quiet, for the whole of Rome was in the Corso, and in the Corso only.

Here they found plenty of the confette for sale. With this they filled all their pockets. Bob and Frank tore out their pockets, and filled all the skirts of their coats. The others were more moderate. After this they all rushed back into the scene of conflict. But here Uncle Moses faltered and held back. He was in a quiet place, close by the Column of Antonine, and it seemed to him far pleasanter than the stormy Corso. Before him rolled the tumult of the busy street, the air all filled with showers of white dust; behind him all was peace. He could not follow the boys into that furious Babel of strife. He chose rather to stand where he was and philosophize.

"I've got into trouble enough," he said to himself, thoughtfully, "by a pushin of myself for'ard whar I hadn't any business to go; and as to this here Carnival, why should I go and act like a born fool? It's all very well to say, 'When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do,' but I ain't goin to make a fool of myself jest because the Romans take it into their heads to act an carry on like born fools; an what's more, I won't dew it; an that thar's what I call a pooty sensible voo of this matter."


But such grave thoughts and wise reflections as these were, of course, lost upon the boys, who, wild with excitement, had already plunged into the thick of the crowd. A carriage was passing; it was the same carriage which had first attacked them. The lads occupying it were showering out confette most vigorously on all sides, and were themselves assailed most vigorously in return. Here Bob headed a charge, followed by the others, and the four carried on a vigorous fight for some time, in spite of the disadvantage under which they labored of fighting on foot, while the enemy was so high above them. Their other more accessible enemies appeared, and they gave up the carriage to turn their attention elsewhere.

How the Corso roared! How the vast crowd writhed, and swayed, and tumbled, and tossed! Every balcony showered down its stores of confette. Every carriage threw its broadsides to the

right and to the left. But the people in the street paid them back with interest, and threw into the carriages overpowering discharges from all sides. Every place was white with dust. On all sides might be seen the wounded retreating from the battle, choking men, blinded men flying to the refuge of the side streets, so as to get breath and eyesight, and return again. In the carriages the occupants were also covered with the white dust; clothes, faces, hair, beard, all were covered; in the balconies the Italian ladies, roused up to the full height of this immense excitement, dashed about like Bacchantes, showering down their hail-storms on the carriages and foot passengers beneath; while all around, above, below, on every side, arose a confused din of laughter, shouts, screams, outcries; a wild and frenzied uproar; yet an uproar in which all these Bedlamites were perfectly good-natured, and made it a point of honor to take offence at nothing.

CHAPTER XX.

The Combat deepens. On, ye Brave! — Bob attacks a French Officer. — The French Officer retorts. — Frank to the Rescue. — Tremendous single Combat. — A Ring formed. — An Homeric Fight. — The sympathizing Spectators. — The Soldier draws his Sword. — Conclusion of the Fight.

HAT a place was this for boys! All were boys together here — all this great, roaring, absurd, nonsensical crowd of practical jokers. The sport was boyish, the nonsense was boyish. The supreme and presiding spirit was that of boyish Fun.

And didn't our boys throw themselves into the spirit of this occasion?

Methinks they did.

For you see, wherever there was any particular scrimmage, it always happened that one of them, or all of them, were in the very thick of it.

Again and again they exhausted their supplies of ammunition. In fact they needed a carriage, and several barrels of confette ready to hand, to supply their wants and the demands of the occasion. Over and over again they had to fly to the

side streets in order to procure a fresh supply of ammunition. In spite of this, they never lost their ardor; on the contrary, with every moment that ardor increased. This, for them, was a day unequalled, unparalleled, never to be forgotten, never to be known again in all their lives. It was a day of days, every moment of which must be occupied in the great business that engrossed the thoughts and the actions of all.

Slash! went the pockets of Clive. David, also, carried away by this unusual excitement, tore his out. Like Frank and Bob, they poured about a bushel of confette into the place where their pockets once were; so that the skirts of their coats stood out with portentous fulness, and resembled more than anything the full crinolines that were once in fashion. Then away they hurried back again to the Corso, and into the thickest of the strife.

To attempt to run, however, with the inside of one's coat loaded down with a bushel or so of grains like wheat, is not a very feasible undertaking, and therefore the pace which they were able to make was no very rapid one. There was also the constant danger that the lining of their coats might give way utterly under a test to which they were never intended to be subjected, and so their desire to make haste was tempered by a natural caution about the strength of their coats. Still they did make haste, and thus hurried, as

well as they could, back again to the ardor of the strife.

Bob was ahead.

As he hurried along, looking about for a fitting adversary, a foeman worthy of his steel, he saw a French officer standing on the sidewalk. This French officer had on his face a surly and supercilious expression. He had, probably, strolled into the Corso a short time before, and was now regarding the scene before him with the air of a superior being, as which he evidently at this moment regarded himself.

And why so very superior? thought Bob to himself. Must this man consider himself a favored being, and superior to the license of the Carnival? With this thought he reached the French officer, and as he did so, he suddenly dashed two handfuls of confette full in his face.

At any other time, in any other place, such an act on Bob's part would surely deserve the severest condemnation and punishment. Nor would Bob himself have been capable of such an act under any other circumstances. But this, be it remembered, was the Carnival at Rome. This was the very business which people came to the Corso to carry out. Bob himself had received a hundred such assaults, and had dealt them out to others. To do this to the French officer was, therefore, in his eyes, highly proper, natural, laudable, and praiseworthy, the very fulfilment, in fact, of the idea of the Carnival.

The French officer staggered back with a curse. He dashed the dust from his face, and then catching sight of his youthful assailant through his half-blinded eyes, he rushed at him, and, with a howl of rage and a fierce execration, he struck with his clinched fist full at Bob's face.

And Bob went down in an instant, falling heavily on the pavement, on his back, in the midst of the crowd.

The boys had been close behind, and had seen it all. They had not been prepared for anything like this; for perfect good temper had been the law of the Carnival thus far, and everything was taken in good part. As they saw the blow fall, they stood for a moment amazed, and stared in silence. Bob fell heavily, and David, with a cry of rage and pity, stooped to pick him up.

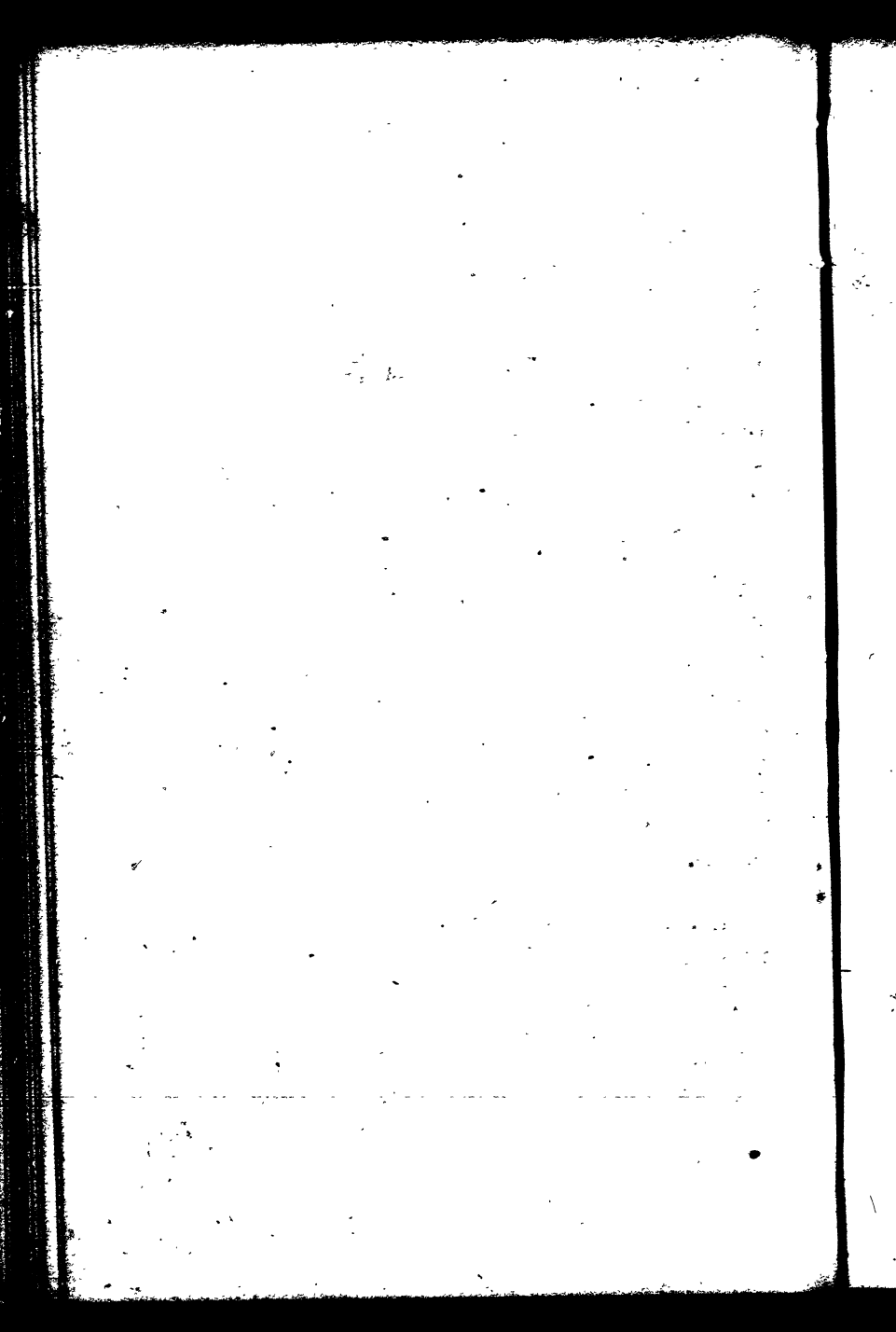
The French officer, having struck Bob down, rushed towards his prostrate form, just as David was trying to raise him, with a malignity on his face which showed that he was bent on further mischief. But as he advanced, Frank sprang forward, and grasping the French officer by the collar, hurled him back.

"Coward and scoundrel!" cried Frank, utterly beside himself with rage; "would you strike him when he's down?"

At this the French officer turned upon Frank, not understanding what he said, but seeing the contempt of his face and the scorn of his gesture.



JOHN ANDREWS SON.



Mad with rage, he rushed blindly at Frank, and aimed a blow at him.

But he had altogether mistaken his antagonist. For the Frenchman was not at all acquainted with the scientific use of those fists of his with which he made so free; but Frank, on the contrary, happened to be very familiar indeed with the noble art of self-defence. A somewhat stormy boyhood, a school in which he had been compelled to fight his way, and a naturally pugnacious disposition, had all conspired to train him in this art. Added to this, his frame was muscular and sinewy; in point of actual strength, he was not much inferior to the Frenchman, while in science he was much beyond him, so much so, indeed, that there was no comparison; and so it was, that when the Frenchman, in his rage and blind fury, rushed at Frank, striking madly at his face, he found his arm quietly pushed aside, while a tremendous blow descended upon his own face. It arrested him, drove him back like a battering-ram, and sent him headlong to the ground.

Before this Bob was on his feet again.

"Let me finish him," he cried. "He struck me first."

"Stand back, Bob," cried Frank. "It's my quarrel now. Stand back. Fair play."

"Yes, yes, Bob," cried David and Clive, who very much preferred to see Frank opposed to the Frenchman. "Stand back. Fair play. It's Frank's fight now."

So Bob was compelled to stand back, though very reluctantly. David and Clive also stood on each side of the fallen Frenchman.

By this time there was a pause in the surrounding crowd. Some bystanders, who had seen it all, explained it to the others. A Babel of commotion arose.

They were Inglese — these boys. This French officer had become enraged because one of the boys had thrown a little confette at him, and he had attacked the boy. So the other boy had attacked the French officer, and knocked him down. Bravo! Bravissimo! Ingelis box! Hold! Bravò! Bravissimo! An Ingelis fight! The Frenchman is a fool and a coward. On the Corso to-day no one must be angry. It is forbidden. When one grows angry, one should go away. To get angry at the confette is an insult to Rome. The Frenchman is a fool. He is arrogant, and should be punished. So Bravo! Inglese boys! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ravo!

