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in the Nineteenth Century, by Giuseppe Garibaldi**

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CENTURY ***

**RULE OF THE MONK
OR, ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**

By General Garibaldi

1870.

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INTRODUCTION.

The renowned writer of Caesar's "Commentaries" did not think it necessary to furnish a preface for those notable compositions, and nobody has ever yet attempted to supply the deficiency—if it be one. In truth, the custom is altogether of modern times. The ancient heroes who became authors and wrote a book, left their work to speak for itself—"to sink or swim," we had almost said, but that is not exactly the case. Cæsar carried his "Commentaries" between his teeth when he swam ashore from the sinking galley at Alexandria, but it never occurred to him to supply posterity with a prefatory flourish. He begins those famous chapters with a soldierly abruptness and brevity—"Omnia Gallia in très partes" etc. The world has been contented to begin there also for the last two thousand years; and the fact is a great argument against prefaces—especially since, as a rule, no one ever reads them till the book itself has been perused.

The great soldier who has here turned author, entering the literary arena as a novelist, has also given his English translators no preface. But our custom demands one, and the nature of the present work requires that a few words should be written explanatory of the original purpose and character of the Italian MS. from which the subjoined pages are transcribed. It would be unfair to Garibaldi if the extraordinary vivacity and grace of his native style should be thought to be here accurately represented. The renowned champion of freedom possesses an eloquence as peculiar and real as his military genius, with a gift of graphic description and creative fancy which are but very imperfectly presented in this version of his tale, partly from the particular circumstances under which the version was prepared, and partly from the impossibility of rendering into English those subtle touches and personal traits which really make a book, as lines and light shadows make a countenance. Moreover, the Italian MS. itself, written in the autograph of the General, was compiled as the solace of heavy hours at Varignano, where the King of Italy, who owed to Garibaldi's sword the splendid present of the Two Sicilies, was repaying that magnificent dotation with a shameful imprisonment. The time will come when these pages—in their original, at least—will be numbered among the proofs of the poet's statement that—

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage."*

If there be many passages in the narrative where the signs are strong that "the iron has entered into the soul," there are also a hundred where the spirit of the good and brave chieftain goes forth from his insulting incarceration to revel in scenes of natural beauty, to recall incidents of simple human love and kindness, to dwell upon heroic memories, and to aspire towards glorious developments of humanity made free, like the apostle's footsteps when the angel of the Lord struck off his fetters, and he passed forth through the self-opened portals of his prison.

It would be manifestly unfair, nevertheless, to contrast a work written under such conditions with those elaborate specimens of modern novel-writing with which our libraries abound. Probably, had General Garibaldi ever read these productions, he would have declined to accept them as a model. He appears to have taken up here the form of the "novella," which belongs by right of prescription to his language and his country, simply as a convenient way of imparting to his readers and to posterity the real condition and inner life of Rome during these last few eventful years, when the evil power of the Papacy has been declining to its fall. Whereas, therefore, most novels consist of fiction founded upon fact, this one may be defined rather as fact founded upon fiction, in the sense that the form alone and the cast of the story is fanciful—the rest being all pure truth lightly disguised. Garibaldi has here recited, with nothing more than a thin veil of incognito thrown over those names which it would have been painful or perilous to make known, that of which he himself has been cognizant as matters of fact in the wicked city of the priests, where the power which has usurped the gentle name of Christ blasphemes Him with greater audacity of word and act as the hour of judgment approaches. Herein the reader may see what goes forward in the demure palaces of the princes of the Church, from which the "Vicegerents of Heaven" are elected. Herein he may comprehend what kind of a system it is which French bayonets still defend—what the private life is of those who denounce humanity and anathematize science, and why Rome appears content with the government of Jesuits, and the liberty of hearing the Pope's mezzo-sopranos at the Sistine Chapel. He who has composed this narrative, at once so idyllic in its pastoral scenes—so tender and poetic in its domestic passages—so Metastasio-like in some of its episodes—and so terribly earnest in its denunciation of the wrongs and degradation of the Eternal City, is no unknown satirist. He is Garibaldi; he has been Triumvir of the Seven-hill-ed City, and Generalissimo of her army; her archives have been within his hands; he has held her keys, and fought behind her walls; and, in four campaigns at least, since those glorious but mournful days, he has waged battle for the ancient city in the open field. Here, then, is his description of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century"—not seen as tourists or dilettanti see her, clothed with the imaginary robes of her historic and classic empire, but seen naked to the stained and scourged skin—affronted, degraded, defamed, bleeding from the hundred wounds where the leech-like priests hang and suck, and, by their vile organization, converted from the Rome which was mistress of the world, to a Rome which is the emporium of solemn farces, miracle-plays, superstitious hypocrisies, the capital of an evil instead of a majestic kingdgom—the metropolis of monks instead of Cæsars.

To this discrowned Queen of Nations every page in the present volume testifies the profound and ardent loyalty of Garibaldi's soul. The patriotism which most men feel towards the country of their birth is but a cold virtue compared with the burning devotion which fills the spirit of our warrior-novelist. It is as though the individuality of one of her antique Catos or Fabii was resuscitated, to protest, with deed and word, against the false and cunning tribe which have suborned the imperial city to their purposes, and turned the monuments of Rome, as it were, into one Cloaca Maxima. The end of these things is probably approaching, although His Holiness is parodying the great Councils of past history, and pretending to give laws *urbi et orbi*, while the kingdoms reject his authority, and his palace is only defended by the aid of foreign bayonets. When Rome is freed from the Pope-king, and has been proclaimed the capital of Italy, this book will be one of the memorials of that extraordinary corruption and offense which the nineteenth century endured so long and

patiently.

The Author's desire to portray the state of society in Rome and around it, during the last years of the Papacy, has been paramount, and the narrative only serves as the form for this design. Accordingly, the reader must not expect an elaborately compiled plot, with artistic developments. He will, nevertheless, be sincerely interested in the fortunes and the fate of the beautiful and virtuous Roman ladies who figure in the tale—of the gallant and dashing brigand of the Campagna, Orazio—the handsome Muzio—the brave and faithful Attilio, and the Author's evident favorite, "English Julia," whose share in the story enables our renowned Author to exhibit his excessive affection for England and the English people. It only remains to commend these various heroes and heroines to the public, with the remark that the deficiencies of the work are due rather to the translation than to the original; for the vigor and charm of the great Liberator's Italian is such as to show that he might have rivalled Manzoni and Alfieri, if he had not preferred to emulate and equal the Gracchi and Rienzi.

THE RULE OF THE MONK.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I. CLELIA

A celebrated writer has called Rome "the City of the dead", but how can there be death in the heart of Italy? The ruins of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have, indeed, been entombed, but these remains are so impregnate with life that they may yet accomplish the regeneration of the world. Rome is still capable of arousing the populations, as the tempest raises the waves of the sea; for is she not the mistress of ancient empire, and is not her whole history that of giants? Those who can visit her wonderful monuments in their present desolation, and not feel their souls kindle with love of the beautiful, and ardor for generous designs, will only restore at death base hearts to their original clay. As with the city, so with its people. No degradations have been able to impair the beauty of her daughters—a loveliness often, alas! fatal to themselves—and in the youthful Clelia, the artist's daughter of the Trastevere, Raphael himself would have found the graces of his lofty and pure ideal, united with that force of character which distinguished her illustrious namesake of ancient times. Even at sixteen years of age her carriage possessed a dignity majestic as of a matron of old, albeit youthful; her hair was of a luxurious rich brown; her dark eyes, generally conveying repose and gentleness, could, nevertheless, repress the slightest affront with flashes like lightning. Her father was a sculptor, named Manlio, who had reached his fiftieth year, and possessed a robust constitution, owing to a laborious and sober life. This profession enabled him to support his family in comfort, if not luxury, and he was altogether as independent as it was possible for a citizen to be in a priest-ridden country. Manlio's wife, though naturally healthy, had become delicate from early privation and confinement to the house; she had, however, the disposition of an angel, and besides forming the happiness and pride of her husband, was beloved by the entire neighborhood.

Clelia was their only child, and was entitled by the people, "The Pearl of Trastevere." She inherited, in addition to her beauty, the angelic heart of her mother, with that firmness and strength of character which distinguished her father.

This happy family resided in the street that ascends from Lungara to Monte Gianicolo, not far from the fountain of Montono, and, unfortunately for them, they lived there in this, the nineteenth century, when the power of the Papacy is, for the time, supreme.

Now, the Pope professes to regard the Bible as the word of God, yet the Papal throne is surrounded by cardinals, to whom marriage is forbidden, notwithstanding the Scriptural declaration that "it is not good for man to dwell alone," and that "woman was formed to be a helpmeet for him."

Matrimony being thus interdicted, contrary to the law of God and man, the enormous wealth, the irresponsible power, and the state of languid luxury in which, as Princes of the Church, they are compelled to live, have ever combined, in the case of these cardinals, every temptation to corruption and libertinism of the very worst kinds (see Note 2). As the spirit of the master always pervades the household, plenty of willing tools are to be found in these large establishments ready to pander to their employers' vices.

The beauty of Clelia had unhappily attracted the eye of Cardinal Procopio, the most powerful of these prelates, and the favorite of his Holiness, whom he flattered to his face, and laughed at as an old dotard behind his back.

One day, feeling jaded by his enforced attendance at the Vatican, he summoned Gianni, one of his creatures, to his presence, and informed him of the passion he had conceived for Clelia, ordering him, at whatever cost, and by any means, to obtain possession of the girl, and conduct her to his palace.

It was in furtherance of the nefarious plot thereupon concocted that the agent of his Eminence on the

evening of the 8th of February, 1866, presented himself at the studio of Signor Manlio, but not without some trepidation, for, like most of his class, he was an arrant coward, and already in fancy trembled at the terrific blows which the strong arm of the sculptor would certainly bestow should the real object of the visit be suspected. He was, however, somewhat reassured by the calm expression of the Roman's face, and, plucking up courage, he entered the studio.

"Good-evening, Signor Manlio," he commenced, with a smooth and flattering voice.

"Good-evening," replied the artist, not looking up, but continuing an examination of his chisels, for he cared little to encourage the presence of an individual whom he recognized as belonging to the household of the Cardinal, the character of that establishment being well known to him.

"Good-evening, Signor," repeated Gianni, in a timid voice; and, observing that at last the other raised his head, he thus continued—"his Eminence, the Cardinal Procopio, desires me to tell you he wishes to have two small statues of saints to adorn the entrance to his oratory."

"And of what size does the Cardinal require them?" asked Manlio.

"I think it would be better for you, Signor, to call on his Eminence at the palace, to see the position in which he wishes them to be placed, and then consult with him respecting their design."

A compression of the sculptor's lips showed that this proposal was but little to his taste; but how can an artist exist in Rome, and maintain his family in comfort, without ecclesiastical protection and employment? One of the most subtle weapons used by the Roman Church has always been its patronage of the fine arts. It has ever employed the time and talent of the first Italian masters to model statues, and execute paintings from subjects calculated to impress upon the people the doctrines inculcated by its teaching (see Note 3), receiving demurely the homage of Christendom for its "protection of genius," and the encouragement it thereby afforded to artists from all nations to settle in Rome.

Manlio, therefore, who would have sacrificed his life a hundred times over for his two beloved ones, after a few moments' reflection, bluntly answered, "I will go." Gianni, with a profound salutation, retired. "The first step is taken," he murmured; "and now I must endeavor to find a safe place of observation for Cencio." This fellow was a subordinate of Gianni's, to whom the Cardinal had intrusted the second section of the enterprise; and for whom it was now necessary to hire a room in sight of the studio. This was not difficult to achieve in that quarter, for in Rome, where the priests occupy themselves with the spiritual concerns of the people, and but little with their temporal prosperity (though they never neglect their own), poverty abounds. Were it not for the enforced neglect of its commerce, the ancient activity of Rome might be restored, and might rival even its former palmy days.

After engaging a room suitable for the purpose, Gianni returned home, humming a song, and with a conscience any thing but oppressed, comprehending well that all ruffianism is absolved by the priests when committed for the benefit of mother Church.

CHAPTER II. ATILIO

In the same street, and opposite Manlio's house, was another studio, occupied by an artist, named Attilio, already of some celebrity, although he had only attained his twentieth year. In it he worked the greater part of the day; but, studious as he was, he found himself unable to refrain from glancing lovingly, from time to time, at the window on the first floor, where Clelia was generally occupied with her needle, seated by her mother's side. Without her knowledge—almost without his own—she had become for him the star of his sky, the loveliest among the beauties of Rome—his hope, his life, his all. Now, Attilio had watched with a penetrating eye the manner in which the emissary of the Cardinal had come and gone. He saw him looking doubtful and irresolute, and, with the quick instincts of love, a suspicion of the truth entered his mind; a terrible fear for the safety of his beloved took possession of him. When Gianni quitted Manlio's house, Attilio stole forth, following cautiously in his footsteps, but stopping now and then to elude observation by gazing at the curiosities in the shop-windows, or at the monuments which one encounters at every turn in the Eternal City. He clutched involuntarily, now and then, at the dagger carefully concealed in his breast, especially when he saw Gianni enter a house, and heard him bargain for the use of a room.

Not until Gianni reached the magnificent Palazzo Corsini, where his employer lived, and had disappeared therein from sight, did Attilio turn aside.

"Then it is Cardinal Procopio," muttered he to himself; "Procopio, the Pope's favorite—the vilest and most licentious of the evil band of Church Princes!"—and he continued his gloomy reflections without heeding whither his steps went.

CHAPTER III. THE CONSPIRACY

It is the privilege of the slave to conspire against his oppressors—for liberty is God's gift, and the birthright of all. Therefore, Italians of past and present days, under various forms of servitude, have constantly conspired, and, as the despotism of tioraed priests is the most hateful and degrading of all, so the conspiracies of the Romans date thickest from that rule. We are asked to believe that the government of the Pope is mild, that his subjects are contented, and have ever been so. Yet, if this be true, how is it that they who claim to be the representatives of Christ upon earth—of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this

world"—have, since the institution of the temporal power, supplicated French intervention sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times; while the Pope of our day holds his throne only by force of the intervention of a foreign power?

So the night of the 8th of February was a night of conspiracy. The meeting-hall was no other than the ancient Colosseum; and Attilio, instead of returning home, aroused himself to a recollection of this fact, and set out for the Campo Vaccino.

The night was obscure, and black clouds were gathering on all sides, impelled by a violent scirocco. The mendicants, wrapped in their rags, sought shelter from the wind in the stately old doorways; others in porches of churches. Indoors, the priests were sitting, refreshing themselves at sumptuous tables loaded with viands and exquisite wines. Beggars and priests—for the population is chiefly composed of these two classes. But these conspirators watch for, and muse upon, the day when priests and beggars shall be consigned alike to the past.

By-and-by, in the distance beyond, the ancient forum, that majestic giant of ruins, rose upon young Attilio's eye, dark and alone. It stands there, reminding a city of slaves of a hundred past generations of grandeur; it survives above the ruins of their capital; to tell them that, though she has been shaken down to the dust of shame and death, she is not dead—not lost to the nations which her civilization and her glories created and regenerated.

In that sublime ruin our conspirators gather. A stranger chooses, for the most part, a fine moonlight night on which to visit the Colosseum; but it is in darkness and storm that it should be rather seen, illuminated terribly by the torches of lightning, whilst the awful thunder of heaven reverberates through every ragged arch.

Such were accompaniments of the scene when the conspirators, on this 8th of February, entered stealthily and one by one the ancient arena of the gladiators.

Among its thousand divisions, where the sovereign people were wont to assemble in the days when they were corrupted by the splendors of the conquered world, were several more spacious than others, perhaps destined for the patricians and great officers, but which Time, with its exterminating touch, has reduced to one scarce distinguishable mass of ruin. Neither chairs nor couches now adorn them, but blocks of weatherbeaten stone mark the boundaries, benches, and chambers. In one of these behold our conspirators silently assembling, scanning each other narrowly by the aid of their dark lanterns, as they advance into the space by different routes, their only ceremony being a grasp of the hand upon arriving at the Loggione—a name given by them to the ruinous inclosure. Soon a voice is heard asking the question, "Are the sentries at their posts?" Another voice from the extreme end replies, "All's well." Immediately the flame of a torch, kindled near the first speaker, lighted up hundreds of intelligent faces, all young, and the greater number of those of men, decidedly under thirty years of age.

Here and there began now to gleam other torches, vainly struggling to conquer the darkness of the night. The priests are never in want of spies, and adroit spies they themselves too make. Under such circumstances it might appear to a foreigner highly imprudent for a band of conspirators to assemble in any part of Rome; but be it remembered deserts are to be found in this huge city, and the Campo Vaccino covers a space in which all the famous ruins of western Europe might be inclosed. Besides, the mercenaries of the Church love their skins above all things, and render service more for the sake of lucre than zeal. They are by no means willing at any time to risk their cowardly lives. Again, there are not wanting, according to these superstitious knaves, legions of apparitions among these remains. It is related that once on a night like that which we are describing, two spies more daring than their fellows, having perceived a light, proceeded to discover the cause; but, upon penetrating the arches, they were so terrified by the horrible phantoms which appeared, that they fled, one dropping his cap, the other his sword, which they dared not stay to pick up.

The phantoms were, however, no other than certain conspirators, who, on quitting their meeting, stumbled over the property of the fugitives, and were not a little amused when the account of the goblins in the Colosseum was related to them by a sentinel, who had overheard the frightened spies. Thus it happened that the haunted ruins became far more secure than the streets of Rome, where, in truth, an honest man seldom cares to venture out after nightfall.

CHAPTER IV. THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS

The first voice heard in the midnight council was that of our acquaintance, Attilio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had already been appointed leader by the unanimous election his colleagues, on account of his courage and high moral qualities, although unquestionably the charm and refinement of his manners, joined to his kind disposition, contributed not a little to his popularity among a people who never fail to recognize and appreciate such characteristics. As for his personal appearance, Attilio added the air and vigor of a lion to the masculine loveliness of the Greek Antinous.

He first threw a glance around the assembly, to assure himself that all present wore a black ribbon on the left arm, this being the badge of their fraternity. It served them also as a sign of mourning for those degenerate Romans who wish indeed for the liberation of their country, but wait for its accomplishment by any hands rather than their own; and this, although they know full well that her salvation can only be obtained by the blood, the devotion, and the contributions, of their fellow-citizens. Then Attilio spoke—

"Two months have elapsed, my brothers, since we were promised that the foreign soldiery, the sole prop of the Papal rule, should be withdrawn; yet they still continue to crowd our streets, and, under futile pretenses, have even re-occupied the positions which they had previously evacuated, in accordance with the Convention

of September, 1864. To us, then, thus betrayed, it remains to accomplish our liberty. We have borne far too patiently for the last eighteen years a doubly execrated rule—that of the stranger, and that of the priest. In these last years we have been ever ready to spring to arms, but we have been withheld by the advice of a hermaphrodite party in the State, styling themselves 'the Moderates,' in whom we can have no longer any confidence, because they have used their power to accumulate wealth for themselves, from the public treasury, which they are sucking dry, and they have invariably proved themselves ready to bargain with the stranger, and to trade in the national honor. Our friends outside are prepared, and blame us for being negligent and tardy. The army, excepting those members of it consecrated to base hopes, is with us. The arms which were expected have arrived, and are lodged in safety. We have also an abundance of ammunition. Further delay, under these circumstances, would be unpardonable. To arms! then, to arms! and to arms!"

"To arms!" was the cry re-echoed by the three hundred conspirators assembled in the chamber. Where their ancestors held councils how to subjugate other nations, these modern voices made the old walls ring again while they vowed their resolve to emancipate enslaved Rome or perish in the attempt.

Three hundred only! Yes, three hundred; but such was the muster-roll of the companions of Leonidas, and of the liberating family of Fabius. These, too, were equally willing to become liberators, or to accept martyrdom. For this they had high reason, because of what value is the life of a slave, when compared with the sublime conceptions, the imperious conscience, of a soul guided always by noble ideas?

God be with all such souls, and those also who despise the power of tyrannizing in turn over their fellow-beings. Of what value can be the life of a despot? His miserable remorse causes him to tremble at the movement of every leaf. No outward grandeur can atone for the mental sufferings he endures, and he finally becomes a sanguinary and brutal coward. May the God of love hereafter extend to them the mercy they have denied to their fellow-men, and pardon them for the rivers of innocent blood they have caused to flow!

But Attilio continued, "Happy indeed are we to whom Providence has reserved the redemption of Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, after so many centuries of oppression and priestly tyranny! I have never for a moment, my friends, ceased to confide in your patriotism, which you are proving by the admirable instructions bestowed upon the men committed to your charge in the different sections of the city. In the day of battle, which will soon arrive, you will respectively command your several companies, and to them we shall yet owe our freedom. The priests have changed the first of nations into one of the most abject and unhappy, and our beloved Italy has become the very lowest in the social scale. The lesson given by our Papal rulers has ever been one of servile humility, while they themselves expect emperors to stoop and kiss their feet. This is the method by which they exhibit to the world their own Christian humility; and though they have always preached to us self-denial and austerity of life, these hypocrites surround themselves with a profusion of luxury and voluptuousness. Gymnastic exercises, under proper instruction, are doubtless beneficial to the physical development of the body; but was it for this reason that the Romans are called upon to bow to, and kiss the hand of every priest they meet? to kneel also and go through a series of genuflections, so that it is really no thanks to them if the half of them are not hunch-necked or crook-backed from the absurd performances they have been made to execute for the behoof of these tonsured masters?"

"The time for the great struggle approaches, and it is a sacred one! Not only do we aim at freeing our beloved Italy, but at freeing the entire world also from the incubus of the Papacy, which everywhere opposes education, protects ignorance, and is the nurse of vice!" The address of Attilio had hitherto been pronounced in profound darkness, but was here suddenly interrupted by a flash of lightning, which illumined the vast *enciente* of the Colosseum, as if it had 'suddenly been lighted by a thousand lamps. This was succeeded by a darkness even more profound than the first, when a terrific peal of thunder rolled over their heads and shook to its foundations the ancient structure, silencing for a brief space Attilio's voice. The conspirators were not men to tremble, each being prepared to confront death in whatever form it might appear; but, as a scream was heard issuing at this moment from the vestibule, they involuntarily clutched their daggers. Immediately after, a young girl, with dishevelled hair and clothes dripping with water, rushed into their midst. "Camilla!" exclaimed Silvio, a wild boar-hunter of the Campagna, who alone of those present recognized her. "Poor Camilla!" he cried; "to what a fate have the miscreants who rule over us reduced you!" At this instant one of the sentries on guard entered, reporting that they had been discovered by a young woman during the moment of illumination, and that she had fled with such speed no one had been able to capture her. They had not liked to fire upon a female, and all other means of staying her were useless. But, at the words of Silvio, the strange apparition had fixed her eyes upon him as the torches closed about them, and, after one long glance, had uttered a moan so piteous, and sunk down with such a sigh of woe, that all present were moved. We will relate, however, in the following chapter, the history of the unfortunate girl whose cries thus effectually checked our hero's eloquence.

CHAPTER V. THE INFANTICIDE

Born a peasant, the unhappy Camilla had, like Italy, the fatal gift of beauty. Silvio, who was, by vocation, as we have already said, a wild-boar hunter, used often, in his expeditions to the Pontine Marshes, to rest at the house of the good Marcello, the father of Camilla, whose cottage was situated a short distance from Rome. The young pair became enamored of each other. Silvio demanded her in marriage, and her father, giving a willing consent, they were betrothed.

Perfectly happy and fair to look upon were this youthful pair, as they sat, hand in hand, under the shadows of the vine, watching the gorgeous sunsets of their native clime. This happiness, however, was not of long duration, for, during one of his hunting expeditions, Silvio caught the fever so common in the Pontine Marshes, and, as he continued to suffer for some months, the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

Meanwhile Camilla, who was too lovely and too innocent to dwell in safety near this most vicious of cities,

had been marked as a victim by the emissaries of his Eminence, the Cardinal Procopio. It was her custom to carry fruit for sale to the Piazza Navona. On one occasion she was addressed by an old fruit-woman, previously instructed by Gianni, who plied her with every conceivable allurements and flattery, praised her fruit, and promised her the highest price for it at the palace of the cardinal, if she would take it thither. The rest of the story may be too easily imagined. In Rome this is an oft-told tale. To hide from her father and her lover the consequences of her fall, and to suit the convenience of the prelate, Camilla was persuaded to take up her residence in the palace Corsini, where, soon after its birth, her miserable infant was slaughtered by one of its father's murderous ruffians. This so preyed upon the unhappy mother, that she lost her reason, and was secretly immured in a mad-house. On the very night when she effected her escape this meeting was being held, and, after wandering from place to place, for many hours, without any fixed direction, she entered the Colosseum at the moment it was illumined by the lightning, as we have related. That flash disclosed the sentries at the archway, and she rushed towards them, obeying some instinct of safety, or at least perceiving that they were not clothed in the garb of a priest; but they, taking her for a spy, ran forward to make her prisoner. Thereupon, seemingly possessed of supernatural strength, she glided from their hands, and finally eluded their pursuit by running rapidly into the centre of the building, where she fell exhausted in the midst of the three hundred, at the foot of her outraged and ashamed lover.

"It is, indeed, time," said Attilio, when Silvio had related the maniac's story, to purge our city from this priestly ignominy; and drawing forth his dagger, brandished it above his head, as he exclaimed, "Accursed is the Roman who does not feel the degradation of his country, and who is not willing to bathe his sword in the blood of these monsters, who humiliate it, and turn its very soil into a sink."

"*Accursed! accursed be they!*" echoed back from the old walls, while the sound of dagger-blades tinkling together made an ominous music dedicated to the corrupt and licentious rulers of Rome.

Then Attilio turned to Silvio, and said, "This child is more sinned against than sinning; she requires and deserves protection. You, who are so generous, will not refuse it to her."

And Silvio was, indeed, generous, for he still loved his wretched Camilla, who at sight of him had become docile as a lamb. He raised her, and, enveloping her in his mantle, led her out of the Colosseum towards her father's dwelling.

"Comrades," shouted Attilio, "meet me on the 15th at the Baths of Caracalla. Be ready to use your arms if need be."

"We will be ready! we will be ready!" responded heartily the three hundred, and in a few moments the ruins were left to their former obscure and fearful solitude.

What a wild, improbable story, methinks we hear some of our readers remark, as they sit beside their safe coal fires in free England or the United States. But Popery has not been dominant in England since James II.'s time, and they I have forgotten it. Let them hear that in the year 1848, when a Republican government was established in France, which was the signal of a general revolutionary movement throughout Europe, the present Pope was forced to escape in the disguise of a menial, and a national government granted, for the first time in Rome, religious toleration, one of the first orders of the Roman republic was that the nuns should be liberated, and the convents searched. Guiseppe Garibaldi, in 1849, then recently arrived in Rome, visited himself every convent, and was present during the whole of the investigations. In all, without an exception, he found instruments of torture; and in all, without an exception, were vaults, plainly dedicated to the reception of the bones of infants. Statistics prove that in no city is there so great a number of children born out of wedlock as in Rome; and it is in Rome also that the greatest number of infanticides take place.

This must ever be the case with a wealthy unmarried priesthood and a poor and *ignorant* population.

CHAPTER VI. THE ARREST

We took leave of Manlio at the moment when Gianni had delivered his master's message. The sculptor acceded to the Cardinal's request, and, after an interview with him, proceeded to execute the order for the statuettes. For some days nothing occurred to excite suspicion, and things seemed to be going on smoothly enough. From the room which Gianni had hired Cencio watched the artist incessantly, all the while carefully maturing his plot. At last, one evening, when our sculptor was hard at work, Cencio broke into the studio, exclaiming excitedly, "For the love of God, permit me to remain here a little while! I am pursued by the police, who wish to arrest me. I assure you I am guilty of no crime, except that of being a liberal, and of having declared, in a moment of anger, that the overthrow of the Republic by the French was an assassination." So saying, Cencio made as though to conceal himself behind some statuary.

"These are hard times," soliloquized Manlio, "and little confidence can be placed in any body; yet, how can I drive out one compromised by his political opinions only—thereby, perhaps, adding to the number of those unfortunates now lingering in the priests' prisons? He looks a decent fellow, and would have a better chance of effecting his escape if he remained here till nightfall. Yes! he shall stay." Manlio, therefore, rose, and, beckoning to the supposed fugitive, bade him follow to the end of the studio, where he secreted him carefully behind some massive blocks of marble, little dreaming that he harbored a traitor.

Manlio had scarcely resumed his occupation before a patrol stopped before the door and demanded permission to make a domiciliary visit, as a suspected person had been seen to enter the house.

Poor Manlio endeavored to put aside the suspicions of the officer, so far as he could do so without compromising his veracity, and, little divining the trap into which he had fallen, attempted to lead him in a direction opposite to that in which the crafty Cencio had taken refuge. The patrol, being in league with Cencio, felt, of course, quite certain of his presence on the premises, but some few minutes elapsed before he succeeded in discovering the carefully-chosen hiding-place; and the interval would have been longer had not

Cencio stealthily put out his hand and pulled him, the sbirro, gently by the coat as he passed. The functionary paused suddenly, exclaiming with an affected tone of triumph, "Ah! I have you!" then, turning upon Manlio, he seized the artist by the collar, saying, in the sternest of tones, "you must accompany me forthwith to the tribunal, and account for your crime in giving shelter to this miscreant, who is in open rebellion against the government of his Holiness."

Manlio, utterly beside himself, in the first burst of indignation, cast his eye around among the chisels, hammers, and other tools for something suitable with which to crack the skull of his insulter; but at this moment his wife, followed by the lovely Clelia, rushed into the apartment to ascertain the cause of so unwonted a disturbance. They trembled at the sight of their beloved one in the grasp of the hated police-officer, who cunningly relaxed his hold, and said, in a very different voice, as soon as he perceived them, "Be of courage, signor, and console these good ladies; your presence will be needed for a short time only. A few questions will be asked, to which undoubtedly you can give satisfactory replies."

In vain did the terrified women expostulate. Finding their tears and remonstrances of no avail, they reluctantly let go their hold of the unhappy Manlio, whom they had clasped in their terror. He, disdainingly any appeal to the courtesy of such a scoundrel as he knew the patrol to be, waved them an adieu, and departed with a dignified air.

CHAPTER VII. THE LEGACY

The Roman Republic, established by the unanimous and legitimate votes of the people, elected General Garibaldi, on the 30th June, legal guardian of the rights of the people, and conferred upon him the executive power of the State, which the Triumvirate resigned into his hands. This national government was overthrown by foreign bayonets, after a most heroic struggle for freedom. The first act of General Oudinot was to send a French colonel to lay the keys of the city at the feet of the Pope.

Thus was the power of the priests restored, and they returned to all their former tyranny and luxury.

These worthy teachers, when preaching to the Roman women about the glory of Heaven, impress upon them that they, and they only, have power to give free entrance into eternal bliss. To liberate these misguided beings from superstition, and rescue them from the deceit of their so-called "reverend fathers," is the question of life or death to Italy; this, in fact, is the only way in which to work out the deliverance of our country. Many will tell you there are good priests. But a priest, to become really good, must discard that wicked livery which he wears. Is it not the uniform of the promoters of brigandage over the half of Italy? Has it not marched as a pioneer-garb before every stranger that ever visited our country?

The priests, by their continual impostures and crafty abuse of the ignorance and consequent superstition of the people, have acquired great riches. Those who endeavor to retard our progress make a distinction between the temporal power, which should be combated, and the spiritual power, which should be respected; as if Antonelli, Schiatone, and Crocco, were spiritual ushers, by whom the souls of men should hope to be conducted into the presence of the Eternal. There are two chief sources of their wealth. Firstly, they exact a revenue for repentance, as the vicegerents of God upon earth, as such, claiming power to pardon all sin. A rich but credulous man may thus commit any crime he chooses with impunity, knowing that he has the means of securing absolution, and believing implicitly that, by rendering up a portion of his treasure or profit to the clergy, he will have no difficulty in escaping the wrath to come.

The next source of wealth is the tax upon the agonies of death.. At the bedside of the sick, by threats of purgatory and eternal perdition, they frighten their unhappy victims into bequeathing to Mother Church enormous legacies, if, indeed, they do not succeed in getting absolute possession of the whole of their estates, to the detriment of the legal heirs, who are not unfrequently in this manner reduced to beggary. Look, for instance, at the island of Sicily: one-half of that country now belongs to the priesthood, or various orders of monks.

But, to our tale. One evening, about nine o'clock, in the month of December, a thing in black might have been seen traversing the Piazza of the Rotunda—that magnificent monument of antiquity—every column a perfect work, worth its weight in silver—which the priests have perverted from sublime memories to their cunning uses. It was a figure which would have made a man shudder involuntarily, though he were one of the thousand of Calatifiimi; enveloped in a black sottana—the covering of a heart still blacker, the heart of a demon, and one that contemplated the committal of a crime which only a priest would conceive or execute. A priest it was, and he made his stealthy path to the gateway of the house of Pompeo, where he paused a moment before knocking to gain admittance, casting glances around, to assure himself no one was in sight, as if he feared his guilty secret would betray itself, or as if pausing to add even to ecclesiastical wickedness a sin so cruel as he was meditating. He knocked at last. The door opened, and the porter, recognizing the "Reverend Father Ignazio," saluted him respectfully, and lighted him, as he entered, a few steps up the staircase of one of the richest residences of the city.

"Where is Sister Flavia?" demanded the priest of the first servant who came forward to meet him.

"At the bedside of my dying mistress," replied Siccio, in a constrained voice, for, being a true Roman, he had little sympathy for "the birds of ill-omen," as he profanely styled the reverend fathers.

Father Ignazio, knowing the house well, hurried on to the sick-room, at the door of which he gently tapped, requesting admittance in a peculiar tone. An elderly, sour-looking nun opened the door quickly, and with a significant expression on her evil countenance as her eyes sought those of the priest.

"Is all over?" whispered he, as he advanced towards the bed on which the expiring patient lay.

"Not yet," was the equally low reply.

Ignazio thereupon, without another word, took a small vial from under his sottana, and emptied the

contents into a glass. With the assistance of the nun he raised his victim, and poured the deadly fluid down her throat, letting the head fall heavily back upon the pillows, whilst a complacent smile spread itself over his diabolical features as, after one gasp, the jaw fell. He then retired to a small table at the end of the apartment, where he seated himself, followed by Sister Flavia, who stealthily drew a paper from her dress and handed it to him.

Father Ignazio seized the paper with a trembling hand, and after perusing it with an anxious air, as if to convince himself that it was indeed the accomplishment of his desires, he thrust it into his breast, muttering, with an emphatic nod, "You shall be rewarded, my good Flavia."

That paper was the last will and testament of the Signora Virginia Pompeo, the mother of the brave Emilio Pompeo, who perished fighting on the walls of Rome, whence he fell, mortally wounded by a French bullet. His inconsolable widow did not long survive him, and committed, with her last breath, her infant son to the care of his doting grandmother, La Signora Virginia Pompeo, who tenderly cherished the orphan Muzio, the only remaining scion of the noble house of Pompeo. But, unhappily for him, Father Ignazio was her confessor. When the signora's health began to fail, and her mind to be weakened, the wily Father spared no means to convince her that she ought to make her will, and, as a sacred duty, to leave a large sum to be spent in masses for the release of souls from purgatory. The signora lingering for some time, the covetous priest felt his desires grow, and resolved to destroy this first will, and obtain another, purporting to leave the whole of her immense estates to the corporation of St. Francesco di Paola, and appoint himself as her sole executor. This document he prepared and intrusted to Sister Flavia, whom he had already recommended to the Signora Virginia as a suitable attendant. One morning she dispatched a hurried message to the confessor, reporting that the favorable time for signing the fraudulent document had arrived. He came, attended by witnesses, whom he had had no difficulty in procuring, and, after persuading the sinking and agonized lady that she ought to add a codicil to her will (which he pretended then and there to draw up) leaving a still larger sum to the Church, he guided her feeble hand as she unconsciously signed away the whole of her property, leaving her helpless grandson to beggary. As if to jeopardise his scheme, the signora rallied towards the afternoon, whereupon, fearing she might ask to see the will, and so discover his treachery, Father Ignazio resolved to make such an undesirable occurrence impossible, by administering an effective potion, which he set off to procure, wisely deferring his return till nightfall.

The result has been already disclosed; and while the false priest wrought this murder, the unconscious orphan, Muzio, slept peacefully in his little bed, still adorned with hangings wrought by a loving mother's hands, to awake on the morrow ignorant of his injury, but robbed of his guardian and goods together—stripped of all, and forthwith dependent on chance—a friendless and beggared boy.

CHAPTER VIII. THE MENDICANT

Eighteen years had rolled by since the horrible murder of La Signora Virginia related in the last chapter. On the same piazza which Father Ignazio had traversed that dark night stood a mendicant, leaning moodily, yet not without a certain grace, against a column. It was February, and the beggar lad was apparently watching the setting sun. The lower part of his face was carefully concealed in his cloak, but from the little that could be discerned of it, it seemed decidedly handsome; one of those noble countenances, in fact, that once seen, impresses its features indelibly on the beholder's memory. A well-formed Roman nose was well set between two eyes of dazzling blue; eyes that could look tender or stern, according to the possessor's mood. The shoulders, even under the cloak, showed grandly, and could belong only to a strength which it would be dangerous to insult, or rashly attack. Poor as its garb was, such a figure would be eagerly desired by a sculptor who sought to portray a young Latin athlete.

A slight touch upon the shoulder caused the young mendicant to turn sharply; but his brow cleared as he welcomed, with a beaming smile, Attilio's familiar face, and heard him saying, in a lively tone, "Ah! art thou here, brother?" And although no tie of blood was between them, Attilio and Muzio might, indeed, have been mistaken for brothers, their nobility of feature and brave young Roman bearing being so much alike.

"Art thou armed?" inquired Attilio.

"Armed!" repeated Muzio, somewhat disdainfully. "Assuredly; is not my poniard my inheritance, my only patrimony? I love it as well as thou lov'st thy Clelia, or I mine own. But love, forsooth," continued he, more bitterly; "what right to love has a beggar—an outcast from society? Who would believe that rags could cover a heart bursting with the pangs of a true passion?"

"Still," replied Attilio, confidently, "I think that pretty stranger does, in truth, love thee."

Muzio remained silent, and his former gloomy expression returned; but Attilio, seeing a storm arising in his friend's soul, and wishing to avert it, took him by the hand, saying gently, "Come."

The young outcast followed without proffering a word. Night was rapidly closing in, the foot passengers were gradually decreasing in number, and few footfalls, except those of the foreign patrols, broke the silence that was stealing over the city.

The priests are always early to leave the streets—they love to enjoy the goods of this world at home after preaching about the glories of the next, and care little to trust their skins in Rome after dark. May the day soon come when these mercenary cut-throats are dispensed with!

"We shall be quit of them, and that before long," answered Attilio hopefully, as they descended the Quirinal, now called Monte Cavallo, the site of the famous horses in stone, *chefs-d'oeuvre* of Grecian art.

Pausing between two of these gigantic effigies, the young artist took from his pocket a flint and steel and struck a light, the signal agreed upon between him and the three hundred, some of whom had agreed to help him in a bold attempt to release Manlio from his unlawful imprisonment.

The signal was answered immediately from the extreme end of the Piazza; the two young men advanced towards it, and were met by a soldier belonging to a detachment on guard at the palace, who conducted them through a half-concealed doorway near the principal entrance, up a narrow flight of stairs into a small room generally used by the commander of the guard; here he left them, and another soldier stepped forward to receive the pair, who, after placing chairs for them at a table, on which burned an oil-lamp, flanked by two or three bottles and some glasses, seated himself.

"Let us drink a glass of Orvieto, my friends," said the soldier; "it will do us more good on a bitter night like this than the Holy Father's blessing," handing them each, as he spoke, a goblet filled to the brim.

"Success to your enterprise!" cried Muzio.

"Amen," responded Attilio, as he took a deep draught. "So Manlio has been brought here," said he, addressing Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons, for such was the name of their military friend.

"Yes; he was locked up last night in one of our secret cells, as if he had been the most dangerous of criminals, poor innocent! I hear he is to be removed shortly," added Dentato, "to the Castle of St. Angelo."

"Do you know by whose order he was arrested?" inquired Attilio.

"By the order of his Eminence the Cardinal Procopio, it is said, who is anxious, doubtless, to remove all impediments likely to frustrate his designs upon the Pearl of Trastevere."

As Dentato uttered these words, a sudden tremor shook the frame of Attilio. "And at what hour shall we make the attempt to liberate him?" he hissed, as his hand clenched his dagger.

"Liberate him! Why, we are too few," the soldier replied.

"Not so," continued Attilio. "Silvio has given his word that he will be here shortly with ten of our own, and then we shall have no difficulty in dealing with these sbirri and monks." After a pause, Dentato responded, "Well, as you are, then, determined to attempt his release to-night, we had better wait a few hours, when jailers and director will be asleep, or under the influence of their liquor. My lieutenant is, fortunately, detained by a delicate affair at a distance, so we will try it if your friend turns up." Before he could well finish his speech, however, Dentato was interrupted by the entrance of the guard left at the gate, announcing the arrival of Silvio.

CHAPTER IX. THE LIBERATOR

Before continuing my story I must remark upon one of the most striking facts in Rome—viz., the conduct and bravery of the Roman soldiery.

Even the Papal troops have a robust and martial air, and retain an individual worth of character to an astonishing degree. In the defense of Rome, all the Roman artillerymen (observe, all) were killed at their guns, and a reserve of the wounded, a thing unheard of before, bleeding though they were, continued to fight manfully until cut down by the sabres of their foes. On the 3d of June the streets were choked with mutilated men, and amongst the many combats after the city was taken, between the Roman soldiery and the foreigners, there did not occur one example where the Romans had the worst of it in any thing like fair fight.

Of one point, therefore, the priesthood is certain—that in every case of general insurrection the Roman army will go with the people. This is the reason they are compelled to hire foreign mercenaries, and why the revenues of the "Viceroy of Heaven" are spent upon Zouaves, Remington rifles, cartridges, and kilos of gunpowder.

Silvio was received by the triad with exclamations of joy. After saluting them, he turned to Attilio, saying, "Our men are at hand. I have left them hidden in the shadows cast by the marble horses. They but await our signal."

Then Attilio sprang up, saying, "Muzio and I will go at once to the jailer, and secure the keys. You, Dentato, guide Silvia and his men to the door of the cell, and overpower the guard stationed before it."