The sympathies of the crowd were thus all on the side of the boys. They called them English, for the reason that they could not distinguish English from Americans, and named them after the language which is common to both. Unity of language makes the people of both countries the same in their eyes. They sympathized with them because they were clearly in the right in this quarrel, and because the foolish Frenchman had violated

the law of good humor and fun which should be observed at the Carnival. They sympathized with them also because Frank was a boy, and the Frenchman was a man. But — and here was the deepest reason — they sympathized with the boys because their assailant was a Frenchman. As the other Italians used to regard Germans, so the Romans, at this time, regarded Frenchmen. They hated the Frenchmen more intensely than any other men, for at that time French soldiers held virtual possession of the city. French soldiers guarded their walls. French soldiers had put down Garibaldi. French soldiers were standing in the way of their aspirations after the unity of Italy. French soldiers also lorded it over them, and took no pains to conceal that they deemed themselves the masters of Rome and of the Romans. French soldiers freed Lombardy, and were therefore popular in other parts of Italy; but French soldiers enslaved Rome, and held it at this time in subjection. Consequently, at this time, French soldiers were an abomination in the eyes of the Romans.

And so, the crowd which had gathered all around, filled with these feelings, stood still, and watched to see the result. David, Clive, and Bob stationed themselves so as to keep back the crowd, and form a space sufficient for the fight, while Frank stood waiting for his antagonist. The whole thing was done very quietly, and very neatly. It was the result of long practice at school. They were all,

even David, well up in the noble art, and in all its details. On the present occasion, therefore, they all shone with uncommon lustre.

The French officer picked himself up, and for a moment scowled at Frank, with a face all distorted by malignant passion. He saw the ring around him, and the sinister Italian faces fixed darkly upon him. He saw that the antagonist, who had already handled him so roughly, was a boy; but then he was a strong, and muscular, and resolute boy, and, worse than all, he knew that, which to every Frenchman is at once admired and abhorred, as "ze Inglis box." As for the Italians, it was with unfeigned anxiety that they awaited the issue. For Frank was a boy, while the Frenchman was a grown and bearded man. Yet they saw that Frank was strong for his years, and what was more, that he knew the use of his fists. As for David, Clive, and Bob, they hadn't the least anxiety. They believed most fully in Frank. They knew his powers and his prowess, and didn't believe in this Frenchman, or any other living Frenchman, at all. For Americans have inherited that curious conviction from their English forefathers, that one English-speaking man is worth three "frog-eating Frenchmen;" and this conviction, with a few Yankee additions, glowed brightly in the breasts of the boys on the present occasion.

The Frenchman did not wait long. He took one look, and then flew like a madman Frank, hissing

out French oaths and execrations. Frank very easily and very dexterously evaded his assault, and in return dealt him a tremendous blow side-wise on the left ear.

A wild yell arose from the Italians. It was a yell of triumph.

The Frenchman fell, but instantly sprang up again, and rushing upon Frank, caught hold of him; but Frank was ready for this also. Boxing or wrestling, it was all the same to him; and if the Frenchman chose to come to close quarters, he was prepared. And so, watching for his opportunity, he secured the under hold, and had his antagonist at his mercy. A little trick of his, often before used successfully, was now put in practice. He drew himself suddenly downward, and then, by a peculiar twist and unexpected jerk of his left leg, he dashed away the footing of his enemy. The Frenchman reeled; and fell heavily, with Frank above him. With a sudden spring Frank then detached himself, and, leaping back, stood erect, strong and vigorous as a gladiator, waiting for another assault. He did not care to have a close fight, rolling over the ground. He preferred to act in a free and unembarrassed manner.

Another wild shout of triumph and delight arose from the spectators. David, Clive, and Bob said nothing. They felt no surprise, for this was just what they had anticipated; and besides, they all had too much generosity, and too great a sense of fair play, to exhibit any exultation.

The Frenchman again sprang to his feet. In boxing and in wrestling he had shown himself utterly deficient, and had been, therefore, severely mauled by a boy. But there was one thing in which he was a proficient.

He sprang up, with his face cut and bruised, his eyes blood-shot, and his expression full of fury, and seized the handle of his sword. Another moment and it would have been drawn.

"Coward!" yelled the Italians, and a wild movement arose among them. But the action of Frank put a stop to this. With his vigilant eyes he had seen the gesture of the Frenchman, and had anticipated it. He leaped towards him, and struck him another of those tremendous "blows from the shoulder," the secret of which he had learned from long practice. The next instant he was upon him. He would not strike a man when he was down, but the Frenchman had shown such a villanous disregard of all the laws of fair play, that Frank determined to punish him. The mode of punishment was at hand. Around the prostrate Frenchman he twined his sinewy legs, pinioning his arms in this way; and then, thrusting his hands in his pockets, he showered the confette over his face, rubbing it over and over again. Many a time had he done this before, not in anger and with confette, but in sport and with harmless snow. This he had been accustomed to do on capturing a prisoner in the snow-ball wars of school days, when he pro-

ceeded according to the laws of snow-ball war, to "duck" said prisoner. The art was useful to him now.

The Frenchman was prostrate beneath him, at his mercy, his arms pinioned, his eyes blinded, his mouth and nostrils filled with dust. From the Italians all around wild cries arose. Laughter, shouts, jeers, sneers, exultations, — all these burst forth. This they thought was a fitting punishment for one who had dared to break in upon the sport of the Carnival, and in return for the joke of a harmless boy to knock him down.

Frank at length desisted, and arose. The Frenchman started up perfectly frantic; but he dared not do anything. He heard shouts from the crowd, warning him not to draw his sword. Such a warning he dared not neglect. Besides, he was almost blind. His only thought was to get the dust out of his eyes, and to regain his breath. Had he made another attack on Frank in that state, he would have been still more at the mercy of his enemy. So he contented himself with groping his way to the sidewalk, rubbing his eyes, and muttering threats of vengeance. As for Frank and the boys, they walked away, amid shouts of applause.

Now, for all this the boys were clearly not to blame. True, Bob had been the aggressor, and had dusted confette in the Frenchman's eyes; but then he had done the same thing to hundreds of others, and hundreds of others had done the same

thing to him. Could this Frenchman expect, on such a day, to walk down the Corso with impunity? He had knocked Bob down for what was really nothing. He began the quarrel. He was even about to deal another blow upon Bob's prostrate form when Frank interfered. On the Frenchman, then, lay the blame, and on him had descended that punishment which he had deserved. The boys had nothing for which they could blame themselves, and nothing to regret, except Bob, who persisted in thinking and saying that he ought to have been allowed to fight the Frenchman.

But the others were glad that the fight had been maintained by Frank.

CHAPTER XXI.

Out of Ammunition.—A fresh Supply.—The Boys in-trench themselves.—General Assault from all Sides.—The Assault sustained nobly.—A perpendicular Fire.—A tremendous Surprise.—A sudden Change.—The Dragoon Charge.—The Race-horses.—Darkness.—Universal Illumination.—A new Struggle.—Senza Mòccolo.—Senza Mòccolo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

SOON in the excitement that followed the great fight was for a time forgotten. New duties demanded their attention. In that wild, excited, and struggling throng even the strongest sensations or emotions would yield to the new series of surprises that arose every moment. Besides, so long as they remained in the Corso they were compelled to be watchful and vigilant, ever keeping up an active self-defence, and carrying on constant war; not so serious, indeed, as Frank's late fight with the French officer, yet a war, nevertheless, and one, too, which, though good-natured, was vigorous and incessant. And so once more they threw themselves into the thickest of the fight, and poured out volleys and received them in return. Again and yet again

they had to retreat from the scene of conflict to the side streets in order to replenish their exhausted stock of ammunition, and then back they came once more to the fray.

They had torn out their pockets, and had trusted to the lining of their coats. But the test to which this lining was thus subjected was one for which it had never been designed, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that it should at length break down under the severe strain. One by one they became conscious — Bob first, then the others — that there was a waste going on in another quarter; and at length, when they came to fill up again, they found that the confette ran out as fast as it was poured in.

But the little army was not to be daunted or discouraged by the failure of what may be termed the ordnance department. No sooner had this taken place than necessity, the mother of invention, suggested a most effective substitute. The dealer from whom they were purchasing the confette kept his material in barrels. One of these the boys bought, and rolled it towards the Corso. Bob went forth to reconnoitre, and discovered a doorway a few yards round the corner, which afforded a good place to occupy. Here they rolled their barrel, through a tempest of assaults from the roaring, laughing crowd, who saw, and cheered, and jeered at their project. However, they at length reached the doorway in safety, placed their

barrel there, burst it open, and then began. Showers of confette poured forth. From that doorway there fell an incessant stream upon all who passed. All who passed returned fire; and so it was that for a time the thickest of the fight raged around that doorway, where the little band had planted their battery.

There was a novelty, a boldness, and an originality about this plan which delighted the Romans, and drew upon the boys the largest possible share of attention. But in the Corso, during Carnival time, attention meant something more, and one could not give that without giving confette also. The showers that poured in upon that doorway were prodigious. David had begged them at first not to be too lavish with the confette. There was no reason, however, for caution. Although their own drafts upon the barrel were large enough to exhaust its contents in a quarter of an hour, yet there poured upon them such incessant torrents that their barrel remained constantly well supplied.

The heaviest showers came from some of the occupants of the house, who were in a balcony just above, but a little on one side. They had seen the whole proceeding, and seemed, either out of fun, or from a sense of ownership, resolved on expelling the intruders from their premises. They themselves were out of reach, nor could the boys look up so as to take aim. The consequence was,

that they were helpless against that shower from above.

At length the party above, finding that the boys still held their post most obstinately, and that no efforts of theirs thus far had availed to dislodge them, decided upon a final attempt of a most desperate nature. At this very time the boys were surrounded, and doing battle most heroically. A carriage in front was discharging whole baskets at a time, while a dense array of foot-passengers was hurling shots at them right and left. This was the moment chosen by those in the balcony for what they intended to be a final and a crushing blow. They brought out a whole barrel of confette, and drew it to the end of the balcony nearest the boys. Then they raised it to the edge, and tilted it over. Down fell the confette in a torrent, and so heavy was it, and so continuous, that the boys looked up in amazement.

It was aimed very strangely, certainly. The falling confette, which came down in a solid stream, did not touch one of the boys, but, singularly enough, poured itself into the barrel, now quite empty, and filled it full. It was this, rather than anything else, that so amazed the boys. Was this some propitious being, some ally, who thus replenished their magazines at the moment of their sorest need? One look gave an answer to the question; for there, at that corner of the balcony, still holding the now empty barrel, balanced so as

to pour out the few remaining atoms, there, his bushy hair and beard, and his tawny skin, all white with plaster-dust, they recognized their friend Ludlow.

As their eyes met his, he burst into a roar of laughter.

“Don't give up the ship, boys!” he cried. “Stand to your guns like men! Remember '76! ‘The Union must and shall be preserved.’ ‘Give me liberty or give me death.’ ‘Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.’ ‘Free trade and sailors' rights.’ ‘Strike till the last armed foe expires! Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike for the green graves of your sires!’ Erin go Uⁿum, E pluribus bragh!”

These astonishing sentences were howled out by Ludlow in a voice of thunder, which was heard far above the din and the hurly-burly all around. One look at Ludlow had been sufficient to convince them that he had taken his part in the activities of the occasion, and it hardly needed this astonishing flood of nonsense to show how fully he had been seized by the fever of the Carnival. They saw in the balcony with him another familiar face, — that of his wife, — which pretty face was now as white as that of any in the street. The balcony was overhung with an enormous American flag, while above it towered a big American eagle.

After shouting out the words above reported, Ludlow disappeared. A few moments after the

door behind them opened, and Ludlow reappeared. He dragged them all inside, locked the door, and then hurried them up to the balcony.

"How lucky that you came here!" said he. "You're just in time to see the greatest sight in all Christendom, with one exception, which won't be seen for five weeks yet."