"So be it," replied Dentato; "Scipio (the dragoon who had introduced Silvio) shall lead you to the jailer's room; but beware Signor Pancaldo, he is a devil of a fellow to handle."

"Leave me to manage him," replied Attilio, and he hastily left the apartment, preceded by Scipio and Muzio. Such an attempt as they were about to make would be a more difficult, if not an incredible thing, in any other country, where more respect is attached to Government and its officers. In Rome little obedience is due to a Government which, alas, is opposed to all that is pure and true.

Dentato, after summoning Silvio's men, led them to the guards stationed at the entrance to the cells. Silvio waited until the sentinel turned his back upon them, then, springing forward with the agility that made him so successful when pursuing the wild boar, he hurled the sentinel to the ground, covering his mouth with his hand to stifle any cry of alarm. The slight scuffle aroused the sleepy questor-guard, but before they could even rub their eyes, Silvio's men had gagged and bound them. As they accomplished this, Attilio appeared with Muzio, conveying the reluctant jailer and his bunch of keys between them.

"Open!" commanded Attilio.

The jailer obeyed with forced alacrity, whereupon they entered a large vaulted room, out of which opened, on every side, doors leading to separate cells. At sight of them, a soldier, the only inmate visible, approached with a perplexed air.

"Where is Signor Manlio?" demanded Attilio; and Pancaldo felt the grip of the young artist clutch his wrist like iron, and noticed his right hand playing terribly with the dagger-hilt.

"Manlio is here," said he.

"Then release him," cried Attilio.

The terrified jailer attempted to turn the key, but some minutes passed before his trembling hands allowed him to effect this. Attilio, pushing him aside as the bolts shot back, dashed open the door, and called to Manlio to come forth.

Picture the sculptor's astonishment and joy when he beheld Attilio, and realized that he had come to release him from his cruel and unjust incarceration. Attilio, knowing they ought to lose no time in leaving the palace, after returning his friend's embrace, bade Muzio lock up the guard in the cell. As soon as this was accomplished, they led the jailer between them through the passages, passing on their way the soldiers whom they had previously bound, who glared upon them with impotent rage, till they gained the outer door in silence and safety. Dividing into groups, they set off at a quick pace, in different directions. Attilio, Muzio, and Manlio, however, retained possession a little while of the jailer, whom they made to promenade, gagged and blindfolded, until they thought their companions were at a safe distance. They then left him, and proceeded in the direction of the Porta Salaria, which leads into the open country.

CHAPTER X. THE ORPHAN

At the hour when Silvio, with despair in his soul, led the unhappy Camilla out of the Colosseum towards her father's house, not a word passed between them. He regarded her with tender pity, having loved her ardently, and feeling that she was comparatively innocent, being, as she was, the victim of deception and violence.

Onward they went in silence and sadness. Silvio had abstained from visiting her home since it was so suddenly deserted by Camilla, and as they neared it a presentiment of new sorrowing took possession of him. Turning out of the high road into a lane, their meditations were broken in upon by the barking of a dog. "Fido! Fido!" cried Camilla, with more joyousness than she had experienced for many many months; but, as if remembering suddenly her abasement, she checked her quickened step, and, casting down her eyes, stood motionless, overwhelmed with shame. Silvio had loved her too dearly even to hate her for her guilt. Or if he had ever felt bitterly against her, her sudden appearance that night, wild with remorse and misery, had brought back something of the old feeling, and he would have defended her against a whole army. He had therefore sustained her very tenderly through the walk from the Colosseum, and had been full of generous thoughts, although silent; while she, timidly leaning on his strong arm, had now and then learned by a timid glance, that he was pitying and not abominating her by that silence.

But when she stopped and trembled at the sound of the house-dog's bark, Silvio, fearing a return of a paroxysm of madness, touched her arm, saying, for the first time, "Come, Camilla, it is your little Fido welcoming you; he has recognized your footstep."

Scarcely had he uttered these words before the dog itself appeared. After pausing a moment in his rush, as if uncertain, he sprang towards Camilla, barking, and jumping, and making frantic efforts to lick her face and hands. Such a reception would have touched a heart of stone.

Camilla burst into tears as she stooped to caress the affectionate animal; but nature was exhausted, and she fell senseless on the damp ground. Silvio, after covering her with his mantle, to protect her from the cold morning air—for the dawn had already begun to break—went to seek her father.

The barking of the dog had aroused the household, so that the young hunter perceived, as he approached, a boy standing on the threshold, looking cautiously around, as if distrusting so early a visitor.

"Marcellino," he shouted; whereat the boy, recognizing the friendly familiar voice, ran to him, and threw his arms around his neck.

"Where is your godfather, my boy?" Silvio asked; but receiving no response save tears, he said again, "Where is Marcello?"

"He is dead," replied the sobbing child. "Dead!" exclaimed Silvio, sinking upon a stone, overcome with surprise and emotion. Very soon the tears rolled down his masculine cheeks, and mingled with those of the child, who lay upon his bosom.

"O God!" he cried aloud; "canst thou permit the desires of a monster to cause such suffering to so many and to such precious human creatures? Did I not feel the hope that the day of my beloved country's release from priestly tyranny is at hand I would plunge my dagger into my breast, and not endure to see this daylight break!" Recovering himself with a violent effort, he returned, accompanied by Marcellino, to Camilla, whom he found in an uneasy sleep. "Poor girl, poor ruined orphan," murmured Silvio, as he gazed upon her pale and wasted beauty; "why should I arouse you? You will but awake too soon to a life of tears, misery, and vain repentance!"

CHAPTER XI. THE FLIGHT

We left Attilio, Silvio, and Manlio on their way to the suburbs. Attilio had determined that the house lately tenanted by poor Marcello, and still inhabited by Camilla, would be a safe hiding-place for the liberated sculptor, who could scarcely be prevailed upon not to return at once to his own home, so great was his desire to behold his cherished wife and daughter.

As they trudged on, each busy with his own thoughts, Attilio turned over in his mind the visit of Gianni to the studio, for the information Sergeant Dentato had given him relative to the arrest confirmed his suspicion

that the Cardinal was plotting villainy against his Clelia. After some reflection, he concluded to impart his suspicion to Manlio, who, when he had recovered from his first surprise and horror, declared his belief that Attilio's surmises were correct, and that it was necessary at once to hasten home in order to preserve his darling from infamy.

Attilio, however, aided by Muzio, at last prevailed upon him to conceal himself, promising to go and inform the ladies of the designs against them as soon as he had placed the father in safety.

Attilio, in truth, though so young, had the talent of influencing and guiding those with whom he came in contact, and the soundness of his judgment was frequently acknowledged, even by men advanced in years. Reluctantly, Manlio felt that he could not do better than to intrust the care of his dear ones to this generous youth.

The day was beginning to dawn as they neared the cottage at the end of the lane, and, just as on the occasion of Camilla's return on the night of the meeting, Fido barked furiously at their approach. At Silvio's voice, the dog was quieted instantly, and again Marcellino met him at the door. Silvio, after saluting the lad, asked where Camilla was. "I will show you," was the answer, and leading the way, he took them to an eminence near the cottage, from which they beheld, at a little distance, a cemetery. "She is there," said Marcellino, pointing with his finger; "she passes all her time, from morn till eve, at her father's grave, praying and weeping. You will find her there, at all hours, now." Silvio, without a word to his companions, who followed slowly, strode on towards the spot indicated, which was close by, and soon came in view of Camilla, clad in deep mourning, kneeling beside a mound of newly-turned earth.

She was so absorbed, that the approach of the three friends was unperceived. Silvio, deeply moved, watched her, without daring to speak, and neither of the others broke the silence. Presently she rose, and clasping her hands in agony, cried bitterly, "Oh, my father, my father, I was the cause of your death!" "Camilla," whispered Silvio, coming close up. She turned, and gazing at them with a sweet but vacant smile, as if her lover's face brought her sin-comprehended comfort, passed on in the direction of her home, for the poor girl had not yet regained her reason.

Silvio touched her on the arm, as he overtook her, saying, "See Camilla, I have brought you a visitor, and if any one should ask who this gentleman is, tell them he is an antiquary who is studying the ruins around Rome." This was the rôle which Attilio had persuaded Manlio to play, until some plan for the future had been formed. After a short consultation, as to the precautions they were to observe, Attilio bade them farewell, and returned to the city alone, leaving behind him, with many a thought of pity and stern indignation, this father's humble household, devastated by the devices of the foul priest.

CHAPTER XII. THE PETITION

We must return to the sculptor's domicile, where two days had elapsed after the arrest of Manlio, nor had Attilio who was gone in search of him, as yet appeared, so that the family were reduced to the greatest anxiety.

"What can they be doing with your good father?" repeated constantly the weeping mother to her daughter. "He has never mixed with any one whose principles would compromise him, although a Liberal. He hates the priests, I know, and they deserve to be hated for their vices, but he has never talked about it to any one but me."

Clelia shed no tears, but her grief at her father's detention was almost deeper than that of her mother, and at last, saddened by these complaints, she said, with energy, "Weep no more, mother, tears are of no avail; we must act. We must discover where my father is concealed, and, as Monna Aurelia has advised, we must endeavor to procure his release. Besides, Attilio is in search of him, and I know he will not desist until he has helped him and us, if he have not already done so."

A knock interrupted Clelia's consolatory words. She ran to the door, and opening it, admitted a neighbor, whose name has been mentioned, Monna Aurelia, and old and tried friend.

"Good day," said she, as she entered the sitting-room with a cheerful countenance.

"Good day," answered Silvia, with a faint smile, wiping her eyes.

"I bring you something, neighbor; our friend Cassio, whom I consulted about your husband's affairs, has drawn up this petition on stamped paper, supplicating the cardinal minister to set Manlio at liberty. He says you must sign it, and had better present it in person to his Eminence."

Silvia took the paper, and looked at it doubtfully. She felt a strong aversion to this proposition. Could she throw herself at the feet of a person whom she despised to implore his mercy? Yet perhaps her husband's life was at stake; he might even now be suffering insults, privations, even torture. This thought struck a chill to the heart of the wife, and, rising, she said decidedly, "I will go with it."

Aurelia offered to accompany her, and in less than half an hour the three women were on the road to the palace.

At nine o'clock that same morning, as it happened, the Cardinal Procopio, Minister of State, had been informed by the questor of the Quirinal of Manlio's escape.

Great was the fury of the prelate at the unwelcome news, and he commanded the immediate arrest and confinement of the directors, officers on guard, dragoons, and of all, in fact, who had been in charge of the prison on the previous night.

Dispatching the questor with this order, he summoned Gianni to his presence.

"Why, in the devil's name, was that accursed sculptor confined in the Quirinal, instead of being sent to the Castle of St. Angelo?" he inquired.

"Your Eminence," replied Gianni, conceitedly, "should have intrusted such important affairs to me, and not to a set of idiots and rascals who are open to corruption."

"Dost thou come here to annoy me by reflections, sirrah?" blustered the priest. "Search in that turnip head of thine for means to bring the girl to me, or the palace cellars shall hear thee squeak thy self-praise to the tune of the cord or the pincers."

Gianni, knowing that these fearful threats were not vain ones, and that, incredible as it may appear to outsiders, tortures too horrible to describe daily take place in the Rome of the present day, meekly submitted to the storm. With downcast head, the mutilated wretch—for he was one of those maimed from their youth to sing falsettos in the choir of St. Peter—pondered how to act.

"Lift up thine eyes, knave, if thou darest, and tell me whether or no, after causing me to spend such pains and money in this attempt, thou hast the hope to succeed?"

Tremblingly Gianni raised his eyes to his master's face as he articulated with difficulty the words, "I hope to succeed."

But just as he spoke, to his considerable relief, a bell rang, announcing the arrival of a visitor. 'A servant in the Cardinal's colors entered, and inquired if his Eminence would be pleased to see three women who wished to present a petition.

The Cardinal, waving his dismissal to the still agitated Gianni, gave a nod of assent, and assumed an unctuous expression, as the three women were ushered into his presence.

CHAPTER XIII. THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

Rome is the museum of the fine arts, the curiosity-shop of the world. There are collected the ruins of the ancient societies, temples, columns, statues, the remains of Italian and Grecian genius, *chefs-d'oeuvre* of Praxiteles, Phidias, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a hundred masters. Fountains, from which arise marine colossi, chiefly, alas, in ruins, meet the eye on all sides. The stranger is struck with amazement and admiration at the sight of these gigantic works of art, upon many of which are engraved the mighty battles of a wonderful by-gone age. It is not the fault of the priest if their beauty is not marred by endless mitres and superstitious signs. But they are still marvellous and beautiful, and it was among them that Julia, the beautiful daughter of Albion, was constantly to be found. She had resided for several years in this city of sublime memorials, and daily passed the greater part of her time in sketching all that to her cultivated taste appeared most worthy of imitation and study. Michael Angelo was her especially favored *maestro*, and she might frequently be seen sitting for hours before his colossal statue of Moses, rapt in the labor of depicting that brow, upon which, to her vivid imagination, sat an air of majestic greatness that appeared almost supernatural. Born and bred in free and noble England, she had separated herself voluntarily from loving and beloved friends, that she might thus wander undisturbed among the objects of her idolatry. Unexpectedly, her pursuits had been interrupted by a stronger feeling than art. She had encountered Muzio many times in the studio of the sculptor Manlio, and, poor and apparently low as he was, Julia had found under the ragged garb of a mendicant her ideal of the proud race of the Quirites.

Yes, obscure though he was, Muzio was beloved by this strange English girl. He was poor, but what cared she for his poverty.

And Muzio, did he know and return this generous love?

Yes, in truth; but, although he would have given his life to save hers, he concealed all consciousness of her interest, and allowed not a single action to betray it, though he longed fervently for occasion to render her some trifling service, and the opportunity came. As Julia was returning from Manlio's studio, some few days before his arrest, accompanied by her faithful old nurse, two drunken soldiers rushed upon her from a by-way, and dragged her between them some little distance, before Muzio, who secretly kept her in view during such transits, could come to her succor. No sooner had he reached them, than he struck one ruffian to the earth, seeing which, his fellow ran away. The terrified Julia thanked him with natural emotion, and besought him not to leave them until they reached their own door. Muzio gladly accepted the delicious honor of the escort, and felt supremely happy when, at their parting, Julia gave him the favor of her hand, and rewarded him with a priceless smile. From this evening Muzio's dagger was consecrated to her safety, and he vowed that never again should she be insulted in the streets of Rome.

It befell that the same day upon which Silvia went to the palace Corsini to present her petition, Julia was paying one of her visits to the studio. Arriving there, she was informed by a lad in attendance of all that had occurred. Whilst pondering over the ominous tale, Attilio entered in quest of the ladies, and from him the English girl learned the particulars of Manlio's escape. His narration finished, Julia, in turn, recounted to him the views that the youth had imparted to her concerning the presentation of the petition.

Attilio was much distressed, and could with difficulty be restrained from going directly to the palace in search of Silvia and her daughter. This would have been very imprudent, and therefore Julia offered, as she had access at all times to the palace, to go to the Cardinal's house, and ascertain the cause of the now prolonged absence of the mother and daughter, promising to return and tell him the result.

Attilio, thoroughly spent with excitement and fatigue, yielded to Spartaco's invitation to take some rest, whilst the boy related to him the particulars of what had passed since he left them to carry out the rescue of his friend.

CHAPTER XIV. SICCIO

Let us return to the year 1849, to the fatal scene in which the young Muzio was robbed of his patrimony.

There was an old retainer named Siccio, already introduced, who had served longer in the house of Pompeo than any other; he had, in fact, been born in it, and had received very many acts of kindness there. These benefits he repaid by faithful love to the orphan Muzio, whom he regarded almost as tenderly as if he had in reality been his own child. He was good, and rather simple, but not so much so as to be blind to the pernicious influence which Father Ignazio had acquired over his indulgent mistress, and which he feared would be used to the injury of her grandchild.

But the guardian of souls, the spiritual physician, the confessor of the lady of the house! what servant would dare openly to doubt him, or cross his path? Confession, that terrible arm, of priestcraft, that diabolical device for seduction, that subtle means of piercing the most sacred domestic secrets, and keeping in chains the superstitious sex! Siccio dared not openly fight against such weapons.

The confessor was, however, aware of the good servant's mistrust, and therefore caused him to be discharged a few days after the Signora Virginia breathed her last, though not before he had overheard a certain dialogue between Father Ignazio and Sister Flavia.

"What is to be done with the child?" the nun had asked.

"He must pack off to the Foundling," replied he; "there he will be safe enough from the evil of this perverted century and its heretical doctrines. Besides, we shall have no difficulty in keeping an eye upon him," he continued, with a meaning look, which she returned, causing Siccio, who was unseen, to prick up his ears.

He straightway resolved not to leave the innocent and helpless child in the hands of these fiends, and contrived a few nights after his dismissal to obtain an entrance to the house by the excuse that he had left some of his property behind. Watching his opportunity he stole into the nursery, where he found the neglected child huddled in a corner crying with cold and hunger. Siccio, taking him in his arms, soothed him until he fell asleep, when he glided cautiously out of the house into the street, and hired a conveyance to carry them to a lodging he had previously engaged at some distance from the city. To elude suspicion and pursuit he had cunningly concealed the little Muzio in a bundle of clothes, and alighting from the vehicle before he arrived at his dwelling, quietly unwound and aroused the child, who trotted at his side, and was introduced by him to his landlady as his grandson.

During the lifetime of Muzio's father, who was an amateur antiquary, Siccio had gained a considerable knowledge of the history of the rains around Rome by attending him in his researches. This knowledge, as he could not take service as a domestic, on account of his unwillingness to part from the child, he determined to avail himself of, and so become a regular cicerone. His pay for services in this capacity was so small, that he could with difficulty provide for himself and his little charge even the bare necessaries of existence. This mode of living he pursued however for some years, until the infirmities of old age creeping upon him, he found it harder than ever to procure food and shelter of the commonest kind. What could he now do? He looked at Muzio's graceful form, and an inspiration broke upon him. Yes, he would brave the danger, and take him to the city, for he felt that the artists and sculptors would rejoice to obtain such a model. The venture was made, and Siccio was elated and gratified beyond measure at the admiration Muzio, now in his fifteenth year, called forth from the patrons of Roman "models."

For a while they were enabled to live in comparative comfort. Siccio now dared to reveal to him the secret of his birth, and the manner in which he had been despoiled, as the old man only suspected, of his inheritance. Great was the indignation of the youth, and still greater his gratitude to the good Siccio, who had toiled so uncomplainingly for him, but from this time he steadily refused to sit as a model. Work he would, even menial work he did not despise, and he might have been seen frequently in the different studios moving massive blocks of marble, for his strength far exceeded that of other youths of his own age. He also now and then assumed the duties of a cicerone, when the aged Siccio was unable to leave the house from sickness. His youthful beauty often induced strangers to give him a gratuity; but as he was never seen to hold out his hand, the beggars of Rome called him ironically "Signor."

In spite of his efforts, Muzio was unable, as Siccio's feebleness increased, to provide for all their wants, and he became gloomy and morose. One wonderful evening, when Siccio was sitting alone, shortly after Julia's adventure, a woman closely veiled entered his mean little room, and placing a heavy purse upon the table, said—

"Here is something, my worthy friend, which may be useful to you. Scruple not to employ it, and seek not to discover the name of the donor, or should you by chance learn it, let it be your own secret." And thus, without giving the astonished old man time to recover his speech, she went out closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XV. THE CORSINI PALACE.

"This is truly an unexpected blessing—a fountain in the desert," thought the Cardinal, as the three women were ushered into the audience-chamber. "Providence serves me better than these knaves by whom I am surrounded." Casting an undisguised look of admiration at Clelia, who stood modestly behind her mother, he said aloud, "Let the petition be brought forward."

Monna Aurelia, considerably taking the document from Silvia, advanced with it, and presented it on her knees.

After perusing it with apparent attention, the Cardinal addressed Aurelia, saying, "So you are the wife of

that Manlio who takes upon himself to shelter and protect the enemies of the State, of his Holiness the Pope?"

"It is I who am the wife of Signor Manlio, your Eminence," said Silvia, advancing. "This lady," pointing to Aurelia, "kindly offered to appear before your Eminence, and assure you that neither my husband or I have ever meddled with politics, and are persons of unquestioned honesty."

"Unquestioned honesty!" repeated the Cardinal, in simulated anger. "Why, then, as you are so very honest, do you first shelter heretics and enemies of the state, and then assist them to escape in such an unpardonable manner?"

"To escape!" exclaimed Clelia, who had hitherto preserved her presence of mind. "Then my father is no longer confined in this dreadful place"—and a flush of joy spread itself over her lovely features.

"Yes, he has escaped; but ere long he will be re-taken, and must answer for his double crime," said the Cardinal.

These words gave a blow to Silvia's new-born hopes, and, what with surprise, fear, and excitement, she fell back into her daughter's arms in a swoon.

The Cardinal, hardened to such scenes, at once determined to take advantage of it, so summoning some servants, he ordered them to convey the fainting woman and her friends to another room, where proper remedies could be applied to restore the stricken wife. As they made their exit, he rubbed his soft hands gleefully, saying to himself, "Ah, my pretty one! you shall not leave the palace until you have paid me a fee." He then sent for Gianni, who, recognizing the trio at their entry, had remained at hand, as he divined his services would be needed. When he presented himself, his master chuckled out—

"Ebben, Signor Gianni! Providence beats your boasted ability out and out."

Gianni, knowing that all was sunshine again when he was thus dignified by the title "Signor," answered, "Have I not always said your Eminence was born under a lucky star?"

"Well," continued the profane Cardinal, "since Providence favors me, it now only rests with you, Gianni, to finish the matter off." Then he continued, "Follow the women, and see that every respect is paid them; and when they are calmed, direct Father Ignazio to send for the elder woman and the wife of the sculptor, under pretense of questioning them about his escape, that I may have an opportunity of conversing alone with the incomparable Clelia."

Bowing profoundly, the scoundrel departed to execute his dissolute master's commands.

As he passed out, a lackey entered, announcing that "Una Signora Inglese" wished to see his Eminence on business.

"Introduce her," said Procopio, stroking his chin complacently; for he congratulated himself, in spite of the interruption, on his good fortune, as he admired the young Englishwoman excessively.

Julia greeted him frankly as an acquaintance, holding out her hand in the English fashion, which he took, expressing in warm terms, as he led her to a seat, his delight at seeing her.

"And to what am I to attribute the felicity of again receiving you so soon under my roof? This room," he continued, "so lately brightened by your presence, has a renewed grace for me now."

Julia seated herself, and replied, gravely, for she was slightly discomposed by the Cardinal's flattery, "Your Eminence is too condescending. As you well know, my former object in coming to the palace was to crave leave to copy some of the *chefs-d'oeuvre* with which it is adorned; but today I am here on a different errand."

The Cardinal, drawing a chair to her side and seating himself, said, "And may I inquire its nature, beautiful lady?" placing, as he spoke, his hands upon hers with an insinuating pressure.

Julia, resenting the Cardinal's familiarity, drew her chair back; but, as he again approached, she stood up, and placed it between them, saying, as he attempted to rise, and with a look that made him flinch, "You surely forget yourself, Monseigneur; be seated, or I must leave you."

The prelate, profoundly abashed by the dignity of the English girl, obeyed, and she continued, "My object is to obtain information of the wife and daughter of the sculptor Manlio, who, I am told, came to the palace some hours ago to present a petition to your Eminence."

"They came here, but have already left," stammered Procopio, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

"Is it long since they quitted your Eminence?" asked Julia.

"But a few minutes," was the reply.

"I presume they have left the palace, then?"

"Assuredly," affirmed he, unblushingly.

Julia, with a gesture of incredulity, bowed, and took her leave.

What is there perfect in the world? This English nation is by no means exempt from imperfection; yet the English are the only people who can be compared with the ancient Romans, for they resemble each other in the splendid selfishness of their virtues and their vices.

Egotists and conquerors, the history of both abounds in crime committed either in their own dominions, or in those countries which they invaded and subdued. Many are the nations they have overthrown to satisfy their boundless thirst for gold and power.

Yet who dare deny that the Britons, with all their faults, have contributed largely to the civilization and social advancement of mankind? They have laid the grand foundations of a new idea of humanity, erect, inflexible, majestic, free; obeying no masters but the laws which they themselves have made, no kings but those which they themselves control.

By untiring patience and indomitable legality, this people has known how to reconcile government and order with the liberty of a self-ruling community.

The isle of England has become a sanctuary, an inviolable refuge for the unfortunate of all other nations.

Those proscribed by tyrants, and the tyrants who have proscribed them, flee alike to her hospitable shores, and find shelter on the single condition of taking their place as citizens among citizens, and yielding obedience to the sovereign laws.

England, too, be it ever remembered first proclaimed to the world the emancipation of the slave, and her people willingly submitted to an increased taxation in order to carry out this glorious act in all her colonies. Her descendants in America have, after a long and bloody struggle between freedom and oligarchy, banished slavery also forever from the New World.

Lastly, to England Italy is indebted in part for her reconstruction, by reason of that resolute proclamation of fair play and no intervention in the Straits of Messina in 1860.

To France Italy is also, indeed, indebted, since so many of her heroic soldiers fell in the Italian cause in the battles of Solferino and Magenta. She has also profited, like the rest of the world, by the writings of the great minds of France, and by her principles of justice and freedom. To France, moreover, we owe, in a great measure, the abolition of piracy in the Mediterranean. France marched, in truth, for some centuries alone, as the leader in civilization.

The time was when she proclaimed and propagated liberty to the world; but she has now, alas! fallen, and is crouching before the image of a fictitious greatness, while her ruler endeavors to defraud the nation which he has exasperated, and employs his troops to deprive Italy of the freedom which he helped to give her.

Let us hope that, for the welfare of humanity, she will, ere long, resume her proper position, and, united with England, once again use her sublime power to put down violence and corruption, and raise the standard of universal liberty and progress.

CHAPTER XVI. ENGLISH JULIA

In Siccio's little room was that same evening gathered a group of three persons who would have gladdened the heart and eyes of any judge of manly and womanly beauty.

Is it a mere caprice of chance to be born beautiful? The spirit is not always reflected in the form. I have known many a noble heart enshrined in an unpleasing body. Nevertheless, man is drawn naturally to the beautiful. A fine figure and noble features instinctively call forth not only admiration, but confidence; and every one rejoices in having a handsome father, a beautiful mother, fine children, or a leader resembling Achilles rather than Thersites. On the other hand, how much injustice and mortification are often borne on account of deformity, and how many are the wounds inflicted by thoughtless persons on those thus afflicted by their undisguised contempt or more cruel pity.

Julia, for she it is who forms the loveliest of our triad, had just returned from her visit to the palace, and related to her auditors, Attilio and Muzio, what had transpired.

"Yes!" she exclaims, "he told me they were gone; but you see how powerful is gold to obtain the truth, even in that den of vice! The ladies are there detained. I bought the truth of one of his people."

Attilio, much disturbed, passed his hand over his brow as he paced and repaced the floor.

Julia, seeing how perturbed in spirit he was by her discovery, went to him, and, placing her hand with a gentle pressure upon his shoulder, besought him to be calm, saying that he needed all possible self-control and presence of mind to procure his betrothed's release.

"You are right, Signora," said Muzio, who until now had remained silent, but watchful; "you are ever right."

The triad had already discussed a plan of rescue; and Muzio proposed to let Silvio know, and to engage him to meet them with some of his companions at ten o'clock.

Muzio was noble-minded, and though he loved the beautiful stranger with all the force of his passionate southern nature, he felt no thought of jealousy as he thus prepared to leave her alone with his attractive friend.

Nor did Julia run any danger from her warm feeling of compassion for Attilio, for her love for Muzio, though as yet unspoken, was pure and inalienable. A love that no change of fortune, time, or even death, could destroy. She had but lately learned the story of his birth and misfortunes, and this, be sure, had not served to lessen it.

"No," she replied; "I will bid you both adieu for the present. At ten o'clock I shall await you in a carriage near the Piazza, and will receive the ladies, and carry them, when you have liberated them, to a place of safety."

So saying, she beckoned to her nurse to follow, and departed to make the necessary arrangements for the flight of the sculptor's family, whose cause she had magnanimously espoused, ignoring completely the personal danger she was incurring.

CHAPTER XVII. RETRIBUTION

Justice! sacred word, yet how art thou abused by the powerful upon earth! Was not Christ, the just one, crucified in the name of justice? Was not Galileo put to the torture in the name of justice? And are not the laws of this unjust Babel, falsely called civilized Europe, made and administered in the name of justice? Ay, in Europe, where the would-be industrious man dies of hunger, and the idle and profligate flaunt in luxury and

splendor!—in Europe, where a few families govern the nations, and keep them in a chronic state of warfare under the high-sounding names of justice, loyalty, military glory, and the like! There in the palace sit Procopio and Ignazio in the name of justice. Outside are the rabble—Attilio, forsooth, Muzio, and Silvio, with twenty of our three hundred, who mean to have justice after their own fashion. The hearts of these suitors are glad and gay, as on the eve of a feast. It is true they beat, but it is in confident hope, for the hour of their duty is near. They pace the Lungara in parties of twos and threes, to avoid suspicion, awaiting the striking of the clock. Whilst they linger outside, we will enter, and take a retrospect.

When Gianni summoned Aurelia and Silvia to attend Father Ignazio, Clelia, suspecting treachery, drew a golden stiletto from her hair and secreted it in her belt, that it might be at hand in the event of her needing it to defend herself.

The prelate, meantime, having attired himself in his richest robes, in the hope that their magnificence might have effect upon the simple girl, prepared, as he facetiously termed it, "to summon the fortress." Opening the door of the apartment in which Clelia was anxiously awaiting her mother's return, he entered with a false benignancy upon his face.

"You must pardon us," he said, "for having detained you so long, my daughter, but I wished to assure you in person that no harm shall befall your father, as well as," he continued—and here he caught up her hand—"to tell you, most lovely of women, that since I beheld you first my heart has not ceased to burn with the warmest love for you."

Clelia, startled by the words and the passionate look which the Cardinal fixed upon her, drew back a little space, so as to place a small table between them.

Then ensued a shameful burst of insult and odious entreaty. In vain did he plead, urging that her consent alone could procure her father's pardon. Clelia continued to preserve her look of horror, and her majestic scorn, contriving by her movements to keep the table between them. Enraged beyond measure, the Cardinal made a sign to his creatures, Ignazio and Gianni, who were near at hand, to enter.

Clelia, comprehending her danger, snatched forth her dagger, and exclaimed in an indignant voice, "Touch me at your peril! rather than submit to your infamous desires I will plunge this poniard into my heart!"

The libidinous prelate, not understanding such virtue, approached to wrest the weapon from the Roman girl, but received a gash upon his palm, as she snatched it free, and stood upon the defensive, with majestic anger and desperation. He called to his satellites, and they closed like a band of devils about the maiden; nor was it till their blood was drawn by more than one thrust from her despair, that Gianni caught the wrist of Clelia as she strove to plunge the knife into her own heart, while Father Ignazio passed swiftly behind her, and seized her left hand, motioning to Gianni to hold the right fast, and the Cardinal himself threw his arms around her. The heroic girl was thus finally deprived of her weapon. This achieved, they proceeded to drag her towards an alcove, where a couch was placed, behind a curtain of tapestry.

At this instant, happily for our heroine, there was a sudden crash in the vestibule, and as her assailants turned their heads in the direction of the sound, two manly forms, terrible in their fiery wrath and grace, rushed forward. The first, Attilio, flew to his beloved, who, from revulsion of feeling, was becoming rapidly insensible, and tore her from the villains, while the prelate and his accomplices yielded their hold with a cry, and endeavored to escape. This Muzio prevented by barring the way; and bidding Silvio, and some of his men, who arrived at this juncture, to surround them, he drew forth a cord, and, after gagging the three scoundrels, he commenced binding the arms of the affrighted priest, his friends similarly treating Ignazio and the trembling tool Gianni. Many and abject were the gestures of these miserable men for mercy, but none was shown by their infuriated captors, but the prayers and curses of the Cardinal were choked with his own mantle; and Muzio did not refrain, as Father Ignazio writhed under the pressure of the cord, from reminding him of his villainy in robbing a helpless child of his lawful inheritance.

At dawn three bodies, suspended from a window of the Corsini palace, were seen by the awakening people, and a paper was found upon the breast of the Cardinal, with these words, "So perish all those who have polluted the metropolis of the world with falsehood, corruption, and deceit, and turned it into a sewer and a stew."

CHAPTER XVIII. THE EXILE

The sun of that avenging morning was beginning to shed its rays upon the few stragglers in the Forum who, with pale squalid faces betokening hunger and misery, shook their rags free of dust as they rose unrefreshed from their slumbers, when a carriage containing four women rolled through the suburbs. It passed rapidly along towards those vast uninhabited plains, where little is to be seen except a wooden cross here and there, reminding the traveller unpleasantly that on that spot a murder has been committed.

Arriving at the little house already twice mentioned, its occupants alighted; and who shall describe the joy of that meeting. Julia and Aurelia contemplated in silence the reunion of the now happy Manlio with his wife and daughter, for all the prisoners of the wicked palace were free.

Camilla also watched their tears of gladness, but without any clear comprehension. Could she have known the fate of her seducer, it might perchance have restored her reason. After a thousand questions had been asked and answered, Manlio addressed Julia, saying—

"Exile, alas! is all that remains for us. This atrocious Government can not endure; but until it is annihilated we must absent ourselves from our home and friends."

"Yes, yes! you must fly!" Julia said. "But it will not be long, I trust, ere you will be able to return to Rome, and find her cleansed from the slavery under which she now groans. My yacht is lying at Port d'Anzo; we will make all haste to gain it, and I hope to see you embark safely in the course of a few hours."

A yacht! I hear some of my Italian readers cry. What part of a woman's belongings can this be? A yacht, then, is a small vessel in which the sea-loving and wealthy British take their pleasure on the ocean, for they fear not the storm, the heat of the torrid zone, or the cold of the frozen ocean. Albion's sons, ay, and her daughters, too, leave their comfortable firesides, and find life, health, strength, and happiness in inhaling the briny air on board their own beautiful craft in pursuit of enjoyment and knowledge. France, Spain, and Italy have not this little word in their dictionaries. Their rich men dare not seek their pleasure upon the waves—they give themselves to the foolish luxuries of great cities, and hence is it that names like Rodney and Nelson are not in their histories. Albion alone has always loved and ruled the waves for centuries. Her wooden walls have been her inviolable defense. May her new iron ramparts protect her hospitable shores from foreign foes!

But a yacht is a strange thing for a woman to possess. True, but English Julia in childhood was of delicate constitution; the physicians prescribed a sea-voyage, and her opulent parents equipped a pleasure-vessel for her use. Thus Julia became so devoted to the blue waves that, even when the balmy air of Italy had restored her to robust health, she continued, when inclination disposed her, to make little voyages of romance, discovery, and freedom in the waters of the Mediterranean. Thus it was that she could offer so timely a refuge to the family of the sculptor.

CHAPTER XIX. THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

Imagine the consternation in Rome on the 15th of February, the day following the tragic death of the Cardinal Procopio and his two abettors. Great, in truth, was the agitation of the city when the three bodies were seen dangling from the upper window of the palace. The panic spread rapidly, and the immense crowd under the façade increased more and more, until a battalion of foreign soldiers, sent for by the terrified priests, appeared in the Lungara, and driving it back, surrounded and entered the palace. To tell the truth, the soldiers laughed sometimes at the jests, coarse but witty, which were flung by the mob at the three corpses as they commenced hauling them up. Many were the bitter things that passed below.

"Let them down head over heels," shouted one; "your work will be finished the sooner."

"Play the fish steadily, that they may not slip from the hook," hallooed another.

By-and-by the cord to which the corpulent body of the prelate was attached broke as the soldiers attempted to hoist it up, and hoarser than ever were the shouts of laughter with which it was greeted as it fell with a heavy shock upon the pavement.

Muzio, who was surveying the avenging spectacle, turned to Silvio, saying, with a shudder, "Let us away; this laughter is not to my taste now they have paid their debt."

"In truth, Pasquin is almost the only real memorial of ancient Rome. Would that my people possessed the gravity and force of those times, when our forefathers elected the great dictators, or bought and sold, at a high price, the lands upon which Hannibal was at the time attacked. But it must be long before their souls can be freed from the plague of priestly corruption, and before they can once more be worthy of their ancient fame and name."

"We must have patience with them," replied Silvio. "Slavery reduces man to the level of the beast. These priests have themselves inculcated the rude mockery which we hear. At least, it could have no fitter objects than those dead carcasses. Reproach not the people to-day—mud is good enough for dead dogs."

Thus discoursing, the friends made their way through the crowd, and separated, having first appointed to meet at the end of the week in the studio of Attilio.

On the day in question they found the young artist at home, and gave him a detailed account of what they had witnessed under the palace windows. It was the time for the reassembling of the Three Hundred, but, before setting out to meet their associates at the Baths of Caracalla, they lay down to rest for a few hours; and while they slumber we will give some account of the place of assignment.

Masters of the world, and wealthy beyond compute from its manifold spoils, the ancient Romans gave themselves up, in the later days of the Republic, to fashion, luxuriousness, and excesses of all kinds. The toil of the field—whether of battle or of agriculture—although it had conduced to make them hardy and healthy before their triumphs, had now become distasteful and odious. Their limbs, rendered effeminate by a new and fatal voluptuousness, grew at last unequal even to the weight of their arms, and they chose out the stoutest from among their slaves to serve as soldiers. The foreign people by whom they were surrounded failed not to note the advantage which time and change were preparing for them over their dissolute masters. They rose with Goth and Ostrogoth to free themselves from the heavy yoke. They fell upon the queenly city on all sides, and discrowned her of her imperial diadem.

Such was the fate of that gigantic empire, which fell, as all powers ought to fall which are based on violence and injustice.

One of the chief imported luxuries of the degenerate Romans were the thermæ, or baths, edifices upon which immense sums were lavished to make them beautiful and commodious in the extreme. Some were private, others public. The emperors vied with each other to render them celebrated and attractive. Caracalla, the unworthy son of Severus, and one of the very vilest of the line of Cæsars, built the vast pile which is still called by his evil name; the ruins of which forcibly illustrate the splendor of the past sovereignty, and the reasons of its swift decay. The greater number of these conspicuous and magnificent buildings in the city of Rome have subterranean passages attached to them, provided by their original possessors as a means of escape in times of danger, or to conceal the results of rapine or violence. In the subterranean passages connected with the Baths of Caracalla it was that the Three Hundred had agreed to meet, and as the darkness of night crept on, the outposts of the conspirators, like gliding shadows, planted themselves silently at the approaches to the wilderness of antique stones, from time to time challenging, in a whisper, other and

more numerous shadows, which by-and-by converged to the spot.

CHAPTER XX. THE TRAITOR

The liberation of Manlio and the execution of the Cardinal gave an unexpected blow to the Pontifical Government, and aroused it from its previous easy lethargy. All the foreign and native soldiers available were put under arms, and the police were everywhere on the *qui vive*, arresting upon the slightest suspicion citizens of all classes, so that the prisons speedily became filled to overflowing.

One of the Three Hundred—shameful to say—had been bought over to act as a spy upon the movements of his comrades. Happily he was not one of those select members chosen to assist in the attack upon the Quirinal prison, or the release of Silvia and Clelia. Of the proposed meeting at the Baths of Caracalla he was nevertheless cognizant, and had duly given information of it to the police.

Now, Italian conspirators make use of a counter police, at the head of which was Muzio.

His garb of lazzarone served him in good stead, and by favor of it he often managed to obtain information from those in the pay of the priests, who commonly employ the poor and wretched people that beg for bread in the streets and market-places of Rome in the capacity of spies.

But this time he was ill-informed. The last conspirator had entered the subterranean passage, and Attilio had put the question, "Are the sentinels at their posts?" when a low sound, like the hissing of a snake, resounded through the vault. This was Muzio's signal of alarm, and he himself appeared at the archway.

"There is no time to be lost," said he; "we are already hemmed in on one side by an armed force, and at the southern exit another is taking up its position."

This imminent danger, instead of making these brave youths tremble, served but to fill them with stern resolve and courage.

Attilio looked once on the strong band assembled around him, and then bade Silvio take two men and go to the entrance to reconnoitre.

Another sentinel approached at this moment from the south, and corroborated Muzio's statement.

The sentinels from the remaining points failing to appear, a fear that they had been arrested fell upon the young men, and their leader was somewhat troubled on this account, until Silvio returned, and reported that upon nearing the mouth of the passage he had seen them. At this moment they heard a few shots, and immediately after the sentinels in question entered, and informed the chief they had witnessed a large number of troops gathering, and had fired upon one file, which had ventured to advance.

Attilio, seeing delay would be ruinous, commanded Muzio to charge out with a third of the company, he himself would follow up with his own third, and Silvio was to hurl the rearmost section upon the troops.

Attilio briefly said, "It is the moment of deeds, not words. No matter how large the number opposed to us, we must carve a road through them with our daggers." He then directed Muzio to lead on a detachment of twenty men, with a swift rush, upon the enemy, promising to follow quickly.

Muzio, quickly forming his twenty men, wrapped his cloak around his left arm, and grasping his weapon firmly in his right, gave the word to charge out.

In a few moments the cavernous vault startled those outside by vomiting a torrent of furious men; and as the youths rushed upon the satellites of despotism, the Pope's soldiers heading the division had not even time to level their guns before they were wrenched from their grasp, and many received their death-blow.

The others, thoroughly demoralized at the cry of the second and third divisions bursting forth, took to flight, headlong and shameful. The Campo Vaccino and the streets of Rome hard by the Campidoglio were in a short time filled with the fugitives, still pursued by those whom they should have taken prisoners.

Helmets, swords, and guns lay scattered in all directions, and more were wounded by the weapons of their own friends in their flight, than by the daggers of their pursuers; in effect the rout was laughable and complete.

The brave champions of Roman liberty, satisfied with having so utterly discomfited the mercenaries of his Holiness, dispersed, and returned to their several homes.

Amongst the dead bodies discovered next morning near the baths was that of a mere youth, whose beard had scarcely begun to cover his face with down. He was lying on his back, and on his breast was the shameful word "traitor," pinned with a dagger. He had been recognized by the Three Hundred, and swiftly punished.