As they entered the balcony, Mrs. Ludlow nodded pleasantly, but was too busy watching the effect of a shower of confette which she was then engaged in pouring upon some one below. Having done this important task to her full satisfaction, she turned, and gave to each of them a hand, as well plastered and as white as their own. In the midst of this friendly greeting, however, a tremendous torrent of confette was hurled upon them, evidently by way of retaliation from some sufferer below. Their conversation and greetings were thus abruptly terminated by coughings and gaspings.

"Boys," cried Ludlow, "this is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot avail us in this rugged and awful crisis. 'The combat deepens. On, ye brave!'"

With which words he raised up another barrel of confette, and potred down, indiscriminately, a vast amount of the contents. The crowd below scattered. The boys seized scoops and baskets. Mrs. Ludlow sprang to the guns. The balcony became a battery, from which the most voluminous,

the most massive, the most accurately-aimed, and the best-sustained discharges of confette were sent forth that ever was known in the annals of the Eternal City.

The boys now had every advantage. They had done wild work below; but from this commanding point they had the crowd, both on foot and in carriages, completely at their mercy.

At length a gun fired.

In an instant a change took place. Every one ceased throwing confette. Every one stood still. Every carriage hastened to get out of the Corso, turning down the nearest side street. In about five minutes there was not a single carriage visible throughout its entire length. Into the space which thus far had been occupied by the continuous streams of carriages that passed up and down the crowd now found themselves, so that the street showed a dense mass of human beings, which was increased by the return of those who had sent their carriages home. It was a noisy, laughing, jesting-crowd, but no longer a struggling, warring crowd, for the time of the confette had passed away, and all the white clouds, which a short time before had made the Corso look like a street in a snow-storm, had vanished from sight.

And now from the Piazza del Popolo a troop of dragoons charged at full gallop into the midst of the dense crowd. It seemed very dangerous, but the crowd gave but little heed to this. They

moved to either side in a very leisurely manner, so as to afford room for the dragoons to pass; but the moment they had passed they moved back again, so that it was difficult to see what had been accomplished by this cavalry charge. It was intended to make a course for the race-horses, but its result was not particularly successful. Still it served to prepare the crowd for what was coming, and they now stood silent, straining their eyes and ears in the direction of the Piazza del Popolo, to see or to hear some signs of the coming racers.

At last they came — some twenty horses or more, without riders, having spurs and goads attached in such a way that their motion would cause them to pierce the skin. In an instant the silence ceased, and there arose, far up the Corso, a low, deep sound, like the roar of many waters, like the thunder of a cataract, or the hoarse roar of the surf on the sea-shore, — the voice of a mighty multitude. It was the multitudinous cry of those who stood nearest to the rushing horses, who made way for them, opening on either side, and falling back, who shouted and yelled to excite the racers, and also to give warning to the people farther on. And as the horses fled along, and the crowd divided, the cry also came rolling down the Corso in a thunder-peal, caught up by successive crowds among the myriads of people, and following, and preceding, and accompanying the horses all along.

The people in the balconies caught up the cry,

and from every balcony, from every window, and from every house-top there waved flags and colored streamers, shaken out into the air by the excited spectators, till all the atmosphere seemed to vibrate and thrill with the agitation and tossing up and down of numerous colors.

Through such a scene as this, along such a race-course, with all these exciting sounds ringing in their ears, with all these bewildering sights dazzling their eyes, stimulated also by the sting of the tossing goads, the race-horses flew along the Corso, and held on their way, in madness and fear, till they reached the goal.

By this time it began to grow dark. Twilight is short in this southern clime — day rushes into night, and there is but little evening. Now the darkness hurried on, and the boys began to fear that all was over; but the crowd still remained, and they knew by this time that there was something yet to be seen. What that something was, they all wondered; but no one asked Ludlow, for they preferred having the thing disclose itself.

At length all was revealed.

For, as the darkness deepened, the street, throughout its whole length, began to exhibit flame after flame, until at length there gleamed the lustre of innumerable points of lights. These lights began to flash from all the windows, and from all the balconies, and from all the house-tops. But it was on the windows of the basement, in the lower bal-

conies, and in the street that the lights were by far most numerous.

Now Ludlow produced some tapers, and began to light them, and distribute them to his party. These tapers were of wax, about eight or ten inches in length, and about as thick as the stem of a clay pipe or an ordinary slate pencil. But they were too high-up to take part in the coming sport, and so they contented themselves, for the present, with watching.

All the lower windows were wide open, and filled with ladies in festal attire. Each lady held a light. The street was as full as ever, and every one in the crowd held a burning taper; and all that crowd now began to rush swiftly to and fro, and up and down.

Suddenly a wild cry arose.

"Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! Senza moccolo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

Once more appeared the riot, the tumult, the confusion, the struggle, and the strife of the Carnival. Confette had had its day; now the struggle was with blazing tapers. Every man held a burning taper in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. With this handkerchief each man tried to extinguish his neighbor's light, uttering, as he did so, the cry, —

"Senza moccolo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

The chief amusement was on the sidewalks,

where the lower windows opened out, and where the lower balconies were within reach. In these windows and balconies were ladies, holding lights and handkerchiefs. Passers by assailed them, trying to cast their handkerchiefs over the burning tapers, while the ladies tried to preserve their own lights, and extinguish those of their assailants. Loud was the laughter, incessant the jests and outcries. Between the ladies at the windows and their assailants on the sidewalks there was an incessant flow of banter and witty repartee. None could remain long at one place, or make more than one throw of the handkerchief at the same taper. The crowd was constantly in motion.

Out in the street it was the same, only more noisy, and the crowd moved more swiftly to and fro. Every man attacked his neighbor. While one man would extinguish his neighbor's light, his own would be quenched. Amid all these, were others trying to kindle again their tapers from the flame of others, which they intended to extinguish the moment their own was lighted; but against this every one guarded most vigilantly, so that, while it was difficult to keep a taper lighted, it was far more difficult to kindle it again when once it had been put out.

And above all this uproar rose the multitudinous cry, —

*“Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo!
Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo! Senza moccolo!
Senza moccolo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!”*

This scene the boys watched from the balcony of Ludlow for about a quarter of a minute. They then could remain inactive no longer. They rushed down with their blazing tapers, and flung themselves into the struggling, roaring, laughing, jesting crowd, above all whose struggles, and roars, and laughter, and jests arose the cry, — *Senza moccòlo! Senza moccòlo! Senza moccòlo! Senza moccòlo! Senza moccòlo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!* But the endeavor to represent the prolonged intonation which the crowd threw on that last syllable, would exhaust the largest stock of "O's" in the largest printing-office in the land.

At length — a gun!

Then — fireworks.

And so ended the last day of the Carnival at Rome.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Wonders of the Vatican Palace. — The Galleries of Art. — The Apollo Belvedere. — The Laocoon. — The Lapidarian Gallery. — The Immortal Paintings. — The Transfiguration. — Bewildering Array of Works of Art. — Interminable Galleries.

MEEETING so unexpectedly with Ludlow would have been, under any circumstances, most delightful to the boys, with whom he and his wife also were immense favorites; but his arrival brought to them certain advantages which, without him, they could never have enjoyed. Ludlow was an enthusiastic artist, and also knew Rome perfectly. He had brought his young wife here at this time to show her the great city at its best; to show her all the treasures of art, of antiquity, and of religion, which had accumulated here during ages of zealous, fostering care. Of antiquities and of religious edifices the boys had already seen much, but as yet they had seen nothing of the wonders of art — the statues and paintings, the museums and galleries, in which Rome is so rich. And so, when Ludlow invited them to ac-

company him and his wife they accepted the invitation with the greatest delight.

First of all they visited the far-famed Palace of the Vatican. The size of this palace is immense, and, as it is composed of parts erected at different intervals, it is very irregular in its shape. Within its walls are treasured up the most noble paintings in the world, the most glorious sculptures, and the most precious collection of antiquities. For this cause the Palace of the Vatican is a place of pilgrimage for artists and scholars, and the very name is a household word in the educated world.

The Museum first claimed their attention. The first division of the Museum is the Lapidarian Gallery. It is a hall a thousand feet in length, filled with inscriptions and sculptures, principally from ancient tombs. Here in this gallery one beholds a scene unequalled in all the world. On one side there is a long array of stone tablets — the slabs that once shut in the tombs of the Christians in the Catacombs; on the other is another long array of tablets taken from Pagan tombs. Each bear their own epitaphs, and the visitor is able, by looking to the right or the left, and reading the Pagan or the Christian epitaph, to contrast the two, and to measure at that one glance the infinite difference. For in the one there is nothing but the language of despair, or the sad longing after the vanished pleasures of the world; in the other there is the expression of that faith that filled the soul of the

martyrs, and of that hope of theirs which was full of immortality.

One Pagan epitaph says, —

“ I, Procopius, lift up my hands against the gods who snatched away me innocent.”

On the opposite side a Christian epitaph says, —

“ In Christ, peace. Eusebia, a sweet soul, sleeps in peace.”

And these two may be taken as specimens of the whole.

It was with feelings of the deepest interest that the boys looked upon these. Their own visit to the Catacombs had enabled them to appreciate the value of the Christian sentiment thus expressed, and to look upon these contrasted epitaphs with feelings of no common kind.

Beyond this gallery is another of the same size, and filled with more than a thousand pieces of sculpture, all arranged in the best manner, and showing pieces of every degree of excellence. With this gallery others are connected, filled, like this, with sculpture. On one side is a room containing magnificent works of ancient art, while at its end is another, where, in the midst of many other works, is a mutilated statue of Hercules, of such wonderful excellence, that it is one of the chief studies of artists at the present day.

Beyond this apartment there is an open court with a fountain, which is surrounded by a portico, containing four small rooms. In the open part of

the portico there are antique marble columns, baths cut in porphyry, and sculptures of various kinds; while the four small rooms are devoted to the preservation of some of the most wonderful works of art that the world has ever seen. In the cabinet on the right are three famous statues of Canova, — the Perseus with the head of Medusa, and the two Boxers. In these last every muscle and sinew seems to be brought into play, while the expression of fierce resolution on their faces has never been surpassed. But the Perseus is the best of the three. This great work seems the personification of manly beauty. When the statues of Apollo and the Laocoon were taken away by Napoleon, this Perseus and the Boxers were put in their places, for which cause the former received the name of "Consolatrice" — the Consoler. After the restoration of the Apollo and the Laocoon, Canova wished to remove his own statues, thinking that they would suffer from a comparison with the masterpieces of ancient art, but his request was refused; and here they remain, worthy companions to the others, and representatives of the best of modern sculptures.

These are in the first of the four cabinets. In the second cabinet is the Antinous, one of the most admirable pieces of ancient art; once admired and studied by the famous painter Domenichino, who used to declare that he was indebted to this statue for his knowledge of the beautiful.

In the third cabinet is a greater work than these — one of those pieces of ancient sculpture which in modern times have been called miracles of art. It is the famous group of the Laocoon, so familiar to all by descriptions and by pictures, as well as by plaster casts. This group was described by Pliny in a well-known passage. It was found in the Baths of Titus. The artist has sought to represent Laocoon, the priest of Apollo, and his two sons, devoured by serpents sent by Minerva to destroy them. Byron has described this group in language which has never been equalled: —

“ Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoon's torture, dignifying pain;
 A father's love, and mortal's agony,
 With an immortal's patience blending. Vain
 The struggle; vain against the coiling strain,
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's clasp,
 The old man's clinch: the long envenomed chain
 Rivets the living links; the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.”

In the fourth cabinet is a statue which is, perhaps, the greatest ever produced by the genius of man. It is the famous statue of the Apollo Belvedere, and represents that god as he is conceived to have appeared just after he had slain the Python. Its discovery at Rome took place about a hundred years ago, and excited the most boundless enthusiasm. Like the Laocoon, it is familiar to all from pictures, plaster casts, and copies of every size

and sort. Like that other work also, it transcends all criticism. Byron's description of this unfolds the whole meaning and power of this marvellous work.

“ Or. view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light,
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot; the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance. In his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.”

“ And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory, — which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust, nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which
’twas wrought.”

Leaving this, they next entered an apartment called the Hall of Animals, from the fact that it contains a collection of ancient sculptures of almost every kind of animal. It has been called a Menagerie of Art. On one side is another gallery filled with ancient statues, the most famous of which is “Ariadne Sleeping,” while beyond it are the Halls of the Busts and of the Muses. Farther on still is a magnificent circular apartment, in the

centre of which is an enormous vase, hollowed out of a single block of porphyry forty-two feet in circumference. Passing on from this, they came to another room, in the form of a Greek cross, in which there were two immense sarcophagi, or stone coffins, made of porphyry. One of these is said to have been the sarcophagus of the Empress Helena, the mother of the great Constantine; the other, that of Constantia, his daughter. Then comes a flight of stairs, at the head of which is another apartment, called the Hall of the Car, from an ancient chariot and horses which it contains. Besides this there are numerous statues. Beyond this is the Gallery of the Candelabra, a thousand feet in length, containing a vast collection of ancient candelabra, with sculptures and bronzes of many different kinds.

Close by this is a group of apartments devoted to the exhibition of Etruscan antiquities. Here there are statues, bronzes, sculptures of every kind, vases, sepulchral urns, together with many miscellaneous articles, principally ornaments. One of the most important things here, and actually the most interesting to the boys, was an ancient chariot, not a sculptured one, but a real one. It was exhumed near Rome, and is the only one of the kind in existence. Near the entrance are also some little dark cells, made to imitate Etruscan sepulchres.

The next group of apartments is devoted to

the exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, where the rooms themselves are fashioned in the Egyptian style, and are in accordance with the things which they contain. Here there are glass cases filled with curiosities found in mummy cases, such as seals, rings, pins, small idols, and ornaments of many kinds; rooms filled with mummies and sarcophagi; and other rooms filled with statues of Egyptian deities.

Another place which was full of interest to them was the Vatican Library. Here there is the richest collection of ancient manuscripts in the world. The rooms are magnificent, adorned with frescoes, and on each side are presses filled with the books and manuscripts. At one end are closets containing articles found in the Catacombs, and some small pictures, the work of the early Roman Christians. In other closets are certain implements supposed to have been used for torture, which also were found in the Catacombs. Besides these there are also many smaller ancient carvings and other works of art. These they saw, but none of the books or manuscripts were shown them, for these are guarded with the utmost care, and cannot be seen without special permission from the highest authority.

In another part of the vast structure are the galleries which contain paintings in fresco and in oil. The entrance to them is through the "Loggia of Raphael." The Loggia is a long gallery, open

on one side like a balcony or veranda. It is now, however, all covered in. It owes its fame to an immense number of paintings on the ceiling, designed by Raphael, illustrative of scenes in Scripture history, and familiar to every one by the pictures in illustrated Bibles. Beyond this are four apartments, called the Stanze di Raffaele, or Chambers of Raphael, where that great painter has left immortal works of genius. The paintings here are all in fresco, — which means painting on the plaster wall, — and these are the finest in the world. The first room contains scenes in the life of the Emperor Constantine; the second, scenes in the history of the church; the third has pictures of an allegorical character, among which is the well-known "School of Athens;" while the fourth contains pictures representing events in the mediæval history of Rome, such as the coronation of Charlemagne, the defeat of the Saracens, &c.

Near to these are other apartments containing a collection of oil paintings. These are not over fifty in number, and yet so great is their excellence that the collection is the best in existence, and the value is incalculable. Chief among these is the greatest work of Raphael — the Transfiguration. This picture was his last work, and was begun by him in order to redeem his reputation, which had suffered somewhat from his intrusting the execution of many of his designs to his scholars. It proved to be his last work, and he had scarcely

finished it when he died. His corpse lay in state for two or three days in one of the Roman churches, and this painting was hung upon the wall over it.

“ When Raphael went
To sleep beneath the venerable dome
All Rome was there. But ere the march began
Who had not sought him ? And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday !
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work ; when, entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece,
Now on his face, lifeless and colorless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages — all were moved ;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations.”


This great painting, like many others of the works of art in the Vatican, has been so often engraved, and so widely circulated, that it is familiar to all. Most especially is the Head of Christ, as Raphael portrayed it, thus familiar, and few there are who have not been moved by that wonderful blending of holiness, majesty, and love.

The day ended by a visit to the manufacture of mosaics, in a part of the Vatican which the boys, in spite of their fatigue, found very interesting. When they went there, the workmen were busily engaged in making pictures, in mosaic, of the Popes of Rome, for the Cathedral of St. Paul. The process of making a mosaic picture is excessively tedious. First, the stones must be made out of a

species of composition, and colored to as many as four hundred different shades. Each stone is almost as thin as a needle. Then these stones are set in a bed, excavated from a slab, to the depth of an inch or so, in such a way as to copy a picture with perfect accuracy. The slab in which these colored stones are set is formed out of a composition made of pulverized travertine. The workman has the picture before him, which he copies, and as he proceeds, he cuts out the composition, so as to make a place for the insertion of the fine mosaic stones. The work is one which requires the utmost care and patience. The time occupied in copying some pictures has amounted to over twenty years; but such time is not lost, for such a copy as this is virtually indestructible and imperishable. It stands, a perfect copy — not on crumbling plaster, or on frail canvas, but in stone — or more, in a composition which is a species of glass, and is beyond the reach of harm from any cause except fire.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Wonders of the Capitoline Hill. — The dying Gladiator. — The colossal Foot. — The Statue of Marcus Aurelius. — The Palaces of Rome and their Statues. — The Villas of Rome and their Gardens. — Too much Splendor and Magnificence.

HE visit to the Vatican produced an impression of bewilderment upon the minds of the boys. Such a vast collection of halls, galleries, quadrangles, and cabinets they had never met with before. Besides, the accumulation of things here was so prodigious that their minds failed to take in everything. Out of each department but a few remained prominent: among sculptures they remembered the Laocoon and the Apollo; among paintings, the Transfiguration, while the inscriptions of the Lapidarian gallery and the Mosaic factory could not easily be forgotten. But other places invited attention also, and Ludlow offered to take them to all the chief places of interest first, after which they could select what they pleased for further visits.

Rome is pre-eminently the city of churches. It is also the city of palaces. No less than eighty

buildings exist here which are called by this name. These buildings are of every grade, from the unapproachable glories of the Vatican, through every degree of splendor, down to plainness and even meanness.

Next to the Vatican Palace, that of the Quirinal is most famous. Until recently it was one of the pope's residences, and had this character at the time of our boys' visits. Its spacious apartments, lordly halls, and magnificent galleries excited their utmost admiration. Among the pictures here, they were most struck by a Head of Christ, which was already familiar to them through engravings called "Ecce Homo." From the Quirinal Palace, Ludlow took them to the Museum of the Capitol, a place erected, as the name implies, upon the top of the Capitoline Hill. The collection of sculpture here ranks next after that at the Vatican. In the court-yard below is an immense statue of Oceanus, and on ascending the stairs to the galleries of sculpture they saw ancient plans of Rome, which had been engraved in stone set in the wall. These were discovered three hundred years ago, and give an idea of the streets of the ancient city. On reaching the Museum, they passed through gallery after gallery, encountering at every step new forms of beauty or of power. The first apartment is of great extent, and is called the Hall of the Vase, from a beautiful antique vase, which forms its principal ornament.

The second is called the Hall of the Emperors, from the fact that it contains ancient busts of nearly all of those mighty rulers. Then comes the Hall of the Philosophers, with busts of philosophers, as well as of poets and orators. Here is the godlike brow of Homer, the strangely ugly face of Socrates, the lofty forehead of Plato, and the intellectual head of Cicero. Then comes a large hall filled with statues, among which the chief is a bronze one of Hercules. Another room full of statues adjoins this, and in a chamber leading from this is a piece of sculpture which gives glory to the whole Museum of the Capitol, and stands, in the estimation of the world, side by side with the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvedere, as one of those immortal works which have been called miracles of art. Every one is familiar with this statue from copies in stone or plaster, engravings and photographs. For a long time after its first discovery, it was a matter of dispute whether it was a Gladiator or Herald; but the question was at length decided in favor of the theory that it was designed to represent a wounded Gaul in the agonies of death. But still it is called the Dying Gladiator, and that name it will, no doubt, retain permanently. Besides the great and wonderful excellence of the statue itself, it has been endowed with a new and more pathetic interest by the melancholy genius of Byron.

“I see before me the gladiator lie!
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower. And now
The arena swims around him. He is gone!
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

“He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
Were with his heart; and that was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your
ire!”

Opposite the Museum of the Capitol is the Palace of the Conservatori. Here there is an admirable collection of paintings and ancient works of art, the most famous of which is a very ancient image of a wolf and two infants in bronze. It was intended, undoubtedly, to represent Romulus and Remus with the fabled wolf that nourished them. It is supposed to be the identical bronze wolf mentioned by Cicero as having been struck by lightning when Cæsar fell.

On leaving this palace, they visited some pieces of sculpture in the court-yard, where they saw the

foot of a colossal statue, so large that the great toe was more than twelve inches in thickness. Then, passing out they came to the square of the Capitol. Here there is the finest bronze equestrian statue in existence. It is ancient, and represents the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. It was once gilded, but only a little now remains on the horse's head. It is said that Michael Angelo admired this statue exceedingly, and was never tired of looking at it. Once, in a fit of enthusiasm, he shouted out to it, "Cammina!" — Get up.

From this place they went the round of other palaces. They visited the Borghese Palace, a great edifice, with the largest, though not the best collection of paintings, in Rome. Raphael, Domenichino, Titian, Guido, and most, if not all of the great masters, are represented here by some magnificent painting. The adornment of this palace is in keeping with its costly treasures of art; marble floors, gilded ceilings, and rich tapestries appear on every side.

More splendid still is the Colonna Palace, with its pavement of precious marbles of every color, polished like glass, its walls of verd-antique and polished porphyry, its vast mirrors with paintings upon their surface, its lofty ceilings of fretted gold. The paintings here are numerous and excellent, all being the works of great masters. One curiosity is shown here, in the shape of a cannon ball which fell into this palace during a bombard-

ment by the French, at the time of the siege in 1848. The ball broke a pane of glass and shattered a marble step, but did no further injury. It lies now in the place where it stopped.

Another great palace is the Orsini, which, like the one just mentioned, is adorned with the utmost magnificence, and contains many noble works of art.

The Barberini Palace is of great size and beauty, but has only a small collection of works of art. Among these, however, is one picture which is among those that are known and admired in all lands, which has been copied and recopied innumerable times, in every shape and way,—in oils, in engravings, in photographs, and in stereoscopic views. It is the exquisite face of Beatrice Cenci, with its mournful eyes, golden hair, and tender, pathetic expression. The picture has a legend connected with it, which states that it was copied by the painter Guido, from his remembrance of her last look as she ascended the scaffold, and prepared to lay down her head upon the block. Whether this legend be true or not, it will always be connected with the picture of Beatrice Cenci.

At the Spada Palace they saw an ancient statue, upon which they looked with indescribable interest. It represents Pompey, and is supposed to be the very one at the base of which Cæsar fell when he was struck down by the daggers of conspirators. This statue seemed familiar to them all, from the

well-known lines in that well-known speech of Marc Antony, at which all of them had done their part in declaiming.

“ Then burst his mighty heart ;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell ;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourished over us.”

This statue has also been described by Byron in a well-known passage : —

“ And thou, dread statue, yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou, who beheldest ’mid the assassin’s din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,
And thou too perish, Pompey ? Have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene ? ”

Another palace, which excited some interest of a peculiar kind in the minds of the boys, was the Farnese Palace. Their interest arose from the fact that this palace was built of stones taken from the Coliseum. They recalled the appearance of that mighty ruin from which such an enormous quantity of stones had been taken, and in the size of the huge blocks of the Farnese Palace they recognized the old Roman handiwork. Other plunder also appears in this place, chief among which

is a beautiful sarcophagus in the court-yard, which was taken from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. The palace happens to be one of those which is most distinguished for beauty of architecture, and justly so, since it was the work of Michael Angelo. But even the stately front designed by the greatest of architects, cannot make amends for the wrong and injury done to the mighty Coliseum; and not one of the boys would have hesitated, if the choice had been in his power, to see the palace vanish like Aladdin's, if by so doing the stones could be deposited in their original resting-places.