Poor Paolo, alas, had the misfortune—for misfortune it proved—to fall in love with the daughter of a priest, who, enacting the part of a Delilah, betrayed him to her father as soon as she had learned he was connected with a secret conspiracy. To save his life, the wretched youth consented to become a paid spy in the service of the priesthood, and it was thus he drew his pay.

The worth of one intrepid man, as Attilio showed, is inestimable; a single man of lion heart can put to flight a whole army.

On the other hand, how contagious is fear. I have seen whole armies seized by a terrible panic in open day at a cry of "Escape who can;" "Cavalry;" "The enemy," or even the sound of a few shots—an army that had fought, and would again fight, patiently and gallantly.

Fear is shameful and degrading, and I think the southern nations of Europe are more liable to it than the cooler and more serious peoples of the north; but never may I see an Italian army succumb to that sudden ague-fit which kills the man, even though he seems to save his life thereby!

CHAPTER XXI. THE TORTURE

As the hour of solemn vengeance had not yet struck, fright, and fright alone for the black-robed rulers of Rome was the result of the events we have detailed.

The priests were in mortal terror lest the thread by which the sword of popular wrath was suspended should be cut.

The hour, however, had not struck; the measure of the cup was not full; the God of justice delayed the day of his retribution.

Know you what the lust of priests is to torture? Do you know that by the priests Galileo was tortured? Galileo, the greatest of Italians! Who but priests could have committed him to the torture? Who but an archbishop could have condemned to death by starvation in a walled-up prison Ugolino and his four sons?

Where but in Rome have priests hated virtue and learning while they fostered ignorance and patronized vice? Woe to the man who, gifted by God above his fellows, has dared to exhibit his talent in Papal Italy. Has he not been immediately consigned to moral and physical tortures, until he admitted darkness was light?

Is it not surprising that in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the Church, and the priests permitted to hold or withhold salvation at their pleasure, and to exercise such power in such a continent, that rulers court their alliance as a means of enabling them the more effectually to keep, in subjection their miserable subjects?

In England, America, and Switzerland this torture has been abolished. There progress is not a mere word. In Rome the torture exists in all its power, though concealed. Light has yet to penetrate the secrets of those dens of infamy called cloisters, seminaries, convents, where beings, male and female, are immured as long as life lasts, and are bound by terrible vows to resign forever the ties of natural affection and sacred friendship.

Fearful are the punishments inflicted upon any hapless member suspected of being lax in his belief, or desirous of being released from his oaths. Redress for them is impossible in a country where despotism is absolute, and the liberty of the press chained.

Yes, in Rome, where sits the Vicar of God, the representative of Christ, the man of peace, the torture, I say, still exists as in the times of Saint Dominic and Torquemada. The cord and the pincers are in constant requisition in these present days of political convulsion.

Poor Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons who facilitated the escape of Manlio, soon experienced this. He had been unfortunately identified as engaged at the Quirinal Morning, noon, and night means too horrible to divulge were resorted to to compel him to give up the names of those concerned in the attack upon the prison. Failing to gain their point, he had been left by his tormentors a shapeless mass, imploring his persecutors to show mercy by putting him to death.

Unhappy man! the executioners falsely declared he had denounced his accomplices, and continued daily to make fresh arrests.

Yet the world still tolerates these fiends in human form, and kings moreover impose them upon our unhappy countries. God grant the people of Italy will before long have the will and the courage to break this hateful yoke from off their necks! God set us free, before we are weary of praying, from those who take His holy name in vain, and chase Christ himself out of the Temple to set their money-changing stalls therein!

CHAPTER XXII. THE BRIGANDS

Let us leave for a time these scenes of horror, and follow our fugitives on the road to Porto d'Anzo. Their hearts are sad, for they are leaving many dear to them behind in the city, and their road is one of danger, until it be the sea; but, as they breathe the pure air of the country, their spirits revive—that country once so populated and fertile, now so barren and deserted. Perhaps it would be difficult to find another spot on earth that presents so many objects of past grandeur and present misery as the Campagna. The ruins, scattered on all sides, give pleasure to the antiquary, and convince him of the prosperity and grandeur of its ancient inhabitants, while the sportsman finds beasts and birds enough to satisfy him; but the lover of mankind mourns, it is a graveyard of past glories, with the priests for sextons. The proprietors of these vast plains are few, and those few, priests, who are too much absorbed by the pleasures and vices of the city, to visit their properties, keeping, at the most, a few flocks of sheep or buffaloes.

Brigandage is inseparable from priestly government, which is easy to understand when we remember that it is supported by the aid of cowardly and brutal mercenaries. These, becoming robbers, murderers, and criminal offenders, flee to such places as this desert, where they find undisturbed refuge and shelter.

Statistics prove that in Rome murders are of more frequent occurrence in proportion to the population than in any other city. And how, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we consider the corrupt education instilled by the priests?

The outlaws are styled brigands, and to these may be added troops of runaway hirelings of the priests, who have committed such dreadful ravages during the last few years. We have a sympathy for the wild spirits who seem to live by plunder, but who retire to the plains, and pass a rambling life, without being guilty of theft or murder, in order to escape the humiliations to which the citizen is daily subjected.

The tenacity and courage shown by these in their encounters with the police and national guards, are worthy of a better cause, and prove that such men, if led by a lawful ruler, and inspired with a love for their

country, would form an army that would resist triumphantly any foreign invader.

All "brigands" are, indeed, not assassins.

Orazio, a valorous Roman, though a brigand, was respected and admired by all in Trastevere, particularly by the Roman women, who never fail to recognize and appreciate personal bravery.

He was reputed to be descended from the famous Horatius Cocles, who alone defended a bridge against the army of Porsenna, and, like him, curiously enough, had lost an eye. Orazio had served the Roman Republic with honor. While yet a beardless youth he was one of the first who, on the glorious 30th of April, charged and put to flight the foreign invaders. In Palestrina he received an honorable wound in the forehead, and at Velletri, after unhorsing a Neapolitan officer with his arquebuss, deprived him of his arms, and carried him in triumph to Rome. Well would it have been for Julia and her friends had men of this type alone haunted the lonely plain! But when they were not far distant from the coast, a sudden shot, which brought the coachman down from his seat, informed our fugitives that they were about to be attacked by brigands, and were already in range of their muskets. Manlio instantly seized the reins and whipped the hones, but four of the band, armed to the teeth, rushed immediately at the horses' heads. "Do not stir, or you are a dead man," shouted one of the robbers, who appeared to be the leader. Manlio, convinced that resistance was useless, wisely remained immovable. In no very gallant tone, the ladies were bidden to descend, but, at the sight of so much beauty, the robbers became softened at first, for a time, and fixed their admiring looks upon the exquisite features of the youthful Clelia and the fair Englishwoman, with some promise of repentance. But their savage natures soon got the better of such a show of grace. The chief addressed the disconcerted party in a rough tone, saying, "Ladies, if you come with us quietly no harm shall happen to *you*, but if you resist, you will endanger your own lives; while, to show you that we are in earnest, I shall immediately shoot that man," pointing to Manlio, who remained stationary on the box. The effects produced upon the terrified women by this threat were various. Silvia and Aurelia burst into tears, and Clelia turned deadly pale. Julia, better accustomed to encounter dangers, preserved her countenance with that fearlessness so characteristic of her countrywomen. "Will you not," said she, advancing close to the brigand, "take what we possess? we will willingly give you all we have;" putting, at the same time, a heavily-filled parse into his hand, "but spare our lives, and permit us to continue our journey."

The wretch, after carefully weighing the money, replied, "Not so, pretty lady," as he gazed with ardent eyes from her to Clelia; "it is by no means every day that we are favored by fortune with such charming plunder. We are in luck with such lovely ones. You must accompany us."

Julia remained silent, not realizing the villain's presumption; but Clelia, to whom the chill of despair which struck her when her father's life was menaced was yielding to a deeper horror still at the scoundrel's words, with a spasm of anger and terror, snatching her poniard from her bosom, sprang upon the unprepared bandit.

Julia, seeing the heroic resolution of her friend, also attacked him; but alas! they had not the chief alone to struggle with. His comrades came to his assistance, and the English girl was speedily overpowered, whilst Clelia was left vainly to assail him, for, although she succeeded in inflicting several wounds, they were of so slight a nature that, with the aid of a follower, he had no difficulty in wresting her weapon from her and securing her hands.

When Julia was dragged off by two of the ruffians towards some bushes, Aurelia and Silvia followed, entreating them not to kill her.

Manlio, who had attempted to leap to the ground to aid his daughter, had been instantly beaten to the earth, and was being dragged off in the direction of the same thicket by the band, while the chief brought up the rear with Clelia in his arms.

All appeared lost. Death—and worse than death—threatened them.

But they had not gone many paces before the knave whose vile arms encircled Julia was felled to the ground by a blow from a sudden hand; and Clelia gave a cry of joy as her deliverer raised her from the ground.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE LIBERATOR

Clelia's liberator, who had arrived so opportunely on the scene of violence, was by no means a giant, being not more than an inch or two above the ordinary height; but the erectness of his person, the amplitude of his chest, and the squareness of his shoulders, showed him to be a man of extraordinary strength.

As soon as this opportune hero who had come to the rescue of the weak, had stricken down the chief by a blow of his gun-butt upon the robber's skull, he levelled the barrel at the brigand who held Manlio in his grasp and shot him dead. Then, without waiting long to see the effect of his bullet—for this hunter of the wild boar had a sure eye—he turned to the direction pointed out by Clelia. She was still much agitated; but when she perceived her champion so far successful, she cried—

"Avanti! go after Julia, and rescue her. Oh, go!"

With the fleetness of the deer the young man sped away in pursuit of Julia's ravishers, and, to Clelia's instant relief, the English girl soon reappeared with their preserver; Julia's captors having taken to flight upon hearing the shots.

Reloading his gun, the stranger handed it to Manlio, and proceeded to appropriate to his own use those arms which he found upon the dead bodies of the brigands.

They then returned to the carriage, and found the horses grazing contentedly on the young grass that bordered the road. For a little while no one found a voice. They stood absorbed in thoughts of joy, agitation, and gratitude; the women regarding the figure of the stranger with fervent admiration. How beautiful is

valor, particularly when shown in the defense of honor and loveliness in woman, whose appreciation of courage is a deep instinct of her nature. Be a lover bold and fearless, as well as spotless, a despiser of death, as well as graceful in life, and you will not fail to win both praise and love from beauty.

This sympathy of the fair sex with lofty qualities in the sex of action has been the chief promoter of human civilization and social happiness.

For woman's love alone man has gradually put aside his masculine coarseness, and contempt for outward appearances, becoming docile, refined, and elegant, while his rougher virtue of courage was softened into chivalry.

So far from being his "inferior," woman was appointed the instructress of man, and designed by the Creator to mould and educate his moral nature.

We have said our fair travellers gazed with admiration at the fine person of the brigand—for "brigand" we must unwillingly confess their deliverer to be—and as they gazed, the younger members of the party, it may be acknowledged, imported into their glance a little more gratitude than the absent lovers, Attilio and Muzio, would perhaps have wished. But admiration gave place to *surprise*, when the brigand, taking Silvia's hand, kissed it, with tears, saying—

"You do not remember me, Signora? Look at my left eye: had it not been for your maternal care, the accident to it would have cost me my life."

"Orazio! Orazio!" cried the matron, embracing him. "Yes, it is indeed the son of my old friend."

"Yes, I am Orazio, whom you received in a dying condition, and nursed back to life; the poor orphan whom you nourished and fed when left in absolute need," he replied, as he returned her embrace tenderly.

After exchanging these words of recognition, and receiving others of ardent gratitude from the party, Orazio explained how he had been hunting in the neighborhood, when he saw the attack, and came to do what he could for the ladies. He advised Manlio to put them into the carriage again, and depart with all speed; "for," said he, "two of these bandits have escaped, and may possibly return with several of their band." Then, ascertaining the name of the port from which they intended sailing, he offered to become their charioteer, and, mounting the box, drove off rapidly in the direction of Porto d'Anzo.

Arrived there without further adventure, the freshness of the sea air seemed to put new life and spirits into our jaded travellers, and the effect upon the beautiful Julia in particular was perfectly marvellous. A daughter of the Queen of the Ocean, she, like almost all her children, was enamored of the sea, and pined for it when at a distance.

The sons of Britain scent the salt air wherever they live; they are islanders with the ocean always near. They can understand the feeling of Xenophon's 1000 Greeks, when they again beheld the ocean after their long and dangerous Anabasis, and how they fell upon their knees, with joyful shouts of "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and saluted the green and silver Amphitrite as their mother, friend, and tutelary divinity.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE YACHT

The English girl broke out into pretty speeches of gladness when she caught sight of her little ship. "Dance, graceful naiad," ejaculated Julia, when she beheld it upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, "and spread your wings to bear away my friends to a place of safety. Who says I may not love thee as a friend, when I owe to thee so many glorious and free days? I love thee when the waters are like a mirror and reflect thy beauty upon their glassy bosom, and thou rockest lazily to the sigh of the gentle evening breeze which scarcely swells thy sails. I love thee still more when thou plungest, like a steed of Neptune, through the billows' snorting foam, driven by the storm, making thy way through the waves, and fearing no terror of the tempest. Now stretch thy wings for thy mistress, and bear her friends safe from this wicked shore!"

Julia's companions were in the mood to echo this spirit of joy and exultation, and eagerly gazed at the little vessel.

Not daring, however, to excite suspicion by conducting the whole of her party at once into Porto d'Anzo, Julia decided upon leaving Silvia and her daughter under the protection of Orazio, who would have been cut in pieces before he would have allowed them to be injured or insulted. They were to wait in a wood a short distance from the port, while Julia, taking with her Manlio, who acted the part of coachman, and Aurelia, as her lady's maid, passed to the ship to make preparations to fetch the others. Capo d'Anzo forms the southern, and Civita Vecchia the northern limits of the dangerous and inhospitable Roman shore. The navigator steers his vessel warily when he puts out to sea in winter on this stormy coast, especially in a south-west wind, which has wrecked many a gallant ship there. The mouth of the Tiber, is only navigable by vessels that do not draw more than four or five feet of water, and this only during spring. On the left bank of the Tiber near Mount Circeli, dwelt of old the war-like Volsci, who gave the Romans no little trouble before those universal conquerors succeeded in subjugating them. The ruins of their ancient capital, Ardea, bear witness to its ancient prosperity.

The promontory, Capo d'Anzo, both forms and gives its name to the port in which was stationed our heroine's yacht, awaiting her orders. The arrival of Julia, if not a delight and fete day for the priests, who hate the English, because they are both "heretics" and "liberals," was certainly one for the crew of the *Seagull*, to whom she was always affable and kind. The sailor, exposed to noble risks nearly all his life, is well worthy of woman's esteem, and nowhere will she find a truer devotion to her sex than among the rough but loyal and generous tars.

Going on board, the pretty English lady, after returning the affectionate and respectful greeting of her countrymen and servants, descended to the cabin and consulted with her captain, an old sea-dog (Thompson

by name), as to the best means of embarking the fugitives.

"Aye, aye, Miss," said he, glad to escape his enforced idleness, as soon as he saw how the land lay; "leave the poor creatures to me; I'll find a way of shipping them safe out of this hole!"

And in less than an hour the captain, true to his word, weighed anchor, and sailed triumphantly out to sea with our exiles on board, who, though shedding a few natural tears as the coast faded rapidly from their view, were inexpressibly thankful to feel that they were at last out of the clutches of their revengeful persecutors.

CHAPTER XXV. THE TEMPEST

But our readers will remember that it was now the third week in February—the worst month at sea, at least in the Mediterranean. The Italian sailors have a proverb, that "a short February is worse than a long December." Captain Thompson, in his anxiety to fulfill his young mistress's wishes, had not failed to heed the weather-glass, and he had felt anxious at the way in which the mercury was falling—a sure sign that a strong south-west wind was brewing nigh at hand, the most unfavorable for the safety of our passengers on this rocky coast. The *Seagull*, however, sailed gracefully out of port with all sails set, and impelled by a gentle breeze—gracefully, we say, that is, in the eyes of Captain Thompson and her owner; but not so gracefully in the eyes of Aurelia and Manlio, who, never having intrusted themselves to the deep before, were considerably inconvenienced by the undulating motion.

Julia had arranged to cruise down the coast for Silvia and Clelia, under Orazio's protection, bringing to off a small fishing-place a few miles from Porto d'Anzo, where the yacht was to put in and embark them; but, though the captain would have gone through fire and water to obey his mistress's commands, the wind and waves were his superiors. The gentle breeze had given place to strong gusts, and black clouds were rapidly chasing one another athwart the sky. A storm was evidently rising, and every moment the danger of being driven ashore was becoming more and more possible. Night was closing in, and breakers were in sight. The only chance of escape was to cast anchor. Thompson accordingly made Julia, who, wrapped in a shawl, was lying on deck watching every movement, acquainted with his resolution, in which she acquiesced. The sailors were about to obey their captain's orders, when Julia cried out "Hold!" for she had already felt the wind upon her cheek suddenly shift, and felt that to anchor was no longer wise. Now they must stand out to sea, and face the shifts of the tempest. The sails began to fill, and in a short time the *Seagull* paid off, and began to leave the surf behind her, obedient to the helm. The wind was fitful, and now and again terribly fierce; the sails, cordage, and masts creaked, and swayed to and fro. Captain Thompson ordered his crew, in the energetic, yet self-possessed tone so characteristic of the British seaman, to "stand by" the halliards (ropes to hoist or lower sails), but to take in nothing. Luffing a little more, they were soon free of the immediate peril; but, the wind increasing, they dared not carry so much sail, and three reefs were taken in upon the mainsail, the foresail and jib were shifted, and every thing was made tight and snug against the fierce blasts which dashed the billows over her sides, and occasionally nearly submerged the tiny bark.

The *Seagull* presently put about on the port tack, always beating out from the land, and battled bravely with the storm, which waxed momentarily louder and stronger. One tremendous wave dashed over her, and then the captain, addressing Julia, who had remained on deck, besought her to go below, or he feared she might share the fate of one of the crew who had been washed overboard by it. Poor fellow, no help could save him! Julia saw the sailor go over the side, and threw him a rope herself, but the man was swallowed up in the darkness and foam. The steersmen (for there were two) were now lashed to the helm, the captain to the weather shrouds of the mainmast, and the men held fast under the bulwarks.

When Julia descended to the cabin to appease the captain's anxiety, and look after her friends, the scene that met her view was so ludicrous that, in spite of her sorrow for the loss of the poor seaman, she could not repress a smile. When the ship gave a lurch to the wave which had carried the sailor away, Aurelia was precipitated like a bundle of clothes into the same corner in which Manlio had taken refuge. The poor woman, frightened out of her wits, and thinking her last hour had come, clung to the unfortunate sculptor with all her might, as if fancying she could be saved by doing so. In vain Manlio implored her not to choke him: the more he entreated the closer became her grasp. The sculptor, accustomed to move blocks of marble, was powerless to release himself from the agonized matron, but, aided by the motion of the ship, contrived to hold her off a little so as to escape suffocation. In this tragic and yet comic attitude Julia beheld them, and, after giving way for one moment to her irrepressible amusement, she called a servant to assist her, and succeeded in pacifying Aurelia, and in liberating Manlio from his uncomfortable position.

All night the *Seagull* straggled bravely against the storm, and had it not been for her superior construction, and the skill of her commander and the brave blue-jackets in Julia's service, she must have perished.

Towards morning the tempest subsided, and the wind having changed to south-south-west, Captain Thompson informed Julia it would be necessary to put in at Porto Ferrajo or Longone to repair the damages the yacht had sustained, which, indeed, were not slight. The two light boats had been carried away, also every article on deck, and the starboard bulwarks from amidships to stem. The foremast, too, was sprung, and Julia, seeing the impossibility of setting the vessel to rights at sea, consented to make the land. Here we will take leave of them for a time.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE TOWER

It is time to return to Clelia, and see how it fares with her and her companions, Silvia and Orazio. As night approached, Orazio made a large fire, which he had been directed to do by Julia, in order that the smoke might be a guide to her vessel. He then looked out for a boat to hire, in which to convey the women to the yacht; but as the storm rose, he felt there would be no chance of embarking that night, and cast about for a place of shelter until the morning.

He found a ruined tower—such towers abound on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and are the remains of places which were erected by the mediaeval pirates, who used them chiefly to signal to their vessels when it would be safe to approach the shore. Here, after making his charges as comfortable as circumstances permitted, he left them, and paced up and down the beach, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the *Seagull*, which, he feared, could scarcely live in such a tempest. Half blinded by the spray, he continued his watch, dreading most of all to see the signs of a wreck. It was after many hours he perceived a dark object tossing about in the water, nearing and then receding, and finally stranded on the beach. Orazio ran towards it, and was horrified to discover that it was a human body, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to a rope and buoy. He snatched it up in his sturdy arms, and carried it into the tower, where he found Silvia and Clelia sitting by the fire which he had kindled for them. The lad whom Orazio had rescued was no other than the young English sailor washed overboard from the *Seagull*.

Silvia, aided by her daughter, stripped the inanimate lad, laid him before the fire, and chafed him with their hands for a very long while, until, to their great delight, he slowly returned to consciousness. Then they wrapped him in some of their own dry garments, and hung his wet ones before the fire, Orazio supplying them with fresh fuel. Some of his native "grog" was wanting for poor John, but none was to be had. Fortunately, Orazio had a flask of Orvieto, which he had given to the travellers to warm their chilled bodies during the bitter night; and Silvia wisely administered a liberal dose to the exhausted mariner, who, with a stone for a pillow, and his feet towards the friendly fire, fell by-and-by into a sound sleep—yacht, tempest, shipwreck, and angelic nurses all forgotten together. His slumber could not have been more profound had he been stretched upon a bed of down. The youthful Clelia, also wearied with the fatigue of the past day, soon followed his example, and with her head in her mother's lap, slept the sleep of the innocent.

Orazio returned to his lonely post, and after pacing up and down the shore in the fear of seeing some other sign of disaster, returned at dawn to the tower to dry his dripping clothes, and refresh himself after his dreary vigil.

Silvia alone could not sleep all that night, but only dozed occasionally, as she thought over the misfortunes that had befallen them. Her delicate and graceful frame had been much shaken by the terrible occurrences of the past few days. Affectionate mother! Though weary, she bore the weight of her precious Clelia, and though her position was a constrained one, remained immovable lest she should awake her. She was tormented with fear, too, for the life of her beloved Manlio, who had escaped the fury of the priests only to be exposed to the merciless waves; and then, as if struck with remorse for thinking only of him, she murmured, in bitter accents, "Ah, my poor Aurelia, to what a fete has your generous kindness brought you also!" Muttering which reflections she then fell into another troubled doze.

The Roman outlaw slept not, even after daybreak. He felt he was too near the cunning priests of Porto d'Anzo to be very safe. Seating himself upon a stone which he placed near the fire, he fed it from time to time with the wood he had previously gathered, and dried his garments one by one, with the exception of his cloak, which he had politely insisted upon wrapping around the ladies in the early part of the evening, as they were but-indifferently protected from the cold. Orazio was gayly dressed in a dark velvet suit, ornamented with silver buttons; gaiters buckling at the knee covered a comparatively small and well-shaped foot, and displayed his well-formed leg to advantage; a black cravat was knotted round his handsome throat, and a red satin handkerchief, loosely tied, fell upon his wide shoulders; a black hat, resembling in shape those worn by the Calabrians, nattily inclined a little to the right, crowned his head; a leathern powder-bag, embroidered with silk and silver, slung round his waist, in the band of which were placed two revolvers and a broad-bladed dagger, which served both as a weapon of defense and hunting-knife, gave him a well-prepared air; not to speak of his trusty carbine, which he has taken the precaution to reload, and which he always rests upon his left arm. As the flickering light of the fire fell upon him and lit up his bronzed features, an artist would have given much to have depicted what was truly a type of strength, courage, and manly beauty; while now and then, awakening from her uneasy slumber, Silvia regarded him with admiring eye, and forgot for a moment her anxieties while guarded by that faithful sentinel. It is to be regretted that our hero, Orazio, was a "brigand;" but then he was one of the better sort, and only from the force of circumstances, his sin being that, like all brave and loyal men, he wished Italy to be united, and Rome freed forever from priestly despotism.

Towards dawn Orazio approached Silvia, saying respectfully, "Signora, we must not remain here till broad day; as soon as there is sufficient light to show us the path to take we must depart. We are too near our mutual enemies here to be out of danger."

"And Manlio, Julia, Aurelia, where are they?" "Probably far out at sea," he replied; "and let us only hope it, for so they will be safe; but it would be well before we strike out into the woods once more to examine the beach. God grant we may not find any more bodies there."

"God grant they may not have been cast upon the coast during this fearful storm," ejaculated Silvia, with clasped hands and raised eyes.

A mournful silence fell upon them, broken at last by Orazio, who had been looking out for the first streak of light in the leaden sky.

"Signora, it is time we were off."

Silvia shook her daughter gently to arouse her, and Clelia got up, feeling greatly restored by her peaceful slumber, while Orazio, touching John with the butt-end of his carbine, awoke him.

Then, for the first time, the sailor-boy was able to tell how he was washed overboard, and his account gave hopes to the listeners that the *Seagull* was safe.

Our bandit, going first, led his party in the direction of the coast; but, although the rain had ceased, the wind had not subsided, and the women made their way with difficulty along the rough, uneven pathway, the

spray from the sea beating in their faces. Orazio and John, who was now nearly recovered, searched for the tokens of a wreck, but, happily, none were found, and they returned to Silvia and Clelia, whom they had left in a sheltered place, with relieved countenances and cheerful voices, saying, "Our friends are out of danger." Orazio added, "And now, ladies, we will begin our own journey," turning at the same time to the right, and taking a narrow footpath through the wood well known to him. His charges, attended by John the English boy, followed in silence.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE WITHDRAWAL

After the affair at the Baths of Caracalla, the position of Attilio and his companions became very much compromised. The traitor had, indeed, paid for his infamy with his life; but though the Government's mercenaries had had the worst of it, the police were now on the alert, and, if not quite certain, could make a shrewd guess as to who were the leaders of the conspiracy.

If, however, the friends of liberty from outside had been as ready as the Romans, the conspirators might yet have had it all their own way on the 15th of February, or, indeed, at any other time. But the "Moderates," always indissolubly bound to the chariots of selfishness, would not hear the words "To arms!" They preferred waiting, at whatever cost, until the manna of freedom fell from heaven into their mouths, or the foreigner should come to their relief, and set their country free.

What cared they for national dignity, or the contemptuous smile of all other European nations at the open buying and selling of provinces! They were thinking first of gain and remunerative employment, and were consequently deaf to all generous propositions likely to set in risk their Eldorado of profits, though they would, if successful, procure national unity and prosperity by energetic action.

This middle-class cowardice is the cause of Italy's degradation at the present day, and were it not for that, the kissing of the slipper would be an infamy of the past. It is the reason, too, why Italy's soil is so often vainly wet with the blood of her nobler, braver sons; and why those who escape the sword wander in forests to avoid the vengeance of those robed hyenas; and why the poor remain in abject misery.

Such was the condition of Rome at the beginning of the year 1867. She might have been happy, regenerated, and powerful, crowned with glorious liberty and independence, had not the foreigner come to the aid of the falsely-called "father of his people." Now she grovels in bondage, loaded with French chains.

One evening, early in March, Attilio, Muzio, and Silvio met at Manlio's house to discuss their future movements. They had remained in Rome in the hope of achieving something, but the labyrinth was far too intricate to allow our youthful and inexperienced heroes to extricate themselves, and the Three Hundred to extricate themselves and their countrymen from it.

"There is no use," spoke Attilio, bitterly, "in dedicating one's life to the good of one's country in these days, when the 'Moderates,' check all our efforts, and basely reconcile themselves with the enemies of Italy. *Ohime!* How can Romans ever do so! How can they ever live in harmony with those who have sold them and theirs so many times! who have precipitated us from the first rank among the nations to the lowest! who have corrupted and polluted our city! who have tortured our fathers and violated our virgins!"

In his wrath Attilio's voice had risen until he literally shouted.

Silvio, more composed, said, "Speak lower, brother, thou knowest how we are pursued; perchance there may even now be some accursed spy near. Be patient, and for the present let us leave Regola in charge of our affairs, and quit the city. In the country we have true and courageous friends. Let us leave Rome until she is tired of being the laughing stock of these leeches, who live by imposture and tyranny. Let us go. Our generous countrymen will call us brigands, adventurers, as they did the Thousand during the glorious expedition of Marsala, which astonished the world. What matters it to us? Now, as then, we will work and watch for the liberty of this our unhappy country. When she is willing to emancipate herself, we will fly to her rescue."

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE FOREST

After walking for about two hours through the forest, where to Silvia's and Clelia's inexperienced eyes there appeared to be no path ever trodden by man, Orazio stopped at a clearing, and they beheld a small pleasant-looking glade. Jack, the sailor, had proved of great use in removing fallen branches strewn across the way, which would else have greatly impeded the progress of the ladies. The weather had cleared up, and although the wind still moved the crowns of the trees it fanned but gently the cheeks of the fugitives.

"Signora, sit down here with your daughter," said their guide, pointing to a large flat stone, "and take some rest, of which I see you are in need. Jack and I will go in search of some food; but, before we do so, I will spread my cloak upon your hard bench, that you may repose in greater comfort."

Orazio was repaid with a graceful bow, and starting into the wood at a rapid pace, accompanied by the sailor-boy, was soon hidden from their view.

Silvia was really fatigued, but Clelia, being of a more elastic constitution, and refreshed by her sound sleep during the past night, was not so much fatigued; nevertheless, she found it very welcome to rest in that agreeable place, where no human being save themselves was visible.

Yielding presently, however, to the vivacity of her age, the young girl sprang up, and began to gather some

pretty wild flowers she had observed, and forming them into a bouquet, presented them with a smile to her mother, and re-seated herself at her side. Just then, the report of a musket re-echoed through the wood. Silvia was greatly startled by the sudden echo in that lonely, silent retreat, which had in it something solemn.

Clelia, perceiving the effect upon her mother, embraced her, and in reassuring tones said, "That is only a shot from our friend, *mia madre*; he will soon return with some game."

Silvia's color came back again, and very soon afterwards Orazio and Jack rejoined the ladies, carrying between them a young boar, struck down by a ball from the carbine of the Roman.

At Orazio's request, Clelia, who had some knowledge of the English language, bade Jack gather some sticks and light a fire, which he did willingly, and in a little time the cheerful pile was blazing before them.

Animal food may be necessary to man—in part a carnivorous animal—still the trade of a butcher is a horrid one, while the continual dabbling in the blood of dumb creatures, and cutting up their slaughtered carcasses has something very repulsive in it. For our own part we would gladly give up eating animal food, and as years pass on, we become more and more averse to the destruction of these creatures, and can not even endure to see a bird wounded, though formerly we delighted in the chase.

However, habit had made slaying and preparing the boar natural and easy to Orazio, who, compelled to live in the forest, had, indeed, no choice in the matter, being obliged either to kill game or starve. He laid the boar upon the grass, and with his hunting-knife skinned a portion, and cutting some substantial slices, fastened them on a skewer, cut by Jack out of a piece of green wood, and laid them over the fire. When fairly cooked, he presented them to the famished travellers. It was a roast well fitted to appease the cravings of a moderate appetite, and the wild dinner was heartily relished by all the party. The meal was, indeed, a cheerful one, much merriment being caused by the absurdities uttered by Jack, whom Clelia was laughingly endeavoring to teach Italian.

The sailor is always a light-hearted fellow on land, and more particularly after he has been a long time at sea. Jack, forgetting his narrow escape, was now the gayest of the four, and, in the company of the gentle and beautiful Clelia, did not envy his late shipmates, who were tossing on the tempestuous ocean. For Orazio, his preserver, and the Italian ladies, his gratitude knew no bounds, although he had but a vague idea of their position and purposes.

When the repast was ended the party continued their journey, resting occasionally by the way, and in this manner arrived, late in the afternoon, in sight of one of those ancient edifices along the Ostian shore which appear to have escaped the destroying touch of Time. It stood away from the sea, on the edge of the forest, and at the entrance to a vast plain; several fine oaks, many centuries old, were growing about it, planted apparently by the original possessors, with some attempt at regularity.

Orazio, begging the ladies to recline upon a mossy bank, stepped aside, and drawing a small horn from his pouch, blew a blast, shrill and long. The signal was answered by a similar sound from the ancient building, and an individual, dressed much in Orazio's style, issued from it, who, approaching the brigand with an air of respect, cordially saluted him.

Orazio took the new-comer's hand in a friendly manner, and, pointing to his party, held a short conversation with him in an undertone. The man then retired, and Orazio, returning to the ladies, begged them to rise, and permit him to conduct them to this secure place of refuge.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE CASTLE

The period of highest glory for the ancient capital of the world vanished with the Republic and the majestic simplicity of the republican system; for after the battle of Zama, in which Hannibal was defeated by Scipio, the Romans had no longer any powerful enemies. It therefore became easy to conquer other nations, and, enriched by the spoils of the conquered, the Romans gave themselves up to internal contentions, and to every kind of luxury. In this way they were dragged down to the last stage of degradation, and became the slaves of those whom they had enslaved. And right well it befitted them that God should pay them in the same coin which they counted out. The last generation of the Republic, however, had truly a sunset grandeur about it, and splendid names. Before passing away it presented to history some men at whom one can not but marvel. Sertorius, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar, were men of such stature that one alone would suffice to illustrate the valor of a warlike nation. If perfection in a military ruler were possible, Cæsar, with his superb qualities as a general, needed only to possess the abnegation of Sulla to have been a perfect type of the class. Less sanguinary than the Prosciber he possessed more ambition, and desired to decorate his forehead with a crown, for which he fell a victim, stabbed to the heart by the daggers of the Roman republicans. Sulla was also a great general, and a reformer; he struggled hard to wean the Romans from their vices, and even resorted to terrible means, slaying at one time eight thousand persons with this view. Subsequently, wearied with the ineffectual struggle against the tide of the time, he assembled the people in the Forum, and, after reproaching them for their incorrigible vices, declared, that as his power as Dictator had failed to regenerate them, he would no longer retain that dignity, but before he laid it aside he challenged the city to require from him an account of his actions. Silence ensued, no man demanding redress, though there were many present whose relatives and friends he had sacrificed. With an austere mien he then descended from the tribunal, and mingled with the crowd as a simple citizen.

The Empire rose on the ruins of the Republic. And here it may be remarked that no Republic can exist unless its citizens are virtuous. This form of government demands moral education and elevation. It was the vice and degradation to which the Romans had sunk that inaugurated the Empire.

Among the emperors there were some less deplorable than others—such as Trajan, Antonine, and Marcus Aurelius. The greater part, however, were monsters, who, not satisfied with the enormous wealth they

possessed, and with their lofty position, set themselves to plunder the substance of others. They sought every pretext for robbing the wealthy citizens. Many of those, therefore, possessing wealth, retired from Rome—many sought refuge in foreign lands, others in far distant parts of the country, where they were safe from molestation. Among the latter, a descendant of Lucullus, in the reign of Nero, built the original walls of the antique castle where we left Clelia and her companions.

Peradventure, some of the enormous oaks by which it was surrounded had sprung in but few removes from the acorns of the trees which shaded the courtier of Nero. However this may be, the architecture of the castle is certainly wonderful, and wonderfully preserved. The outbuildings are covered with ivy, which age has rendered of extraordinary growth. The interior had been completely modernized by mediaeval owners, and although not adorned with all the luxuries of the nineteenth century, it contains several dry-roofed and spacious apartments. Uninhabited for some time, the castle had been almost buried out of sight by the surrounding trees, which circumstance made it all the more suitable for Orazio and his proscribed comrades. Built in dark and troublous times, this castle, like all those of the same kind, possesses immense dungeons and subterranean passages spreading over a large space in the bowels of the earth. Superstition also guarded the lonely tower. Travellers making inquiries about the neighborhood of the shepherds who tend their flocks in the forest openings, had heard, and duly related, that somewhere in this district was an ancient castle haunted by phantoms; that no one ever dared to enter it, and that those unhappy beings who summoned up courage to approach its gateway were never seen again. Moreover, was there not a story told that the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Prince T——, when staying with her family at Porto d'Anzo for the benefit of sea-bathing, had one day wandered with her maids into the woods, where the affrighted and helpless women saw their mistress carried up into the air by spirits, and although every nook of the forest was searched by the command of her distressed father, no traces of the young princess were ever afterwards discovered.

To this haunt of marvels Orazio then conducted our travellers, as we have before described.

CHAPTER XXX. IRENE

Upon the threshold of the castle, as our travellers drew near, stood a young woman, whose appearance betokened the Roman matron, but of greater delicacy perhaps than the ancient type. She numbered some twenty years; and, though a charming smile spread itself over her lovely features, and her eyes and soft abundant hair were extremely beautiful, still it was the majestic natural bearing of Irene which struck the beholder.

As if unconscious of the presence of strangers, she ran to Orazio, and folded him in a warm embrace, whilst the blush which glad love can excite suffused both their faces, as they regarded each other with undisguised affection. Then, turning to the two ladies, she bowed gracefully, and welcomed them with a cordial salute, as Orazio said—

"Irene, I present to you the wife and daughter of Manlio, our renowned sculptor of Rome."

Honest Jack was perfectly astounded at seeing so much beauty and grandeur where he expected to find nothing except solitude and savage desert. But his astonishment was greater still when he was invited along with the rest into the castle, and beheld a table covered with a profusion of modest comforts in a handsome and spacious dining-hall.

"You expected me, then, carissima?" observed Orazio, as he entered it, to Irene.

"Oh, yes; my heart told me you would not pass another night away," was the reply, and the lovers exchanged another look, which made the thoughts of Clelia, as she beheld it, fly to Attilio, and we do not overstep the bounds of truth if we say that Silvia also remembered her absent Manlio with a sigh.

Jack, with the appetite of a boy of twelve after his very long walk, felt nothing of the pangs of love, but much of those of hunger.

And now another scene amazed mother and daughter as well as the sailor, who stood, indeed, with wide-open mouth staring at what seemed enchantment, for as Orazio blew his horn again, fifteen new guests, one after another, each fully armed and equipped like their leader, filed into the room. The hour being late, there was little daylight in the apartment, which gave to their entrance a more melodramatic air; but when the room was lit up with a lamp, the open and manly countenances of the new comers were seen, and inspired our party with admiration and confidence. The strangers made obeisance to the ladies and their hostess. Orazio, placing Silvia on his right hand, and Clelia on his left, Irene being seated by her side, called out, "To table." When their chief (to whom they showed great respect) was seated, the men took their places, silently, and Jack found a vacant seat by the side of Sylvia, which he took with calm resignation to his good luck. The repast began with a toast "to the liberty of Rome," which each drank in a glass of "vermuth," and then eating commenced, the meal lasting some time. When all had appeased their hunger, Irene rose, with a sweet grace, from the table, and conducted her fair visitors to an upper chamber in the tower; and while a servant prepared, according to her orders, some beds for her guests, exchanged with them, after the universal manner of ladies, a few words about their mutual histories.

Silvia's and Clelia's stories you already know, so it only remains for us, who have the privilege of their confidence, to narrate what Irene imparted to them.

"You will wonder to hear," said she, "that I am the daughter of Prince T——, whom perhaps you know in Rome, as he is famous for his wealth. My father gave me a liberal education, for I did not care about feminine accomplishments, such as music and dancing, but was attracted by deeper studies. I delighted in histories; and when I commenced that of our Rome, I was thoroughly fascinated by the story of the republic, so full of deeds of heroism and virtue, and my young imagination became exalted and affected to such an extent that I

feared I should lose my reason. Comparing those heroic times with the shameful and selfish empire, and more especially with the present state of Rome, under the humiliating and miserable rule of the priest, I became inexpressibly sorry for the loss of that ancient ideal, and conceived an intense hatred and disgust for those who are the true instruments of the abasement and servility of our people. With such a disposition, and such sentiments, you can imagine how distasteful the princely amusements and occupations of my father's house became to me. The effeminate homage of the Roman aristocracy—creatures of the priest—and the presence of the foreigner palled upon me. Balls, feasts, and other dissipations, gave me no gratification; only in the pathetic ruins scattered over our metropolis did I find delight. On horseback or on foot, I passed hours daily examining these relics of Rome's ancient grandeur.

"When I attained my fifteenth year I was certainly better acquainted with the edifices of the old architects, and our numerous ruins, than with the needle, embroidery, and the fashions. I used to make very distant excursions on horseback, accompanied by an old and trusty servant of the family.

"One evening, when I was returning from an exploration, and crossing Trastevere, some drunken foreign soldiers, who had picked a quarrel at an inn, rushed out, pursuing one another with drawn swords. My horse took fright, and galloped along the road, overleaping and overturning every thing in his way, in spite of all my endeavors to check his speed. I am a good rider, and kept a firm seat, to the admiration of the beholders; but my steed continuing his headlong race, my strength began to fail, and I was about to let myself fall—in which case I should certainly have been dashed to pieces on the pavement had I done so—when a brave youth sprang from the roadside, and, flinging himself before my horse, seized the bridle with his left hand, and, as the animal reared and stumbled, clasped me with the right. The powerful and sudden grasp of my robust preserver caused the poor beast indeed to swerve sharply round, and, striking one foot against the curb, he stumbled and fell, splitting his skull open against the wall of a house. I was saved, but had fainted; and when I returned to consciousness I found myself at home, in my own bed, and surrounded by my servants.

"And who was my preserver? Of whom could I make inquiries? I sent for my old groom, but he could tell me little, except that he had followed me as quickly as he well could, and had arrived at the scene of the catastrophe just as I was being carried into a house. All he knew was that my deliverer seemed a young man, who had retired immediately after placing me in the care of the woman of the house, who was very attentive when she learned who I was.

"Still my ardent imagination, even in that dangerous moment, had traced more faithfully than they the noble lineaments of the youth. His eyes had but flashed an instantaneous look into mine, but it was indelibly imprinted on my heart. I could never forget that face, which renewed at last, as in my memory, the heroes of the past. I shall know him again, I said to myself. He is certainly a Roman, and if a Roman, he belongs to the race of the Quirites! my ideal people—the objects of my worship!