Besides the palaces of Rome, there are also other edifices equally palatial, known as Villas. These are numerous and splendid. Chief among them is the Villa Borghese. Its grounds are of great extent, and are adorned with everything that art or luxury could suggest. There seems to have been an effort to reproduce the ornaments and the style of classical antiquity in the laying out of these grounds. On every side there are temples, groves, and vases, with statues of gods, fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. The Casino here is magnificently adorned. The pavements are of polished marbles, the walls and ceilings are adorned with paintings, while on every side the eye encounters marble statues. From the balcony here, there is a magnificent prospect. The grounds of the Villa Borghese are thrown open to the public with the greatest liberality, or were at this time, so that

they deserved to be considered as the Park of Rome.

Another one of the principal houses of this class is the Villa Albano. The gardens around this are very extensive, and the approach to the house is most beautiful. The walks are all stiff and formal, in the style of the eighteenth century, while on every side there appear fantastic forms of vases and animals, into which the boxwood bushes are trimmed. The effect is somewhat quaint and curious. The house itself is adorned with the usual magnificence, showing on every side polished marbles and gilded walls, while its collection of paintings and sculptures is one of the best that exists in Rome.

It was in the Villa Ludovici, however, that the boys took the deepest interest. The grounds here they found very extensive and varied; on one side they saw a representation of the English style, and on the other the French. They found a collection of statuary here as elsewhere, which, though not so large as that of the Villa Borghese, was yet more select.

The last of the villas which they visited was one which showed a greater amount of dazzling and ostentatious luxury than any of the rest. It belonged to a wealthy family named Torlonia. The head of this family sprang from very low origin, and made his money by banking. He finally became created prince, and raised this

edifice in order to assert his princely dignity, and hide his humble origin by the utmost magnificence. But in this ancient city, it is as hard now as it was in the days of Cicero for a *novus homo* to make his way among the old families, and the sneers with which such a man was kept back by the ancient patricians, still mark the contempt felt for all outside their own circle by the haughty families of the modern city. Many of these pretend to trace their descent from the old Roman families; and though such a claim cannot be successfully maintained, it nevertheless shows the feelings with which they regard a new man, like Torlonia.


The Villa Torlonia is surrounded by extensive grounds, which are adorned by lakes, fountains, gardens, grottos, temples, pavilions, and statues of many kinds, while in the midst of all is a circus. In the villa there are three buildings, one of which contains a theatre, formed after the ancient model.

If the effect of their visit to the Vatican had been bewildering to the boys, their tour among the palaces and villas of Rome was no less so. The succession of splendid interiors, with marble pavements and gilded roofs, the vast number of statues and pictures which met their eyes wherever they went, the constant succession also of beautiful gardens, filled with everything that could delight the taste or elicit admiration,—all

these became mingled together in their memories, and out of so great a multitude of attractive objects but a few would be recalled afterwards. Among those which they most admired and remembered best, were the statues of Pompey and the Dying Gladiator, and the picture of Beatrice Cenci.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Lenten Season.— The manifold Throng of Visitors and Pilgrims.— The threefold Charm of Rome.— The End of Lent.— Holy Week.— A vast Crowd.— The Pope's Blessing.— The Illumination of St. Peter's.— Innumerable Lights.

 HE visits which the boys had made under the guidance of Ludlow to the palaces, the museums, and the villas of Rome, occupied many days. They were made in a desultory sort of a way, at different times, so as to suit Ludlow's convenience; and also in such a manner that the boys themselves might not be too much bored. Yet even then, when they had a judicious and sympathetic guide, so vast was the number of objects to be seen, so varied their character, so high their respective claims upon their attention, that, as we have seen, the larger number remained hopelessly confused in their memories, and out of this tangled mass there remained but a few which they could recall with any degree of exactness; and so it must ever be with the casual visitor to Rome. It is only the student, only the one who devotes much time and attention, who can gain real

benefit from the vast and varied resources of this wonderful city.

Lent had now arrived, and through this season they went from time to time with Ludlow and his amiable wife to visit the places which have been briefly alluded to in the preceding chapters. This, as Ludlow had already informed them, is the greatest season of Rome. Strangers come here from all parts of the world, and the majority of them reach here at the Carnival time, and remain till the close of Holy Week. In this way they contrive to be present at two grand spectacles, the one at the beginning, the other at the end of their visit. Moreover, this is the time when Rome expects strangers, and puts on her brightest attire to do them honor.

There is a threefold power in Rome which draws three different classes here, in addition to that great crowd of idle tourists who come only to stare. The one is the charm of the ancient ruins, where the Past sits enthroned amid those vast monuments which lie along the seven hills around the circuit of the walls, and throughout the waste Campagna. Another is the charm of art, which lives, and moves, and has its being in the galleries of painting and of sculpture, or in the forms of vast cathedrals and noble palaces. The third is the charm of religion, which finds a dwelling-place in the three hundred churches of Rome, and reaches its highest glory during the solemn ceremonies of the Lenten season, or the celebrations of Holy Week.

And so there flock here those who are drawn by one or the other of these three resistless charms—the scholar, or archæologist, who comes here to study the past, and to wander among the ruins of Rome, to visit all the ancient landmarks, and to read the works of her mighty authors amid the scenes that once surrounded them,—the artist, who comes to gaze upon the immortal works of the fathers of modern art; to view the creations of the sublime soul of Michael Angelo, or the perfect beauty that was bodied forth from the genius of Raffaele; and, finally, the devout soul who comes to kindle anew the flame of religious devotion, to visit the places made sacred by the memories of the martyrs, to witness the solemn services of sublime cathedrals, and perhaps to strengthen his own faith by a visit to that arena where so many martyrs died, or those Catacombs where so many martyrs are buried.

All these the boys met with as they visited place after place; as they traversed the seven hills of Rome; as they wandered after Ludlow through its palaces; or as they visited anew the churches and cathedrals. When they had first arrived they noticed many who seemed, like themselves, strangers and visitors; but every week that they staid seemed to bring a fresh number, and the crowd of those who strolled through the ancient forum, or filled the galleries, or stared at the churches, seemed to increase with every succeeding day.

"Rome appears busy enough now," said Ludlow to them, "but after Holy Week it is all changed. All these visitors take to flight. After Holy Week no one comes. This isn't on account of Holy Week in particular, but because the weather generally grows hot after Easter; and with the hot weather the dreaded malaria makes its appearance. This malaria is hard enough on the Romans; but for foreigners, or even for Italians from other parts, it's almost the same as death. During all the summer months Rome looks almost as dead as Pompeii. I've put a summer through her,—and, for that matter, most of the foreign artists do,—and I managed, by means of great care, to fight off the malaria; but I shouldn't particularly care to pass another summer. It don't pay in the long run, and is apt to undermine a fellow's constitution. My idea of life would be to winter in Rome, and clear out in the summer to Norway."

"What, and wouldn't you ever go to America?" asked Clive.

"O, of course," said Ludlow; "I was merely speaking as an artist, not as a man. I merely spoke from a professional point of view. If I were independent, and all that, or if I were a merchant, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a minister, or anything else than what I am, I should live in America; but being an artist, I have to live in Italy,—at least just now,—where there is so much for me to study."

"Well, then," said Clive, "I rather think an artist's life would never suit me."

"O, no, I dare say not," said Ludlow; "it don't suit the generality of people."

The Lenten season passed amid occupations like these, and the boys formed a much closer acquaintance with Rome than usually falls to the lot of visitors, whether boys or men.

At length Holy Week came.

This is the end of Lent, and all the solemn services which have marked that sacred season are intensified, and gathered up in a few days. All this goes on increasing until the end.

At length the last day came.

They were with Ludlow on that day. He and his wife were going to see the grand concluding ceremonies, and, as usual, invited the boys. Uncle Moses had generally remained at home when the boys went with Ludlow, transferring to him the responsibility of watching over them; but on this occasion he summoned up all his curiosity and all his energies, and went forth with them.

In the piazza of St. Peter's, the great place in front of the mighty cathedral, enclosed by the sweep of its colonnades, it seemed as though all Rome and all the concourse of visitors had assembled. Far on high, from the centre of the place, arose the Egyptian obelisk,—an unbroken shaft of red granite,—which for eighteen centuries had watched the changing fortunes of Rome. On

either side of the obelisk mighty fountains threw into the air jets of water a hundred feet high. Before them arose the face of the cathedral, and beyond this the matchless dome towered aloft into the skies.

There was a roar of a great acclamation, followed by instantaneous silence. A party suddenly appeared at a balcony, in the front of the cathedral, immediately over the central door.

"It's the pope and his council," said Ludlow.

They were too far away to see the faces; but they saw one figure stand forward, and stretch out his hand as if to bless. Immediately the immense crowd fell on their knees, with the exception of those who seemed like strangers. These, either through ignorance, or, as was more probable, through scruples of conscience, refused to bow the knee; and with these Ludlow, and the boys, and Uncle Moses remained standing. But those who knelt made no objections to others standing, nor did they even appear to notice it. Once it was not so; but the world has become tolerant, and Rome has followed the example of the world.

Evening came on swiftly, the short evening of the south, where there is scarcely any twilight, but where light is transformed, with startling rapidity, into darkness. The slow change of northern climes; the prolongation of light, which seems loath to leave; the gradual advance of darkness, which seems to be resisted and driven back by many

obstacles; the mellow lessening day; the sweet gloaming,—these had no place here; but with startling abruptness the mighty mass of St. Peter's retreated into darkness, until at last its outline was but dimly and obscurely visible. But the crowd had long before risen from their knees, and now stood watching.

Suddenly a change came.

It was along the noble colonnades that encircle the piazza of St. Peter's. Here lights began to flash forth. One after the other they burst into view; one after the other, row upon row, rank behind rank, until the flames ran on up to the very cathedral itself.

Now the cathedral itself caught the glow of this illumination. Along the front the lights passed rapidly, flashing on in line after line, from point to point, from pinnacle to pinnacle. Then the lofty columns stood marked in living light, and the portals below, and the apostolic statues above.

The lights passed on. They swept over all the front: they strove to rise higher. Now the roof threw forth a glare, and around the base of the central dome and the side domes they began to make their appearance. Soon the smaller domes were all aglow, and around the mighty central dome—the dome of Michael Angelo—their last progress was watched. Here they flashed along in line upon line, in row after row, encircling the vast structure, rising higher and higher every mo-

ment. Up the dome there ran myriads of sparks ; for from below each light seemed like a spark approaching nearer and nearer to its summit. They flashed on. They reached the summit. They climbed up the lantern. They sparkled on the ball. Higher yet they flame forth from the very uppermost point, and make the very cross itself a sign of glory.

And so at last the great illumination is complete ; and St. Peter's, with all its colonnades, and all its mighty front, and all the colossal statues that keep vigil on its roof, with all its lesser domes ; and high over all, the towering majesty of the great dome itself, up to its highest point, stood revealed, with every outline marked by a line of light, and every curve and every eminence indicated by a track of flame.

There were wonder and hush among the crowd of spectators. They looked on in silent admiration. The matchless spectacle blazed before them, and sight was so occupied that there was no room for voice.

At length the lights began to expire. First, the colonnades faded out of sight ; then the front of the cathedral ; then the lines of the roof ; then the lower cupolas ; then the great dome. Last of all, the lights flickered about the cross ; but at length even those flickered away, and over all the scene darkness once more resumed its sway.

The crowd still waited.

Suddenly rockets flashed into the air, succeeded by a great display of fireworks. These all came from the Castle of St. Angelo. Finally, from the same castle came the report of a gun.

At this the crowd began to disperse, and with the crowd Ludlow, and the boys, and Uncle Moses returned to their lodgings.

All was over.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Discussion.—Holy Week versus the Glorious Fourth.—St. Peter's and Boston State House.—Patriotism.—Sudden Interruption.—Painful Discovery.—Most embarrassing Situation.—Perplexity of the Boys.—Despair of Uncle Moses.



ONCE more in their lodgings, the boys all began to discuss the great illumination, and to compare it with all the other things of the same class which they had ever seen. In the course of their experience they had witnessed fireworks of a very extensive character, and the patriotism of Bob was too sturdy to yield a point without a struggle, for he rather sought to maintain that some of the Fourth of July fireworks which he had seen at home were equal to this.

"Pooh!" said David, "that is all fudge. Leaving aside the fireworks, where can you find such another building as St. Peter's?"

"But it isn't St. Peter's," said Bob, "it's the illumination that I speak of. I won't leave aside fireworks, for that's the whole point."

"Where did you ever before see a million lamps hung out at once?" said Clive.

"Lamps!" said Bob; "what are lamps? They're not equal, after all, to good old-fashioned rockets."

"They had rockets at St. Peter's."

"Yes, a few. But do you mean to say that you liked them as much as one of our first-class fireworks, where they have rockets, and Roman candles, and serpents, and roses, and all that sort of thing? The fact is, this illumination was done with lamps. Now, I prefer them done with powder."

"If I had such taste, I should be ashamed to confess it," said Clive, somewhat contemptuously. "There's nothing in all the world equal to the illumination of St. Peter's."

"But that's the very point that we were arguing," said Bob. "You're begging the whole question."

"These Fourth of July fireworks are so terribly vulgar," said David.

"I deny it," said Bob. "They're not vulgar. They're tip-top. Now, ain't they, Frank?"

Upon this appeal, Frank at once sided with Bob, not because he actually thought as he did, but on the principle of siding with the weaker party.

"Of course they are," said he, "first rate. It's all very well for them to sneer, but I've seen the time when they've been ready to jump out of their skins with excitement over those very fireworks that they now call vulgar. Now, for my part, I don't feel at all inclined to sneer at the illumina-

tion of St. Peter's. I think it was all very well of its kind; but to compare it with one of our first-class Fourth of July affairs, is quite out of the question, quite."

"I should think it was," cried David, indignantly.

"Of course it is," said Frank. "You might as well compare an oil lamp with a sky-rocket."

"Why, what's the use of talking?" said Clive, impatiently. "You might as well compare St. Peter's with the Boston State House. Yes, I dare say Bob and Frank would each stick up for Boston."

"Well," said Bob, "even the lamps were not much. Why didn't they use gas, or even parafine? They're a slow set here; they can't think of anything better than oil."

"And then," said Frank, "to think of comparing it with powder!"

"Why, it's absurd," continued Bob; "you might as well compare cold tea with soda water."

"Yes, or hard cider with champagne."

"O, go on, go on," said David. "Keep it up. For my part, I think it's the worst sort of cockneyism for a fellow never to admire anything that he sees in other countries, and to think that his own home surpasses the rest of the world in everything."

"There are some things, Dave," said Frank, "in which Italy certainly surpasses the United States. One of them is old ruins; another is churches

and cathedrals; but why any one should try to make out that Italy surpasses us in everything is more than I can understand. For my part, I maintain that we beat Italy in several particulars, and among them are sewing-machines, mowing-machines, and fireworks."

"Yes, boys," said Uncle Moses, in an amiable voice, taking part now in this discussion for the sake of officiating as peacemaker. "That's it; each country has its own specialty. Italy has its old bones and old stones; America has its machines and inventions; and so, boys," he continued, rising from his chair, "perhaps we'd better let this discussion die out here, more especially as I'm beginning to feel kin o' worried about a matter that's been on my mind ever since we got home."

As he said this, he looked scrutinizingly all about the room, and felt all his pockets.

"That's jest what I ben a doin ever since I left St. Peter's," said he, still feeling his pockets. "I've gone through them all, an I can't find nary sign of it."

"Find what?" asked Bob. "What have you lost, Uncle Moses? Your handkerchief?"

"Handkerchief!" exclaimed Uncle Moses; "no, sir. I only wish it was. It's my purse."

"Your purse!"

"Yes, my purse; it's a wallet of brown leather — I s'pose none of youns have seen it lyin around in some odd corner."

"Your purse!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, no. Do you really mean that you've lost it? Did it have much inside of it?"

"Much inside of it!" cried Uncle Moses, mournfully. "Why, it hed every cent of money that we've got to travel on."

"And do you mean to say that you really lost it?" said David.

"Wal, raily," said Uncle Moses, timidly, "that's the very thing that I'm afeard on just now."

At this alarming intelligence the boys forgot everything else, and stared at one another with faces full of grave concern.

"When did you first miss it?" asked Frank, at length.

"Wal, I missed it from my pocket fust up in the crowd at St. Peter's."

"In the crowd at St. Peter's!" repeated Frank. "Why didn't you say something about it?"

"Wal, you see, I kin o' thought that I might have left it home here on the table."

"Where did you have it last in your hands?"

"In this here room. I had it in my pocket, an then I had it on the table to look at the papers, an after that I don't mind exactly whether I put it back again in my pocket or not."

"Well, if you put it back in your pocket, and then went up into the midst of that crowd, your pocket was probably picked."

"That thar's just about what I'm afeard on," said

Uncle Moses, with a sickly smile. "It was a pooty thick crowd, an I dar say thar were lots of pick-pockets thar. That's the very fust thing I thought on. Ye see, as soon as I felt myself inside that thar crowd I recollected my purse, and felt anxious for fear I'd lose it. So I clapped my hands over my pocket so as to guard my pocket-book, an suddenly found it was gone. It wan't thar. I declar, I never felt so cut up an taken aback in all my born days. I couldn't bar to think of it. I didn't dar to speak of it. I don't remember seein a thing of all that happened after I found the purse was gone. The wust of it was, my handkerchief was left."

"Your handkerchief!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, Uncle Moses, do you mean to say that you carried your purse and your handkerchief in the same pocket?"

"Yes," said Uncle Moses; "in my coat-tail pocket."

"Your coat tail!" cried Frank. "Why, it's tempting Providence. It's throwing your money away."

"Wal, I've allus done it all my life," said Uncle Moses, "an it comes kin o' natral to keep my wallet thar. Tain't easy to change a habit when you get as old as I be."

"Well, it's gone, any way," said Frank. "There's no doubt of it. Your pocket was picked by some one in the crowd."

"That's what I'm afeard of," said Uncle Moses, mournfully. "I did hope for a time that I might

find it lyin on the table here when I got home, but it ain't here, an I don't seem to see it anywhars around."

"O, it's gone, it's lost!" said Frank; "and now what are we to do?"

"I rather think," said David, "that this will make some difference in our plans."

"We certainly won't be able to leave Rome to-morrow," said Clive.

"My idea," said Bob, "is to go to the police at once and see if they can't put us on the track of the thief."

"O, that won't be any use," said Frank. "The police can't do anything."

"Don't you believe the half of that," said Bob. "The police have their spies everywhere, and know everything that's going on."

"We've got to do something," said Uncle Moses, "and pooty soon too; for the landlord'll be bringin in his bill, an I hain't the smallest idea how I'm goin to pay it."

"How was the money?" asked Frank. "It couldn't all have been coin. Some of it was in drafts, of course."

"O, yes."

"Well, can't payment be stopped on the drafts?"

"I don't know. I dar say it might if I only knowed how to go about it, an if I only had money to go about on."

"It seems to me that the fust thing for us to do is to have the payment of the drafts stopped."

"The fust thing that I want to do," said Uncle Moses, in a dismal voice, "is to pay this here hotel bill that's impendin over us. That's the fust thing; and the next thing is to pay our fare to Florence. I don't see but what we'll have to wait somewhars for money. I'll write home at once for more, but I can't wait here in Rome. I'm sick of the place. We must go on as we decided, an I s'pose Florence's the handiest place for our purposes."

"Well, but that's the very thing that we can't do," said Frank. "If we've lost our money, how can we leave Rome and reach Florence. No, we'll have to wait here, and in the hot weather too: that'll be rather hard. For it's going to be hot after this, and everybody's leaving."

"How long'll it take to write home and get an answer?" asked Bob.

"O, about eight weeks," said Frank.

"And do you mean to say that we'll have to stop here all that time,—eight weeks,—eight weeks here, in Rome?"

Bob's voice was full of horror, as if the idea was too much for him.

"I don't see how we can help it," said Frank. "I don't suppose that we can get any money advanced by any one. This difficulty is one in which even the almighty American minister can't be expected to help us."

"I should think he might," said Bob.

"How?"

"O, we can tell him who we are, and all that, and perhaps he'll lend us the money."

"Pooh!" said Frank.

"Well, for my part," said David, "I can't say I object to the idea of staying longer in Rome. I should like to spend a year here if I could, and I feel disappointed at the idea of leaving so soon. Of course I'm sorry about the money, and the trouble that you all are in; but as to staying longer in Rome, I should like it above all things."

"So should I!" exclaimed Clive.

At this Bob shrugged his shoulders, and made a grimace in the Neapolitan fashion.

"Well," said Frank, "there's every probability that you'll be gratified. For my part, I've had enough of it, and should prefer to get on to Florence and Venice; but if I have to stay here, why, all I can say is, that I'll try to put up with my hard lot. Only, I must say, I wish that it was a little earlier in the season than it is."

"Well, boys," said Uncle Moses, "I'm dreadful sorry for this unfortunite casoolty. Seems to me it's the wust that's happened to us yet among all our troubles hitherto, for money's the sinoos of war, an the one thing needful in travel. Without money we are stopped short, an come to a dead stand. I think, too, that I quite agree with Bob, an don't feel overly fond of Rome. Tain't my

style. I ain't felt altogether to home here, an don't feel to set much store by it. In fact, I want to clear out for good, never to see it again, an the sooner the better. I can't bar the idee of havin to wait. I feel as though I should die. I hope yet to hit upon some way of gettin money enough to go to Florence, even if I can't find my purse. I don't mind waitin in a new place for remittances."

"Perhaps your bankers might let you have some money," said Frank."

Uncle Moses shook his head.

"Tain't likely," said he. "People ain't so very apt to accommodate strangers, and of all men the least accommodative air bankers — that's so."

"O, I don't know about that," said Frank. "Your bankers have had advices, of course, that a draft is coming to them in your name, and they will, no doubt, be inclined to believe your story, and accommodate you."

"Don't believe it," said Uncle Moses, in a positive tone, shaking his head decidedly; "don't believe a word of it; never heard anything like it."

"And so we can't tell what we're going to do," said Bob.

Uncle Moses shook his head.

"At any rate, we can't go to Florence tomorrow."

Bob gave a groan.

"Another day in Rome," said he; "what will become of us? Can't we raise money enough to get

out of this? I'll sell all I have — my watch, my breastpin, yes, the very clothes off my back."

"Come, Bob," said Uncle Moses, "don't fret. Cheer up. I think we'd best all get off to bed. It's dreadful late. P'aps somethin'll turn up in the night. P'aps we'll dream of somethin, or think of some way of gettin along. At any rate, there ain't much use a frettin our lives out at this late hour of the night."

With these words Uncle Moses took a light, and throwing a last parting glance around, he heaved a melancholy sigh, and departed to his virtuous couch. Frank and Bob followed soon after. David and Clive still lingered.

"Queer, too — isn't it?" said David.

"What is?"

"Why, this loss of the wallet."

"Yes."

"Well, I don't regret it."

"No, nor I."

"We'll have some time longer, and there are a dozen places that I want to see."

"So do I."

"Have you any choice?"

"Well, no, not in particular. The fact is, I want to see them all equally. Perhaps the old barracks of the Prætorian Guards would be about the most to my taste."

"The very place. We'll go there. Let's set out early."

"Well."

"Why, I wouldn't miss visiting that place for anything. The walls there are said to be most interesting."

"Yes, the most ancient too, and best preserved."

"I suppose we'll have plenty of time."