"You know the custom of visiting the Colosseum by moonlight, which then displays its majestic beauty to perfection. Well, I went one night to view it, guarded by the same old servant; and as I was coming back, and had arrived at the turning of the road which leads from the Tarpeian to Campidoglio, my servant was struck down by a blow from a cudgel, and two men, who had concealed themselves in the shadow cast by an immense building, sprang out upon me, and, seizing me by the arms, dragged me in the direction of the Arch of Severus. I was terror-stricken and in despair, when, as Heaven willed it, I heard a cry of anger, and we were quickly overtaken by a man whom I recognized in the dim light as my late preserver. He threw himself upon my assailants, and a fearful struggle began between the three. My young athlete, however, managed to lay the assassins in the dust, and returned to my side; but perceiving that my servant had risen, and was approaching unhurt, he took my hand, and kissing it respectfully, departed before I could recover from the sudden shock of the unexpected attack, or could articulate a single word.

"I have no recollection of my mother, but my father, who loved me tenderly, used to take me every year to bathe at Porto d'Anzo, for he knew how much I delighted in the ocean, and how pleased I was to escape from the aristocratic society of Rome, where, had he studied his own inclinations, he would gladly have remained. My father possessed a little villa not far from the sea, to the north of Porto d'Anzo, where we resided during our visits to the Mediterranean, the sight of which I dearly loved. Here I was happier than in Rome; but I felt a void in my existence, a craving in my heart, which made me restless and melancholy. In fact, I was in love with my unknown preserver. Often I passed hours in scrutinizing every passer-by from the balcony of my window, hoping vainly to obtain a glimpse of the man whose image was engraven upon my heart. If I saw a boat or any small craft upon the sea, I searched eagerly, by the aid of my telescope, among crew and passengers for the form of my idol.

"I did not dream in vain. Sitting alone in my balcony one evening, wrapped in gloomy thoughts, and contemplating, almost involuntarily, the moon as she rose slowly above the Pontine marshes, I was startled from my reverie by the noise of something dropping to the ground from the wall surrounding the villa. My heart began to beat violently, but not from fear. I fancied I saw by the dim light a figure emerging from the shrubbery towards me. A friendly ray from the moon illumined the face of the intruder as he approached, and when I beheld the features I had sought for so many days in vain I could not repress a cry of surprise and joy, and it required all my womanly modesty to restrain a violent desire to run down the steps leading to my balcony and embrace him.

"My love of solitude and disdain for the pleasures of the capital had kept me in comparative ignorance of worldly things, and, with good principles, I had remained an ingenuous, simple daughter of nature.

"'Irene,' said a voice which penetrated to the inmost recesses of my soul; 'Irene, may I dare ask for the good fortune to say two words to you either there or here?'

"To descend appeared to me to be more convenient than to permit him to enter the rooms; I therefore went down immediately, and, forgetting, for the moment, his fine speeches, in joy, he covered my hands with burning kisses. Conducting me towards some trees, we sat down upon a wooden bench under their shady branches side by side. He might have led me to the end of the world at that strange and sweet moment had he pleased.

"For a while we remained silent; but presently my deliverer said, 'May I ask pardon for this boldness—will

you not grant it, my loved one?' I made no reply, but allowed him to take possession of my hand, which he kissed fervently. Presently he went on: 'I am only a plebeian, Irene—an orphan. Both my parents perished in the defense of Rome against the foreigner. I possess nothing on this earth but my hands and arms, and my love for you, which has made me follow your footsteps.'

"Predisposed to love him even before I had heard his voice, now that his manly yet gentle and impassioned tones fell upon my ear, I felt he might do what he would with me—I was in an Eden. Yes, he belonged to me, and I to him; but I could not find the voice to say so as yet.

"Irene,' he continued, 'I am not only a portionless orphan, but an outlaw, condemned to death, and pursued like a wild beast of the forest by the bloodhounds of the Government. Yet I have presumed to hope that you might be gentle to me for my love, with the strength of your generous nature; and more so, alas! when I saw that you were unhappy, for I have watched you unseen, and noted with sorrow and hope the melancholy expression of your face. I am come, though your sweet kindness flatters me, Irene, to tell you these things which make it impossible, of course, that you can ever be mine. I have no claim or right; but my ardent love, the small services I have rendered you, have blessed me, and made me proud and happy; therefore you owe me nought of gratitude. If I should ever have the delight of laying down my life for yours, my happiness will then, indeed, be complete. Adieu, Irene, farewell!' he continued, rising and pressing my hand to his heart, while he turned to leave me.

"I had remained in an ecstasy of silent joy, forgetful of the world, of myself, of all save him. At the word 'farewell,' I started as if electrified; I ran to him, crying 'Stay, oh, stay!' and, clasping him by the arm, drew him back to the bench, and quite forgetting all reserve myself, exclaimed, 'Thou art mine, and I am thine for life! thine, yes thine forever, my beloved!'

"He told me all his story—he pictured to me the hope and aim of his life. His burning words of love for Italy and hatred of her tyrants added to my strength of resolve. I replied that I would share his fortunes forthwith as his wife, and with no regrets, except upon my father's account. It was then arranged that we should live here together. A few days of preparation, and we were privately married. I followed my Orazio to the forest where ever since I have dwelt with him. I will not say I am perfectly happy—no; but my only grief is the remembrance that my disappearance accelerated, I fear, in a measure the death of my aged and affectionate parent."

Tired as our poor Silvia was, she could not but listen with interest to the narrative of Irene, down whose beautiful cheeks the tears coursed at the mention of her father's name. Clelia, too, had not lost a single word, and more than one sigh from her fair bosom seemed to say, during her hostess's recital, "Ah, my Attilio! is he not also handsome, valorous, and worthy of love, yes, of my love!"

But now, wishing repose to her guests, Irene bade them good-night.

CHAPTER XXXI. GASPARO

The history of the Papacy is a history of brigands. From the mediæval period robbers have been paid by that weak and demoralizing Government to keep Italy in a state of ferment and internal war; and at this very day it makes use of thieves to hold her in thralldom and hinder her regeneration. I repeat, then, that the history of, the Papacy is a history of brigands.

Whoever visited Civita Vecchia in 1849 must have heard of Gasparo, the famous leader of a band of brigands, a relative of the Cardinal A——.

Indeed, many persons paid a visit to that city simply for the purpose of beholding so extraordinary a man.

Gasparo, at the head of his band, had long defied the Pontifical Government, and sustained many encounters with the gendarmes and regular troops, whom he almost invariably defeated and put to flight.

Failing to capture the brigand by force of arms, the Government had recourse to stratagem. As I have already stated, Gasparo was related to a cardinal, one of the most powerful at Court; and as they were both natives of S——, where many of their mutual relations resided, these relations were made use of by the Government to act as mediators between it and the brigand, to whom it made several splendid offers.

Gasparo, putting faith in the promises made by his kinspeople at the instance of the Government, disbanded his men, but was then shamefully betrayed, arrested, and taken in chains to the prison in Civita Vecchia, where he was found during the Republican period in 1849.

Prince T——, the brother of Irene, having obtained some clue through the shepherds, whose description of a beautiful dweller in the forest left little doubt upon his mind as to her identity, consulted with the Cardinal A——, and determined at any cost to recover his sister.

Although backed by the Government, and authorized to make use of the regiment which he commanded, the Prince, from his ignorance of the many hidden recesses in the forest, did not feel at all certain of success, and in his dilemma applied to the Cardinal to secure for him the services of the prisoner Gasparo, his relative, as a guide.

"It is a good thought," said the Cardinal. "Gasparo is better acquainted with every inch of the forest than we are with the streets of Rome. Besides, they say that such are his olfactory powers, that by taking a handful of grass, and smelling at it, even at midnight, he could tell you what portion of the forest you were in. He is old now, it is true; but he has courage enough still to face even the devil himself."

When Gasparo heard he was to be conducted to Rome he gave himself up for lost, and said to himself, "Better were it to die at once, for I am tired of this miserable existence, only then I should go to my grave unrevenged for the treachery and injury I have suffered at the hands of these villainous priests."

Two squads of gendarmes, one on foot and the other mounted, conducted this formidable brigand from

Civita Vecchia to Rome. The Government would have preferred moving him at night, but darkness would have facilitated his rescue, which it feared some of his old companions might attempt if they heard of his journey. It was therefore decided Gasparo should travel by day, and the road was thronged by so dense a multitude, who pressed forward to gaze at the celebrated chieftain, that the progress of the Pope could scarcely have attracted greater numbers.

Arrived in Rome, Gasparo was afterwards introduced into the presence of his relative, Cardinal A——, and the Prince T——, who, with many words and promises of a large reward in gold, to all appearance prevailed upon him to assist them to destroy the bands of "libertines" by which the forest was infested.

Rejoicing in such a chance of escape and opportunity for revenge upon his persecutors, Gasparo affected to be delighted at the proposition, and consented to it with much apparent pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE SURPRISE

Silvia, Clelia, and Jack, had passed several days very pleasantly in the Castle of Lucullus, as the guests of Orazio and Irene.

Among Orazio's band were several well-connected men, whose friends in the city, unknown to the Government, sent them regularly sums of money, which enabled them to supply the table of their chief. The gallantry of the young Romans to the "Pearl of Trastavere" was profound. Clelia would have been more glad to have had her Attilio at her side; and Silvia, the gentle Silvia, sighed when she remembered the uncertain fate of her Manlio; but the two ladies were nevertheless well pleased. As for Jack, he was the happiest being on earth, for Orazio had presented him with one of the carbines taken from the brigands who had assaulted Manlio and his party; and it was inseparable from him in all his hunting and reconnoitring excursions in the woods.

One day Orazio took the sailor with him to seek a stag, and directed Jack to beat, whilst he placed himself in ambush. Their arrangements were so effective, that, in less than half an hour, a hart crossed Orazio's path. He fired, and wounded him, but not mortally; he therefore fired a second time, and, with a cry, the noble animal fell.

As he discharged his second shot, Orazio heard a rustling in the bushes near him. Listening for a second, he was convinced some one was approaching from the thickest part of the cover. Jack it could not be; he was too far off to have returned so quickly.

A suspicion that he was to be the object of an attack caused him to curse involuntarily as he looked at the empty barrels of his carbine. He was not mistaken; for, hardly had he placed the butt-end of his gun upon the ground in order to reload it, than a head, more like that of some wild creature than a human being, was thrust from between the bushes.

To the valorous fear is a stranger, and our Roman, who was truly brave, sprang forward, dagger in hand, to confront the apparition, who, however, exclaimed, "Hold!" in such a tone of authority and *sang-froid*, that Orazio fell back astonished, and paused.

The stranger was armed from head to foot, and had, as we have said, a striking appearance. His head, covered with a tangled mass of hair, white as snow, was surmounted by a Calabrian hat; his beard was grizzled, and as bristly as the chine of a wild boar, concealing almost the whole of his face, out of which, nevertheless, glared two fiery eyes. Held erect and placed upon magnificent shoulders, years had not bowed nor persecution subjugated that daring neck. His broad chest was covered by a dark velvet vest; around his waist was buckled the inseparable cartridge-box. A velvet coat, and leather gaiters buttoned at the knee, completed his costume.

"I am not your enemy, Orazio," said Gasparo—for it was he—"but am come to warn you of an approaching danger, which might prove your ruin, and that of your friends."

"That you are not my enemy, I am assured," replied Orazio; "for you might, had you chosen, have killed me before I found a chance of defending myself. I know well that Gasparo can handle a gun skillfully."

"Yes," answered the bandit, "there was a time when I needed not to fire many second shots at deer or wild boar, but now my eyes are beginning to fail me; yet I shall not be behind my companions when the time for attacking the common enemy arrives. But let us talk a while, for I have important news to communicate to you."

Seating himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, Gasparo related to Orazio the projects of the Papal court, aided by Prince T—— at the head of his regiment; and how he himself had been sent for, from confinement, to assist the Prince in discovering the retreat of the "Liberals;" also how, burning to be revenged upon the priestly Government, he had effected his escape, and now offered his services, and those of his adherents, to Orazio, on the simple condition of being accepted among the "Liberals" as one of their band.

"But, Gasparo, you have so many serious crimes to answer for, if the reports about you be true, that we could not possibly admit you into our company," observed Orazio.

"Crimes!" repeated the friendly brigand; "I own no crimes but those of having purged society from some bloody and powerful villains and their wicked agents. Is that a crime? and is it a crime to have helped the needy and the oppressed? or do you believe that, if I had been a mere paltry criminal, the Government would have been in such awe of me, or that I should have been so beloved by the populace? The Government fears me because I have no sin upon my soul but resentment against its wickedness, and because it is conscious of having betrayed me in a cowardly and deceitful manner, and that, when I return once more to my free life, I shall make it pay dearly for its deceit and treachery.

"Yes, I have sometimes," he continued, after a pause, "made use of my carbine as an instrument of justice,

in accordance with the laws of humanity, of righteousness. Can the priests say as much of their accursed scaffold?"

Jack arriving at this moment, Orazio explained by signs that the stranger was friendly; and, after making preparations to carry off the game, they returned with Gasparo to the castle, to equip themselves against the approaching assault.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE ASSAULT

The Prince having ascertained from other spies—who proved more docile than Gasparo—that the band of "Liberals" were occupying the castle of Lucullus, made active arrangements to besiege it, and, after approaching the place, disposed his men in such a manner that it might be surrounded on all sides, so that escape from it in any direction should be impossible. The brother of Irene—like many other generals—committed the error of spreading his men over a large space of ground, and detaching a number of sentinels, pickets, videttes, and scouts, so as to leave himself with too small a body against assailants.

Not knowing the exact site of the castle, Prince

T—— had sent Gasparo on to explore, who took advantage of his freedom, as the reader is aware, to desert to the threatened little garrison. Impatient at his prolonged absence, the Prince commanded his officers to cause their men—about a thousand strong—to narrow the circle, and to assault the castle when each column arrived in sight of it. As might be expected, so complex a scheme proved unfortunate. The detachment to the north, commanded by the Prince in person, marched in a straight line for the tower; but the others, partly through the ignorance of the officers, and partly through the disinclination of the guides to begin the affray, instead of following the right path, struck out into the wood, and were soon in inextricable confusion, calling hither and thither to each other, and often returning to the point from which they started. In this way several hours were lost.

The Prince, with two hundred of his most serviceable men, arrived, however, within sight of the spot, which they only discovered about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then perceived, to their chagrin, that preparations for defense had been made. But reckoning on the numbers of his troops, and on the co-operation of the other detachments, he drew his sword, disposed of half his men as skirmishers, and keeping the other half as a reserve, ordered the signal to be given for attack.

Orazio and his young Romans could have avoided the combat by taking refuge in the subterranean passages, but disdainful of a retreat before measuring his strength with the Papal mercenaries, he determined to show fight, and upon returning to the castle with Gasparo, hastened to have the doors barricaded and holes made in the walls for the musketeers, while every necessary instrument was put in readiness for the siege.

The young leader had ordered his men not to fire at the enemy so long as they were at a distance, but to wait until they were close under the walls, so that each might shoot down his man. The assailants advanced boldly on the castle, and the front rank of skirmishers had nearly reached the threshold, when a general discharge from the guns of those within laid nearly as many of the Papal troops on the ground as there were shots fired. This sudden discharge disconcerted those behind, who, seeing so many of their comrades fall, turned and fled. The Prince, with his column, was treading sharply on the heels of the skirmishers, and arrived at this juncture.

Orazio had taken the precaution to have all the spare fire-arms in the tower loaded and placed ready for use, and now commanded the domestics to help the ladies to reload them as soon as they were discharged. Jack, however, declined to remain with the women, as Orazio had proposed, and seizing his musket placed himself at the side of his preserver, following him like a shadow throughout the attack.

When the Prince arrived under cover of the outer mound and saw the slaughter that had taken place, he understood at last the disposition of the enemy with whom he had to deal. Remarking the fear depicted on the countenances of his men, and seeing retreat under such a murderous fire would be disastrous, to say nothing of the disgrace of such a movement, he resolved to storm the wall. He passed the word, accordingly, to his aides-de-camp, by whom he was surrounded, to order the trumpets to sound the charge, and, springing forward himself, he was the first to climb the barricade, striking right and left with his sabre at the few defenders posted there.

Orazio, who was among these few, stood without moving at the first sight of the Prince, in whose lineaments he traced so plainly the likeness to his beloved Irene. One of the barrels of his musket was still undischarged, and he could easily have sent the contents through the body of his enemy, but he refrained. Jack, who was standing by his side, not understanding the cause of this hesitation, raised his gun to a level with the Prince's breast and fired; but as he did so Orazio knocked up the muzzle with all the force of his strong arm, and the ball struck one of the Prince's men, who had just appeared above the barricade. The Prince's followers who mounted with him were few in number, and those few were quickly dispatched by the valiant garrison of the castle.

An unexpected circumstance finally freed our party from their assailants and made them fly in every direction, scattered like a flock of sheep.

As the officers were urging the men crowded under the barricades to follow their Prince, a cry of "Enemies in the rear!" was heard from the east side of the wood. A small band of ten men appearing, sprang like lions on the right flank of the little army. The soldiers, in the panic, thinking the "ten" might be a hundred, dispersed like chaff before the wind. Some few paused, hoping that the new-comers might prove to be some of their own missing allies, but upon a nearer view it was plain that they were dressed in the uniform of the Liberals, and the blows they dealt upon the nearest Papalini were so terribly in earnest, that these last turned

and fled in dismay, leaving their opponents masters of the field and the Prince a prisoner. Realizing the generous act of his enemy, and finding out that he was left alone, he delivered up his sword to Orazio, who received it courteously, and conducted him to the presence of Irene.

CHAPTER XXXIV. A VALUABLE ACQUISITION

The most earnest reformer must confess that immense progress has been made during the present century. We are not speaking of mechanical or physical arts, in which the advance is really wonderful, but we are thinking solely of the political and moral achievements of the age.

The emancipation of the nations from the power of the priest is a vast object not yet attained, but towards the accomplishment of which, nevertheless, our generation is making gigantic strides.

Above all, this progress seems marvellous and divinely impelled, when one remembers that the gradual destruction of priestcraft is the work of the priesthood itself. What enduring consolidation would not the Papacy have obtained, had Pius IX. continued the system of reform with which he commenced his reign, and sincerely identified himself with the Italian nation! An overruling Providence, however, blinded the eyes of the wavering monk for the good of his unfortunate people, and left him to travel on the perverse and misguided road of his predecessors—that is to say, to trade away Roman honor and Christian spirit for the help of the foreigner, vilely selling the blood of his countrymen. The Italian nation, which might have been so well and long deceived, has now seen these impostors, the priests, walking with cross in hand at the head of the foreign troops pitted against Italian patriots. The writer has with his own eyes more than once witnessed priests leading the Austrians against the Liberals. To serve the Papacy they have excited and maintained brigandage, devastating the southern provinces with horrible crimes, and fomenting by every means in their power the dissolution of national unity, so happily but hardly constituted.

Another sign of human progress in our day is the closer tie establishing itself between the aristocracy and the people. There still exist some oligarchs everywhere, more or less callous, more or less insolent, who affect the arrogance and authority of former times, when the outrageous and intolerable feudal pretensions were in full force. But they are few in number, and the greater part of the nobility (noble not only by birth, but in soul) associate with us, and mingle their aspirations with ours.

To this last type belonged the brother of Irene, who undertook the unlucky military affair we related in the last chapter, with the idea of rescuing his beloved sister from the brigands, into whose hands he believed she had fallen an unwilling victim. But when he learned that those he had fought against were Romans of noble and lofty spirit, and very far from the assassins he had pictured, he did not fail to compliment the valor of his countrymen; and when he further learned that Orazio, to whose generosity he owed his life, was the legal husband of his sister, and that she loved him so tenderly, his maimer and opinion changed entirely.

These considerations had pleaded already in favor of Irene, who, upon seeing her brother, threw herself at his feet, clasping his knees in a flood of tears, which flowed the faster at the remembrance of her dead father, whom he represented in face and voice.

The Prince, raising her gently, mingled his tears with hers, as he affectionately embraced her. Orazio, touched to the depths of his soul, was also affected, and taking the Prince's sword by the point, handed it back to him, saying, "So noble a soldier ought not to be deprived, even by accident, of his weapon." The Prince accepted it with gratitude, and shook the bronzed hand of this son of the forest amicably.

And Clelia! what had made her rush away from this charming scene? what had she heard amid the noise of the conflict? She had recognized the voice of her Attilio during the assault, and for her and him too this was a supreme moment. Yes, during the battle, when the shouts of the new-comers made the arches of the castle ring again, Clelia distinguished her betrothed's voice. She threw down a gun which she was loading, and rushed to a balcony, whence she could survey the scene of action. For one second, through the smoke, she obtained a view of the face engraven upon her heart, but that second was sufficient to make her feel surpassingly happy. Attilio, indeed, it was, who, with Silvio, Muzio, and some other companions, had thus charged and scattered the Papal troops.

Silvio, it must be known, was well acquainted with the castle of Lucullus, where he had often been a guest, as well as the associate of Orazio in his hunting and fighting expeditions. Through him a communication was kept up between the Liberals in the city and those in the country. Before quitting Rome he had come to the determination of taking the field, and placing himself under Orazio's flag, and, as we have seen, he happily arrived with his associates just in time to give the last blow to the Papal soldiers.

The gentle reader must himself imagine the joy in the castle caused by the arrival of friends who could contribute so powerfully to the safety of the proscribed—what interrogations! what embracings! what inquiries after parents, relatives, and friends! what new and happy hopes! what soft illusions, dreams of peace and rest!

"Oh, my own, my own!" whispered Clelia, when Attilio for the first time imprinted a kiss upon her beautiful brow, "thou art mine and I am thine, in spite of the wicked priests, in spite of the world."

The smell of the gunpowder had perhaps turned her dear little head, so that we may pass over the slight indiscretion of such confessions. She should have been more coquettish, but she was a Roman girl, and her love was true. And is not true love sublime, heroic, such as these two happy beings bore to one another? Is it not the life of the soul, the incentive of all that is noble, the civilizer of the human race?

The Liberals had a glorious acquisition in the person of Prince T——; he was entirely converted by the scenes he had witnessed and the words which he heard; for, generous and brave by nature, he felt the humiliation of his country, and desired to see her liberated from the bad government of the priest and the foreigner. Educated away from Rome, however, and moving in a different sphere from those patriots who

held in their hands the plot of the Revolution, he had remained in ignorance of much that was passing, and had even accepted, at his father's desire, a post in the Pontifical army, which removed him farther than ever from the influence of our brave friends. But a film had now passed from his sight, and he saw at last with clearer vision the greatness of Italy's future, and how surely Italy—now divided into so many parts, despised and scorned by the world—should yet be re-united, and become one grand and noble nation, looked up to and respected as in the days of her past glory, as the patriotic Italians of all periods have ever dreamed and prayed she should be.

The Prince was enchanted with his new quarters and with his new companions, and vowed to himself to live and die for the sacred cause of his country.

Rich, powerful, and generous, he became in future the strongest supporter of the proscribed, and they had reason to congratulate themselves for having put faith and hope in so noble a patriot, and one whom they had thus doubly conquered.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE AMELIORATION OF MANKIND

Orazio having received and welcomed his friend and brethren, now began to think of their general safety. He therefore called aside Attilio and the Prince (who by this time had become firmly devoted to them and the national cause), and addressed them as follows:-

"It is true we have been victorious in our last encounter, and have vanquished you, Prince, whose noble conduct now conquers our hearts; but I fear now this castle has become too notorious for us to remain longer in it in safety. The Government will employ every means in its power to hunt us out of our retreat and to destroy us, and is capable of sending a whole army with artillery to demolish these old walls. I do not, however, advise an immediate retreat, as the Cardinals will require time to form projects and make arrangements; but it behoves us now to use all vigilance, and from this moment to ascertain the movements of the enemy and guard against surprise. As for yourself, Prince, you had better return to Rome; your presence here is not needed for the present, and there you may be of the greatest use to us. Let it be thought that you were set at liberty on parole, on condition that you would not bear arms against us, and then send in your resignation."

"Yes," replied the Prince, "I can be of more service to you in Rome, and I pledge my word of honor to be yours until death."

Attilio was of the same opinion, and added that Regolo would advise them of the movements of the Pontifical troops. On the Prince desiring some secure means of remaining with them, Attilio presented him with a piece of paper—so small that it might easily be swallowed in case of emergency—containing a line of recommendation for the Prince to Regolo.

The rest of the day was devoted to the interment of the dead, of which there were not a few, and to tending the wounded, nearly all of whom were Papalini. Three of the Liberals only were wounded, and those not seriously. This proves that, in the strife of battle, the valorous run the least danger; and if the statistics of the field were referred to, it would be seen that fugitives lose more men than any army which stands its ground.

At midnight the Prince started for Rome. And who acted as his guide? Who, but Gasparo, the veteran chief of the bandits in old times, now an affiliated Liberal, as he had proved in the last affray, in which he had done wonders with his unerring carbine.

I who write this am well persuaded of the truth of the perpetual amelioration of the human race. I am wholly opposed to the cynic and the pessimist, and believe with all my heart and soul in the law of human progress by various agencies, under many forms, and with many necessary interruptions. Providence has willed that happiness shall be the final end of this sad planet and suffering race; but Its decrees work slowly, and only by the submission of mankind to the higher law of light is happiness attainable. Not by miracles will men become regenerated. Voltaire has well said-

*"J'en ai vaincu plu d'un,
Je n'ai forco personne,
Et le vrai Dieu, mon fils,
Est un Dieu qui pardonne."*

If humanity does not improve along with the progress of knowledge, as it should do, the fault must lie with the various governments, for with kind treatment and judicious care, even the wild beasts of the forest become domesticated, and their fierce passions are tamed. What, then, may we not accomplish with the very lowest grade of mankind? But can any thing be expected from a people kept purposely in ignorance, and reduced to misery by exaction, imposts, and taxes? We know that these taxes and exactions are not, as it is stated, imposed upon the Romans for the defense of the state, or for the support and maintenance of national honor, but to fatten the Pontifical Government and its multitude of parasites, who are to the people what vermin are to the body, or what the worm is to the corpse, and who exist only to plunder and devour. Who can deny that the people of Southern Italy were more prosperous in 1860 than at the present day, and is not the reason because they were better governed?

In those days brigandage was scarcely known; there were no prefects, no gendarmes, no bravos. Now, with the multitude of satellites who ruin Italian finance existing in the South, anarchy, brigandage, and misery prevail. Poor people! They hoped, after so many centuries of tyranny, and after the brilliant revolution of 1860, to obtain in a reformed Government an era of repose, of progress, and of prosperity. Alas, it was but a delusion! "Put not your trust in princes," says Holy Writ.

Gasparo had baptized himself a Liberal in the Wood of the oppressors. He was received by the young brigand with indulgence, and even enthusiasm, and intrusted, as already mentioned, with the important mission of conducting Prince T—— out of the forest into the direct road to Rome.

The prediction of Orazio respecting the steps that would be taken by the Papal Government fulfilled itself exactly. After the reverse it had sustained at the castle of Lucullus, the bishops decided in council to send a large body of troops, with artillery, against this stronghold of the Liberals; and as it was thought they would not tarry long for such a descent, the resolution was to carry the assault into immediate execution.

With this in view, it was determined that not only the Papal, but also the foreign troops at the service of the Pope, should be drawn upon for the expedition. A foreign general of note was called in to direct the enterprise, and every thing was made ready with alacrity, that the critical assault might be delivered on Easter Day, generally so propitious to the priests, who on that occasion, after their long fast, gorge even more than usual their capacious stomachs at the expense of their ignorant and superstitious flocks.

Orazio and his companions meanwhile were not sleeping, and received regular information from their friends in Rome of the plans and preparations made by the Pontifical Government, albeit it kept them as secret as possible. The first thing Orazio did was to explore the subterranean passages thoroughly. These were known, even to him, only partially, and a few of his comrades; but Gasparo, who had already returned from his mission, had had better opportunities of examining them, and, with his assistance, a thorough exploration was to be made.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES

Among the wonders of the Metropolis of the World, the catacombs or subterranean vaults and passages are certainly not the least. The first Christians, persecuted with atrocious cruelty by the pagan imperial government of Rome, sought refuge for safety occasionally in the catacombs; and sometimes, also, that they might assemble without incurring suspicion, in larger numbers, to instruct themselves in the doctrines of their new religion. These subterranean passages were also undoubtedly the resort of fugitive slaves and other miserable beings, who sought refuge from the tyrannical government of imperial Rome, over which have presided some of the direst monsters that ever existed—Heliogabalus, Nero, Caligula, and other despots in purple.

Among these subterranean passages there are, it appears, different kinds. Some were constructed for the purpose of receiving the dead, others were used as water conduits, and supplied the city with rivers of fresh water for a population of two millions. The cloaca maxima, which led from Rome to the sea, is very famous, as well as many smaller hidden roads, constructed by wealthy private individuals, at an enormous expense, in which they could secrete themselves from the depredations of those greatest of all robbers the emperors, and in later times from the persecution and massacre of the barbarians.

The soil on which Rome is built, as well as that in its immediate neighborhood, offers great facilities to the excavator, being composed of volcanic clay, easy to pierce, yet sufficiently solid and impenetrable to damp to form a secure habitation. In fact, to this day many shepherds, with their flocks, lodge in these artificial caverns.

Before the exploration of the subterranean passages of the castle, it was thought desirable to send the severely wounded to Rome, attended by those who were only slightly injured, and conducted by some shepherds. Among the Liberals very few were wounded, and none severely so. Many of the Papilini, moreover, requested permission to remain and follow the fortunes of the proscribed, for there are not many Italian soldiers, however debased, who willingly serve the priesthood; and there is no doubt that when the hour for liberating Italy and Rome from their pollution arrives, not a soldier, with the exception of the foreign mercenaries, will remain to protect them.

After dispatching the wounded, Orazio and his men removed to the subterranean passages all that the castle contained which was valuable and useful, with provisions of all kinds to last for some time, and then awaited calmly the coming of the enemy. They did not fail to take all military precautions, and that in spite of the notices from Rome of every movement of the enemy, Orazio also sent scouts and placed sentinels in all directions, that he might be apprised at the earliest moment of their approach.

The original party had been considerably augmented by the arrival of Attilio and his followers, as well as by those of the Roman soldiers who had resolved to serve the priest no longer, not to mention certain youths from the capital, who, having heard of the victory won by the Liberals, determined forthwith to join them. They now numbered sixty individuals, without counting the women, while Orazio's authority over his band was increased rather than lessened by this addition, and Attilio, although at the head of the Roman party, and commander of the "Three Hundred," showed the greatest fidelity in obeying the orders of his brave and warlike brother in arms.

Orazio divided his little army into four companies, under the command of Attilio, Muzio, Silvio, and Emilio the antiquary. The latter had been second in command before the advent of the chief of the Three Hundred, but made it a point of honor to yield this post to him. A generous dispute ensued, which would never have ended, had not Orazio persuaded Attilio to accept the first command, and assigned the second to Emilio. Such was the disinterestedness of these champions of Rome's liberty. "Freedom for Rome or death!" was their motto. Little did they care for grades, distinctions, or decorations, which they indeed held as instruments used by despotism to corrupt one half of the nation, and humiliate and hold in bondage the other half.

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE ANTIQUARY

It was Easter Eve. Every thing in the antique monument was in readiness for the siege, and those of the band who were not on duty were assembled with Orazio and the ladies in the spacious dining-hall. After a truly Homeric supper, which was enlivened by some patriotic toasts, Emilio the antiquary, who desired to put them on their guard against any contretemps that might arise, asked permission of his commander to speak a few words. Consent being given, Emilio began thus:-

"As we shall soon have to take refuge in the subterranean passages, I wish, by way of precaution, to narrate a circumstance that happened to me a few years ago in the vicinity of Rome. You all remember the superb mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, erected by a Roman patrician in honor of his daughter, who died in her twelfth year.

"You know, too, that that mausoleum is beautiful among all our ruins, and, like the Pantheon, one of the best preserved. But what you do not, perhaps, know, is that under it is the opening to a subterranean passage, leading no one knows whither. One day I determined to investigate this dark place, and as, in my youthful folly and pride, I thought I should not have so much merit if I were accompanied by any one, I resolved to go alone. Providing myself with an immense ball of twine, so large that I could scarcely grasp it, and a bundle of tapers, some bread, and a flask of wine, I ventured out very early in the morning, descended into the bowels of the earth, having previously secured the end of my twine at the entrance to the tunnel, and commenced my mysterious journey. Onward, onward I went under the gloomy arches, and the farther I went the more my curiosity was excited. It appeared truly astounding to me that any human being destined by God to dwell upon the earth, and enjoy the fruits and blessed light of the sun, should ever have condemned himself to perpetual darkness, or have worked so hard, like the mole, to construct such a secure but fearful habitation. Wretched, and bitterly terrified, although rich, must have been those who, at the cost of so much labor, excavated these gigantic works for hiding-places.

"While such thoughts were passing through my mind, I continued to walk, lighted by my taper, unrolling my ball at the same time, and endeavoring to follow in a direction originally indicated by the narrow passage at the entrance; but I discovered that the gloomy lane gradually widened, and was supported by columns of clay, from between which opened various alleys, spreading out in all directions. These were fantastically and unsymmetrically arranged, as if the architect had wished to involve any trespassers in an inextricable labyrinth. The observations I made troubled me somewhat, and I speak frankly when I say that I occasionally felt my courage failing me, and was several times on the point of turning back, but Pride cried, 'Of what use were these preparations if your expedition is to be a failure?'

"I felt ashamed of myself for my terror; besides, had I not my guiding thread that would lead me back to security? Onward I went again, unwinding my twine, and lighting, from time to time, a fresh taper, as each became consumed. At last I came to the end of my twine, and, much to my discontent, I had encountered nothing but a profound solitude. I was tired and rather discouraged at having such a long road to retrace. While I stood contemplating my position, and holding the end of the thread firmly, lest I should lose it, and anxiously regarding my last taper, which I feared every moment would be extinguished, I heard a rustling, as of a woman's dress, behind me, and, while turning round to discover the cause, a breath blew out my light, some one tore the thread violently out of my fingers, and my arms were seized with such force that the very bones seemed to crack, while a cloth was thrown over my head, completely blinding me.

"A presentiment of danger is oft times harder to bear than the danger itself. I had felt very much terrified when I first heard the footsteps approaching me, but now that I was being led by the hand like a child, my fear fled: I had to do with flesh and blood. I walked boldly along. Although I was blinded, I was conscious another light had been struck, and that the touch and footsteps near me were those of living beings, and not of spirits. In this manner I proceeded for some minutes, and then the veil or bandage was removed from my eyes, and, to my amazement, I found myself in a small room, brilliantly illuminated, with a table in the centre splendidly laid out, around which sat twenty hearty fellows feasting merrily."

During the antiquary's narrative, a smile had passed over Gasparo's face from time to time; now he rose, and extending his hand to Emilio, said, with some motion-

"Ah, my friend, were you then that incautious explorer? I dwelt in the catacombs in those days with my band; and the emissaries of Rome, before venturing into them, generally made their wills, if prudent. The woman who blew out your light, and who afterwards showed you so much kindness was my Alba, who died a short time since from grief on account of my sufferings and imprisonment."

"Oh!" exclaimed the antiquary, "was it you who sat at the head of the table, and received as much homage from your men as if you had been in reality a sovereign?"

"Yes, it was I," replied the bandit, somewhat mournfully, noting Emilio's surprise; "years and the irons and cruelties of those wretched men calling themselves ministers of God have wrinkled my forehead and silvered these hairs. But my conscience is pure. I have treated every unhappy creature kindly, and you know whether you received any harm from us, or if even a hair of your head were touched. I wished only to humiliate those proud voluptuaries who live in luxury and vice at the expense of suffering humanity; and with God's help and yours, although I am old, I yet hope to see my country freed from their monstrous yoke."

"Yes," answered the antiquary affectionately, "I received the greatest kindness from you and your lady. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

And then turning to the company, he continued his recital:

"I was much shaken by my solitary exploration, and a little, too, by my unexpected encounter; and was so feverish in consequence, that I was compelled to remain two days in the subterranean abode; and during that time I received, as you have heard, the greatest care and the most delicate attentions from the amiable Alba, who not only provided me with every necessary, but watched assiduously by my pillow. Having regained my

strength at the end of the two days, I requested to be allowed to depart, and was conducted by a new and shorter road into the light of the sun, which I had thought never to see again. Upon giving my word of honor not to betray the secret of their existence, two of the band pointed out the road to Rome, and left me to pursue my way."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE ROMAN ARMY

"Now opens before us," says the great writer on ancient Italy, "that splendid region in which man grew to grander stature than in any other part of the world, and displayed prodigies of energy and moral judgment. We are about to enter that land consecrated by heroic virtues, from which came a light of empire that illumined the universe. To that proud life has since succeeded deep death; and now in many places of ancient majesty you will find nought but ruins—monuments of departed grandeur amidst vast deserts of death—dreary solitude, and the decayed achievements of man. The city of the rulers of the world fell, but the remains of her past glories can not be destroyed. They have for ages sent, and still send forth a mighty voice, which breaks the silence of her grave, proclaiming the greatness of those ancient inhabitants. The country of the Latins is desolate, but grand in its desolation; an austere nature adds solemnity to the vacant sites of the cities, their sepulchres, and relics. In the midst of a wilderness, at every step, one meets with tokens of a bygone power that overawes the imagination. Frequently, in the same spot, on the same stone, the traveller reads the record of the joys and the sorrows of generations divided by prodigious intervals of time. Here, also, are to be seen the columns of those temples in which the priests of old, with their auguries and idols, deceived the people, and reduced them to moral slavery.

"In this, however, little is changed; for farther on may be viewed modern temples, in which religion is still made an instrument of infamous tyranny. Sadnesses ancient and sadnesses modern blend together; memories of past dominations, and tokens of dominations ruling down to the present day.

"If the far-off cry of the wretched plebeians whom the savage aristocracy of a past age precipitated from the cliff, makes us shudder, shall we not feel something akin to this when we hear the cry of living victims of Popish fury imprisoned in dungeons in our own day? Mingled with the ashes of the leaders of the ancient people, you may here dig up those of the martyrs of our own age, who shed their blood for the new Republic, and fell protesting against the bitter dominion of the priesthood; and pondering over these memories, antique and recent, each true Roman may draw comfort for his afflicted soul, seeing that, in spite of the passage of centuries, and the debasing strength of tyrannies, the children of Rome, far as they are from her heroic days, have never quite lost the energy of their forefathers, and thence, on this soil of auguries each may rightly draw the joyful presage that now, as then, the genius of this sublime country will never long leave her to such shameful vicissitudes."

This noble and patriotic piece we have introduced to aid in the difficult task of depicting the Rome of heroic times along with the living but paralyzed virtues of modern Latium. We may thus proceed to discuss that strange and sad heterogeneous band, native and foreign, which forms what is called "the Roman army." What manner of men are those who dedicate themselves to the service of a government like that of "Pio Nono"—a service that can not fail to inspire an honest man with disgust? And here, we may repeat, none but a priesthood could have so degraded a people, and placed them on a level with the basest upon earth—a people, too, born in a region where they have attained to greater perfection of manhood than in any other part of the known world.

The "Roman army," so called, is at present composed partly of Romans, under the observation of foreign soldiery, and partly of foreign soldiers under the sway of foreign commanders, while the people themselves are under the protection (or rather subjection) of a set of scoundrels called gendarmes. For what are these hired mercenaries but knaves thirsting for profit, who, without principle and without honor, enter this disgraceful service? The title, therefore, of "Papal soldier" is by no means a martial distinction, but one despised by a true man; while, on the other hand, the foreign interloper, scoundrel though he be in embracing so dishonorable a calling, despises none the less the native soldiery, whom he is called upon to aid and abet. Hence, the native soldier and the foreign hireling (not being in the true sense of the term brothers in arms) frequently come to blows, when the foreigner usually comes off second best, for, in spite of the influence of the priesthood to render the Roman soldiery degenerate and corrupt, some remains at least of their ancient valor still exist.

This is the condition of the Roman army of the day, and thus the reason why it was despised by the "proscribed," who informed themselves of its movements, and quietly waited its approach. In the case of the impending assault upon Orazio's castle, time was lost by the quarrels which prevailed as usual in it. The foreigners looking with contempt upon the native soldiers, claimed to have the right wing in the assault assigned them; but the natives, not fearing foreigners, and believing themselves, with reason, to be superior to them in the art of war, resolutely refused to concede this honor to alien troops. The priests, too, impotent to restore order, begun to gnaw their nails at such junctures with impatience, rage, and fear.

Easter day, then—the day destined for the destruction of "the brigands"—would most probably have seen the extermination of these mercenaries had not the "Moderates" raised the cry of "Order and brotherhood!" And thus this fine opportunity for finishing off a set of knaves—the plague and dishonor of Italy—was lost.

Regolo, with the greater number of the Three Hundred, seeing they could do nothing of themselves, for some time, towards the liberation of Rome, had enlisted in the ranks of the Pontifical troops, according to the orders received from outside, and were active in influencing the Romans to demand the honor of conducting the right wing in the order of march. This being disputed, they mutinied, and ill-treated their officers. General D—— was sent with a company of foreigners to restore order, but the strife was almost as serious as in a pitched battle, and the foreigners fled discomfited to their barracks.

The chief instigator of the mutiny was our old acquaintance, Dentato, the sergeant of dragoons. Being released from the pains and penalties inflicted upon him by the Inquisition, which he had sustained with a stoicism worthy of the olden times, he resolved to be revenged upon his persecutors at the first opportunity, and did not fail to make good use of this occasion. At the head of his dragoons (for he had been restored to his post), sabre in hand, he plunged into the thickest of the fray, and made serious havoc amongst the foreign troops. The affair over, knowing what to expect at the hands of his masters, he set out from Rome without dismounting, accompanied by the better part of his men, sought out the proscribed in the forest, who received him most cordially, and heard with satisfaction the account of his adventures in the capital.

CHAPTER XXXIX. MATRIMONY

Of a surety, the most holy and closest tie in all the human family is marriage. It binds together two beings of an opposite sex for life, and makes them, if they be but worthy of that condition, supremely happy. I say if they be worthy advisedly, because that solemn rite should only be contracted with the mutual purpose that each is to seek the happiness of the other, and such a union has for its base true love—that is, celestial love, which the ancients rightly distinguished from sensual passion, the former being that love of the soul which no worldly or selfish views can ever influence. Even before the marriage contract its anticipation does much to soften and improve the character of each, from the new feeling that they must not fail to contribute to each other's welfare. The very atmosphere of happiness makes married life nobler than lonely life, while the love of parents for their offspring renders them gentle and forbearing, and indulgent to their own first, and finally to others, whose good-will they wish to win. Unfaithfulness, however, is, unhappily, too frequently an incident of modern marriages, but they of either sex who sin against that loyalty in wedlock which should bind both indissolubly, unless hardened in vice beyond all hope, feel such remorse that they would, if they could, return to their former purity by any sacrifice. But truth, among other things, should suffice to fortify the good against temptation and dishonor, which brings shame and ruin to the soul. Oh, you whom this sacred tie has newly bound, be true as heaven to one another! By your fidelity you will secure your conscience in the future against sharp and stinging reflections. Out of noble and heartfelt constancy will spring a paradise upon earth—the foretaste of a blissful life beyond.