"O, yes. We may really have to wait here eight weeks yet, you know; and even at the very shortest Uncle Moses will have to spend two or three days more."

"Well, I don't care: the more the better, say I."

"And I too."

"Well, come. Let's be off to bed, for we ought to be up early to-morrow, and do our walking in the cool of the day."

With these words these two retired, and followed their friends to bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

An early Wakening. — The Prætorian Barracks. — The friendly Cicerone. — The Chamber full of Relics. — Wonderful Souvenirs of the Past. — An extensive Purchase. — A Discovery. — Grand Explanation. — Farewell to the Seven Hills.

DAVID and Clive awaked early on the following morning, and their first thoughts turned to the events of the evening before. They found that Uncle Moses had passed a sleepless night, in which the time had been passed between fruitless efforts to conjecture what had become of the money, and speculations as to the best way of grappling with the present difficulty. All these, however, were fruitless, and the dawn of another day found the unfortunate man exhausted by his night's vigil, and quite at a loss as to his future proceedings. He was already dressed and shaved when David and Clive made their appearance.

"Where are you going to, uncle?" they asked.

Uncle Moses looked sad.

"Well," said he, "I don't know as I can say that I'm goin any whar in partiklar. I ben tryin to think whar I could have lost the wallet, an I

thought I'd kin o' meander round, and p'aps I'd turn it up somewhar. Ef I ain't back in time for breakfast you boys needn't wait for me."

"Have you any idea yet about it?" asked Clive.

"Wal — not to say an idee," replied Uncle Moses, "but I've got a hope that somethin may turn up if I keep muvin about."

This was certainly a very frail ground for reliance in such a difficulty as their present one, but there was nothing else, and so Uncle Moses turned away in melancholy silence. David and Clive remained in the house a little longer. Uncle Moses went off on his hopeless errand. Frank and Bob were still sound asleep.

"Well," said Clive, "we are up in good time, and if you still feel inclined for the Prætorian Barracks, we may as well start."

"O, I feel as eager to go as ever."

"So do I; but don't you think we're a little too early?"

"O, no, I guess not; I dare say we'll find the place open, and we'll only have to look around by ourselves. It isn't as though it was some church or museum."

"Shall we get something to eat now, or wait till we get back?"

"O, we'll wait; we'll enjoy it better. It's too early yet by far."

"Very well; let's be off, then."

With these words the two set forth for the

Prætorian Barracks, and after about an hour's walk found themselves at their destination.

The Prætorian Barracks are in the line of the wall of the city which was made to enclose them. All that remains of them at this day is this enclosing portion of the city wall. This wall is undoubtedly as old as the time of the Emperor Severus, and perhaps may reach back to that of the twelve Cæsars. Other portions of the city wall have been demolished at different times, and rebuilt during different ages, but the fame of this enclosure is so peculiar that it is beyond a doubt the same wall unchanged that was first erected here under the emperors. The wall is built of those small bricks peculiar to many ancient edifices in Rome. It is between thirty and forty feet high, and in it there are arched chambers resembling the bomb-proof casemates of modern fortifications. These chambers once formed the barracks of the Prætorian Guards, and there were, undoubtedly, other edifices in the neighborhood giving larger accommodation.

This was the place which David and Clive had wished to visit and inspect. The sight of it in part disappointed them, while it in part gratified them. They were disappointed at finding no vestiges of barracks, except such chambers as had been built in the city wall itself, while they were gratified at finding so many of these chambers in that enclosure.

It was early morning on their arrival here, and consequently no visitors were there besides themselves. It was not, however, too early for those people who gain a living by acting as guides to places of interest, or exhibitors of buildings and monuments. On account of their volubility and eloquence they are called by the name of the greatest of Roman orators, and the Italian Cicerone is one of the most familiar of Italian institutions. One of these was already in the place as Clive and David reached it, and after a few approaches he accosted them. It was not their practice to avail themselves of the services of guides except on special occasions, but the present instance seemed to justify them in engaging the Cicerone before them. He spoke English very well, and poured forth his information with all the volubility and fulness which distinguishes his tribe.

He led them all about the place. He gave them the fullest possible information as to the extent of the wall, the number of chambers, and the size of each. He gave a brief outline of the history of the Prætorian Guards, and their connection with the rise and fall of several emperors, and mentioned many interesting relics which had been exhumed in this spot and transferred to the chief museums of Rome. Finally he informed them that he himself, in the course of a lifetime spent among these ruins, had found a large number of most interesting relics of the past, which he was willing to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

This intelligence gave the highest satisfaction to the two boys, who, as has been seen, were always very eager to procure relics of all kinds, from all directions, and had more than once run some considerable risks in the endeavor to gratify their taste. The appearance of a man like this, who had himself exhumed treasures of the past from the dust of Rome, seemed to each of them to be a most fortunate thing, and they at once expressed the utmost eagerness to see what he had.

Upon this the Cicerone took them to a cell in the line of chambers, the front of which was rudely boarded up. Here there was a door, which he proceeded to unlock. Then entering, he motioned to the boys to follow. On doing so they found themselves inside of a chamber, which was precisely like all the others in this place, except that its front was boarded up. Around the walls were some rude shelves, upon which stood vases and busts, some of bronze, and some of discolored marble. There were also boxes and barrels about the chamber, all of which seemed to be well filled. About all these objects there seemed to Clive and David to be the unmistakable air of antiquity — the bronzes were all discolored, the marbles were of a dingy brown, the earthen vases were covered with mould, and they thought that they could perceive on every object the stamp of twenty centuries.

The Cicerone now proceeded to display his stores.

"Dis," said he, pointing to a bust of discolored marble, "is de head of Constantine; and dis is Cicero, and dis is Virgil, and dis is Nero. Here," he continued, lifting up a vase of terra cotta with antique drawings upon it, "is an Etruscan vase, an dey all found in dis place. Dis," he continued, pointing to a bronze tripod, "is from de Temple of Jupiter Stator; and dis is said to be a censer, an was found near de Temple of Vesta. All dese are autentic. You see dat basso relievo; dat was took from de foot of de Column of Phocas in de Roman Forum, an dat little lump of marble dere is from de Arch of Titus. Here is an urn from de Mausoleum of Augustus, an may have had de dust of some near relative of de emperor. Dese in dis drawer are coins, mostly copper, of all de ages of Rome; and here in dis oder drawer are ornaments of all kinds, some for children, some for ladies, all found by myself and picked up out of de ground. An dere never was in all dis world such a beauful and sheep collezione of souvenirs as I haf to show you here, all pick up by my own hand out of de ground — busts, vases, coins, intaglios, basso relievos, censers, tripods, and everyting else dat you want for souvenirs."

The Cicerone grew more and more animated and eloquent as he went on, and this eloquence, accompanied as it was by the impressive sight of the relics around them, produced the strongest possible effect upon the boys. They only regretted

that it was not in their power to buy up the whole collection on the spot, a thing which they would most gladly have done if they only had been able.

"What is this?" asked David, lifting up a peculiar coin out of a drawer which the Cicerone had thrown open.

"Dat?" said the Cicerone; "dat is a coin of great rarity; only two or three more in de world like it; it is of de time of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. I pick him up myself in dis place in de ground near dis chamber."

David looked at the coin more closely, and was able to see the name of the emperor mentioned by the Cicerone, and his head, which was very plainly visible. The coin itself was of copper, and was green in color from the action of mould and rust.

"Here is another coin," said Clive. "I can't make out the name."

"Dat," said the Cicerone, taking the coin from Clive and looking at it, "dat is a coin of the Emperor Trajan; you can read his name quite plain."

"Trajan!" exclaimed Clive, in deep emotion. "Is it possible!"

"O, I do assure you," said the Cicerone, "dere is many more relics more wonderful as coins; now here, you see dis," and he picked up a fragment of something carefully wrapped in paper, "here is one of de greatest curiosities. Look. You see. Ha?"

He unrolled the paper as he spoke, very carefully, displaying its contents to the boys. Nothing appeared but a fragment of pottery, on which was the drawing of a head.

"Do you make dat out?" asked the Cicerone.

The boys looked carefully at it, and shook their heads.

The Cicerone drew a long breath.

"Not make him out? Ha? No. I s'pose not. Well, I tell you. Dis is a fragment from a vase found out on de site of de Sabine Farm of de poet Horace."

"Horace! what, the Sabine Farm!" cried David in a transport. "Do they know where it was situated?"

"All about it," said the Cicerone, with a grand air; "an dis was one of his wine vases."

"His wine jar!" cried Clive; "the four year old wine, the Falernian. Hurrah! Why, Dave, this is the greatest thing we've seen yet: we must have it. What is the price?"

The Cicerone informed them that he would let them have it at the low price of two piastres, which the boys at once gladly paid.

Although the loss of the wallet by Uncle Moses should have made them a little more careful about the remaining funds of the party, yet in this case neither David nor Clive exercised any economy whatever, but freely spent all the money in their purses on the attractive objects around them.

The Cicerone learned very quickly in what direction their tastes lay chiefly, and what things were most attractive to them, and sought to produce such things. His efforts were successful, and when at length the boys took their departure, they carried with them the following treasures: —

1 Fragment of Wine Jar from the Sabine Farm of Horace, about	\$2.00
1 Coin of Antoninus,50
1 Small Vase, supposed to have belonged to Cicero,	2.00
1 Handle of Dagger, supposed to have been owned by Brutus,	2.50
6 Coins of different Emperors, at 50 cts.,	3.00
1 Miniature Terra Cotta Bust of Scylla,	3.00
1 Do. of Regulus,	3.00
1 Medallion of Hannibal,	2.00
Coins of each of the Seven Kings of Rome,	5.00
1 Vase of Coriolanus,	2.00
Miscellaneous Articles,	5.00
<hr/>	
Making a total expenditure of about	\$30.00

With this in their possession they returned to their lodgings. On reaching the place they found Ludlow present, full of sympathy, and pouring forth torrents of good advice to Frank and Bob. The unhappy Uncle Moses was in his bedroom, still searching wildly about.

"The best thing your uncle can do, boys," Ludlow was saying, "is to hurry off at once to the bankers, and have payment of the draft stopped. He can't expect to get back his loose change, but he can save his bills of exchange if he only makes haste. The trouble is he won't move. Don't any of you know some way to influence him?"

"Well, he isn't generally difficult to manage," said Frank, "but just now he's so troubled that no one can do anything with him."

"Well, lads, where have you been?" said Ludlow to David and Clive as they entered.

"Off to the Prætorian Barracks."

"O, and what have you got there?"

"Relics; vases, coins, &c.," said David, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed Ludlow, in amazement, "not all that bundle! What do you mean? You didn't pick them up, did you?"

"Pick them up? O, no; we bought them. We've got a splendid lot. Just look;" and David carefully unrolled the bundle on the table, and proudly gave the name and description of each one.

Before he was half through he was interrupted by a loud cry from Ludlow, followed by a peal of laughter.

"O, you innocent youths! A wine jar of Horace! Scylla! Hannibal! Coriolanus! Wouldn't anything else do? Ha, ha, ha!"

This unexpected reception at once destroyed all

the exultant feelings of the two boys, and filled them with vague suspicions.

"Why, what's the matter?" they asked.

For some time Ludlow did not answer, so amazed was he at this credulity of David and Clive. He turned over each article in succession, and surveyed it with an eloquent face.

"So you paid for them?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"About thirty dollars."

"Thirty! Thirty dollars! What, not dollars! You mean cents, not dollars!"

David and Clive were silent.

"Do you know what these really are?" asked Ludlow.

"No."

"Well, they're manufactured articles, made to sell to tourists. They make coins and vases here of any age, and cover them with rust and mould, and make them of any tint you like. Unfortunately you've paid an exorbitant price for them. If you'd given a half dollar for the lot it mightn't have been so bad, though even that would have been a waste of money, for these wouldn't be worth carrying home."

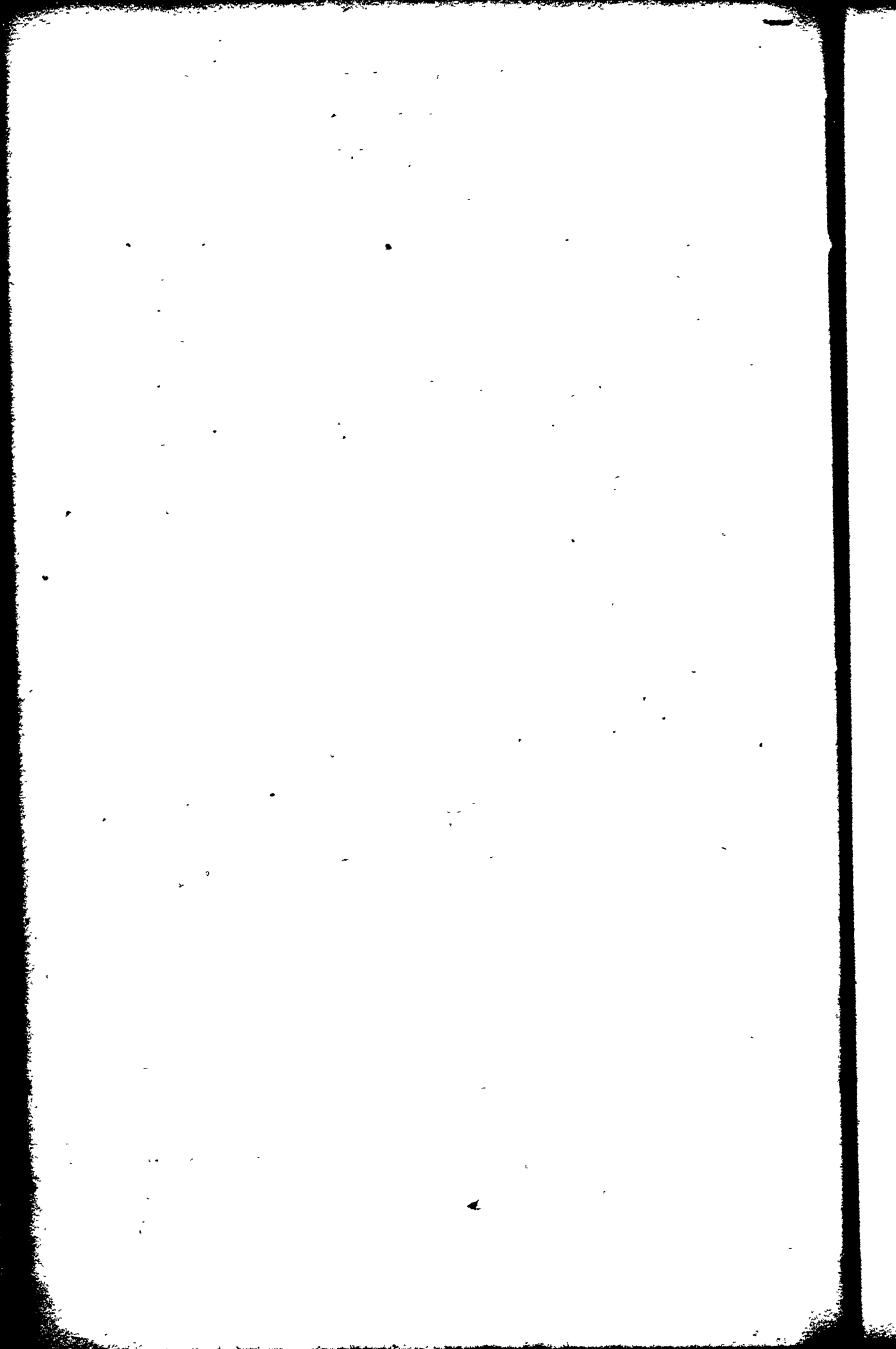
Before the crest-fallen boys could make any remark, a loud yell was heard from the adjoining room. All started. It was the voice of Uncle Moses. But they were not left long in suspense,

for the next instant the venerable man danced into the room, holding something in his hand which he waved in triumph around his head.

It was the lost wallet !

A shout of joy greeted him, followed by innumerable inquiries. It was soon explained. Uncle Moses, it seems, had changed his coat before going to the illumination, and had packed his other in the trunk, with the wallet in the tail pocket. A final search, in despair, over the trunk, had brought this to light.

The joy which all felt over their escape from a most painful and embarrassing situation counterbalanced the vexation of Clive and David, and made them bear with meekness the merciless teasing of Frank and Bob. The remainder of that day was taken up with further preparations for departure, and on the following morning they bade adieu to the Seven Hills.



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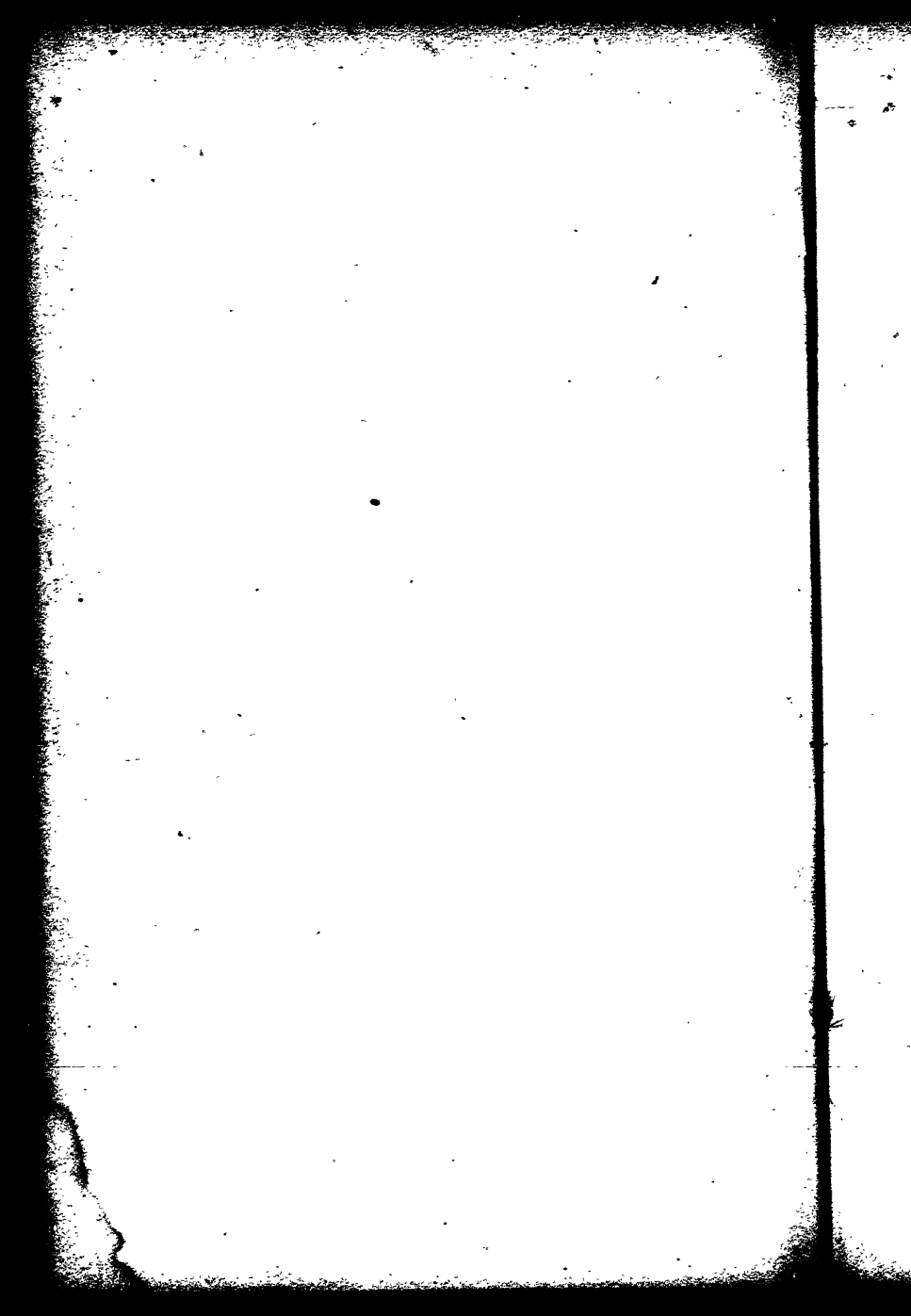
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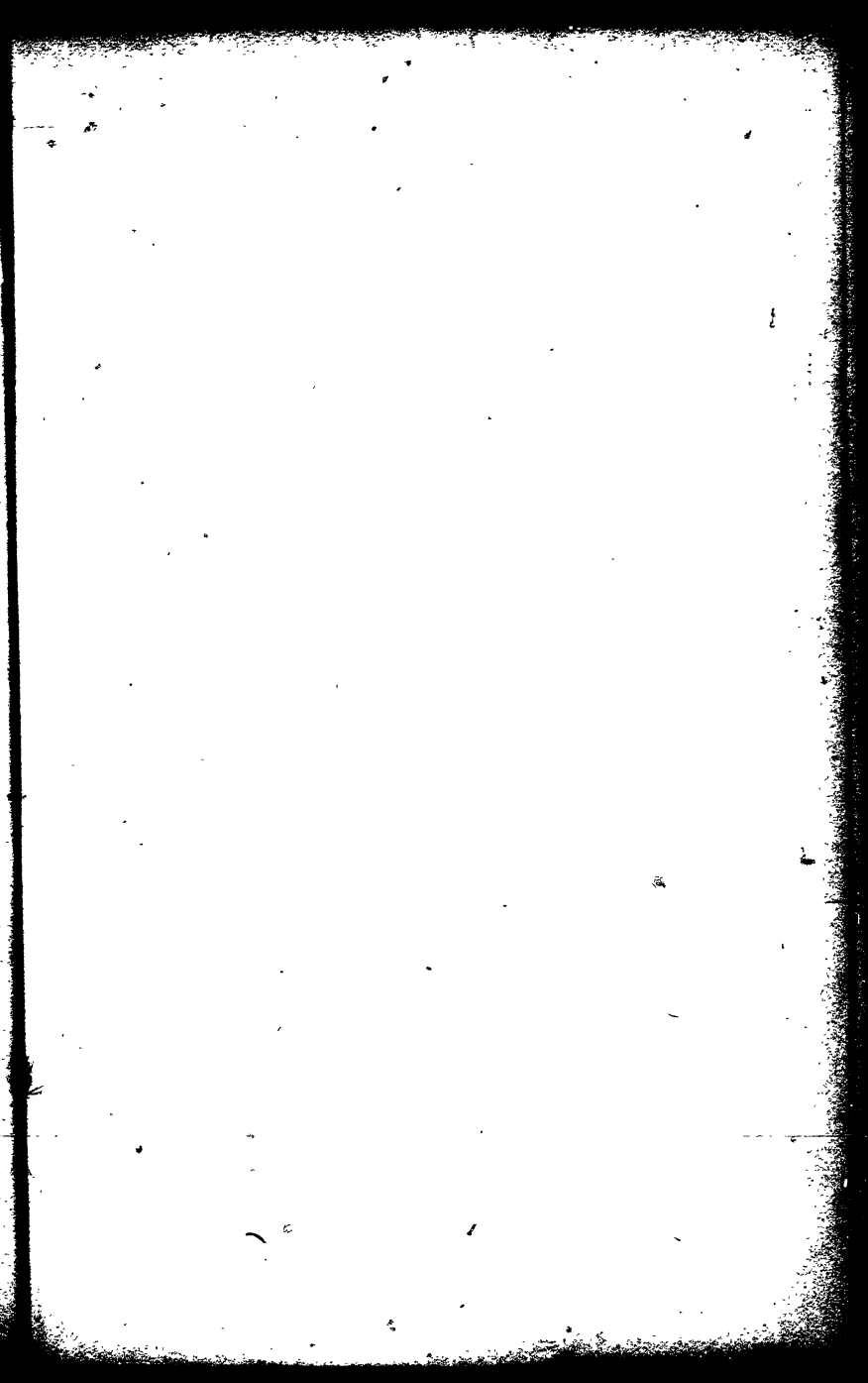
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