But priestly interference in this holy communion of hearts blights and blasphemes the name of love, sowing the seeds of hatred; while more or less all over the globe this plague is felt, by reason of the number of unhappy marriages brought about or directed by these busy tonsured meddlers. What, then, must this baneful influence be in Rome, where the priests are so numerous as to reign almost supreme in society.

We have before stated that in the city of Rome the largest number of illegitimate births take place, which arises naturally (or rather unnaturally) from the infamous influences of priests, who traffic in matches, and control the market of men and women for their own profit.

But we will draw the veil of silence over these lamentable facts, and ask pardon of refined readers if we have shocked them, even by a hint. Nevertheless, when we remember the degradation and misery to which our beloved but unhappy country has been reduced by the despotism and corruption of her corrupt Government, shame and grief are hard to restrain. Oh, pardon me, you whose chaste eyes have no Rome to weep for!

Yes, marriage is a sacred act. By it a man imposes on himself the duty to love, protect, and support his wife, and the children she may bear him. And this act is the first cause of the progress and civilization of mankind. The priest, being no other than a meddler and impostor, is consequently unworthy of celebrating that most important act of life. The municipal authorities, who ought to be cognizant of all that concerns the citizens, and register all acts, should preside at the ceremony of marriage, or, as immediate representatives of these, the parents of the contracting parties, who are their natural and lawful guardians.

To these latter authorities Attilio and Clelia referred themselves.

"My own! my own!" Clelia had whispered to herself during Irene's narration; and in the hour when her beloved was at her feet, overjoyed by the blissful atmosphere that surrounded her, she resisted his passionate and honest solicitations for some time, but at last gave him permission to demand her in marriage of her mother, adding, "If she consents, I will be thine for life."

Although Silvia was of a somewhat hesitating temperament, and would have preferred having her Manlio at hand to consult as to the destiny of her dearly beloved child, still she had sufficient good sense to see that a union between the two ardent lovers was very desirable, and felt that under the peculiar circumstances of their banishment and forest life she might be assured of her husband's sanction, and therefore accorded them hers.

Silvia could not endure priests, and civil authorities there were none to consult or employ, except the sylvan jurisdiction of their honest preserver, Orazio, and her own maternal governance. These, she opined, were sufficient for the occasion, and it was not difficult to persuade her bold but gentle and enlightened conscience that this simple, natural, and legal solemnization was all that was requisite.

The celebration of the marriage of our young friends, thus determined upon and permitted, was a true feast for all in the castle, and particularly for Irene, who, as the happy example herself of a rural marriage, was thoroughly proud of being priestess to the natural and noble rite. She erected, without their knowledge, an altar at the foot of the most majestic oak in the neighborhood. With the help of her maidens, and the sailor's assistance, who prided himself upon his marine agility—Irene reared above this a small temple, formed of green boughs and garlands of wild flowers, the crown of the oak serving as a cupola illuminated far above by the sun, and at night by beautiful stars and planets, the first-born creations of God.

The ceremony was not long, for it was simple, but serious. It took place in the presence of those faithful

children of Rome, who stood in a circle around the handsome couple, while Irene joined their right hands, pronounced them to be man and wife, and solemnized the sacred union by the following address:-

"Dear and true-hearted friends, the act you have solemnized this day unites you indissolubly body and soul. You must share together henceforward the prosperities and reverses, the joys and sorrows of this life. Remember that in mutual love and faithfulness you will find your only and enduring happiness, while, if affliction descends, it will be diminished and dissipated by your reciprocal love. May God bless your union!"

Then Silvia, her eyes bedewed by maternal tears, placed her hands upon the heads of her beloved children, and repeated *che Dio vi benedica!* More she could not say for her emotion. The marriage contract, which had been previously prepared, was now presented to the united couple by Orazio for their signature, and then to the witnesses, the chief finally signing it himself.

In this manner was celebrated, with the greatest simplicity, in the Almighty's own temple, illuminated by the bright golden lamp of all the world, that solemn act of wedlock, none the less solemn or binding for being so celebrated. Never did human pair feel themselves more sacredly bound one to the other than Clelia and Attilio.

From the altar our joyful party directed their steps towards the castle, where a right goodly woodland banquet awaited them. All were rejoiced at the auspicious event, and many joyous toasts were given. Patriot songs were freely sung, and Jack, elated by the general hilarity, treated his friends to his own famous national airs, "God Save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia."

CHAPTER XL. THE CHRISTENING

The "army of Rome," as already related, gave the proscribed a long time for preparation, and they, knowing the nature of the delay, troubled themselves little about the matter. And now we must return to some of the principal and most cherished personages of our book—namely, Julia and her companions, of whom we took leave when they escaped so narrowly from the storm, and whom we have neglected far too long.

Two days after the departure of the *Seagull* from Porto d'Anzio she entered Porto Longone, with all her sails set and her colors flying. As soon as she anchored, our friends saw a group of persons issuing from Liberi, a small village overlooking the port, who, on reaching the shore, embarked in a boat and rowed out to the yacht.

Julia received the party—which was composed of both sexes—gracefully and courteously, and offered them refreshments in her saloon, which they cordially accepted.

Seated at table, each with a glass of Marsala in hand, the guests turned towards Manlio, whom they imagined to be the master of the vessel, and addressed him with a Tuscan accent. It is one less manly than the Roman, but sweeter and more sympathetic, and though it be but a dialect of the real Italian, to it Italy owes much of her revival, and in this dialect, dignified by so much genius, must be found the language of Italian national unity.

"Sir," said the elder of the visitors, talking Tuscan, "in Liberi there exists a custom that if a vessel comes into port at the same time birth is given to an infant, the captain is requested to stand godfather to the newly-born child. Will you therefore vouchsafe to comply with this custom, and do us the honor of becoming a godfather, and your gracious young lady a godmother, to a little one who has this day entered upon existence."

Manlio smiled at this odd request, and all present admired the facility with which the visitor in Elba can form an alliance with the islanders. Manlio replied, "I am simply a guest on board, like yourself, Signor; this young English lady is the owner of the vessel, and must decide what shall be done."

Julia—the traveller, the artist, the antiquary, and the friend of Italian liberty—was enchanted to find such simplicity of manners among these good people, and said, "For my part I gladly accede to your proposal, and as I hear the captain of the ship must be godfather, I will send for him, when, if he be agreeable, we will place ourselves at your service."

Captain Thompson was immediately summoned, and the English lady explained to her commander what was required. He laughed merrily, and accepted the invitation as she had done, declaring that he should feel immensely honored to stand godfather with his gracious mistress as godmother. Captain Thompson then gave his orders to the mate, and they all embarked in company for Liberi.

Here our narrative stumbles again upon the topic of the priesthood, and it is a fatality that, in spite of the invincible antipathy which they excite in us, they are thus continually coming in contact with the progress of our tale. But the curé of Liberi was a man of a different stamp.

A modest but hospitable table was spread for the christening party in the house of the islanders, and it was made pleasant by the cordiality and simplicity of these kind islanders. The guests were all delighted, while Captain Thompson, although a little confused, was happy beyond measure at the honor the beautiful Julia did him by leaning on his arm, and still more so at being sponsor to her godchild. So elated was the worthy seaman that he neither heard nor saw as they walked towards the village, and stumbling over some obstacle in the way had well-nigh fallen, and, to use his own phrase, "carried away his bowsprit."

Luckily Julia did not perceive the profound confusion of her companion, and walked on with a calm and stately demeanor, in unintentional contrast to the tar's awkward gait, for the excellent Thompson, dreading another stumble, counted every stone on the road as he paced by her side.

In this manner they arrived at the church. Captain Thompson here put on a very imposing appearance, and, although a little wearied by the inordinate length of the ceremony, gave no sign of impatience. Having an excellent disposition, the tediousness was relieved by the pleasure of holding his new godson in his strong

arm, to which, although a plump and well-formed babe, it appeared but as light as a feather.

The ceremony ended, the guests invited to the christening bent their steps to the house of the second godfather, who entertained them at a more formal banquet, the excellent wine of Liberi receiving much favor. Captain Thompson, having to reconduct Julia, and remembering the stumble, partook very moderately of the liquor, contenting himself with passing a disinterested eulogy upon it.

The captain had another motive for being temperate and keeping in check his decided predilection for good drink. He was most anxious to please the Signora Aurelia, who, though past the bloom of youth, was extremely amiable, and had a brilliant complexion. She was full of gratitude for the many attentions the captain had lavished upon her during the terrible storm, and by no means repulsed the signs of sympathy, loyal and honest, if not courtly, which the gallant sailor manifested.

All went very merrily for our amphibious friends, for, much as one may resemble a seahorse in constitution, land with its pastimes and comforts is always preferable to the tempestuous sea. On leaving, Julia was covered with blessings and thanks by her new acquaintances, after the manner of olden times.

Manlio was meditating over a statue in marble, which he determined to carve when he should return to Rome, representing the beautiful Julia as Amphitrite guiding the stumbling Triton. Aurelia and Thompson, absorbed in thoughts of tenderness, were oblivious of the incidents of the past; and thus our yachting party returned on board, accompanied to the shore by all the villagers, with music and joyful hurrahs.

CHAPTER XLI. THE RECLUSE

IN the Italian Archipelago, which may be said to begin in the south at Sicily, and to extend northward to Corsica, there may be found a nearly deserted island, composed of pure granite crags, down which delicious streams of pure water flow, that never quite fail even in summer. It is rich in vegetation of low but pretty growth, for the tempestuous winds which rush over it prevent the trees from attaining any great height. This, however, is compensated by the healthiness of this little island, in which one may always enjoy fresh and pure air. The plants that grow out of the crevices in the rocks are chiefly aromatic, and when a fire is made of the leaves and twigs, they send forth a fragrance which perfumes the whole vicinity.

The wandering cattle that graze over the promontories of the island, are small in size but very robust. So are, also, the few inhabitants, who live not in affluence but sufficient comfort upon the produce of their tillage, fishing, and shooting, while, moreover, they are supplied with other necessaries from the continent by the generosity or commerce of their friends.

The inhabitants being scanty, police and government are superfluous, and the absence of priests is one of the especial blessings of this little spot. There God is worshipped, as he should be, in purity of spirit, without formalism, fee, or mockery, under the canopy of the blue heavens, with the planets for lamps, the sea-winds for music, and the greensward of the island for altars.

The head of the principal family on this little island is, like other men, one who has experienced both prosperity and misfortune. Like other men he has his faults, but he has enjoyed the honor of serving the cause of the people. Cosmopolitan, he loves all countries more or less; but Italy and Rome he loves to adoration.

He hates the priesthood as a lying and mischievous institution, but is ready, so soon as they divest themselves of their malignity and buffoonery, to welcome them with open arms to a nobler vocation, a new but honest profession, and to urge men to pardon their past offenses, conforming in this, as in other acts, to a spirit of universal tolerance. Though not suffering them as priests, he pities and yearns towards them as men; for priests he regards as the assassins of the soul, and in that light esteems them more culpable than those who slay the body. He has passed his life in the hope of seeing the populations ennobled, and to the extent of his power, has championed always and everywhere their rights, but sadly confesses that he has lived partly in a false hope; for more than one nation, raised to freedom and light by Providence, has paltered again with despotism, whose rulers become perhaps even more unjust and arbitrary than the patrician.

Still, this man never despairs of the ultimate amelioration of mankind, albeit he is deeply grieved at the slowness of its coming. He regards as the worst enemies of the liberty of the people those democratic *doctrinaires* who have preached and still preach revolution, not as a terrible remedy, a stern Nemesis, but as a trade carried on for their own advancement. He believes that these same mercenaries of liberty have ruined many republics, and brought dishonor upon the republican system. Of this there is a striking example in the great and glorious French Republic of 1789, which is held up at the present day as a scarecrow by despots and their crew against those who maintain the excellence of the popular system. He defines a perfect republic to be a government of honest and virtuous people by honesty and virtue, and illustrates his definition by pointing to the downfall of all republics when people have eschewed virtue and turned away towards vice. But he does not believe in a republican government composed of five hundred governors.

He considers that the liberty of a nation consists in the people choosing their own government, and that this government should be dictatorial or presidential; that is to say, directed by one man alone. To such an institution the greatest people in the world owed their greatness. But woe be to those who, instead of a Cincinnatus, elect a Cæsar! The Dictatorship should be limited to a fixed period, and prolonged only in extraordinary cases, like that in the authority of Abraham Lincoln in the late war of the United States. It must be guarded by popular rights and public opinion from becoming either excessive or hereditary.

The islander whom we are describing, however, is not a dogmatist, and holds that form of government desired or adopted by the majority of the people most beneficial to each nation; and he gives, by way of illustration, the English constitution. He regards the existing European system as utterly immoral, and the governments guilty of the crimes and suffering of the Continent; since, instead of seeking the welfare and

prosperity of their peoples, they intrigue only to secure their own despotic positions. Hence that legion of armies, political functionaries, and hangers-on, who devour in idleness the productions of industry; pampering their vicious appetites, and spreading universal corruption. These drones of the hive, not content with what suffices for one man, conspire to appropriate to each of themselves the portion of fifty to maintain their pomp and supply their luxuries.

This is just why the working portion of the populace are loaded with taxes, and deprived of the manliest of their sons, who are torn from the plough and the workshop to swell the ranks of the armies, under the pretext that they are necessary to their country's safety, but in reality to sustain a monstrous and fatal form of government. The people are consequently discontented, starving, and wretched.

The continual state of warfare in which Europe is kept, too clearly shows how ill-governed it is. Were each nation naturally and nobly governed, war would cease, and the people would learn to understand and to respect one another's rights without a passionate or suicidal recourse to arms.

A Federation of European nations must be cemented by the medium of representatives for each country, whose fundamental proclamation should be—"War is declared impossible" and their second basis the law that, "All disputes which may arise between nations shall henceforth be settled by the International Congress."

Thus war—that scourge and disgrace of humanity—would be exterminated forever, and with its extermination, the necessity for maintaining a paid army would obviously cease, and the children of the peoples, now led out to slaughter under the fictitious names of patriotism and glory, would be restored to their families, to the field, and to the workshop, once more to contribute to the fruitfulness and general improvement of their native countries.

Such, then, are the sentiments upon these topics of the recluse, and we frankly confess them to be also our own.

To this island, the abode of the recluse, Julia had arranged to take her friends; but when it became impracticable for Silvia and Clelia to join them, on account of the storm, and the consequent injury to the yacht, she changed her plans, feeling that they would have altered their own, and resolved to touch there only for advice, and then to return to the Continent to gain, if possible, some news of Manlio's family.

Picture, courteous reader, one of those Mediterranean daybreaks which, by its glorious beauty of gold and color, makes the watchers forget the miseries of life and ponder only those marvellous marks of the Creator's love with which he has embellished the earth.

Dawn is slowly breaking over the horizon, and tinting with all the colors of the rainbow the fleecy clouds. The stars insensibly pale and disappear before the radiance of the rising sun; and the voyager stands enchanted at the sight, as the gentle breath of morning streams from the east, slightly ruffling the blue waters, and fanning his cheek.

The small ash-colored island appears in the bright light above the waves, as the *Seagull*, wafted slowly by a slight wind from the eastward, nears its coast. The yacht had sailed from Porto Lon-gone the day before, and had experienced a quick and smooth passage. Her Roman passengers were soon hailed by the inhabitants of the island, as she approached the northern point on this delicious April morning.

The sight of the beautiful yacht was always a welcome one to these dwellers in solitude, for she was well known to them, having previously paid them many visits. They hastened to meet their welcome guest, and ran down to the beach, followed slowly by the head of the family, whose step age and other troubles had slackened, making him no longer able to keep pace with his nimble household.

Julia, upon landing, was welcomed affectionately by all. She introduced her Roman friends, who met a warm reception, and were conducted by their host to his dwelling. After they had rested some little time, the recluse asked anxiously of Julia, "Well, what news from Rome? Is the foreigner gone yet? Do the priests let the unhappy populace, whom they have tormented so many centuries, breathe free at last?"

"Their miseries are not yet ended," answered the lovely Englishwoman; "and who can tell when they will cease? The foreigner is withdrawn, it is true, but others worse than the first are enlisting, and your Government is shamefully preparing to bribe Italian substitutes to enable it to retain the unhappy city in the power of the priests. Moreover I, English by birth, but Italian in heart, am ashamed of telling you that Rome is not to be the capital of Italy. Government renounces it, and Parliament basely sanctions the heinous act, to satisfy the exacting and infamous demands of a Bonaparte. Oh, the sadnesses of modern times! Italy, once the seat of glory, is to-day the sink of all that is base. Italy, the garden of the world, has become a dunghill!"

"Oh Julia! a people dishonored is a dead people; I—even I—almost despair of the future of such a nation." Thus exclaimed the chieftain of many patriotic battles, as a tear rolled down his cheek.

CHAPTER XLII. THE THIRTIETH OF APRIL.

On the day prefixed to this chapter, April, 1849, a foreign sergeant was conducted a prisoner into the presence of the commander of the Gianicolo. He had fallen into a Roman ambushade during the night time and, having been told by the priests that the defenders of Rome were so many assassins, he threw himself upon his knees as soon as he was taken before them, and begged them for the love of God to spare his life.

The commander extended his right hand to the suppliant, and raising him, spoke comfortingly to him. "This is a good omen," said the Italian officer to those of his companions present. "A good omen! Behold foreign pride prostrate before Roman right—that is a sure sign of victory."

And truly, the foreign army which disembarked at Ci vita Vecchia, and had fraudulently taken possession of the port, under the deceitfully assumed title of friend, advanced on Rome, chuckling at the credulity, as well

as at the cowardice of the Roman people. That very army, afterwards defeated by the native soldiers of the metropolis, retraced with shame the road to the sea.

The 30th of April was a glorious day for Rome, and was not forgotten among the Seven Hills. But how could it be commemorated amidst such an armed rabble of enemies? In the small city of Viterbo, where there were no troops, the inhabitants had devised a way of celebrating the anniversary of the expulsion of the foreigner, and were making active preparations. But if there were no troops, there were not wanting spies, who informed the Roman Government of all that took place.

The Committee had arranged a programme for the feast, which set forth that after mid-day all work should be suspended, and that all the young people, in holiday dress, with a tri-colored ribbon bound round the left arm, should assemble in the cathedral piazza, and walk thence four abreast in procession to the Porta Romana, so as to pay a salutation of good wishes from that point to the ancient mistress of the globe.

Frightened at this intelligence, the Roman Government dispatched to Viterbo in hot haste a body of foreign troops which had only served the priesthood a short time, with orders to suppress the demonstration at any cost. Not heeding this measure the little town held its *fiesta*, almost forgetting for a while, in the enjoyment of the moment, her long period of slavery. The solemn salute at the Porta Romana was delivered in spite of the urban authorities, and the procession was returning in good order, preceded by a band playing the national hymns, while the ladies—always more ardent than men in any generous act—stood in the balconies cheering and waving their tricolored handkerchiefs to the passers-by, when a column of foreign soldiers were seen advancing at the *pas de charge*, with bayonets fixed. Until now the city, albeit under the rule of the priests, had given herself up with peaceful mirth to the remembrance of that joyful day. But joy fled when the soldiers invaded the streets yet filled with youthful Viterbians, and anger and trouble succeeded. A delegate of police, who, with a few assistants, preceded the mercenaries, commanded the people to retire. This intimation was received with hisses of defiance, and a few well-aimed stones put them to flight. Taking refuge among the soldiers, they cried out to the troops to fire upon the populace. This command of the cowardly delegate was given because he wished to glut his vengeance, and also to secure a decoration, which he could do by nothing so surely as killing the people. When this inhuman order was not heeded, he feared the hatred between the two opposing parties might cool, and desired the soldiers to charge the populace with fixed bayonets.

The Viterbians, like all Roman citizens, had orders from the Revolutionary Committee not to take active measures of hostility, and were therefore not prepared for the straggle. They dispersed rapidly, and escaped by byways to their homes, favored by the increasing darkness of the evening, as well as by the sudden extinction of all lights, which the women as if by an universal signal caused everywhere. Thus the charge of the mercenaries took effect only upon a few stray dogs and some donkeys on their way home, nor was any thing more tragic heard than the barking of the former and the braying of the latter as they were pursued by the valiant champions of the priesthood.

By ten o'clock all was quiet in Viterbo. The troops lay down in the market-place, resting their heads upon their folded arms, preparing to repose upon the laurels won by the fatigues and victory of the day. Not a citizen was to be seen in the streets, all having retired to their houses. At the hotel of the "Full Moon," the bell rang to assemble the guests at a large round table spread with a dinner of about fifty covers. As the bell sounded, a carriage and four drew up to the inn door, and stopping at its gateway, a female clad in travelling costume alighted. From the elasticity of her step and movements it was easy to see she was young. The landlord hastened to receive her, and respectfully inquired whether she would like to be served with supper in her own apartment, to which she replied that she would sup in the public room, and in the mean time her sleep-ing-room was to be prepared.

The dining-room was already filled with visitors, the greater number of whom were officers belonging to the recently arrived detachment. There were also several strangers, both Italian and foreign, but very few Viterbians present. When the traveller entered the room all eyes were turned towards her with looks of admiration; and truly our Julia, for it was she, appeared very lovely that eventful evening. She possessed to perfection that intelligent and high-bred expression which distinguishes her restless race. All made room for her. The Italians assumed an air of polite admiration, and the officers, twirling the ends of their pointed mustaches, straightened their shoulders and adjusted their facial expression with the look of so many conquerors of female admiration.

At the head of the table sat the master of the house, elegantly dressed, who prayed the beautiful Englishwoman to place herself by his side. She accepted the seat, and the officers pressing forward to be near the young lady, took possession of all the best places. Observing a Pope's hireling on her right, Julia began to regret having accepted the landlord's invitation, and while glancing round the table with a chagrined air, was electrified by encountering Muzio's eyes fixed upon her. He was seated between Attilio and Orazio at the end of the table. They all three wore silk hats, cravats, and overcoats, like foreign travellers, and Julia had failed to recognize them at first, having never seen Muzio but when wrapped in his cloak, or Attilio except in the simple garb of an artist, and Orazio once only for a short time in the forest when armed from head to foot. What should she do? Rise and go to them, impulse suggested, and ask a thousand things which she wished to know. But how could she venture to do this, when fifty pairs of eyes were gazing at her, fascinated by her charming face.

And Muzio, the outcast, the gentleman, the chief of the counter-police; the man who, like his namesake (Scavola), would have placed at his Julia's sweet bidding not his hand only, but his head also upon burning coals—what joy the meeting brought, and yet what agony to see the star of his life, his goddess, his hope, seated at the side of a foreign soldier, the instrument of a vile tyranny, and compelled to accept civilities from his contaminated hand, perhaps freshly soiled by the blood of Romans. Oh, you young men, who are in love with a noble maiden, have you not felt what splendid new strength her presence gives to you? When unworthy men presume to affront her with attentions, at such a moment do you not feel you have ten hearts to devote to her, ten men's lives to sacrifice for her? If not you are a coward, and a coward, let us tell you, is despised by women.

You may sin, and she will pardon you; but cowardice a noble woman will never forgive. Muzio, however, was only too loving and rash; and woe to that fine lady-killer by the British maiden's side! Had the Roman

youth yielded to the dictates of his angry breast, it wanted little to have seen a flash of fire in the air, or to have let him feel the cold blade of a dagger in his vitals.

But Julia read in her lover's eye the storm that was raging, and her look, perceived by him alone, calmed down the Roman's passionate soul.

Between the courses, the foreign officers conversed on the affairs of Rome, or the topics of the day, and, as usual, with but little respect for the Roman people, whom they commonly despised. Julia, disgusted by their indecorous conversation, rose very soon, with a majestic mien, and desired to be conducted to her apartment. Our three friends were burning to kiss her hand, and had even made a move to quit their places, when a sudden burst of laughter from the foreign officers made them resume their seats. The laughter was caused by a coarse jest, uttered by one of the number, of which the following words came to the ears of our indignant trio:—"I thought I was coming to Viterbo to use my arms against men, but find there are only rabbits here, who bolted into their burrows at our very appearance. Diavolo! where are all these Liberals who made such a noise?"

Attilio, who had not reseated himself, hastily gathered his own and his friends' gloves, and, making them into a handful, threw them, without a word, full and hard in the face of the slanderer.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Papalino, "what bundle is here?" and picking up the missile, he unrolled the gloves, saying, "So, then, I am challenged by three! Here is another sample of Italian valor! Three against one! three against one!" And again the fellow laughed immoderately.

The three allowed this fresh burst of merriment to pass, but the hilarity of all the strangers present being aroused by it, Muzio, as soon as the laughter ceased, cried in a loud voice, "Three against as many as dare to insult Italians, gentlemen!"

The effect of these few words was very startling, for, as he uttered them, the three friends arose and darted angry glances first at one and then at another of the officers, presenting, with their uncovered and bold young heads, to the assembly three models à la Michael-Angelo. They were three variations of that manly and martial beauty which nature's heroes have; three types of noble anger in the glowing veins of generous courage.

Different effects were produced on the two parties present. The Italians at the table were delighted, and regarded the champions of Italian honor with smiling approbation and gratitude.

The foreigners remained for a time stupefied, wondering at the personal grace and manly beauty of the trio, and at their nervous and proud bearing. This amazement ended, sarcasm came to the rescue, and one of the youngest exclaimed, "Friends, a toast!" All rose, glass in hand, and he continued: "I drink to the fortune of having at last found enemies worthy of us in this country!"

Orazio responded, "I drink to the liberation of Rome from foreign filth."

These words seemed to the officers to be too insulting to be overlooked, and they placed their hands menacingly upon their swords; but one of the number, of a maturer age, said gravely, "My friends, it will not answer to make a disturbance here. The peace of the city must not be disturbed, for we came here to restore order. At daybreak we will meet in even numbers these quarrelsome signors. What we have to do is to see that they do not then deprive us of the honor of meeting them.

"The opportunity of fighting the enemies of Italy is much too happy a circumstance to let it escape," answered Attilio. "If it please you we will remain together until morning, when we can walk in company to the place of meeting."

To this proposition all consented. The foreigners called for writing materials, to inscribe their names, in order to draw lots to decide who should fight. Amongst the Italians three gentlemen offered to be seconds to their countrymen. Then there were the arms to be considered. As there had been such open defiance on both sides, it was decided that they should fight to the death, that the opponents should be placed at a distance of fifteen paces apart, and that at a signal from their seconds they should attack one another with sabre, revolver, and poniard.

The three champions of the priests whose names, written upon slips of paper, were drawn out of the hat which served the purpose of an urn, were Foulard, a French Legitimist; Sanchez, a Spanish Carlist; and Haynau, an Austrian. The seconds busied themselves during the remainder of the night in examining the arms, and in endeavoring to match them with absolute equality.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE COMBAT

The morning of the 1st of May was dawning over the top of the Ciminian wood, now called Monte di Viterbo, when twelve persons, wrapped in their cloaks, traversed the steep road which crosses it, and disappeared among the trees. They proceeded in silence till they reached an eminence which overlooked a part of the wood, when Attilio, addressing the Italians, said, "Here, in this forest, the last advocates of Etruscan independence sought refuge, beaten and pursued by our fathers, the Romans; and here, in one of the last battles, they disappeared from among the Italian tribes—the most ancient, the most famous, and the most gifted people of the peninsula." Captain Foulard, who understood Italian sufficiently to comprehend Attilio's speech, and to whom it was indirectly addressed, replied, "I fancy it was here, or hereabouts, too, that my ancestors, the Gauls, fought those famous battles with your Roman forefathers, who would have disappeared from the face of the earth had it not been for the hissing of their geese."

Attilio, though incensed, answered calmly, "When your forefathers crept on all fours in the forests of Gaul, our ancestors dragged them out, and made them stand upon their legs, saying, 'Be human creatures.' Your modern politeness shows but little gratitude to your former civiliziers. But we came here not to dispute, but to

fight." The place at which they had just arrived was one of those pleasant glades, devoid of trees, which Nature often hides in the heart of an Italian forest, and which she adorns prodigally with lavish though concealed beauties. That tranquil and enchanting spot was, however, now to become the scene of fury and of bloodshed, for, the position being chosen, and the fifteen paces measured, the six seconds retired, after exchanging a few words with their respective companions.

The adversaries were standing ready to rush upon each other. The first and second signals had been given, and six angry hearts were impatiently awaiting the third, when a trumpet was heard sounding the advance, and immediately there appeared in sight, marching along the road by which the opponents had come, a company of the Pope's foreign soldiers, followed, by the delegate Sempronio, and a few of his subordinates.

And here we must in justice confess that the officers, though mercenaries, were much mortified by this occurrence, and almost on the point of defending their adversaries, and of helping them to escape, when the command was given by the delegate to the troops to surround the Italians with fixed bayonets.

To ordinary persons such an order would have sounded like the knell of all hope, and a hasty flight, if flight had yet seemed possible, would have been the one remaining idea; but our Romans were men to sustain any shock or peril, however abrupt, without losing in the least their presence of mind. At the first sound of the trumpet they cast their eyes on their antagonists, and saw with satisfaction, by their unfeigned surprise, that those gentlemen had no previous knowledge of the approaching cowardly attack, and then, facing their assailants, they retired without haste, revolver in hand, towards the forest.

The troops, perceiving with wonder, upon their arrival, that some of their own officers were among the persons they had been directed to arrest, paused for a moment, uncertain how to act. Sempronio, who had cautiously placed himself behind them, seeing the untoward result of what he had been pleased to term his plan of battle, became furious, and shouted loudly, "Fire—fire on that side! on that side!" pointing to his own countrymen for whose blood he thirsted, as they slowly retired towards the cover, which having gained, they turned and faced the troops.

The soldiers still paused, but the delegate's nearest associates fired immediately upon the six Italians, and, although screened by the wood, two of the seconds were slightly hit. Attilio's revolver speedily avenged his wounded companions. His shot had the fortune to pass directly through the nose of Father Sempronio (for he was a priest disguised as an agent), carrying away the bridge of it.

It was a stroke of luck indeed. Sempronio's cries and terrible lamentations aroused more contempt than pity, for the latter is rarely expended upon creatures of his despicable character. Roaring and bleeding, the priest-delegate took to his heels, and ran back to Viterbo, leaving to the others the execution of his "plan of battle."

The foreign officers were nearly all ashamed of the ugly position in which they were placed, though the delegate, and not they, had planned the surprise. The discovery of their names had been made by a spy, and the excited Sempronio had trusted in this easy manner to secure a batch of proscribed Italians, and carry them prisoners to Rome, in hopes of helping himself towards a cardinal's hat.

Sempronio had men like himself among his force, less scrupulous than the six duellists, especially a certain Captain Tortiglio, the commander of the company, another cold-blooded Carlist, who thought it would be an easy matter to get to the end of it by capturing the proscribed, as they were so few in number. He accordingly resolved to follow them into the forest.

Our friends, having prayed the wounded to escape deeper into the thicket, still fronted their enemies as long as they had any shots left, and for a time, being protected by the trees, they managed to hold their assailants at bay. But when their ammunition was nearly gone they were obliged to retire before the soldiers, who were urged on by the Captain's "Voto a Dios," and, "Carambas," as he followed, swearing he would capture "these scoundrels," whose arrest, doubtless, would bring him no small reward from the Papal Government.

Fortunately, Orazio had with him his inseparable horn, and drawing it forth, he blew the same blast which was heard on his arrival at the Castle of Lucullus. No sooner had the echo died away, than a sound as of many steps was heard.

The footsteps were those of the companions of Orazio—a portion of the three hundred who had re-united in the Ciminian forest, after the occurrences at Rome already described. They had been awaiting the return to the rendezvous of their leaders, who had been absent a few days in Viterbo, upon important business.

But who are they who precede the band, appearing so opportunely on the scene of action? Who are these graceful commanders? None other than Clelia and Irene, like the Amazons of old, and at their side is the intrepid Jack, burning to "do his duty" and be of use in such beautiful company.

The proscribed, at this welcome accession of strength, did not discharge a single shot, but, fixing their bayonets, charged the foreign mercenaries, with the cry of "Viva l'Italia!" and dispersed them as the torrent disperses twigs and leaves in its headlong course. The soldiers, terrified at the sudden increase of numbers on the side of the enemy, and by the furious onset, turned and fled at full speed, regardless of the threats of their officers, and even the slashes made at them with sabres.

Captain Tortiglio, who was not wanting in courage, had rushed in advance of his men, and now stood all alone. He was very much mortified, but disdained to run away. Attilio was the first to come up to him, and summoned him to surrender.

"No," cried Tortiglio, "I will not surrender."

Attilio, wrapping his cloak around his left arm, put aside the captain's sword, as he dealt a savage blow at him, and sprang upon him, holding his poniard in his right hand. The Spaniard was small of stature, yet very agile in his movements. He struggled for some time, but the young sculptor finally lifted him by main force from the ground, and, provoked by the resistance of the manikin, yet not wishing to kill him, gave him an overturn upon the ground, as a cook serves a pancake. Happily for Tortiglio the soil was covered with turf, or not all the science of Æsculapius would have sufficed to re-set his broken bones.

The proscribed pursued the soldiers only to the farther edge of the meadow, where they contented

themselves with a few parting shots, and then turned their attention to the wounded of both sides. Those of the enemy they sent to Viterbo, under the escort of the prisoners, and dispatched their own to the interior of the wood, but retained Captain Tortiglio a little while, more as a hostage than a prisoner. Clelia and Irene were praised and complimented by all for their promptitude and courage. Muzio, after kissing their hands, made them a little speech of victory: "It becomes you well, brave and worthy daughters of Rome," he said, "to set such an example to our companions, but more especially to the slothful among Italy's sons, who appear to expect the manna of freedom to fall from heaven, and basely await their country's liberation at the hand of the foreigner. They are not ashamed to kiss the rod of a foreign tyrant, patron, and master; to renounce their own Rome—the natural and legitimate metropolis of Italy—voted the capital by parliament, and desired by the whole nation. They are not ashamed to let her remain a den of priests, of creatures who are the scourge and the shame of humanity. To women! yes, to women, is descended the task of extirpating this infamy, since men are afraid or incapable of doing it."

Muzio at this point in his vehement oration in honor of the fair sex, was suddenly struck dumb by the apparition of another representative of it in the form of a lovely woman, with the face and carriage, as he afterwards said, of an angel of heaven, who appeared to him to have fallen from the clouds, and was standing before him on the road leading to Viterbo. His eloquence vanished, and he remained motionless as a statue, although the very silence of the youth showed that he recognized her to be the adored queen of his heart, English Julia.

Muzio's embarrassment was the less noticed because of Jack's headlong demonstration, for the sailor, with a hitch at his waistband, sprang forward towards his beautiful mistress, throwing at the same time even his precious carbine on the ground, which he never would have abandoned under any other circumstances for all the surprises in the universe. When he at last reached Julia, he nearly plucked his forelock out by the root, so perpetually and persistently did he twitch at it, saluting the English lady. Poor fellow! a thousand affections and remembrances of family, friends, and country were centred for him in the person of that beloved mistress. Julia took the English boy's hand gracefully and kindly, and Clelia and Silvia embraced her with transports of friendship, and then presented her to Irene, whose romantic history had been repeated to her, and whom she had much desired to know personally.

Even the followers of Orazio forgot for a moment their discipline, and crowded around this charming daughter of Albion, gazing at her with looks of undisguised admiration. Woman as she was, Julia could not but feel a thrill of pride and pleasure at the homage of these bold and honest children of Italy.

CHAPTER XLIV. THE OLD OAK

After receiving the more formal salutations of Attilio and Orazio, Julia did not forget to turn for a little towards her lover, who had remained during all these demonstrations somewhat eclipsed and confused.

Muzio, even when a child of the streets, had always maintained that decorum of person and propriety of manner which the remembrance of his noble birth imposed upon him; and now Julia had reason indeed to admire the change wrought in him by his life in the forest.

The position of the last scion of the house of Pompeo had truly improved of late. Scipio, the faithful and devoted servant who had voluntarily taken charge of him when a baby, and tended him with such devoted affection, was dead; but before dying, he imparted, by writing, to Cardinal S——, Muzio's maternal uncle, the history of his young master's life, and a statement of his family property. The prelate gave his solicitor orders to put himself in communication with Muzio, to supply him with all he needed, and to endeavor to bring him back into the sheepfold of respectability.

The prelate, moreover, had kindly intentions towards his nephew on his own part, and meditated adding something from his own possessions to the paternal estates which had passed so fraudulently into the hands of Paolotti's vultures, and which he saw the way to recover.

This sudden change of fortune happened to Muzio about the end of the year 1866, in which the Italians, in spite of the undesirable means used, gained re-possession of their own soil, and got rid of the foreign friends of the priesthood.

It was, therefore, not an untimely thing for

Cardinal S—— to be able to say, "I have a nephew who is a Liberal, and one of the first temper, too." It was become of consequence, even to a prelate, to be on friendly terms with such a nephew.

Julia contemplated the transformation of Muzio's appearance and apparel with natural pleasure, yet she had loved him so much as a wanderer of the city, that she almost wished him back again in the poor but graceful cloak of a Trastevere model.

Muzio made no audible reply to his lady's gentle words of recognition, but kissed her hand with a devotion that needed no speeches to mark its intensity, and which could not be better translated than by his enamored mistress's heart.

And Clelia and Irene were, of course, happy at being once more safe in the society of their chosen. Happiness was depicted upon all these youthful faces; and, in truth, it is necessary to confess that, opposed as all good hearts are to bloodshed, the hour of victory is a glorious one, and we, like many others, have enjoyed that wild and stem delight. At that moment the mind does not much reflect that the field is covered with the wounded and the dying. Their cries and our own exhaustion are alike unheeded. We are victorious; our cause has conquered. We have routed the enemies. All meetings on the field take a joyous tone from that proud thought, and every fresh friend, as he comes up, receives a hearty squeeze of the hand, and is a centre of fresh congratulations.

Brothers have killed brothers. Yes, alas! Manzoni is right! but the heart of man forgets that sad verity so

long as the flush of victory is cast upon it. Ah! when will the people become brethren indeed, and exchange the savage bliss of triumph for the noble and placid joys of peace? Ere long, let us hope! So, be sure, hoped and prayed that band, under an ancient oak upon the emerald sod of the forest, where the chiefs of the proscribed sat with those noble and tender women whose strange fate had brought them together on the field of conflict. They were so beautiful, so attractive to be in such a place! With faces kindled by pride and love, they spread around them a light of joy and a sense of praise and sanction; an atmosphere of grace mingled with gallant spirit, which almost rendered their companions eager to fight again and again under such glorious eyes.

Silvia was the first to break the thread of felicitations, and said to Julia, "But Manlio, where did you leave him?"

"Manlio," replied the English woman, "is with the Recluse on the island; I left him in excellent health, and promised to take him news of you." "And what is the General's opinion concerning affairs in Rome?" asked Attilio.

"He," replied Julia, "approves of the noble conduct of the few Romans who harass the Papal Government, and who protest by their rebellion to the world that that abomination is no longer compatible with the age; yet he applauds also the endurance with which you have waited for a general movement until now, so as not to trouble the advancement of national unity, thus depriving the foreigner of a pretext to create further obstacles. But at the same time he is of opinion that as long as the Italian Government continues to remain kneeling at the feet of the Master of France, and, to please him, renounces Rome as the capital of our fatherland—while it supports the wicked priesthood, you must be ready to decide these questions by arms, and that every man-in Italy who possesses an Italian heart ought to be prepared to support you."

"Yes," said Muzio, who had been muttering the word "endurance" ever since it was spoken by Julia—"yes, but patience is the virtue of the ass. We Romans have had too much of it; we have been, and still are superabundantly asinine. It is a disgrace to us that we still tolerate the roost iniquitous and degrading of human tyrannies, and suffer the priests to be our jailers."

"And is this island from which you come far off?" inquired the gentle Silvia, who was thinking most about the dear companion of her life. "Could we not go and pass a few days there?"

"Nothing is easier," answered Julia, to whom the question was put. "We are close to the frontier, we have only to cross it, and make our way to Leghorn, where the *Seagull* is lying, and sail from thence to the island, which is not far distant. But you must also know of the marriage of Captain Thompson and your friend Aurelia, which took place lately in that solitary retreat in the simple patriarchal manner, for there are no priests there."

"*Per la grazia di Dio!*" here exclaimed Orazio to himself, rising and stretching his athletic figure to its full height, as he cast a look to the western extremity of the wood. "What are these fresh arrivals?" whereupon they all saw advancing towards them a robust youth, accompanied by a beautiful girl, not much his junior, but upon whose melancholy face the traces of suffering and misfortune were too plainly visible.

The new-comers were quickly perceived to be Silvio and Camilla; and here it should be known that our hunter, after the decision of the Liberals to abandon the Roman suburbs, went to bid farewell to his unhappy mistress, whom he could not cease to love, before setting out for the north.

Arriving at Marcello's house, he was welcomed as usual by Fido and Marcellino, and found Camilla kneeling, as was her daily habit, beside her father's grave.

"Just God! can another's crime plunge a simple and innocent soul into misery and madness for life?" thought Silvio, as he regarded the prostrate girl, and almost unconsciously he prayed aloud, "Oh, heaven! restore her reason, and to me the star of my life!"

Camilla turned at these words with a look first of fright, then of a new and wonderful tenderness. It was plain that that compassionate and forgiving prayer had caused the inmost fibres of her heart to vibrate, and, obeying a mighty and impulsive instinct, she sank into the old sweet sanctuary of her lover's arms. With their heads hidden on each other's breasts, they dispensed with explanations—they made no new vows—mighty love was healer and interpreter. Tears fell fast from Camilla's eyes, but not sad tears now. A great sorrow and a bitter sin had dethroned her reason—a great pardon and a noble love set it back again in its happy seat.

CHAPTER XLV. THE HONOR OF THE FLAG

The new arrivals were received with surprise and pleasure by our forest party. The signoras were all conversant with the history of Camilla's misfortunes, and bestowed upon her gentle and considerate caresses. Something solemn pervaded her whole appearance—a dreamy vestige of the insanity under which she had so long labored. It was a miraculous change which had come over her when she heard that pathetic prayer, and perceived the sudden presence of her lover, and the unutterable feelings of affection and penitence that stirred her soul when she found herself restored to his embrace had transformed her into a new and happy being, but left upon her this air of nameless pathos.

"I passed through Viterbo," said Silvio to Orazio, when their salutations were ended, "and saw a great commotion there for which I am scarcely able to account. The citizens were running about the streets, endeavoring to get out of the way of the soldiers. The soldiers, reinforced by strong detachments from Rome, are vowing to spear all Italians on the face of the earth, and, by way of a step towards this warlike project, have begun plundering the wineshops, where they lie for the most part dead drunk. The Papal authorities, who wished to keep the peace, were received by the rascals with the butt-ends of their muskets, and driven to flight. They have gone off with their agents to Rome, and are not likely to return for some time. The reinforcements were exclaiming that 'their flag had been dishonored, and that the stain must be washed out

in blood. 'Flag dishonored!' that phrase calls to our mind the villainy of a certain neighboring Government, which, after infamously violating our territory, and taking, by a deceitful act, possession of our principal sea-port, treacherously attacked our capital, and upon receiving some severe blows, cried out, 'Treason! treason! our flag is dishonored!'

"But," said Silvio, resuming his narrative, "this confusion gave me a favorable opportunity of making observations, and coming on quietly to you, though I might have been hindered by a curious occurrence which happened. I was passing the 'Full Moon' hotel as a few officers, newly arrived from Rome, alighted from a carriage. Owing to the universal confusion, they could find no attendant to carry in their luggage, and one of them came up to me, crying out, 'Here, you fellow!' and taking me by the breast, attempted to drag me to the carriage. Fortunately I had already signalled to Camilla to go on in advance of me. My first impulse was to use my poniard, but restraining myself, I tore the man's hand from my breast, and aiming a blow with my fist full at his face, sent him flying against the wheels of the carriage without a single word. As you may imagine, I did not remain to gather the laurels of the victory, but turned on my heel, and walked with a quick step in the direction of the wood, and soon overtook my companion."

The merriment of his auditors, and the shouts of "Bravo, Silvio!" here interrupted the narrator for a moment.

"However," he observed, when the laughter ceased, "we can not remain long here in security, for I have no doubt that to-morrow, at latest, you will have the whole pack of foreigners on your track."

"Here in this forest," said Orazio, "we could make head against the whole army of the Pope. Were it not that we are so very few in number, and have these precious ladies to protect."

"Ehi! ladies to protect, indeed!" said Irene with some irony; "you have soon forgotten, Signor Rodomonte, that these same 'ladies' protected you to-day."

A burst of laughter broke from all; and the courageous chief of the forest stooped and kissed the hand of his beloved wife with pretty submission.

Meanwhile, the long dark shadows cast by the giants of the Ciminian wood spreading out to the west, announced the setting of the sun, who, wrapped in a glorious and variegated mantle of clouds, was about to hide himself behind the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea. Clelia, perceiving this, addressed Jack, who, fascinated by her beauty and amiability, was her devoted slave, and to whom she had confided the important care of the viands. "Well, my friend," she said in English, "all these true heroes of romance, it appears, do not trouble themselves about supper; and if you do not see to it, I fear we shall have to go to bed without food to-night."

"Aye, aye, ma'am!" was Jack's reply; and, with the invariable hitch to his waistband, he steered for the spot where the assistants had unloaded two mules, which carried the chief's baggage as well as the provisions. But, after such fighting and talk, they must feast at leisure in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI. THE RURAL SUPPER

Who does not prefer civilization to barbarism and the usages of savage life? Who would not choose the comforts of a refined home, cool in summer, warm in winter, well supplied with food, and replete with every comfort and even luxury, to the open country, with its inclemency, inconveniences, and vicissitudes of weather?

Yet when one remembers that the few monopolize the advantages of civilization, and that its victims are so many, one can not help doubting whether the world of humanity does reap much benefit from the present highly-developed state of civilization, and whether it might not be desirable to go back to the simple condition of the first inhabitants of the world, amongst whom, if there were no palaces, no cooks, no fine manners, no expensive clothes, no elaborate conventions, no luxuries in the way of food, neither were there any priests, police, prefects, tax-gatherers, or any other of our galling modern innovations; neither was one called upon to give up one's children to serve the caprices of a despot, under the pretense of serving the country and washing out "stains from flags."

However all this may be, a frugal supper in the forest on the soft green turf, hitherto untrodden by any foot of man; the guests seated on the trunks of old trees that furnish also a glowing and dancing fire; by the side moreover, of such companions as Julia, Clelia, and Irene—a supper in such circumstances must be a more delightful height of enjoyment than civilization could reach. *Per Dio!* give us such a forest supper, though it consist only of fruit and the luck of the chase, against any grand in-door entertainment. Many a time have we shared such a repast.

But our forest party had more than meagre fare. Gasparo, who was also in charge of the baggage, was commissioned, in company with Jack, to purchase and look after the provisions. He now spread a cold collation before the chiefs, with the sailor-boy's assistance—garnishing it with some green branches—which would have tempted even the palate of a Lucullus.

A few flasks of Montepulciano and Orvieto embellished the enamelled table, and, the savory meats, seasoned with the appetite which follows an arduous day's work, disappeared with amazing celerity.

Julia was in high spirits. It was the first time she had shared in such a *fete-champetre*, in the society, above all, of those who were her *bello ideale* of all that was romantic, chivalrous, and gallant.

Very near to her was her Muzio, disguised in the garb of a Roman model, and who was now known and proclaimed to be the descendant of an ancient noble family, and one of the richest heirs in Rome, it might yet appear.

That resistless principle, which, like the loadstone and the needle, attracts loving souls one to the other, kept him at the side of the woman of his heart, watching her slightest wish, providing her with every thing

with proud servility; and all the while humbly glancing at her with that look which art vainly seeks to represent—the look which alone can be given and understood between those who love with a true and perfect love.

Julia also, with a little graceful dignity, enjoyed hearing Clelia and Irene converse with Jack in broken Italo-English. They drew him out to relate some of the episodes of his sea-life, the adventures he had met with, and the tempests he had witnessed in his long voyages to India and China, for he had been at sea since he was seven years old. The description he gave of the Chinese who stay at home and employ themselves in different kinds of work performed by women in other countries, while their wives row, and till the land, with their babies slung in a basket on their backs, caused much laughter among his fair hearers, and, indeed, to all present, when translated to them by one of the company.

"The nautical profession," said Julia, "is the one to which my country is most indebted for her greatness. My countrymen prize and honor their mariners. With us, not only in the countries bordered by the sea, but wherever there is a river or a lake, boys are to be seen continually taking exercise in boating and rowing, in which practices they run all kinds of danger, and this is the reason there are so many seafaring men to make the name of Britain great upon the ocean.

"I have known youths in France and Italy, who were destined to become naval officers, pass the greater part of their boyhood in the technical schools, going on board for the first time when they had attained their fifteenth and even their eighteenth year, when they suffer much, of course, from sea-sickness, and are exposed to the ridicule and contempt of the sailors.

"In England it is very different. Youths destined for the sea are put on board at eleven years of age, and frequently take long voyages, during which they are instructed practically in all the routine and details of their profession. This course insures the best naval officers in the world to England.

"The wealthy among my people do not hoard up money to look at it, but employ it frequently in purchasing a yacht; and there are, indeed, very few persons living near sea or river who do not own or hire some sort of craft, large or small, in which they take their pleasure, and exercise themselves in the art which constitutes the glory and prosperity of their land.

"In Italy you have seamen, I grant, who equal the best of any nation, but your officers will not stand the test of comparison. Your Ministers of Marine have ever been incompetent, and therefore incapable of improving and raising a profession which might yet render Italy one of the most important and prosperous nations of the globe."

The subject so treated by Julia was a little foreign to our Romans, who were naturally ignorant of sea affairs. Their priests long ago found the oar and the net of St. Peter too heavy for their effeminate hands, and gave themselves up to merry-making and luxury as the easiest way of promoting the glory of God.

A pause ensuing, Julia called for a song or narrative, and Orazio said, "Gasparo, the chief of bandits, could tell us, doubtless, some stirring passages in his adventurous life." Whereupon, with a bow and smile, the old man sat for a moment recalling some circumstance of his past life, and then answered—

"Perils on the sea I could not relate, because I have been very little upon it; but on land I have passed through my share of strange adventures: and if it will not weary you to listen to one, I could, perhaps, relate events that would make you shudder."

All expressing a wish to hear some portion of his history, Gasparo, settling himself to an easy attitude commenced the following story.

CHAPTER XLVII. GASPERO'S STORY

"L'uo'no naace più grando in quests terra che in qualunque altra—ne sono una prova i grandi de'letti che vi si commettono."—Alfieri.

"I was born in the small city of S———, in the States of the Church, not far from the Neapolitan frontier. My parents were honest folk, employed as shepherds in the service of the Cardinal.

"Being sent early to the field to tend sheep, cows, and buffaloes, and nearly always on horseback, I grew up with a robust hardy constitution, and became a dexterous horseman.

"Up to the age of eighteen, I remained a true son of the Italian desert, knowing no other affection than that which I had for my horse, my lasso, and my weapons. With the latter I had become a formidable enemy to the deer and wild boar of the Roman forests. I was passionately fond of hunting, an exercise suited to my nature: and I was accustomed to pass whole nights lying in ambush, watching for the deer, or the great gray tuskers in the marshes, where they delight to lie rolling in the mud.

"I knew the places frequented by the harts and hinds, and very often returned home with one of those graceful animals slung over my saddle.

"One day, after having secured my horse at a little distance, I placed myself in hiding, on the watch for a stag. I had been there but a short time, when I heard footsteps on the path behind me—a narrow forest road that led to the village.

"At first I thought it might be a wild beast of some description, and kept my carbine in readiness to fire as soon as I perceived it. After listening a few moments, I thought I heard voices, and presently there appeared in sight a young priest whom I had occasionally seen walking in the village, while by his side was a young girl who appeared to accompany him rather unwillingly.

"I had time to observe them both; the priest was about twenty years of age, very tall and finely proportioned; in fact, only a carbine and pointed hat were wanting to make a fine hunter or soldier of him."

"The young girl! Ah! pardon my memory, still agitated by that sweet face!" and the old man's eyes here dimmed with tears. "The young girl was an angel! I do not know how it was they did not discover me, for her beauty caused me to utter an involuntary exclamation, and my heart was stirred by a new and astonishing emotion.

"He had offended her by some proposal, for she was turning to go; but as I regarded them, the priest threw his arm with almost violent force around his companion, and pressing his lips to her cheek, uttered some words that did not reach me, but caused a terrified and indignant look to pass over the girl's face, and she shrank back as if stung by a viper. Again the priest spoke and approached, when, with a cry, the peasant-girl broke from him and fled.

"He pursued her, and caught the shrieking damsel, whose hands he bound with her neck-rib-bon, and then forced her upon the ground. I can not tell why I was self-contained enough not to shoot him dead, but I had never drawn trigger against a human life, and I hesitated until he gave these last proofs of his abominable villainy. At this point, however, I sprang from my covert, and with one blow from the butt-end of my gun, felled him to the ground, and then went to the assistance of the young woman, who had fallen fainting at some little distance upon the sod. I raised her gently in my arms, and carried her to the side of a brook, where I bathed her face with the cool, running water, until she opened her lovely eyes and faintly smiled her thanks, for, as she gazed around, a look of relief passed over her features, when she perceived the absence of her persecutor. Then rising, she expressed, in a few words, her gratitude for my intervention, saying she was sufficiently recovered to return to the village, and bade me farewell, but seeing she was still agitated, I begged her to allow me to conduct her to her home. She gave a modest assent, and I walked in happy and respectful silence till we reached the entrance to the village, where she stopped, and pointing to a small but pretty dwelling, said, 'That is my father's house; I have nothing more now to fear, so I will bid you a grateful adieu.' Raising her hand to my lips, I kissed it fervently, saying, I hoped to have the pleasure of meeting her soon again, under calmer circumstances, for I was completely enchanted by her grace and beauty, and felt I could no longer be happy out of her presence.

"I remained to watch her enter her abode before I turned to seek my horse, which I found neighing impatiently at my prolonged absence. Through some acquaintances in the village, I learned the name of her whom I had been the means of saving from violence, and learned to my disappointment and horror that she was the priest's niece. Day after day I found some pretext for passing through the village, that I might obtain a glimpse of Alba, for that was her name; and twice I was fortunate enough to meet her and exchange a few words. I did not speak to her of love, but I felt she knew my passion for her, and was learning to return it.

"The priest, burning with rage at the thought of his infamy being not only frustrated by me but made known to the father of the maiden, resolved to be revenged. Being reproved by the old man for his brutal conduct, and threatened with public exposure unless he absented himself for a long time, until he should have thoroughly repented of his intended crime, the priest fell upon the old man, and with one blow from a mallet crushed in his skull. Then, fearing the consequences, he carried the dead body into the courtyard, and, placing it upon its back near a ragged stone, left it there, and retired to bed, leaving his neighbors to suppose, when the corpse was discovered in the morning, that the old man had fallen down in a fit, and striking his head against the stone pavement, had thus met with his death."

What matters a crime to a priest, if he can cover it? He had committed a gross lie by calling himself the minister of God, and now he took advantage of the easy ignorance of his neighbors to conceal a still grosser crime.

Those of his profession use double dealing all their lives.' A priest knows himself to be an impostor, unless he be a fool, or have been taught to lie from his boyhood, so that as he advances in years, he becomes not even able any longer to dissociate the false and the true. Whilst he lives in comfort, he makes the credulous multitude believe he suffers hardships and privations. Poor priest! Well do we remember seeing in America a painting representing one of the cloth seated at a dining-table spread with all kinds of viands and a flagon of wine, in the act of caressing his plump and rosy Perpetua, who was seated at his side; and, meanwhile, outside the door stood a poor Irishman with his wife and baby. All three were wan, emaciated, and miserably clad, yet the husband was dropping a coin into the priest's box, on which was written, "Give of your charity to the poor priest of God." Infamous mockery! On the one hand there was enjoyment, hypocrisy, and lying; on the other, ignorance, credulity, and innocent misery.

"One evening," continued Gasparo, "I was sitting in my hut, feeling rather weary after a long day's hunt, thinking of Alba, and dreading, from what she had told me, that some catastrophe might be impending, when the door flew open, and the object of my thoughts rushed in exclaiming, 'Murder! Murder!' and fell insensible upon the floor."

CHAPTER XLVIII. GASPARO'S STORY CONTINUED.

"The words of Alba revealed to me the horrible crime that had been perpetrated. I raised her fainting form, and laid her upon my pallet, for my parents were both dead, and I dwelt alone. Now I could, for the first time, realize the full and sweet beauty of my heart's love. The sight of this lovely creature almost lessened my aversion to the vile fratricide and his unlawful passion. Alba had never related to me what had passed on that night, and as I did not wish to awaken painful recollections, I had always avoided interrogating her upon the subject, so that I knew nothing of the dispute and murder. But the priest, supposing me aware of his misdeeds, and jealous of my love for Alba, schemed, as only a fiend could, to annihilate me through his own crime, though not daring to accuse me openly. He had hinted to his most intimate friends that I was his

brother's murderer, and offered all he possessed to certain bravos if they would undertake to kill me.

"You can still perceive, in spite of my age, and the troubles that have weighed me down, that I was agile when a youth, and that I was capable of taking care of myself against ten priests. Well, Alba had come to tell me of her father's death and the priest's calumnies. And this scoundrel had me waylaid, as she warned me, so that I ran a narrow escape of losing my life. He had paid several cut-throats handsomely to destroy me. I was always, however, on my guard, and seldom went out of the house without my carbine; and my faithful little dog Lion could hear the movement of a small bird a hundred paces off, and would wag his tail and prick up his ears at the slightest sound. My poor, poor dog! he was a victim to his love for me."

And here the sensitive heart of the old chief, Gasparo, obliged him to pause a moment.

"Yes, those devils, daring one of my walks to S——, contrived to poison him.

"From S—— to my forest-home several thick places in the cover had to be passed. Here the bravos had hidden themselves once or twice, but, frustrated by my vigilance, and frightened at my carbine, they made their retreat as soon as I appeared, and informed the priest that they should give up the enterprise. Father Giacomo did not understand this, and finally persuaded them, after offering a higher sum, and regaling them abundantly with food and wine, to make another attempt, in which he himself was to accompany them. With his three highwaymen, he took up a position one evening near my little house, concealing themselves behind a large bush that grew by the side of the narrow path which led to it, and which they knew I should be obliged to pass.

"My poor Lion was dead, and on this occasion, in spite of all my precautions, I was taken by surprise. Four almost simultaneous shots were fired upon me from the bush, and a furious cry of 'Die' was uttered by the would-be assassins, who rushed upon me expecting to find me mortally wounded. But not so, for I was saved as by a miracle. All four balls struck me, and three of them slightly wounded me, the most serious hurt being caused by the first shot, which carried off, as you see, a piece of my left ear; the second struck against my leathern belt, smashing only a few of my cartridges; the third pierced my hat, grazing my head; and the fourth grazed my right shoulder, occasioning a slight scratch.

"The first person who approached me was the priest, holding a carbine in his left hand and a poniard in the right. He was like a demon to behold, for rage and hatred; but my shot was more effective than his, and in one moment he was rolling at my feet, uttering frightful groans. I knocked over one of the bravos with my second discharge, whereupon the other two, seeing the figure their companions had cut, and noting the pistols still left in my belt, took to their heels and fled. This was the first time I had shed blood, and I felt some remorse as I regarded the dead bodies of the priest and his tool. In any other country I might have escaped unpunished by pleading the law of self-defense; for though I had no witnesses, the case was clear, and the rancor which the priest bore to me was so well known that it would not have been difficult to prove my innocence. But under the priestly government it is another matter, and the destroyer of one of their body would have no chance of escape; so I thought it best to flee the country.

"Then began the eventful history of my so-called brigandage; and I swear to you that amongst all the agents sent out of this world by my hand, there has not been one who did not first attempt my life. Many young men, persecuted like me by the clergy, followed me to my place of retreat; and very soon I had organized so formidable a band, that the Papal Government treated with me almost as with an equal power. Assassins or thieves by profession I never would receive into my company. The unfortunate of all grades were aided by me, and if the authorities of the priesthood were sometimes assaulted, it was only to warn them to cease their acts of injustice and infamy.

"In this manner I passed many years, in reality more of a ruler over the Roman country than he who sits in the Quirinal, until the creatures of that cunning court, seeing they could do nothing with me by force, had recourse to treachery. That bright jewel of holiness, my relative, Cardinal A——, whom may God reward! contributed more than any one else to my capture. I had the weakness to trust his specious promises, and remained, in consequence, fourteen years in irons, in a miserable prison. But the justice of God will at last find out those evil doers and punish them, for they are verily the scourge of humanity.

"When in the Papal galleys I heard of you, Orazio, and of your courageous resistance to the tools of the Vatican, and I assure you I prayed; Heaven that I might become before I died your assistant and companion. My prayer was heard, and I only desire to devote the short remainder of my life to the cause defended by you and your noble comrades."

Julia was interested in the narrative of the famous bandit, and after sympathizing with him, was about to ask Orazio to relate some passages of his career, when, looking around at the company, she perceived from their looks that repose after the fatigues of the day had become necessary; and, as the hour was late, she abandoned the idea, and watched with curiosity the preparations for sleeping in the open air.

Fresh branches from the trees were strewn upon the most level portions of the ground, under some of the gigantic oaks of the wood, and thus a magnificent sylvan couch was spread apart for the women, who were to rest together, covered with the cloaks of their beloved ones. Muzio offered his to Julia, with a beseeching look, and paid her with a glance of the deepest gratitude when she graciously accepted it. In the mean time Orazio and his friends placed guards and sentinels around, and gave orders to sound the *reveille* at dawn.

There, under the trees, extended on the turf, slept those upon whom the hopes of all true Romans hung. For Rome, after eighteen centuries of lethargy and shame, was beginning to awake and claim again a place of honor on the earth for her who was once its mistress.

CHAPTER XLIX. THE PURSUIT

Heaven has apparently willed that the highest pitch of human greatness shall be in its turn contrasted with

the lowest depths of national humiliation. Witness that body of cut-throats now called the "*Roman* army," compared with the "Roman army" which once conquered all the known world. None but priests could have produced such an astounding and monstrous transformation.

While the hours had passed as above related, the General placed at the head of the Pope's troops arrived at Viterbo, with all the forces he had been able to gather, and called his superior officers to a council in the municipal palace. Among the number was one martial gentleman with a nose like a small melon, covered with slips of sticking-plaster, and this warrior was he who had received the blow from Silvio at the inn door. His face was flushed besides with wine, of which he had been partaking copiously to drown his chagrin, and he urged the General vehemently to proceed at once to assault the "*brigands*." The General, however, considered that it would be better to wait till daybreak before they made a move, for he was by no means certain that the soldiers could stand to their arms at that late hour, nearly all being more or less drunk; and, after some further discussion, the General's view was applauded by the council and adopted.

At daybreak, therefore, the champions of the altar and the tiara obeyed the bugle-call; but it required some little time to get these ornaments of warfare into order. Some were footsore by the rapid march from Rome to Viterbo, others by their flight from the Ciminian hill, others ill with potations, and therefore it was not until the sun rose high above the Apennines that the army was in marching order. Even then many were the delays, for the General was at the mercy of the native guides, who very unwillingly conducted him through the intricacies of the forest, of which he was of course ignorant.

The proscribed, who were thoroughly acquainted with it, had begun to move at early dawn, so that when the sun rose they had already reached the summit of the mountain, from whence they could survey the whole country, and were reconnoitring, to see if any troops were advancing from the town. The coming of the troops was thus directly perceived.

Orazio—whose assumption of the command no one had disputed—dispersed about a hundred of his men, under Muzio's direction, as skirmishers over the low lands and amongst the underwood bordering upon the road on which the enemy was advancing. The remainder he arranged in column on the rising ground, ordering them to be in readiness to charge at the first signal. Having thus disposed his main force, he summoned Captain Tortiglio, and questioned him about the different officers in command of the enemy, who was still at some distance, ascending the mountain side.

"He who commands the vanguard," replied Tortiglio, "is Major Pompone, a brave officer, but a bully of the first order."

"If I do not deceive myself," said Silvio, who was watching the enemy's movements through his telescope, "that is the very fellow who wanted me to carry his luggage for him, for his nose is unmistakable."

"And who is that on horseback, leading what I suppose to be the principal body?" again asked Orazio.

"Lend me your telescope," said Tortiglio, and, having pointed it at the individual in question, exclaimed, "*Per Dio!* that is the commander-in-chief of the Papal army; and see, his mounted staff is just appearing!"

"What is his name?"

"His name is Count de la Roche—de la Roche Haricot. These French Legitimists, representatives of the feudal times, have names nearly all commencing with de, which are very difficult for us, 'of the *Si*,' to pronounce."

"You, then, belong to the language of the *Si*, Signor Spaniard?" asked Orazio rather roughly.

"*Como no!*" (and why not?) articulated the captain in Spanish; "are you alone the sons of the ancient Latins, and the possessors of that universal language? Leant that there is as much in common between the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages as there is between the face of a Calabrian and that of an Andalusian, who indeed resemble each other like brothers."

"Bravo, Captain Tortiglio," said Attilio, who had just arrived, having left the division he was in command of for orders; "you are a fortunate scholar! We unlucky Romans are only taught by the priests to kiss hands, kneel, and attend the mass, but are left in ignorance of what goes on in grammars and polite learning outside the walls of Rome."

But the Papal army was advancing, and Orazio, like an experienced captain, kept measuring its progress, without being in the least discomposed, yet feeling that anxiety which a leader must experience when in command of a body of troops of any kind, and in the presence of a numerous enemy about to attack.

One of the inconveniences a guerrilla band has to sustain in time of battle, and which very much preoccupies the chief, is the necessity of abandoning the wounded in case of retreat, or of leaving them in charge of the terrified inhabitants, who are afraid of being compromised. These considerations, and the unequal number of the opposing forces, impelled Orazio to sound the signal for retiring, and the hunter, with the sagacity that distinguished him, gathered in his fifty men with as much coolness as he would have shown had he been summoning them to a new beat in the chase. Having communicated his intention to Attilio, and enjoined him not to attempt it too precipitately, but to execute the order of retreat in divisions, Orazio went to Muzio, who was prepared to receive the enemy, now marching rapidly upon him.

Exchanging a few words with the leader of the vanguard, he ascended to the highest point of the position, from whence he was able to survey every thing, accompanied only by two of his adjutants.

General Haricot was not wanting in a certain amount of gallantry, which would have been worthy of a better cause. He was now assailing the unknown position of the Liberals boldly, with his vanguard *en echelon*, being himself in the center of the line.

However it may be—whether in an engagement or in a pitched battle—the commander-in-chief ought to place himself in such a manner that he can command a view of as large a portion of the field of battle as the circumstances permit, and this he can usually best accomplish, by being himself at the head of the troops first engaged.

As he must receive information of all that passes during the fight, the General, if he places himself at a distance from the scene of action, subjects himself to serious loss of time, inaccurate reports, and, to what is of still greater importance, incapability to discover at a glance that portion of his command which may stand

in immediate want of relief, or to note where, if victorious, he ought to send in pursuit of the enemy light bodies of cavalry, infantry, or artillery, to complete the repulse.

There was no failing, however, in this respect on the part of the two commanders-in-chief in this action. Haricot, emboldened by the superiority of his numbers, gave the order to attack without any hesitation. Orazio, though decided upon a retreat on account of his inferior force, was determined to give his opponent such a lesson as should make him more guarded and less precipitous in his pursuit. The irregularity of the ground, and the dense masses of trees had enabled Muzio to draw his men under cover into advantageous positions. There he desired them to await till the enemy came into point-blank range, to fire only telling shots, and then retreat behind the lines of the other divisions. This his valorous companions in arms did. Their first discharge covered the ground with the wounded and lifeless bodies of the enemy. The vanguard of the mercenaries was so demoralized as to retreat, and while supports, led on by the intrepid chief, were staying their backward progress, the confusion gave the Italians time to make their retreat in good order.

When Cortez disembarked at Mexico he burned his ships. When the Thousand of Marsala disembarked in Sicily they also abandoned their vessels to the enemy, and so deprived themselves of any hope of retreat; and truly these courageous acts conduced much to the success and triumphant conduct of both expeditions.

The proximity of friendly frontiers has often been the cause of defection in the ranks of the patriotic Italians. We have witnessed such scandals in Lombardy in 1848, caused by the tempting neighborhood of Switzerland, and also unhappily in the Roman States by the nearness of the royal territory. Such was the case with the Three Hundred after the many adventures here related. Orazio accomplished his retreat from the Ciminian hill without loss, but it was necessary to retire as far as the Italian dominion, and then it happened with his followers just as might have been expected, from their want of supplies and the temptation of safety.

Although this band was composed of courageous men, it dissolved like a fog before the sun when it touched the national frontier. The chiefs, after vainly reminding their men that their country was still in bondage, and that it was the duty of all to prepare for another struggle to free her, found themselves nearly alone. The eight or nine firm hearts with whom we are best acquainted, along with Gasparo and Jack, took the road to Tuscany on their way to Leghorn, where they expected to find the fair Julia's yacht, and gain some news of their absent friends. And here we will take leave of them for the present, to meet them later in new and adventurous scenes.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I. THE PILGRIMAGE

The recluse, at the period where we renew our story, was on the mainland, whither he had been called by his friends. He had left his rocky abode to fulfill a duty towards Italy, to which he had ever dedicated his life. He had forced himself to undertake a pilgrimage, setting out from the Venetian territory, his end being not only to influence the political elections, but to sow the germs of emancipated spirit and conscience, which alone can restore Italy to her first state of manly greatness, and enable her people to throw off their bonds, discountenancing utterly that idolatrous and false church called papal, and living upon the truths of a real and vital religion. For with the priests human brotherhood is impossible, since the papist condemns to everlasting flames every member of the human family who refuses belief in the Pope's supremacy. In like manner the Dervish or Turkish priest condemns eternally every believer in Christianity, and you can not walk safely in the streets of Constantinople or Canton because your life is in danger from these fanatics. In short, priests and bigots are pretty much alike all over the world, while the greatest and most sanguinary of conflicts have always been fomented by them.

Take, as an example, the Crimean war, where one hundred and fifty thousand men perished, while enormous treasures were swallowed up by the contest. The commencement of the quarrel was on account of the church named the Holy Sepulchre, and to decide whether a papistical or a Greek priest should take precedence there. This dispute was brought before the Emperors of France and Russia, and the result was war—England and Italy taking part in the enormous butchery consequent thereon.

England is at the present day in perpetual anxiety with regard to the state of Ireland, largely caused by the priests; and may God spare the world from an insurrection in the United States, where, in a population of thirty-three millions, nearly half are Roman Catholics, a large proportion of them Irish, who, under the dictatorship of a bishop, divide the country, and are always plotting for political supremacy.

In Venice the greater part of the population swore to follow General Garibaldi to the death, yet the day after the same crowd congregated in those shops where religious trinkets and "indulgences" in God's name are sold for money, and where idolatry in the guise of Christianity erects vain and lying images. Such are the Venetians, and such are they likely to remain under priestly superstition and political corruption.

With regard to representation, the great body of the Italian people are excluded from the elective franchise. Out of a population of more than twenty-five millions there are only four million five hundred thousand voters. Every voter must be twenty-five years of age, and must be able to read and write. As to the latter, the power of signing his name is deemed sufficient, but he must also contribute an annual sum of not less than forty francs, which must be paid in direct taxation to the state or province (the province answering to the English county); the municipal rates are not taken into account. Graduates of universities, members of learned

societies, military and civil *employés*, either upon active service or half-pay, professional men, schoolmasters, notaries, solicitors, druggists, licensed veterinary surgeons, agents of change, and all persons living in a house, or having a shop, magazine, or workshop, are entitled to a vote, provided the rental is, in communes containing a population of less than two thousand five hundred inhabitants, two hundred francs; in communes containing a population of from two thousand five hundred to ten thousand inhabitants, three hundred francs; and in communes containing a population of over ten thousand inhabitants, four hundred francs.

But the power which the Government has of unduly influencing such of the voters as are not in its own immediate employ is enormous, by means of the chief officer in every town, called the syndic, who is appointed by the Government, and removable at its pleasure. This officer, under pain of dismissal, recommends to the voters for election any candidate that the Government desires to have elected, and lamentable as is the financial state of the country, millions of francs were placed at the disposal of the syndics for the purpose of corruption in the spring of the year 1867. If a town wants a branch railway to the main line, the election of the Government candidate will always insure the accomplishment of its wishes on this point.

The whole host of Government officials, including the police, actively interfere in aid of the ministerial candidate. Schoolmasters and others will be dismissed from their posts if they give a refractory vote; and workmen for the same reason are discharged. Official addresses have been known to be openly published, desiring the people not to vote for the opposition candidates; and there are instances of papers on the day of election being withheld from those voters who might prove to be too independent. Therefore it was with a view to reforming these abuses that General Garibaldi, in addressing the municipality of Palma, said, "Let the new Chambers be impressed with the necessity of reorganizing the administration, and if the Government, to tempt them, returns to its evil ways, then ill betide it." We do not intend following the General's steps as he proceeded from town to town, enthusiastically received by the multitude, who, joyous at the sight of the "man of the people," applauded his doctrine of non-submission to foreign dominion and humiliation, and above all echoed his plain denunciations of that clerical infamy and that immoral understanding which exists between the Papacy and those of the unworthy men who misgovern Italy.

As it may be supposed, the priests attacked the General, and accused him far and wide of being an atheist. This false and foolish charge led to his making the following address before twenty thousand people at Padua:-

"It is in vain that my enemies try to make me out an atheist. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes. I do not admit any intermediary between God and man. Priests have merely thrust themselves in, in order to make a trade of religion. They are the enemies of true religion, liberty, and progress; they are the original cause of our slavery and degradation, and in order to subjugate the souls of Italians, they have called in foreigners to enchain their bodies. The foreigners we have expelled, now we must expel those mitred and tonsured traitors who summoned them. The people must be taught that it is not enough to have a free country, but that they must learn to exercise the rights and perform the duties of free men. Duty! duty! that is the word. Our people must learn their duties to their families, their duties to their country, their duties to humanity."

Garibaldi proceeded next to the university of Padua; and there, standing before the statue of Galileo, he uncovered his head, saying, "Who, remembering Galileo, his genius and his life, the torture inflicted upon him, the martyrdom he suffered—he, I say, who, remembering this, does not despise the priests of Rome, is not worthy to be called a man or an Italian."

The interests of commerce having always had a place in the heart of General Garibaldi, he delivered the following address to the Representatives of the Chambers of Commerce for Vicenza:—"Italy's future depends in great part on you. Our wars against the foreigners are, I hope, nearly at an end. Italy is united, is independent; you can make her prosperous. There is nothing necessary to the maintenance of the human race that we can not produce; and with such raw material as we have, what can we not manufacture? Our people have a mania for foreign goods; they like to wear foreign stuffs, to drink foreign wines, but let them once be persuaded that our own are as good, and they will be glad to adopt them; and foreign nations will receive our' merchandise, our manufactures, as eagerly as we now seek for theirs. But progress of every kind is difficult with the priests, and human brotherhood impossible."

CHAPTER LI. THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Let our tale revert to yet more distant memories, while the name of "Italy" wakes the author's recollections. He is set thinking of the sad times when newly-liberated Rome was again enchained by the hands of European despotism, alarmed at the revival of the Mistress of the World, and at the terrible warning conveyed by the Roman Republic. Alas! it was by the arms of another great Republic that her hopes were blighted. Napoleon, the secret enemy of all liberty, fleshed his weapons upon the Romans when he had committed the crime *lesanazione*, and betrayed the credulous people of Paris, slaying them in their streets without regard to age or sex. May God, in his own time, deal with the assassin of the 2d of December, and of the world's liberty!

After the defense of Rome, the Recluse, never despairing of the fete of Italy, although left with but few followers, decided to take the field. But more is required than a handful of brave men when nations intend to liberate themselves, and what can an irregular band of intrepid youths accomplish against four armies?

It is true that in the present day national spirit is more awakened, and the handful of brave youths has grown to heroic proportions and historical deeds, but in those unhappy times the populace stood gazing stupefied and in silence at the relics of the defenders of Rome while passing out on their way to the open country, regarding them as irretrievably lost. Not one of those men stood forward to increase our ranks. On

the contrary, every morning discovered a quantity of arms upon the ground of bivouac, which deserters had abandoned. Those arms were placed upon the mules and wagons which accompanied the column, so that in time the column possessed more mules and wagons than men, and little by little the hope of arousing that nation of sluggards vanished from the souls of the faithful and courageous survivors.

At San Marino, seeing there was no longer any hope or heart to fight, the order of the day was given "to dismiss the men to their homes." That order was couched in the following terms: "Return to your homes, but remember that Italy must not remain a slave."

The larger number took the road to their dwellings, but some deserters from the Papal and Austrian troops, who, if taken prisoners would have been shot, remained to accompany their chief in his last attempt to free Venice.

And here begins a still sadder and more painful history.

Anita, the Recluse's inseparable companion, would not, even under these trying circumstances, leave him. In vain did her husband endeavor to persuade her to remain at San Marino. Though pregnant, faint, and sick, arguments were of no avail: the courageous woman would heed no advice, and answered all by smilingly asking "if he wished to abandon her."

Surrounded by the Austrian troops, tracked by the Papal police, that tired remnant of the Roman army outstripped them all during a night march, and arrived at the gates of Cesenatico at one o'clock in the morning, where an Austrian detachment kept guard.

"Fall on them and disarm them," exclaimed Garibaldi to the few individuals forming his retinue; and the Austrian soldiers, completely stupefied, allowed themselves to be disarmed. The authorities were then awakened, and requested to supply food and *bragozzi*, or small barges, that the volunteers might embark.

It can not be denied that fortune has favored the Recluse in many arduous enterprises, but at this time began for him a series of adversities and misfortunes.

A northern cloud had spread itself over the Adriatic on this night, and breaking into wind, had rendered the sea furious. The narrow mouth of the port of Cesenatico was one mass of foam. Great were the efforts made to leave the port in the *bragozzi*, thirteen in number, weighed down as they were with people, and at day-break they succeeded. But at this crisis numerous Austrians entered Cesenatico.

Sail was made, for the wind had become favorable, and on the following morning four of the *bragozzi*, in one of which were Garibaldi and Anita, with Cicerachio, his two sons, and Ugo-Bassi, landed in the Foci del Po. Anita, carried in the arms of the man of her heart, was borne to shore in a dying condition. The occupants of the other nine *bragozzi* had given themselves up to the Austrian squadron, which had discovered the little crafts by the light of a full moon, and had rained bullets and grapeshot upon them until they surrendered.

The shores where the four boats put in were swarming with the enemy's explorers, sent to trace the fugitives. Anita was lying a little way off the shore, concealed in a corn-field, her head supported by the Recluse. Leggiero, a valiant major belonging to the island of Maddalena, who had followed the General in South America, and returned to Italy with him, was their only companion. He lay peeping through the stalks, and very soon discovered some of the cursed white curs in search of blood. Cicerachio, Bassi, and nine others, who by our advice had taken a different direction in order to escape the enemy, were all captured, and shot like dogs by the Austrians.

When the nine victims were taken, the Austrians compelled nine peasants, by force of blows, to dig nine holes in the sand, after which a discharge from the enemy's picket dispatched the unhappy heroes. The youngest, a son of a Roman tribune, only thirteen years of age, still moved after the fire, but a blow from the butt-end of an Austrian's musket smashed in his skull, and thus brutally ended his young life. Bassi and his brother, Cicerachio, met with the same fate at Bologna. The foreigner and the priest made merry in that hour of slaughter over the purest Italian blood; and the mitred master of Rome remounted his polluted throne, having for a footstool the corpses of his compatriots.

Let this cold brutality, this savage butchery of their honest noble-hearted compatriots live in the memory of Italians, and give their consciences no peace while they leave their magnificent city a prey to the foreigner and to the vile priests, who use it as a den of infamy.

The Recluse, bearing his precious burden—that dear and faithful wife—wandered sadly, with his companion, Leggiero, through the lagoons of the lower Po, until he had closed her eyes, and wept over her cold corpse tears of desperation. Onward he wandered then, through forests and over mountains, ever pursued by the agents of the Pope and of Austria. Fate, however, spared him, to suffer anew both danger and fatigue, and to reap some triumphs too. The tyrants of Italy again found him upon their tracks—those tracks indelibly stained by them with tears and blood. Ill was it for them that he escaped until the day when they, in turn, took to flight, and, like cowards, left their tables spread for him, while the carpets of their superb palaces bore the imprint of the rough shoes of his Thousand.

Meanwhile, however, our tale has brought the Recluse to Venice to witness the liberty for which he had sighed so much. It was then that the lagunes, covered with gondolas, saluted the red shirt as the token of national redemption, and sad memories faded in the light of the joy and freedom of that Queen of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER LII. THE SPY IN VENICE

It is eleven o'clock at night. The canals of Venice are covered with gondolas, and the Place of St. Mark, illuminated, is so crowded with people that scarcely a stone of the pavement is visible. From the balcony of the Zecchini Palace, on the north side of the Piazza, the Recluse has saluted the people, and the redeemed

city ("redeemed," yes, but by a bargain—the ancient bulwark of European civilization was, alas! bought and sold a bargain between courts), and that salutation was frantically responded to by an exulting and affected multitude. And above all was the beholder struck by the aspect of the populace, as he said to himself, "The stigma which despotism imprints upon the human face can even be depicted here."

A people, once the ancient rulers of the world, transformed by the foreigner and the priest, whose rod of deception, dipped in the chemistry of superstition, is able to change good into evil, gold to dross, and the most prosperous of nations into one of beggars and sacristans; these have bartered away this noble city of the sea, which calls herself "daughter of Rome"—left her disheartened, dishonored, and defamed! And he who loved the people cried out in the anguish of his soul, "Alas, that it should be so!"

But moved as he was by the contemplation of the scene, nevertheless he did not fail to cast a scrutinizing look over the buzzing crowd. After a life of sixty years, into which so many events had been crowded, the man of the people was not wanting in experience that enabled him to analyze fairly the component parts of a densely-packed crowd, among whom were hidden the thief, the assassin, the spy, and the hireling of the priest. And many such were purposely mingled with the good and honest of that population.

While thoughtfully gazing, as we have said, upon the assembled people, a slight touch upon his shoulder made him aware of Attilio's presence.

"Do you see," said the young Roman to him, "that scoundrel's face, whose head is covered with a cap of the Venetian fashion, standing amongst those simple Venetian souls, but as easy to be distinguished as a viper amongst lizards, or a venomous tarantula amongst ants? When such reptiles wind about in a crowd, it is not without a motive; he is sent from Rome, and there is certainly something new in store for us. That fellow is Cencio. I must look to him a little!"

Our readers will remember the subaltern agent of Cardinal Procorpio, for whom Gianni had rented a room in sight of Manlio's studio. After his employers had been hanged, he had been promoted to a higher office, that of principal agent to his Eminence Cardinal ———, the Pope's prime minister.

Cencio, once a Liberal, afterwards a traitor, had made profitable use of his knowledge of some of the democrats of Rome, and was, therefore, prized as a secret agent by the Cardinal's tribunal. We shall presently see what his mission to Venice had been. Meantime, in a saloon in the Zecchini Palace, closely filled with guests, amongst the brightest of the Venetian beauties, shone our three heroines, Irene, Julia, and Clelia.

The Venetian youths, accustomed to contemplate the charms of the daughters of the Queen of the Adriatic, were nevertheless astounded at the enchanting appearance of these three Roman ladies. We say three Romans, because Julia had by this time espoused her Muzio, and, although an affectionate daughter of her own dear native land, she was proud of her adopted country and called herself a Roman.

Irene was a little older than her companions, but had preserved so much freshness, that her extremely majestic carriage covered the difference of years, and she had so much the perfection of a matron about her, that she could well have served as a model to an artist wishing to portray one of those grand Roman matrons of Cornelia's time. Marriage had not changed her younger and equally lovely companion; and the trio formed such an ornament to that drawing-room that the Venetian youths fluttered around them perfectly dazzled and amazed.

By the side of Clelia were Manlio and the gentle Silvia. Of all our ladies only the Signora Aurelia was missing, and she had ended her unintentionally adventurous career by marrying the good-natured Captain Thompson, to whom she clung like the ivy to the oak; and although the sea was still a little repugnant to her, on account of that storm in which she had suffered so much, yet the billows had lost much of their terror, now her British sea-lion stood by her side to guard her.

Orazio and Muzio were standing together in a corner of the room talking over the events of the day, when Attilio, going up to them, made them acquainted with his discovery, and after some consultation they started off in company to the Piazza di San Marco. Not a few vain efforts did the three friends make to break through the crowd before they succeeded in at last reaching the object of their search, and whilst General Garibaldi, recalled by the people to the balcony, was again addressing the crowd, he saw his three young friends surround the fictitious Venetian. The iron hand of Orazio grasped the wrist of the agent like a vice, and Muzio, whose voice the scoundrel had formerly heard, fixing his glittering eyes upon him, said in a low tone, "Cencio, come with us."

The tool of the priests, the traitor of the meeting at the Baths of Caracalla, trembled from head to foot, his florid face became pale as that of a corpse, and, without articulating a word, he walked forward in the direction indicated by Muzio, between the other two Romans, who pushed him unresistingly on.

CHAPTER LIII. THE "GOVERNMENT"

When one thinks upon the hardly accomplished union of this our Italy, and of the rulers who have "led" her over the thorny path she has trodden, one can not but bow before the wisdom of Providence, who has uplifted her until she has constituted herself a nation.

Often in meditating upon this—our beautiful, grand, but unhappy native land—we in imagination have pictured her as a chariot drawn with patient toil by the generous portion of the people, having for device the "good of all," preceded by the star of Providence like a shining beacon, with the wicked host of rulers and their immense retinue following behind, disconcerted and fatigued, holding on to and endeavoring to draw back the vehicle of the State, even at the risk of destroying it in their efforts; while the people, impoverished, checked, and humiliated by that heavy rabble tugging in the rear, remain submissive and constant in their labors, clearing away the obstacles that cross their path towards redemption, and proceeding gradually

forward without despairing of a future reparation. Reparation, indeed! From whom, my countrymen, do you expect reparation? From the re-assured professors of priestcraft, of Jesuitism, and of imposture, who have been restored to your towns and villages at the expense of your patrimony to maintain you in ignorance and in misery?

One of the many means of corruption employed by the powerful to render the populace slaves, is at the present day the "black division"—the priests. Kings who no longer believe in them have begun to use them to control the people, and keep them from justice, light, and liberty, in the name of "religion." This is the "reparation" which thou awaitest, *popolo infelice!* Reparation—and how shouldst thou demand or deserve it, who kneelest daily and hourly at the feet of a lying and chuckling priesthood?

In the mean time, however, one of the agents of this priesthood is walking, with his wicked head held down, in the grasp of Orazio and Attilio; Muzio going before to open the way through the multitude of people, and thus the four arrived finally at a tavern in the Vicola degli Schiavoni.

CHAPTER LIV. THE SENTENCE OF DEATH

"Let us pass quickly and on tiptoe that mass of corruption and slaughter called the Papacy," says Guerrazzi; or, to quote his own indignant Italian: "*Passiamo presto, e sulla punta dei piedi, quel macchio di fimo e di sangue che si chiama Papato.*"

The Popes, who call themselves the vicegerents of Christ, slaughter men with chassepôts, play the executioner upon their political enemies, and instruct the world in the science of tortures, Inquisitions, *autos-da fe*, and murder. In former days many unhappy nations had the misfortune to suffer therefrom. Spain, for example, who has recently thrown off the yoke, for centuries groaned under the tortures of Rome. Even now the priest of Christ in the Vatican satiates his sanguinary vengeance in various ways, having recourse to the dagger, poison, brigandage, and murders of all kinds and degrees.

In the Roman tribunal the sentence of death had been long pronounced against Prince T——, the brother of our Irene; and Cencio, with eight cut-throats of the Holy See under his command, was under orders to take advantage of the tumult arising upon the arrival of Garibaldi in Venice to execute the atrocious decree. The eight accomplices of the spy had been posted in the immediate neighborhood of the Hôtel Victoria, in all the ways by which he could possibly arrive. Four were to hire a gondola and ply at the steps, with secret instructions to dispatch the gondoliers if necessary, that there might be no witness to lay the charge against them.

Cencio had not undertaken to perform the actual deed, but simply the task of following the Prince's movements. Fortunately for the Roman noble the spy failed in his scent, and was now not only in the clutches of our three friends who had captured him, but in those of a fourth personage, who was still more formidable to him—no other, in fact, than our old acquaintance Gasparo.

Gasparo, after the events narrated in the preceding chapters, had accompanied his new friends to territory that was not Papal, and had offered his services as attendant to Prince T——. He had therefore accompanied him to Venice. Whilst his master roamed through the saloons of the Zecchini Palace, the watchful follower, who had remained on the threshold to enjoy the sight of that brilliant scene, saw the three Romans whom he loved as sons penetrate into the crowd. He determined to keep near them, and found himself shortly after in the tavern of Vicola dei Schiavoni, at the heels of Cencio.

It would be no easy matter to describe the terror and confusion of the clerical Sinon surrounded by our four friends. They led him to an out-of-the-way room on the upper story, and desired the waiter to bring them something to drink, and then leave them, as they had some business to transact.

When the waiter had obeyed them, and departed, they locked the door, and ordering the agent to sit against the wall, they moved to the end of the table, and, seating themselves upon a bench, placed their elbows on the table and fixed a look upon the knavish wretch which made him tremble. Under any other circumstances the wretch would have inspired compassion, and might have been forgiven for his treachery, in consideration of his present agony of fear.

The four friends, cold, impassive, and relentless, satisfied themselves for some time with fixing their eyes upon the traitor, while he, quite beside himself, with wide-opened mouth and eyes, was doing his best to articulate something; but all he could mutter was, "Signore—I—am—not," and other less intelligible monosyllables.

The calmness of the four Romans was somewhat savage, but for their deep cause of hatred; and if any one could have contemplated the scene he would have been reminded forcibly of the fable of the rat under the inexorable gaze of the terrier-dog, which watches every movement, and then pounces out upon it, crunching all the vermin's bones between its teeth. Or could a painter have witnessed that silent assembly, he would have found a subject for a splendid picture of deep-seated wrath and terror.

We have already described the persons of the three friends—true types of the ancient Roman—with fine and artistic forms. Gasparo was even more striking—one of those heads which a French photographer would have delighted to "take" as the model of an Italian brigand—and the picture would have been more profitable than the likeness of any European sovereign. He was indeed, in his old age, a superb type of a brigand, but a brigand of the nobler sort. One of those who hate with a deadly hatred the cutthroat rabble; one who never stained himself with any covetous or infamous action, as the paid miscreants of the priests do, who commit acts that would fill even a panther's heart with horror.

Even the successor of Gianni would have made a valuable appearance in a *quadro caratteristico*, for certainly no subject could have served better to display panic in all its disgusting repulsiveness. Glued to the wall behind him, he would, if his strength had equalled his wish, have knocked it down, or bored his way

through it to get farther from those four terrible countenances, which stared impassively and mercilessly at him, meditating upon his ruin, perhaps upon his death. The austere voice of Muzio, already described as the chief of the Roman contropolizia, was the first to break that painful silence.

"Well, then, Cencio," he began, "I will tell you a story which, as you are a Roman, you may perhaps know, but, at all events, you shall know it now. One day our forefathers, tired of the rule of the first king of Rome—who, amongst other amiable things, had killed his brother Remus with a blow because he amused himself with jumping over the walls he had erected around Rome—our fathers, I repeat, by a *senattis consultant*, decided to get rid of their king, who was rather too meddlesome and despotic. *Detto-fatto!* they rushed upon him with their daggers, and, although he struggled valorously, Romulus fell under their blows. But, now the deed was done, it was necessary to invent a stratagem, for the Roman people were somewhat partial to their warlike king. They accordingly accepted the advice of an old senator, who said, 'We will tell the people that Mars (the father of Romulus) has descended amongst us, and, after reproaching us for thieving a little too much, and being indignant to see the son of a god at our head, has carried him off to heaven.'

"'But what are we to do with the body?' asked several of the senators.

"'With the body?' repeated the old man; 'nothing is easier.' And drawing forth his dagger, he commenced cutting the corpse in pieces. When this dissection was finished, he said, 'Let each of you take one of these pieces, hide it under your robe, and then go and throw it into the Tiber. It is evening now, and by to-morrow morning the sea-monsters will have given a decent burial to the founder of Rome.'

"Now, Cencio, don't you think that, as regards your own end, and not being king of Rome, or son of a god, such a death would be very honorable to you who are nothing more than a miserable traitor?"

"For God's sake," screamed the terrified agent, trembling like a child, "I will do whatever you demand of me; but, for the love you bear your friends, your wives, your mothers, do not put me to such a cruel death."

"Do you talk of a cruel death? Can there be a death too cruel for a spy—a traitor?" asked Muzio. "Have you already forgotten," he continued, "vile reptile, selling the Roman youths to the priests at the Baths of Caracalla; and that they narrowly escaped being slaughtered by your infamy?"

Tears continued to roll from the coward's eyes, as Muzio continued: "What about your arrival in Venice? What does it mean? Who sent you? What did you come here for, dog?"

"I will tell all," was the wretched man's reply—

"You had better tell all," repeated Muzio, "or we shall see with edge of knife whether you have concealed any thing in that malicious and treacherous carcass of yours."

"All, all!" cried Cencio like a maniac; and, as if forgetful of what he had to relate or overpowered by great fright, he appeared not to know how or where to begin.

"You are doubtless more prompt in your narration to the Holy Office, stammerer," grumbled Gasparo.

"Begin!" shouted Orazio; and Attilio, in a stem voice, also cried "Begin!" not having spoken until then.

A moment of death-like silence followed before Cencio commenced thus:-

"If the life of Prince T———is dear to you—"

"Prince T———, the brother of Irene," exclaimed Orazio, clearing the table at one bound, and grasping the traitor by the throat.

Had Cencio been clutched in the claws of a tiger, he would not have felt more helpless than he did now, held by the fingers of the "Prince of the Roman campagna."

Attilio said gently, "Brother, have patience—let him speak; if you choke him we shall gain no information."

The suggestion made by the chief of the Three Hundred seemed reasonable to Orazio, and he withdrew his impatient grip from Cencio's throat.

"If the life of Prince T——— is dear to you," again recommenced the knave, "let us go all together in search of him, and inform him that eight emissaries of the Holy Office are lurking about the Hôtel Victoria, where he is lodging, in order to assassinate him."

CHAPTER LV. DEATH TO THE PRIESTS

"Death to the priests!" shouted the people.

"*Death to no one!*" replied the General to the crowd from the balcony, in answer to their cry.

"*Death to no one!* Yet none are worthier of death than this villainous sect, which for private ends, disguised as religious, has made Italy 'the land of the dead,' a burial-ground of greatness! Beccaria! thy doctrines are true and right. The shedding of blood is impious. But I know not if Italy will ever be able to free herself from those who tyrannize over her soul and body without annihilating them with the sword for pruning-hook, even to the last branch!"

These reflections passed through the mind of the man of the people, although he rebuked the populace. Meanwhile, those of them who had not wholly heard the words uttered by Garibaldi from the balcony, but only the cry of "death!" which thousands of excited voices had re-echoed—those of the people, we repeat, who were farthest off from the General and near the palace of the Patriarch, advanced like the flood of a torrent precipitating itself from a mountain, and attacked the prelate's abode, overturning all obstacles opposed to their fury. In a few minutes every saloon, every room in this fine building was invaded, and through the windows all those religious idols with which the priests so unblushingly deceive the people were seen flying in all directions.

Many artists and lovers of the beautiful would have lamented and cried, "Scandal! sacrilege!" at the

destruction of such works of art. And truly, many very rare and precious master-pieces, under the form of saint or Madonna or Bambino, were broken to pieces and utterly ruined in this work of destruction.

Amongst the cunning acts of the priesthood, wealthy as they have been made by the stupidity of the "faithful," has ever been that of employing the most illustrious artists to portray and dignify their legends. Hence the Michael Angelos and the Raphaels of all periods were lavishly supported by them, and the people, who might have become persuaded of the foolishness of their credulity, and of the impostures of the new soothsayers of Rome, continued to respect the idols of their tyrants by reason of Italian instincts, because these were master-pieces of noble work.

But is not the first master-piece of a people liberty and national dignity?

And all those wonders of art, although wonders, if they perpetuate with an evil charm our servility, our degradation—oh! would it not be better for them to be sent to the infernal regions? However, be they precious or worthless works, the people were overturning them and throwing them out upon the pavement that night.

And the Patriarch? Woe to him if he had fallen into the hands of the enraged multitude!

But their sacred skin is dear to those descendants of the apostles! Champions of the faith they may be, but not martyrs. Of martyrdom those rosy-faced prelates wish to know nothing themselves if they can avoid it. His Eminence, at the first outbreak of popular indignation, had vanished, gaining, by a secret door, one of his gondolas, in which he escaped in safety.

In the mean time, the cry of the Recluse,

"*Morte a nessino!*" was taken up by the crowd, and at last reached the ears of the sackers of the Patriarch's palace.

That voice, ever trusted and respected by the people, calmed the anger of the passionate multitude, and in a few moments order and tranquillity were again re-established.

CHAPTER LVI. PRINCE T——.

In the shameful times when the right of the "coscia" existed, princes had little necessity to woo a humble maiden, or to sue for her favor. At the present day things have assumed a different aspect. Although princes exist who possess as much pride of birth, or even more, than those of old days, still we see many obliged to conform to more moderate pretensions in matters of the heart, aspiring humbly to the favor of a plebeian divinity. Such were the thoughts of poor Prince T-

He stood in the vestibule of the Zecchini Palace, admiring the throng of graceful visitors. In the crowded saloons it was difficult to do justice to the faces, and still less to the deportment of the ladies. From that part of the vestibule, on the first step, where the Roman prince had established himself, observation was easier.

Suddenly, from the midst of the crowd emerged, as if by destiny, one of those forms which, once seen, are reflected in the soul forever. Golden-brown eyes, hair, and eyelashes adorned a face which would have served Titian as a model of beauty—in a word, he saw the type of the Venetian ideal. The Prince, until then immovable in the crowd hurrying to and fro, was struck by a glance of those wonderful eyes, which seemed to look at every thing and every body, without for a moment fixing their glance on any.

As if under a spell, the Prince rushed after the footsteps of the unknown lady, whose light foot seemed to float over the ground. He hurried on after her, but the wish to overtake her was one thing, the capability another. The beautiful and graceful girl, either more active or more accustomed to fashionable throngs in Venice, was already seated in a gondola, and had ordered the gondolier to put off when the Prince reached the edge of the canal.

What could he do? throw himself into the water, and seize on the gunwale of the lady's boat, like a madman, begging a word for pity's sake? This was his first impulse; yet a bath in the waters of the lagoon in March would be no joke, while to present himself before the lady of his thoughts in the condition which would result from immersion, would be unpropitious, and an especial trial to the dignity of a man of rank. He decided on taking a more rational course, that of embarking in a gondola and following the incognita. "Row hard," said the Prince to the gondolier, "and if you overtake that black gondola I will reward you well."

Having pointed out the boat to be pursued, the gondolier cried "Avanti" to his companion at the prow, and turning up his red shirt sleeves (red shirts being the prevailing fashion just then among the Venetian rowers, in honor of the guest of the day), the gondolier prepared to use the oar with that grace and vigor which is not to be rivalled by any boatmen in the world.

"Onward! onward! *gondola mio!* onward and overtake that too swift boat which bears away my life; and why should not that lovely girl be such to me, the Adriatic beauty of which I have dreamed a thousand times, when Venice was enslaved as my poor Rome still is? Yet why did I only catch a glimpse of her? Why did her dazzling eye thus meet mine, subdue me in a moment, and make me hers forever, only to disappear? and has not her magic glance wounded others as well as me? The very atmosphere around her intoxicated me; must it not have affected all near her? *Ah, Dio!* is this love at last? Is this that transient passion which men enjoy as they bite at doubtful fruits and throw them away when tasted? or is it that spiritual love which brings the creature near to God, which transforms the miseries of life, its dangers, death itself, into ineffable happiness? Yes! it is that; and now, come ye powerful of the earth, dare but to touch my mistress whom I love with indescribable passion, approach her with an army of ruffians at your back, profane but the hem of her gown, and my sword shall defy all for her sweet sake. Onward! onward!" cried the Prince, interrupting his own soliloquy. "Row hard, and if one crown be not enough, you shall have ten. Onward!"

"But suppose she were a plebeian? Well! in the name of heaven what is a plebeian? When God created man

did he make patricians and plebeians? Does not the power that awes the vulgar come from tyrants and despots?"

"Ah! if that beautiful young creature should prove an impure, a nameless one!"

"Oh, blasphemer of love, cease your profanity! How could a guilty woman's face show such pure transcendent loveliness!"

Annita was a plebeian. The entrance to her dwelling showed that. There stood no columned porch where the gondola drew up before a simple door-step. The plain little staircase was bare; no rich vases with exotic flowers stood about the threshold. A few flower-pots adorned the window-sills, for Annita loved flowers as well as a princess could love them, but hers were little, simple blossoms—I will not say poor ones, for they were dear to the young girl, a very treasure to her.

An aged lady, who by day would have attracted the attention of every one—so great was the anxiety depicted on her face—had awaited until that moment, eleven at night, her beloved Annita, who, with the curiosity of a child, had desired, like others, to have a close view of the man of the people. Mario, her only brother, being absent, the mother had confided her to the care of the family gondolier.

When Monna Rosa had ascertained that the newly arrived gondola was that which she expected, she left the balcony, where she had been watching with great misgivings for its arrival, and rapidly descended the stairs, lantern in hand, to receive her beloved child. The two women were clasped in each other's arms, as if after a long separation, when the Prince arrived, and taking advantage of the open door, and of the evident attention of the mother and daughter, he entered the house with the audacity of a soldier on a conquered territory. At length, disengaged from each other's arms, the mother was exclaiming in a tone of gentle reproach, "Why so late, Annita?" when both started on perceiving the presence of a stranger.

Having entered on a bold adventure, the Prince felt that he must carry it through with spirit. He therefore advanced towards the young girl, who, when so near, seemed more beautiful than ever.

He was about to try to find words to excuse his impetuous and irrepressible admiration, when at that moment an iron grasp from behind seized his wrist, and with a shake that made him stagger, separated him from the women.

From a third gondola, which had arrived a short time after the two first, there had sprung out swiftly and resolutely a new and youthful actor on this interesting scene. Tall in stature, vigorous and handsome in person, the last arrival wore the red shirt, and on the left side of his broad breast bore that distinctive mark of the brave, "The Medal of the Thousand."

Morosini was Annita's lover. An attentive observer would have read in the young girl's face a world of affectionate emotion at the sight of her beloved, succeeded by an expression of affright, when his manly, sonorous voice, addressed the Prince, "You are mistaken, sir! You will not find here the game you seek; retrace your steps, and make your search elsewhere."

The shaking he had received, and the rough words that followed, had aroused the Prince's ire, and as he was not wanting in courage, he answered his interlocutor in the same tone.

"Insolent rascal! I came not here to affront, but to offer respectful homage. As for your impertinence, if you are a man of Rome, you will give me satisfaction. Here is my card. I shall be found at the Victoria Hotel, and at your service, until mid-day to-morrow."

"I will not keep you waiting," was Morosini's reply, and with this the disconcerted Prince flung away.

CHAPTER LVII. THE DUEL

The Italian sportsman does not pursue the partridge in the thicket, but after covering up the waters of all the small pools save one, he there awaits his sport with shot, with net, or with bird-lime, at the moment that the innocent creature seeks refuge and refreshment. It is during the sultry hours that the ploughman lies in wait at the watering-place, to restore his rebel oxen to the yoke from which they have escaped. The corsair, who would be in vain sought on the ocean, is trapped at the mouth of his hiding place, to which he conducts his prey.

Such was the reasoning of our four Romans as regards Prince T-, for whom they vainly sought in every hole and corner. After they had discovered and sent home the cut-throats of the Holy Office, through the forced assistance of Cencio, they placed themselves on the lookout, in the vicinity of the Victoria Hotel, awaiting the appearance of T-. In fact, about twelve o'clock, he made his appearance, and was followed to his room by his friends, who made him acquainted with the design of the assassin, and other circumstances.

The Prince was too reserved to inform his friends of his approaching duel, especially Orazio, whose ardent nature he well knew, and who would not have yielded to any other the office of second; still he needed a second, and taking advantage of a moment's animated discussion among his companions, he summoned Attilio to the balcony by a glance, and asked him to remain with him for that night. Orazio, Muzio, and Gasparo finally took leave, and Attilio remained, under pretext of particular business.

At the first dawn of day, a young man in a red shirt knocked at the door of a room marked No. 8 in the Victoria Hotel, and presented to Prince T-—— a cartel, signed Morosini, and thus worded:—

"I accept your challenge, and await you at the door of your hotel in my gondola. I have weapons with me, but you had better bring your own, in case mine should not be suitable. The seconds will regulate the conditions of the duel.

"Morosini."

After the Prince had risen, and summoned Attilio, he introduced him to the second of Morosini, and in a few minutes the conditions were settled as to arms, which were to be pistols; distance, twenty steps, to be walked

over, firing *à volonté*. The ground chosen was behind the Murazzi, to which the combatants could immediately repair.

And truly, when one has to die, or to kill, it is best over as soon as possible, because even the stoutest hearts are disinclined to either alternative, and wish the time of expectancy abridged.

What shall I say of duelling? I have always thought it disgraceful that men can not come to an understanding without killing one another. But, on the other hand, it is not time for us, who are still oppressed by the powerful of the earth, still the despised of Europe, to preach individual or general peace, to advocate the forgiveness of private outrages, when we are often so publicly outraged. We, who are trampled upon in our rights, our consciences, our honor, by the vilest section of our nation—we, who, in order to be allowed life, consideration, and protection, are compelled to debase ourselves, must not quite despoil ourselves of our one protection!

Away with duelling, then, when we shall have a constitution, a well-organized government—when we shall enjoy our rights within as well as without; but, in the present dangerous times for honor and right, we can not proclaim peace.

Meanwhile, the gondolas carrying the combatants proceeded towards the Murazzi, the rowers for some time coasting the immense rampart constructed by the Venetian republic as a defense against the fury of the Adriatic, and finally disembarking their passengers on the deserted shore, which is dry when the north winds or the siroccos blow.

The antagonists leaped on the sand, chose a convenient place, and, after having measured twenty steps, the seconds handed the pistols to the principals, who placed themselves on the two spots marked on the sand. Attilio had to clap his hands three times, and at the third signal the combatants were to walk forward and fire *à volonté*. Already two signals were given; Attilio's hands were again raised to make the third, when a voice cried, from the spot where the gondolas awaited, "Hold!"

The four men all turned in that direction, and saw one of the gondoliers, a venerable, gray-haired man, who was advancing towards them.

"Hold!" repeated the old man; and he came forward without stopping until he stood between the two antagonists. Then he spoke, with a somewhat faltering voice, yet still in a manly tone, with such force as could hardly have been expected in one of his breeding and age—

"Hold! sons of one mother! The act you are about to accomplish will stain one of you with the blood of a compatriot—blood which might flow for the welfare of this unhappy land, which has still so much to do ere she can attain the independence she has aimed at for so many centuries. The vanquished will pass away without one word of love or blessing from those dear to him; the victor will remain for life with the sting of remorse in his heart. You, by whose bronzed and noble face I recognize a child of this unhappy land, has not Italy still many enemies? does she not need all her offspring to loosen the chains of centuries? Abandon, then, this fratricidal struggle, I beseech you, in the name of our common mother! Why should you gratify the enemies of Italy by the murder of her friends? You came forth antagonists, return companions and brothers!"

The waves of the Adriatic were breaking with more effect against the rocks that border Murazzi than the patriotic and humane words of the old man on the obstinate will of the two angry compatriots; and, with a certain aristocratic impulse of pride, the Prince exclaimed to his counsellor "Retire!"

The seconds recommenced with the same number of signals as before, and at the third the adversaries marched towards one another, with pistol cocked in the right hand, with eyes unflinchingly fixed on each other, and with the deliberate intention of homicide. About the twelfth step the Prince fired, his ball grazed the side of Morosini's neck, blood flowed, but the wound was slight. The soldier of Calatafimi, cooler than his antagonist, approached closer. At about eight paces he fired, and the brother of Irene sank on the ground—the ball had pierced his heart.

The Holy Office of the Vatican laughed at the news, with the infernal joy which it experiences every time that blood shed by private discord reddens the unhappy soil.

And who spilt that Italian blood? An Italian hand, alas! consecrated to the redemption of his country. How often it has been thus!

CHAPTER LVIII. ROME

Ok the second of December, the despot of the Seine, the false Emperor, the enemy of all liberty, and the great ally of all tyrants, after seventeen years of unrighteous rule, pretended, with the same hypocrisy with which he kept her enslaved, to liberate the Niobe of nations, the old metropolis of the world—the ruler, the martyr, the glory of the earth.

He carried on the work of Divine vengeance. Attila, at the head of his ferocious tribes, had conquered Rome, destroyed her, and exterminated her people. Was not this God's justice?

"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!"

The ancient Romans ruled the world by subjugating the remotest nations, pillaging and breaking them down. Slavery, misery, and ruin, their ministers, compelled the nations of the earth to submit to their tyrants.

The successor of the Attilas, not less a robber than they, threw himself on an easy prey, and his false heart beat with joy when he clutched the victim. Yet even this action was but a caricature of the actions of the Attilas who have punished Rome. To accomplish great deeds, even of the evil sort, there must be great hearts, and he has a heart both little and cowardly. In all he does, we can see he intends to imitate his uncle; but the want of genius and energy makes the attempt a failure. Attila conquered, and made a pile of ruins of the proud victress-city. The modern Attila, in a Jesuit guise, did not destroy, did not ruin, because he

considered the prey as his own property.

Afterwards, enfeebled by advancing years and luxury, his throne shaken to its foundation, he renewed his sinister undertakings in America, where he attempted to deal a death-blow to the sanctuary of the world's liberty—the great Republic—by building an Austrian empire at her gates.

And the Italian Government has accepted the bidding of the false Emperor, acting as the *sbirro* of the Vatican, to hinder the Romans from liberating themselves, obliging them to submit to the government of the Holy Office, to deny to Italy her capital, though proclaimed by her parliament.

We firmly believe that a more cowardly Government than the Italian can not be found in ancient or modern history. It must be accepted as the fate of humanity to find ever side by side with so much good so much evil, humiliation, and wickedness. We say side by side, because it can not be denied that the unity of Italy is a marvel of good accomplished, in spite of all the efforts made by rulers and selfish factions to hold back this unfortunate country, by impoverishing and perverting it, and by every means of depredation and deception.

But what a Government! Can, indeed, this agency of corruption be called a Government? And the unhappy people! what are they? Half of them bought over to hold the other half in bondage and in misery.

Hail, brave Mexicans! We envy your valor and constancy in freeing your land from the mercenaries of despotism! Accept, gallant descendants of Columbus, from your Italian brethren, congratulations on your redeemed liberty! On you was to be imposed a like tyranny, and you swept it away, as a noble and free river sweeps away impurity.

We alone—talkative, presumptuous, vain, boasting of glory, liberty, greatness—are yet enchained!—blindfolded, freeing ourselves with words, but unfit to accomplish by deeds that political reconstruction which alone would give us the right to sit down beside the other free nations. Trembling before the despotism of an unrighteous foreign tyrant, we dare not, for fear of him, walk about in our own homes, tell the world we are our own masters, or tear from our wrists the fetters which he has fixed there; and, more humiliating and degrading still, he has left the prey, which the indignation of the world forbade his appropriating, and has said, "Keep her, cowards; become cut-throats in my stead; but beware of meddling with my will!"

Oh, Rome! Thou who art truly "the only one!" Rome the eternal! Once above all human greatness! And now—now, how degraded! Thy resurrection must yet be a catastrophe, and a revolution, to shake the rest of the world!

CHAPTER LIX. VENICE AND THE BUCENTAUR

The stains of slavery are only to be finally washed out with blood. The more intelligent and wealthier classes ought once for all to understand this, and to spare humanity the false solutions which settle nothing.

In other days, Venice, following the impetus given by her sister Lombardy, effaced the many years of her humiliation and servility in blood. It is not so now. She emerges from foreign dominion, not through her own acts, but by the courage of others. Oh! if only her liberty had been won by the valor of her brethren! But no, she was redeemed by foreign swords. Sadowa, the glory of Prussia, freed Venice, and the Italian nation asks no veil to hide this dishonor.

Nations, like individuals, require dignity to live—require the life of the soul besides mere physical existence, to which our rulers would condemn us.

Once the Queen of the Adriatic carried her proud lion into the far east, repressed the victorious Ottoman, and dictated laws to him. The monarchs of Europe, invoked and backed by the jealous Italian States, conspired together against Venice, and were driven off by the amphibious and brave republicans. Who would now recognize those proud compatriots of the Dandoli and the Morosini in the ranks of men who require the foreigner to free them, and, when free, throw themselves among the offscourings of "the Moderates"—a party ready for any abasement, for any infamy.

How tyranny alters the noblest beings, and emasculates them! Take comfort, however, Venetians; you do not stand alone, for such as you have I seen the descendants of Leonidas and Cincinnatus. Slavery impressed on the forehead of man such a mark of infamy as to confound him with the beasts of the forest.

However, humbled as they have been, and still are, the Italians do not neglect their amusements and their festivals. "Bread and pleasure!" they cry to their tyrants, as of old they cried to their tribunes; and the priest, to please, cheat, and corrupt them, has surrounded himself by a mass of ostentatious ceremonies, surpassing all that the impostors of old furnished, to conceal fraud by magnificent display. Do not talk of politics, do not even think of them, but pay, and despoil yourselves with a good grace, so as to support your masters richly, then they will give you to satiety masses, processions, festas, games, amusements, and sensual pleasures.

The sailing of the Bucentaur was one of the ceremonies very dear to the people when Venice was free, when it had its own Government and Doge. On the day fixed for the festival, the Bucentaur, the most splendid galley of the Republic, decked out with as much ornament and as many banners as possible, glittering with gilding and rich hangings, bore the Doge, the Ministers of State, and the most remarkable beauties of the day, all in gala costume. They started from the palace of St. Mark, and rowed towards the Adriatic. Many other galleys formed a procession, following in the wake of the Bucentaur, as well as a large number of gondolas decked for the holiday, and containing the largest part of the population, male and female.

Oh, beautiful wert thou in those days, ill-fated Queen! when thy Dandoli, thy Morosini, sought, in the name of Venice, to propitiate the waves on behalf of the bold navigators of the Adriatic. Hail to thee, Republic of nine centuries! true mother of Republics! Yet if in thy greatness thou hadst associated with thine Italian sisters instead of hating them, the foreigner would not have trodden us all down and enslaved us. Hide the

wounds that your chains have made, smooth the lines that misery has impressed on your forehead. Do not forget, whether rejoicing or sorrowing, those humiliations through which you have passed, and henceforth remember that only when united can Italy defy the great foreign powers who are jealous of her uprising.

General Garibaldi stood leaning against a balcony of St. Mark's Palace, which looked over the lagoon, in the company of our fair Romans, with Muzio, Orazio, and Gasparo. He was listening to an old cicerone, who was dilating on the ancient glories of the Republic, and after having spoken on a variety of subjects, this individual had arrived at the description of the festival of the Bucentaur. He expressed his regret at not being able to see one of them nowadays, and pointed to the spot whence from the mole started the famous craft, when suddenly Muzio's eye was arrested by a well-known face, which appeared at the entrance of the cabin of a gondola drawn up at the gates of the palace. Muzio disappeared like lightning, and stood before Attilio, who descended, pressed his friend's right hand, and could only articulate the melancholy word, "Dead!"

"It was fated, then, that this relic of Roman greatness should come here to die," murmured the ex-President, having partly heard, partly guessed the tidings of Attilio.

"He died like a brave man," said the chief of the Three Hundred.

"And many Italians know how to die so," thought Muzio; "but it is sweeter to die fighting against the oppressors!"

"I will return to our party," said Muzio, "and consult with the General, that he may turn our excursion in another direction, so as not to expose Irene and Orazio to the shock of meeting the remains of their beloved one; I will afterwards rejoin you with Gasparo."

CHAPTER LX. THE BURIAL

Foscolo has these lines—

*A stone to mark my bones from the vault crop
That death soirs on the land or in the sea.*

Admiring the mournful poems of this great singer, we are, like him, advocates for honoring the great dead, and truly we believe that doing homage to departed virtue is an incentive to make the living follow in its path. When one thinks, however, of the gaudy pageants with which the priesthood deck the last journey of the dead, one can not help deploring the useless show and the expenditure.

Death that true type of the equality of human beings—death which effectually destroys all worldly superiority, and confounds in one democracy of decay the emperor and the beggar—death, the leveller, must be astonished at so much difference between the funerals of the rich and the poor! He must wonder at so much preparation for the burial of a corpse, and laugh, if death can laugh, at so much mockery of woe, which is frequently the cover for secret joy in the soul of the greedy heir, while in the largest number it is mere indifference. Then the hired weepers—what a pitiful spectacle those are!

We have seen in Moldavia, and we believe the custom is adopted in other countries, that at the funeral of a Bojar a number of women are hired to weep, and what tears they shed! what shouts do those miserable beings utter! As to the grief they must have felt, it was measured by their pay.

These mourners have sometimes returned to our memory while reading parliamentary debates during which certain hired people, or those who hope for hire, burst out into a profusion of "*bravi*" and "*bravissimi*" at the insulting speeches, or often at the unprincipled projects, of this or that prime minister.

Prince T——'s funeral was largely attended, because it was known that he was a man of mark. Among the crowd of people who followed the remains, most of them with the greatest indifference, there could be distinguished a few really sad faces. Those were the friends of the dead man, Attilio, Muzio, and Gasparo. The latter especially had eyes swollen by weeping.

The strong nature of the old Roman chief had been shaken by the loss of his friend and master to whom he had been sincerely attached—a proof at once of the kindly nature of the prince, and of the faithful heart of the exile. Was he weeping for the prince? No; for the friend and benefactor.

Oh, how many true friends might the great of the world possess, if they would but open their hearts to generosity—if they would soften the injustice of fate towards those upon whom she lays an unequal hand!

Many there are among the higher classes, I know, who are beneficence itself, and some of the women of the noblest houses are distinguished for their amiability and goodness. But these instances are not sufficient for the suffering multitude; and the majority of the favorites of fortune are not only indifferent to the unfortunate—they seem to add voluntarily to their trials.

The duty and the care of good government should be to ameliorate the poor man's condition; but, unhappily, that duty is unfulfilled, that care is not undertaken. Government thinks only of its own preservation, and of strengthening its own position; to this end it exercises corruption to obtain satellites and accomplices.

The mass of the prosperous might, to a great extent, correct the capital defect of administration by relieving misery and improving the condition of the people. If the rich would thus only deprive themselves of but a small portion of their superfluities! While the poor want the very necessaries of existence, the tables of the wealthy abound with endless varieties of food, and the rarest and most costly wines. Does the rich man never feel the compunction of conscience which such shameless contrasts ought to bring?

"Why such grief for the loss of one of our enemies, capitano?"

These words were accompanied by a tap on Gasparo's shoulder, both proceeding from an odd-looking man, who was following in the funeral procession. Gasparo turned round, stood for a moment considering his

familiar interlocutor, then uttering an exclamation little suited to the solemnity of the scene, and very surprising to those around him—"Evil be to the seventy-two! (a Roman oath), and is it really thee, Marzio?"

"Who else should it be, if not your lieutenant, capitano mio?"

The acquaintance of Gasparo had the type of the regular Italian brigand. The old man, during the few months of his city life, had somewhat re-polished his appearance; but Marzio, on the contrary, presented the rude aspect of the Roman bandit pure and simple. Tall and squarely-built, it was difficult to meet without a shudder the fierce look darted from those densely black eyes. His hair, black and glossy as a raven, contrasted with his beard, once as dark, now sprinkled with gray. His costume, though somewhat cleaner, differed in other respects very little from that rustic masquerade worn when he had filled the whole country with terror. The famous doublet of dark velvet was not wanting, and if there were not visible externally those indispensable brigand accessories, pistols, dagger, or a two-edged knife, it was a sign that those articles were carefully hidden within. Hats are worn in different fashions, even by brigands, and Marzio wore his a little inclined towards the right side, like a workman's. Leathern gaiters had been abandoned by Marzio, and he wore his pantaloons, loose ones of blue, with ample pockets.

The occasion did not offer the two men much opportunity of conversation; but it was evident that they met with mutual pleasure and sympathy.

In these times when Italian honor and glory are a mockery, the handful of men called brigands, who have for seven years sustained themselves against one large army, two other armies of carabinieri, a part of another army of national guards, and an entire hostile population—that handful of men, call them what you will, is at least brave. If you rulers, instead of maintaining the disgraceful institution of the priest, had occupied yourselves in securing the instruction of the people, these very brigands, instead of becoming the instruments of priestly reaction, would at this moment have been in our ranks, teaching us how one stout fellow can fight twenty.

This, my kind word for the "honest" brigands, is not for the assassins, be it understood. And one little piece of comment upon you who sit in high places. When you assaulted the Roman walls—for religious purposes of course—robbing and slaying the poor people who thought you came as Mends, were you less brigands? No, you were worse than banditti—you were traitors.

But you will tell me, "those were republicans and revolutionists, men who trouble the world." And what were you but troublers of the world, and false traitors? This difference exists between your majesties and the bandit: he robs, but seldom kills, while you have not only robbed, but stained your hands for plunder's sake in innocent blood!

Pardon, reader, that this digression has left you in the midst of a funeral, and that the writer has too passionately diverged from his path to glance at brigandage on the large as well as the small scale.

When the funeral party reached the cemetery, the remains of the dead were lowered into a grave, over which no voice spoke a word of eulogy. With all the will to effect good, the action of this young life had been cut short by a premature and rash death. What could be said of the blossom of noble qualities to which time was denied to bring forth their fruits?

CHAPTER LXI. THE NARRATIVE

We will leave our friends occupied in consoling the afflicted Irene for the loss of her brother, whom she had sincerely loved.

The last of a proud race! This thought would press upon the mind of the fair lady, who, despite her willingness to form a plebeian alliance, still valued, as we have seen, the high rank of her family.

Of the personal fortune which came to her through her brother's death she had not thought, for she was of too generous a nature to mingle an idea of interest with the life or death of a beloved object. The prince's family property, besides, which was in the Roman territory, had been confiscated by those worthy servants of God whose possessions are "not of this world."

It was not until the friends had returned from the funeral that Attilio and Muzio had consulted with the General about imparting to his sister the knowledge of the fatal catastrophe. The General, calling Orazio and his wife into his room, then first informed them gently of the sad occurrence.

Gasparo, who, with the exception of Irene, grieved the most, found some relief to his sorrow in the newly-acquired society of his former lieutenant. He was also full of the desire to hear the adventures of the man whom he had thought lost forever. The two *ci-devant* banditti closely shut themselves up in Gasparo's room at the Victoria Hotel, at first conversing eagerly in interrogations and answers, nearly all monosyllabic, oratory not being the forte of brigands, who are more accustomed to deeds than words. After a time, the lieutenant began the following consecutive narrative:-

"After you had informed me, capitano mio, that you were tired of a forest life, and felt disposed to return to a private one, I continued my usual mode of existence, without ever deviating from the plan of action you had enjoined, which was to despoil the rich and the powerful, and to relieve the needy and wretched. Our companions, formed in your school, gave me little cause to reprove them; but if one failed in duty, I punished him without pity; and thus, by the grace of God, we lived for several years. The charms of womankind were always the rock on which our hearts split; and well you know it, capitano."

At these words, Gasparo began pointing to his snow-white mustache, doubtless remembering more than one gallant adventure in his career of peril.

The lieutenant continued: "You remember that Nanna, the girl that I adored, and on whose account I was so much persecuted by her parents? Don't for a moment suppose that that dear creature betrayed me; no, her

soul was pure as an angel's." And the bold bandit chief put his hand to his eyes.

"She is dead, then!" exclaimed Gasparo.

"She is dead," repeated his companion; and a long silence followed.

Presently Marzio continued, "One day my Nanna, who was not well, had remained to pass the day in Marcello's house, where lived that poor Camilla, who had been violated and driven mad by the Cardinal———. As I had to accompany my men on an important affair, the dwelling was attacked in the night, and my treasure carried off to Rome.

"I was maddened, but not a stone did I leave unturned till I had discovered the place in which they had hidden Nanna. At last I learnt, through friends in that city, that the poor child was in the convent of St. Francis there, and that they had condemned her to serve the nuns, and never to see the light again.

"My wife in the service of nuns, in the service of betrayed young women and of old foxes! 'I will give you a servant!' I said to myself; 'and by heaven, the devil shall have the convent and the wretches it holds.'

"The night following I entered Rome alone; it seemed to me a cowardly action to have companions in an undertaking which concerned none but myself.

"I bought a large bundle of dried branches in the Piazza Navona. I deposited them in a tavern, and waited till it grew late. Towards eleven, o'clock, just before the house closed, I took my burden and hurried off towards 'St. Francis.' Who can prevent a poor wretch from carrying a bundle of wood home? Besides, Rome has one good point, which is that at night no one goes about for fear of the thieves, who are permitted, by the liberality of the priestly government, to do just as they please, as long as they do not interfere in politics.

"Having deposited my bundle at the gate of St. Francis, I pressed it closely in, prepared a box of lights to strike, and gave a searching look up and down the road.

"As will be easily understood, after the door was burnt, there would still remain the gratings; which would leave me pulling a very long face, and with little done. I was, therefore, obliged to make a noise, to attract the attention of those within. I then crossed the little square, and hid myself in a doorway, awaiting the appearance of some one, or at least a patrol. I had not long to wait, for after a few minutes I heard the measured tread of the patrol. Then, with that swiftness of foot which you know me to possess—"

Here Gasparo put in: "I should think I did! I remember that lord bishop who, having seen us at a distance on the road to Civita Vecchia, turned his horses, and set them in a gallop towards Rome, when you, in about the same time which I take to tell it, were already at the horses' heads, and had stopped the carriage."

"And what a take that was, captain!" said the lieutenant. "How we did enjoy ourselves! how prodigal we were with our money for some time afterwards—I mean with the proceeds of the poverty of the descendant of the Apostles." But let us return to our story.

"I flew to the bundle of wood, set it on fire, and returned to my hiding-place. In a few minutes a great blaze lit the convent gate, and soon afterwards we had a sight equal to that which the crater of a volcano shows. And the police? The sorriest rabble everywhere, but in no place have they reached such scoundrelism as in Rome. The police, naturally cowards and slow of movement, instead of running to the spot to extinguish the flames, began shouting and making a tremendous noise to arouse the neighborhood. Near the fire they never went until a goodly number of people appeared at the doors, and then hurried to the scene of action.

"'It is now my turn,' said I to myself, and I rushed into the *mêlée*. The nuns should have been pleased with such a champion to deliver them, surrounded as they were by a company of roughs.

"Matters could not, however, have progressed better. At the clamor from without, the nuns were not slow to awake, and the gratings flew open. They flew to the rescue themselves, with tubs, pails, basins of water—in fact, with any utensil they could lay their hands on. After pretending to assist in extinguishing the external flames, but with my eyes fixed on the interior, seeing all parties well occupied, I sprang in to the assistance of the nuns in their sanctuary. No sooner within, than I cast a searching glance upon the crowd of females assembled, and to the oldest, who appeared the Superior, I addressed myself. Grasping her arm, I exclaimed, 'Come with me!' I found more resistance in the old lady than I expected. At first she struggled, and would only walk by compulsion, collecting all her strength to oppose me: then she began to scream, and I was obliged to take her in my arms and to cover her face with a handkerchief.

"I was getting away from the crowd all the time, and arriving before the door of a cell which I found open, I entered with my burden. There was a light in the room, and the bed had been occupied. I laid the abess upon it, and locked the door.

"She was astonished but not alarmed. I never saw a demon with such courage. 'Where is Nanna?' I began, in a way to startle her. No answer. 'Where is Nanna?' I repeated in a louder tone still. No answer. 'I will make you find your tongue, witch!' I cried; and drawing this bit of steel from my belt, I made it glitter before her eyes. Still no answer."

"By the Virgin," said Gasparo, "these abbesses are all alike, real demoniacs. At the defense of Rome in 1849, when it was needful to pass through the convent of the Sacred Heart to occupy the walls, they kept me waiting with my company at the gate for hours without opening it. When the abess received the Government order for us to pass, she tore it in pieces. It was only when we began to knock down the doors with our axes that she allowed us to enter."

"Such was this one," recommenced Marzio. "I was not in a humor to play; I wanted Nanna, and a hundred lives such as the one before me would certainly not have stopped me from carrying out my object. Seizing her with one hand, clenching my dagger with the other, I was just touching her throat—not with the point of my dagger, for fear it should slip, but with a hairpin from her cap—I could easily see that the lady had no intention to reach martyrdom, as she was already beginning with—"

"'For God's sake—'

"'My Nanna,' I cried, 'or I will send you to keep Satan company.'

"'For God's sake let me go!'

"'I released her head. She breathed hard, and passed her hand over her forehead.

"You ask for a young girl of a good family, who came from Rome, and who has been a fortnight in the convent?"

"I believe her to be the one I seek," I replied.

"Then I will lead you to her, on the one condition that you will cause no scandal in this sacred house."

"I desire nothing but to take my wife with me," I answered.

"When somewhat recovered, she rose from the bed and said, 'Come with me.' I followed her for some time, and arrived at a dark corridor. We descended several staircases, and by the light of a taper which I had lit (I always carried a taper with me), I discovered an iron-barred door.

"Poor Nanna," I thought; 'what crime has the child committed that she should be thrown in this infernal den?'

"Having reached the bolted door, the abbess drew forth a key, and placed it in the lock. She turned it, and motioned to me to pull the door towards me, it being too heavy for her to move. I did what I was desired, without for a moment losing sight of my guide, whose company was too interesting for me to lose. On opening the door, I made the old lady enter first, and then followed. No sooner was I within, than a young dishevelled woman sprang on my neck, and clung to me desperately.

"Oh, Marzio!" she exclaimed; and a flood of tears from my Nanna bathed my face.

"I am too much of a brigand not to take my precautions in an emergency. Though beyond myself with joy at the recovery of my darling, I nevertheless did not cease to keep my eyes on the old wretch, who, without a strict watch, would undoubtedly have escaped us.

"When the first moment of emotion had passed, clasping my treasure by the hand, I closed the door, and asked if there was another in her cell. She answered 'No.' The abbess, who had heard my question, said—

"There is another door, and you had better leave by that, so as not to meet the sisters, who are doubtless searching for me now."

"Here a fresh incident arose. Another young girl came forward in haste, and interrupted the discourse of the abbess. I had seen something moving in the darkest corner of the prison cell, but pre-occupation and the circumstances of the moment had prevented my thinking of it. All at once I perceived a young girl somewhere about the age of my Nanna. She hastened towards me, saying, with a voice of emotion:—

"Surely you will not leave me alone in this prison. Oh, sir, I will follow Nanna through life and to death itself!"

"Yes, Marzio," added Nanna, 'for heaven's sake don't let us leave my unhappy friend in this wretched abode. She was destined by the abbess to seem my companion, and to act as a spy; but instead of that she has been an angel of comfort to me. She was charged to sound me, to gain information about you, to learn all she could of your companions—in fact, every particular, and then to report all to the abbess.'

"So then things are carried on thus," thought I, 'in these laboratories of falsehood and 'hypocrisy.'

"She was charged to watch me, threaten me, torment me, in fact, in case I refused to divulge your hiding-places, your habitual rendezvous, your projects; but instead of that, she told me every thing, consoled, protected, reassured me, and said that she would rather die than injure me, or cause me any trouble.

"Besides, yesterday, she saved me from the insults and violence of an infamous prelate, who introduced himself into this cell (no doubt by the help of that old wretch), and who even offered me bribes if I would listen to his wicked proposals. She saved me by rushing in and uttering loud cries.

"In vain did they promise her liberty if she would induce me to comply with their wishes, but nothing have they ever been able to obtain. During the day they compel us to do the vilest work of the cloister, and at night they shut us up in this unclean den."

"Tears again flowed on the lovely face of my dear one, while she uttered these words, and I assure you, captain, that my hand instinctively touched my dagger, with a wild wish to revenge Nanna's wrongs.

"I don't know how I restrained myself, for I was furious; I could have annihilated the vile being before me, but it was well I did not, for without her I should never again have seen the light of heaven. 'Where is the second door you speak of? whither does it lead?' I demanded.

"It leads outside the convent," she replied; 'remove that iron bed which stands in the corner, and I will show you.'

"I removed it, but saw nothing.

"Try to stir the bricks where the mortar looks damp."

"Taking hold of an iron bar from the bedstead, I began to move the bricks indicated. Finally I discovered a ring in a piece of wood, which showed the existence of a trap-door. I lifted the trap, and was surprised to find a staircase below. 'I must arrange the order of march,' said I to myself, 'and make the old witch the leader.' I then desired my young companions to follow, and giving one taper with little ceremony to the abbess, said to her, 'Forward!'

"This then," thought I, 'is the secret stair; and how many black deeds have been committed in these labyrinths? Ah! poor deluded people, who fancy you are sending your daughters to be educated in asylums of purity when you place your children in convents!'"

CHAPTER LXII. THE NARRATIVE OF MARZIO CONTINUED.

Marzio continued: "The old abbess walked in front, I followed, and the young girls brought up the rear. We

descended about fifty steps, and entered a rather spacious passage, which soon led us into a large room. I suppose it to have been large, for, with the help of the feeble taper, I could scarcely distinguish the walls. We had gone about ten paces, when I seemed to hear lamentations. I stopped, in order to listen better, but when I recollected myself, and was moving on, looking forward to my guide, behold I was in utter darkness.

"My God! I sprang forward with such a leap as a tiger might have taken, when from its hiding-place in the forest it rushes on its prey. Darkness was all I caught. In vain I turned round and round, my arms stretched as far as they could extend, in the hope of meeting that woman-fiend. I darted against the wall, and kept following it, at the risk of taking the skin off my hands, but I found no door.

"At length, after feeling about for some time, and being almost reduced to despair, I leaned heavily against the wall, and felt it give way with my weight.

"Hope re-awoke; I rubbed my hands over that part of the wall, and found to my surprise that it was wooden, which fact had escaped me in my previous investigation. I pushed hard against the planks, and then felt something move, as if a door on its hinges; at the same time a rush of offensive pestilential air entered by the aperture. I turned my head away to escape the putrid odor. The moans which I had before heard again smote my ear, and calmed my agitation with wonder and pity.

"I thought of my companions, and remembered a few matches which I had in my pocket, but which I had forgotten in my excitement. I struck one of them, and looking at what I had supposed to be a door, found that it was a turntable, and, Eureka! at the bottom lay my taper, which the old wretch had dropped in her flight.

"When I had rekindled my taper, I found my companions near me, trembling like leaves.

"'Courage!' said I, and threw myself into the adjoining apartment, they following, in the hope of overtaking the abbess, who had doubtless escaped this way. I hastened on, but, great God! what was my horror! against the wall of the room through which I was flying, hung several human beings by the neck, the waist, and the arms, all but one dead, and more or less decomposed. The solitary survivor was a young man, once of a fine form, but now an emaciated phantom. He was wildly gazing at me, with deep, dark, open eyes, that seemed ready to burst from their sockets. He had ceased to moan, conscious that I had discovered and was approaching him. Whatever the danger of my own position, I could not leave that victim without making some attempt to liberate him. I approached, and kissed him on the forehead; I always feel drawn towards the suffering. Sorely the Almighty inspires one with this sympathy, which is not imparted by the poisonous breath of the priest!—Well, well, let them call me a brigand!

"Yes, I kissed the unhappy creature's forehead, dropping sweat, yet burning like a coal. But what could I do for him? his chains were soldered into the wall, and those walls were massive. I looked among the dead, to see if I could find any iron implement with which to excavate the wall, or to break the chains. Horrible! in every direction were instruments of torture—bedsteads, stretchers, pincers, ropes, gridirons, etc., 'for the mortification of the flesh,' as the priests say, but which fiends alone could have invented, one would think, for the torment of mankind.

"Nanna and Maria—such was the name of Nanna's companion—had also drawn near the unhappy youth, and endeavored, but in vain, to help him to escape from his frightful position. Happily for us all, Nanna startled me with the exclamation, 'Oh, a key!' and truly, being very sharp-sighted, she had discovered a key in the loose mortar.

"Trying the key in the padlock of the chains, I found it fitted, and while the rusty lock yielded to my hand, my heart dilated. I was at the last chain, it fell, and I was freeing the youth's stiff limbs, when Nanna clasped me by the arm, and timidly pointed to a light in the direction of the wheel-door.

"I left my liberated companion, and in an instant stood at the entrance. No sooner was I there than I perceived one of the already-mentioned patrols, who was turning round the door, with his dark lantern in one hand, his pistol in the other. Shrinking into as small a space as possible, I stood back watching him. When his startled eyes were fixed on my face, which did not look pleasant at that moment, I had already grasped him by his right with my left hand, and my dagger was sheathed in his body. He fell dead on the ground. You know, captain, that I am an enemy of blood-shedding, and that I never have spilt any except in self-defense; but in that instance there was no time for consideration. I knew there were others following the first, and I was one alone. The youth I had liberated showed signs of regaining power of exertion, and my brave female companions had succeeded in separating two bars from a torture-bedstead, and stood behind me, ready to help. The situation was altered, yet the dead man, although I had dispatched him noiselessly, had not expired without a cry. His companions, however, were frightened, and effected their escape. By keeping in absolute silence we could hear their steps in the distance. I repeat, there was no time to lose, or to hold councils of war before deciding on our course. To leave by the way we had entered was madness; still what other path remained? We all knew, however, that Roman catacombs have many outlets—this instance was not an exception.

"A look at my new companion confirmed me in my opinion that he was not useless to us, and without uttering a word, touching his heart with his hand, he made me understand that I could rely on him to follow me through all dangers.

"By this time daybreak must be at hand, and, doubtless, preparations were making in the convent to secure our capture. The likeliest conjecture was, that there were armed men placed at every outlet.

"The addition of the rescued man was very valuable to us all. He was not only acquainted with the subterranean path, but at a short distance he gathered up some torches, and distributed one to each of us. This was very useful, because my taper was almost extinguished, and the lantern which I had taken from the dead patrol, had not sufficient oil to last during the underground journey which was about to commence. To the right of the spot where the young man found the torches, he pointed out to me a light, and said, 'That opening leads to the garden of the convent, and once passed, we are out of danger of being intercepted.'

"On we went, I really think for two hours, although we were in a subterranean road, cut in the hard clay, of which you know, captain, our Roman under-soil is largely composed: and how many of those catacombs have we not visited together!

"Young and active, our two companions were always near us. I frequently asked if they were tired, or if they required support. 'Oh, no; go on! We will follow you, if it be to death,' answered both girls.

"'There is the light!' finally exclaimed Tito, for such was the name of the youth, and truly before us appeared a bright point in the distance. 'By that gate we shall enter the woods of Guido Castle, whence they dragged me, to conduct me to a seminary in Rome, the focus of all immorality and vileness. Accursed be the hypocrites!'

"Arrived at the end of the subterranean road, Tito began to clear away some branches of lentils which obstructed the gate and went out, looking first in all directions. 'Safe!' he at last exclaimed, 'safe, so far—our persecutors have not arrived!'

"When I got out with my companions, I wondered how such a narrow and almost imperceptible opening, when covered with branches, could be the passage to such spacious catacombs. 'Guido Castle!' said I to Tito. 'Not far from here must be the dwelling of the shepherd poet!'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'it is a few miles off, and I will lead you straight to it; there we can find a little rest, and food to satisfy our hunger.'

"The sun of March was high above the horizon when we left the underground gloom, yet the change was not very great, for in the beautiful forest in which we found ourselves, the trees of centuries gave no admission to the sunshine. The paths formed by the passage of animals were delightfully shady, and we should have enjoyed our walk if we had suffered less from fatigue and hunger. At last, on the edge of the wood, appeared to the longing eyes of our wearied travellers the cottage sought for, and fortunately we discovered our friend on the door-step. He seemed awaiting some one.

"'Ah, Marzio!' exclaimed he, when we were near him, 'it was not you whom I expected today,' and he shook hands like old friends.

"'I expected some of those Government ruffians, because it was rumored that men of your band were about the neighborhood. And,' he added, in a lower voice, drawing me aside, 'at a little distance from here is Emilio, with ten companies.'

"'Instead of the hunters, you receive the game then, Lelio,' I said; 'but a truce to talking, give us somewhat to eat and drink, for we are famished.'

"'Come in; you will find all you want—ham, cream, cheese, bread, and real Orvieto. Eat and drink, while I keep a look-out for the Papal hounds; no questions now.'

"We ate the timely and abundant meal, and, our first cravings satisfied, I asked Tito for the narrative of his adventures, which he gave in a few words.

"'I am,' he began, 'the son of Roman parents. My father, steward of the immense possessions of Cardinal M——, by the advice of his Eminence, sent me to a Roman seminary at the age of fifteen, to embrace the ecclesiastical career. For two years, contrary to my inclination, I was compelled to continue that detested life. For at first Father Petrucchio, the director of the seminary, showed me a good deal of sympathy, much to the vexation of my companions, who did not fail to be envious of my good fortune. The Father sometimes took me out with him to walk. These promenades with Petrucchio, in themselves somewhat tedious, appeared less so when I accompanied him to the convent of St. Francis, to visit the nuns. There the lady abbess and the nuns, pleased, I suppose, with my external appearance, used to compliment me and load me with attentions. The abbess, all-powerful over the director, obtained, without difficulty, that I should be employed in the religious service of the convent as assistant to the old priest who officiated for the nuns. I was not long in discovering that the abbess had conceived a passion for me, and I became her too docile favorite. For several months things went on thus. Under one pretense or the other, I was hardly ever seen in the seminary. I had the support of the director, so I could do just what I liked, and he was managed by the abbess, who, on that condition, left him certain licenses in her convent. I myself, inclined to any thing but a seminary, was from boyhood passionately fond of hunting, and any adventure that required boldness; and thus, during my excursions in the neighborhood of Guido Castle, I had become acquainted with the subterranean passage we have just left, and frequently I have explored with torches its most hidden recesses. Thus, indeed, I found a way of communicating with the convent, and made use of it to introduce myself there at all hours, and by no means always at the invitation of the abbess. The history of her jealousy would be too long; cunning as I had been, she had not failed to discover my partiality for certain younger sisters, and many a time I have found her in such a towering rage as to make me tremble at her. The enormities that I witnessed in that den of iniquity can not be recounted now. Many lives in the bud, or just unfolded, were there cut short! Things happened at which any pious soul would shudder, I, ashamed of myself, resolved to leave that pestilential place, never to return to it again. But I was doomed to pay the penalty of my complicity in so much abomination, for that old witch, the promoter of all licentiousness, appeared to have guessed my intention of flying, and did not give me time to accomplish my resolve. She one day said to me, "Tito, go down to the subterranean passage and bring me some torches; I have been asked for some for a midnight procession." I had a presentiment of misfortune; but there flashed across my mind the idea of taking advantage of the opportunity to leave forever the den of impurity. No sooner had I reached the bottom of the staircase than I felt myself overpowered by four strong men, and dragged towards the charnel-house which you know, and from which I was so miraculously saved by you. They were sworn agents, and therefore my supplications, my grief, my promises were useless. I was as good as counted among the victims of vice and infamy when you saved me, brave man!' and Tito finished by kissing the hand of the bandit.

"Tito's story being ended, I felt a strong desire to hear something of Nanna's experiences; but, comforted and refreshed as we were by a draught of good Orvieto, and yet fatigued still by the extraordinary adventures we had passed through, we were all growing heavy-eyed, and by mutual consent we dropped asleep on our seats. I do not know how long we remained in that sleeping position, but a sharp whistle resounding through the dwelling made us start up. We were scarcely roused when the shepherd entered and said, 'Do not fear! My son Vezio has placed a sentinel on the top of the Petilia ruins, from whence whoever approaches can be distinguished. Those who are coming are our own people from your band.'"

And Marzio, as though he had not been in the presence of his captain, but in the Campagna, here stroked

his jet-black mustaches, thinking of those stout fellows.

"They were in fact our intrepid comrades," he went on, "the terror of the wretched priests. I leave you to imagine, captain, what our joy was on finding ourselves among those brave hearts. Many were the glad embraces given me by those whom the vulgar think hardened in all cruelties, but who are often in truth the manliest part of the people—those, namely, who will not bear bad rule and injustice: that part of the people who, could they receive something better than the education given by the priests—that is to say, a moral, humanizing, and patriotic training—would furnish heroes to Italy, and to the world the same examples of courage and virtue which our fathers gave.

"Having thus so wonderfully saved my Nanna, and finding myself once more among my comrades, I had every reason to be satisfied with my luck; yet I must repeat your favorite saying, captain, 'Happiness on earth only exists in the imagination!' Your words are true; I soon felt that they were so. You remember that rascally priest at San Paolo, who seemed to have become friendly to us, and on whom we lavished so much sympathy and kindness? Well, the wretch was in love with my Nanna, and never did he forgive me for having won her affection.

"Don Vantano, with the diabolic cunning which distinguishes his fraternity, had succeeded in ingratiating himself with the family of Nanna, and in poisoning their minds against me. Her four brothers—as I learnt from her—helped by others, devised the plot, and, under the guidance of the priest, succeeded in carrying off my darling from Marcello's house. Such was the brief story of Nanna. Being obliged again to absent myself with my men and my dear one being in a delicate condition, I resolved to leave her in the charge of our host, with Maria as a companion. They had become as sisters, their affection being strengthened and cemented by the dangers and trials they had shared. Still, being ever uneasy as to the fate of my beloved, and well aware of the malice of her persecutor, I kept wandering about Lelio's neighborhood; as the lioness who deposits her young while she goes in search of food, always encircles the hiding-place of her treasure. I felt certain that it would be very difficult for those who had at first carried off Nanna to effect that object a second time. I was well assisted in guarding her by Tito, who knew those parts thoroughly, and who attached himself to me with much gratitude.

"Still, what height can not the wickedness of a priest reach! Vantano, knowing how hazardous it would be for him to carry off his prey, determined to destroy it! Being near her confinement, the unhappy child, alone with the inexperienced Maria, followed the advice innocently given her by Lelio, to call in a midwife from Guido Castle—a woman who till then had borne a good character for honesty. But who can reckon on the honesty of a woman where bribery and monkery reign! He who does not believe my words, let him but pass a few months in the nest of those hypocrites, sitting in the places that once held a Scipio and a Cincinnatus.

"How many crimes may not a weak woman be induced to commit when she is assured that she is fulfilling God's will, and listening to God's word! God's word!—sacrilege of which a priest alone would be guilty. At every ceremonial the Catholic faithful go to receive God's oracles from the lips of the bride of Christ, the Church. She is no pure bride, but a secret harlot. By one of her ministers poison was administered to my Nanna, and thus was I robbed of wife, child, and every earthly happiness.

"I was arrested, torn from her cold body, myself almost unconscious of life. I learned afterwards that my seizure required, to accomplish it, a number of the Papal mercenaries, and that our brave fellows fought desperately in my defense till, overpowered by reinforcements, and nearly all wounded, they retired in bold order.

"I was stupefied, and called again and again on death, but in vain; the triumph of my captors was made complete, for I was alive and enchained. From the galleys of Civita Vecchia I was, after several months, sent to Rome, and subsequently liberated, after being compelled to take an oath to obey and maintain the authority of the Pope—an oath to serve faithfully an impostor and a despot, to swear to obey him, even if the command were to murder one's father and mother. And I swore—I tell you the whole truth—but I swore also, along with it, war on themselves, and while this life lasts I am their enemy to the bitter end."

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER LXIII. THE CAIROLIS AND THEIR SEVENTY COMPANIONS.

A people well-governed and contented do not rebel. Insurrections and revolutions are the weapons of the oppressed and the slave. The inciting causes of such are tyrannies. The apparent exceptions, originating from different circumstances, are, when closely examined, found to be the offspring of moral or material despotisms.

England, Switzerland, and the United States have experienced, and may still experience, insurrections, although these countries are by no means badly governed. Switzerland has had her Sonderbunds, and England her Fenians. These latter are chiefly kept in vigor by the Romish priests, through the moral tyranny exercised by them over the most ignorant of the population in Ireland. The United States have witnessed, in these latter years, a terrible revolution, caused by the material tyranny the rich colonists of the South exercised over their slaves, which they, moreover, desired to extend to the other States of the Union.

Moral or material tyranny is always the cause of revolution. And in Rome who can deny that both moral and material tyranny is exercised? Yes, in Rome exists the twofold revolting despotism of the priests who lay Italy at the feet of the stranger; who sell her for their profit! Theirs is the most depraved of all forms of tyranny.

Picture a dreary, dark, windy, damp night in October. The rain has ceased to fall on the glistening and foaming surface of the Tiber. The banks of the river are muddy and furrowed, for every ditch has become a torrent, and scarcely a vestige of dry and solid ground is perceptible. In several boats behold seventy men, armed with poniards and revolvers, and a few miscellaneous muskets. Their habiliments were far too thin for that cold rainy night. But the Seventy were warmed by the heat of heroism. Rome on this night was to rise in rebellion.

Many of the bravest youths from every Italian province had contrived to enter the city, and our old friends Attilio, Muzio, and Orazio, with their companions, were at their posts, ready to head the Roman rising. In vain did the priesthood endeavor to discover the conspirators, arresting right and left all upon whom the slightest suspicion fell: their efforts were vain, for Rome swarmed with brave men, ready to sacrifice themselves in order to secure her liberation.

The Seventy, impelled by the current of the Tiber, were rapidly advancing to the assistance of their brothers. Under cover of Mount St. Giuliano, those valorous youths landed, at the hour of midnight, on the 22d of October, 1867.

Enrico Cairoli led his heroic companions. "We will rest," he said, "our limbs in this Casino della Gloria, until we receive intelligence from our allies in the city, so that our attack may be made on the enemy simultaneously. Meanwhile," went on their leader, "I feel it my duty to remind you that this enterprise is a dangerous one, and therefore the more worthy of you. If, however, any of you are overdone, or feel at all indisposed to the great task, and do not care to follow us, let them return. We shall not think it a crime in him to do so; and all we say to them is, 'Farewell, till we meet in Rome!'"

"In life and in death we will follow you," answered, as in one voice, those intrepid youths, not one of whom turned back.

"The guide who was to conduct us to Rome is not to be found, and no one has yet returned to give us any news," said Giovanni Cairoli, who had just come back from an exploration, to his brother.

Dawn began to appear, and they were now in the wolf's mouth—that is, near the advanced posts of the Papal troops, and in danger of being attacked at any moment.

"What does it signify?" said Enrico Cairoli, in reply to his brother's remark. "We came here to fight, and we will not return without having accomplished that duty."

At mid-day a messenger arrived from Rome, and announced, "The movement on the previous evening had remained an imperfect one, and the conspirators were waiting for orders to direct them how to act."

The messenger was sent back to urge immediate internal agitation, and to assure them of the readiness of the Seventy to co-operate.

No answer was returned. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the Seventy being discovered, were attacked by two companies of the Papal troops. The valorous Giovanni Cairoli, who, at the head of twenty-four men, formed the vanguard, posted in a rustic house in the village, was attacked first; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of his numbers, withstood the assault of the enemy. His equally valiant brother Enrico, the commander, seeing him in danger, overcome by force of numbers, charged to the rescue, and drove back the mercenaries, who fled at the sight of these brave and devoted boys.

Being reinforced by other companies, the mercenaries entrenched themselves behind the heights of Mount St. Giuliano, from whence they kept up a fearfully destructive fire with their superior arms. The Cairolis, with their intrepid companions, crippled by the inferiority of their fire-arms, many of which would not go off, resolved to charge them at the point of the bayonet, and made one of those assaults that so often decide battles. The mercenaries, completely daunted, left upon the field their wounded and dead. The young soldiers of Liberty lost their heroic chief and friend, and many of them were seriously 'wounded. Night came, and put an end to that unequal but gallant strife.

CHAPTER LXIV. CUCCHI AND HIS COMRADES

And in Rome, what were Cucchi and his companions doing, and the Roman and provincial patriots consecrated to freedom and death? Cucchi, of Bergamo, was one of the most excellent men the revolution gave to Italy. Handsome, young, and wealthy, he belonged to one of the first families in Lombardy. Guerzoni, Bossi, Adamoli, and many others, despising the tortures of the Inquisition, and all other dangers, directed the Roman insurrection, under the command of that intrepid Bergamasco.

The unhappy Roman people received with obedience the directions of those valiant youths, and asked to be supplied with arms. Arms in plenty had been sent down to the Volunteers from all parts of Italy; but the Government of Florence, expert in every form of cunning, took means to stop them, so that there were very few weapons to be dispensed to the Romans.

Add to this the treachery prepared for this unhappy people, viz., the tacit promise that a few shots should be fired in the air, and that then the Italian army from the frontier would fly to their assistance. By such false pretenses and underhand proceedings at Florence, the people of Rome, as well as their heroic friends, were deceived. Those shots were fired, but no help came for Italy.

Poor Romans! they fought with rude weapons in the streets against an immense number of well-armed soldiery, who were backed by armed priests, monks, and police. They succeeded in mining and blowing up a

Zouave barrack, and with the knife alone fought desperately against the new-fashioned carbines of the mercenaries.

In Trastevere, our old acquaintances, Attilio, Muzio, Orazio, Silvio, and Gasparo, had re-united with all those remaining of the Three Hundred on whom the police had not laid their hands. The people having thus found capable leaders did their duty. Some of the old carbines that had done execution in the Roman campaign now reappeared in the city in the hands of Orazio and his companions, who made them serve as an efficacious auxiliary to the Trasteverini's naked knife.

The city rose in its chains as best it could, and used an armory of despair. Carbineers, Zouaves, dragoons on their patrol, were struck by tiles, kitchen-utensils, and many other objects thrown from the windows by the inhabitants, stabbed by the poniards of the Liberals, and wounded by shots from blunderbuss and firelock. Thus assailed, the troops fled from the Lungara towards St. Angelo's bridge, and passed it, though they were checked by the Papalini. The bridge was guarded by a battery of artillery, supported by an entire regiment of Zouaves. When the people, intermingled with those whom they were pursuing, crowded on the bridge, the commander of the clericali ordered his men to fire, and the six guns of the battery, with the fire of the entire line of infantry, poured out over the bridge, making wholesale slaughter of the people and the mercenaries. What did his Holiness care about the scattered blood of his cut-throats and bought agents? The money of Italy's betrayers was at his service to purchase more. What was of the greatest importance was the destruction of many of his Roman children. Many indeed were the rebels who paid with their lives for their noble gallantry in venturing on that fatal bridge. Many, truly, for in their enthusiasm the people attempted three consecutive times to carry it, and three consecutive times they were repelled by the heavy storms of bullets rained upon them, and the shots from the cannon of the defenders of the priests.

It may well be supposed that, among those who were at the head of the people during this assault of the bridge, our five heroes would be found fighting like lions. After having consumed their ammunition, they had broken their arms upon the skulls of the Papal soldiery, and provided themselves with fresh ones by taking those of the killed. It was they who continued the assault at the head of the people, whom they excited to positive heroism.

It was, however, too hard a task. The first of the courageous leaders to bite the dust was the senior one, the venerable prince of the forest, Gasparo. He fell with the same stoicism which he had displayed during all his existence—with a smile upon his lips, happy to give his life for ten thousand patriots, it is said, were arrested in some in this last movement by the paternal Government, for his country's holy cause, and for the cause of humanity. A bursting shell had struck him above the heart, and his glorious death was instantaneous and without pain.

Silvio also fell by the side of Gasparo, both his thighs pierced with musket-balls. Orazio had his left ear carried off by a ballet, while another slightly grazed his right leg. Muzio would have been dispatched also by a shot in the breast, had it not been for a strong English watch (a present from the beautiful Julia), which was smashed to atoms, and so saved his life, leaving the mark of a severe contusion. Attilio had his hip grazed, as well as his left cheek, and received from a flying bullet a notch on his skull, resembling in appearance the mark a rope wears on the edge of a wall.

The butchery of the people was so great and the fallen were so numerous, that after these three consecutive charges the brave insurrectionists were obliged to retreat. Orazio carried Silvio on his back into the first house near the bridge for safety, but when the soldiery returned, the wounded were massacred and cut in pieces. Women, children, and many unarmed and defenseless persons who fell into the hands of these worthy soldiers of the priesthood shared a similar fate.

The good instincts of the working-class are proved in the solemn times of revolution. In such times the noble-minded working-man saves and defends his employer's goods, never robs him; but if he takes arms he spares the lives of defenseless beings, and of those who surrender. He would shudder to kill with the cynicism of the mercenary; he fights like a lion—he who was so patient—one against ten!

In the Lungara there is a large woollen manufactory, which employs many workmen. From that woollen factory many had joined the insurgents, the elder ones remaining to guard the establishment. When these good old artisans saw the people and their fellow-workmen thus followed by the Papal bullies and the mercenaries, they threw open the doors and gave shelter to the fugitives, or at any rate to some of them, and levelled bars, axes, and every iron instrument that would serve as a weapon of offense or defense against the hated foreigners and the gendarmerie.

There arose in consequence an indescribable tumult at the entrance to the factory, where the advantage was, at first, to the honest people, and where not a few of the Papal soldiers had their skulls smashed in, and their blood let out by the blows received. At length the besiegers took up their position in the opposite houses, and the besieged, having barricaded themselves and collected a few more fire-arms, began afresh, with constant change of fortune, a real battle.

Our three surviving friends had entered the factory, and fought there with great determination. The workmen and insurgents, too, encouraged by their chiefs, had also comported themselves valorously. But ammunition was lacking, and detachments of mercenaries were advancing to the succor of their comrades. Night, however, now favored the sons of liberty, who, although without ammunition, still kept up the defense.

It was 7 p.m. when the fire of the insurgents ceased, and a division of Papal troops commenced the assault. They began by attacking the large front door of the factory, which the workmen had barricaded but not closed. Orazio and Muzio, after further strengthening the entrance, armed each man with an axe, and, picking out the youngest and boldest Romans, stationed some of them to the right and some to the left of the door to defend it. Thus prepared for a desperate resistance, determining to sell their lives dearly, the assault was received.

Attilio had undertaken to defend the other entrance, and keep off the second portion of the assailants. Having secured the back doors in the best manner possible with his appliances, he placed a number of workmen at the windows of the upper floor, from whence they were to cast upon the assailants whatever missiles could be found. As soon as he had completed these arrangements, he placed himself with his friends

at the most dangerous post, armed with the sabre of a gendarme whom he had slain during the day.

The internal appearance of the factory presented at this moment a sad picture. Many bodies of courageous citizens killed in its defense had been carried to and deposited in an obscure corner of its extensive courtyard. In other corners, lying here and there, were the wounded, and some were also stretched in the rooms upon the ground-floor. But not a groan was heard from these valorous sons of the people.

An immense table, with a candelabrum in the centre, occupied the middle of an extensive saloon on the left side of the front entrance to the building, and on that table could be seen heaps of bandages, slings, cotton-wool, and linen of various kinds—the best which the house could furnish for the use of the wounded. A large vessel of water was under the table—perhaps the most useful relief of all to the wounded sufferers, be it to moisten and cool their wounds by bathing, or to quench the thirst which wounds generally occasion.

Three women of rare and noble beauty moved about in this improvised hospital superintending the wounded, and we recognize in their gentle yet bold mien our three heroines, Clelia, Julia, and Irene.

The poor abandoned Camilla, ignorant of the loss of her Silvio, and with the traces of her past sorrows still lingering on her sweet face, mechanically assisted the three merciful women in their kind attentions to the sufferers. They had awaited their friends in the factory with these preparations as soon as the battle on the bridge commenced, and they received the wounded when the people, driven back, sought refuge in the establishment, and entrenched themselves there. Other women of the people were on the spot also, tending the suffering, and carrying them what relief the circumstances permitted.

"Well, Prince of the Campagna," Attilio might be heard saying to Orazio, "we have seen many strifes, but the one we are in to-night is likely to prove the hardest of all. What consoles me is that our Romans seem to remember the olden times. Look at them, not one turns pale—all are ready to confront death in whatever form it may come."

"On the contrary," answered Orazio, "they laugh, joke, and are as merry as if they were taking a walk to the Foro to empty a *foglietta*."

"We have still some wine. Let us give a draught of Orvieto all round to these our brave comrades," exclaimed Attilio.

When all had refreshed themselves with a glass of that strengthening cordial, a unanimous and solemn cry of "*Viva l'Italia!*" rolled forth like thunder from that dense and resolute crowd of Home's desperate defenders.

CHAPTER LXV. THE MONTIGIANIS

While the conflict in Trastevere was going on, the Montigianis, headed by Cucchi, Guerzoni, Bossi, Adamoli, and other brave men did not remain with their hands folded. The explosion of the mine under the Zouaves' barracks was arranged as the signal for their movement. The mine exploded, and those noble fellows moved with heroic resolution at the head of all the youths that could be assembled. As many of the agents and mercenaries frightened by the explosion as were met running away were disarmed by the people, and killed if they offered resistance. The mine, however, had done little damage, though it made a great uproar. Either the quantity of powder was insufficient, or it was badly placed.

The clerical journals, or those of the Italian Government, which are much the same, have stated that only the band of the Zouaves, composed of Italian musicians, had been blown up, and that the foreigners, specially recommended to the efficacious prayers of his Holiness, had been miraculously saved.

The Italians, it is true, have not the good fortune to be the objects of modern necromancy's prayers; but the facts are these: A very few mercenaries were killed, and the others, having left the barracks and arranged themselves in order, had opened a sharp fire against the people. Cucchi, with his lieutenants Bossi and Adamoli, had marched to the barracks, and at their command, and animated by their example, the Roman youths had precipitated themselves furiously upon the foreign mercenaries. It was a hand-to-hand struggle of persons who for the greater part were unarmed, and who struggled against trained soldiers, from whom they endeavored to tear away their weapons. But the mercenaries were many. Gold and the help of Bonaparte had been potent. A great number of French soldiers, under the name of Papal Zouaves, had crowded into Civita Vecchia for a long time previous, in readiness to start for Rome.

The resources that the Jesuits and *reazionari* had sent to the Pope from all parts of the world had also been immense. Added to this, a great number of fanatics, priests, and monks,* disguised in the uniform of the mercenaries, mingled with the Papal troops, exciting them to heroism and to slaughter, promising them as a reward the glory of heaven, as well as plenty of gold on earth, and all they could desire. Alas! poor Roman people! But whom should we reckon under this denomination? When one has excepted all the priestly portion, Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, and friars congregated there from all parts of the globe, with their women, their servants, their cooks, their coachmen, etc., with the relations of their domestics, the servants of their women, and, finally, a mass of the working-classes dependent on this enormously rich rabble, what is left? Those who remain, and are worthy of the name of "people," as not belonging to the necromancers, are some honest middle-class families, a few boatmen, and a few lazzaroni.

In the country, where ignorance is fostered by the priesthood, and has struck still deeper root, the people side with the clergy throughout Italy; but particularly in the Roman campagna, where all the landowners are either priests, or powerful friends of the priesthood.

To return, however. While Cucchi, at the head of his men, and aided by his brave companions, sustained a heroic but unequal combat outside the Zouaves' barracks, Guerzoni and Castellazzi, leading a company of youths, had assaulted the gate of San Paola, disarmed a few guards, and succeeded in passing the court, inside of which was to be found a *dépôt* of arms. The arms were there, truly, but guarded by a strong body of Papal troops and police, with whom our valorous friends had to sustain another extremely unequal combat;

and, being finally dispersed, were hotly pursued by the furious Papalini.

** Some were discovered among Garibaldi's Zouave prisoners at Monte Rotonda.*

CHAPTER LXVI. THE OVERTHROW

The heroic Cairolis and their companions had meanwhile paid, with their blood, for their sublime patriotism and generous constancy to the Roman insurgents.

The morn of the 24th of October was tearful, dark, and dreary, the forerunner of fresh Italian misfortunes, and looked down upon the young and noble countenance of Enrico, "the new Leonidas," upon his brother Giovanni, lying in their blood, with many others belonging to that dauntless brigade. The first died with a smile of scorn upon his lips for that paid horde, who had massacred them, ten against one. Giovanni, all but mortally wounded, was lying near the corpse of his beloved brother, surrounded by other sufferers whose glorious names history will register.

Few were the survivors of the valorous Seventy, and those few left the field of slaughter to unite themselves to their other brethren, who were combating at the same time against the foreign hordes outside the walls of Rome. Guerzoni's undertaking to seize the arms deposited outside the gate of San Paola was conducted with the same intrepidity he had displayed in a hundred combats, but failed, for the plain reason that the Roman youths under his orders, being poorly armed, were compelled to give way before the blows of the mercenaries, and fly.

He and Castellazzi, after many brave endeavors, were dragged off in the scattering of the people, and were forced to conceal themselves whilst they awaited an opportunity to strike for Rome.

Cucchi, Bossi, and Adamoli, at the head of their detachments, performed deeds of great valor. They gained possession of a portion of the Zouaves' barracks, with only their revolvers and knives as weapons. Fights between the Papalists and the mob were frequent, and the latter, for want of other arms, beat the former to pieces with their sticks.

But here, too, they had to give way before superiority of numbers, discipline, and arms. Here, also, the first rays of daylight on the 24th presented to the view of the horror-struck passerby a heap of corpses, mingled with dying men. In this manner was the tottering throne of the "Vicegerent of Heaven" consolidated—re-established by the butchery of the unhappy Roman people, and this, too, performed for hire by the scum of all nations, supported by the bayonets of Bonaparte's soldiers!

CHAPTER LXVII. THE FINAL CATASTROPHE

But the details of the fight at the factory must be given. The assault was imminent. "Ready, boys!" exclaimed in one voice Orazio, Attilio, and Muzio; "Ready!" and the summons was scarcely pronounced when the Papalists threw themselves upon the front door of the manufactory. In the interior all the lights had been extinguished. On this account the Government troops, though seen by our side, could not distinguish individually any of the sons of liberty, and the first who attempted to scale the barricade fell back, their skulls split open by the terrible axes of Orazio and Muzio, or the sabre of Attilio, as well as by the different instruments of defense used by their valorous companions.

Yet, although they repulsed the enemy, the besieged sustained an important loss in that first assault. A shot from a revolver pierced the heart of the gallant and intrepid Orazio, who, despising cover, had exposed his person at the top of the barricade to the enemy, and fell as he clove one of them with his axe.

The "Prince of the Campagna of Rome" fell like an oak of his own forest, and his strong right hand grasped his weapon tightly even in death. "Irene" was his last thought, and the last word that escaped from his lips. Ah! but Irene's soul was pierced by that dying voice! for the three women, although they took no part in the defense, remained at a short distance only from those whose hearts beat in unison with their own.

Irene first reached him whose beloved voice had called her, and her two companions soon followed. As Orazio's body remained upon the barricade where he fell, the noble woman, heedless of her danger, had directly scaled it, and her beautiful forehead was struck at that moment by a ball from a musket; for the mercenaries, enraged at their bad success, were firing at random through the open door. It may be imagined with what feelings the two surviving friends and their beloved ones had those precious bodies carried into the interior. The factory had indeed become a charnel-house, it being useless for the chiefs to admonish their men to keep under cover.

There are moments when death loses its horror, and when those who would have fled before a single soldier take no heed of a shower of shots falling in every direction. Such was the case now with those poor and courageous working-men. Not counting the large number of troops by whom they were surrounded, nor the multitude firing in the direction of the door, they stood to their defenses without precaution, and allowed themselves to be needlessly wounded. In this way the number of the defenders became lessened, whilst that of the dying and killed was momentarily augmented.

Attilio and Muzio saw at a glance how matters stood, and that there was nothing for it but to confront the enemy till death. Yet Clelia and Julia! why should they also die, so young, so beautiful!

"Go thou, Muzio," said Attilio, "and persuade them, while there is yet time, to escape by the back entrance, and place themselves in safety. Tell them that we will follow a little later."

In this last part of his speech the generous Roman prevaricated. He had already tasted all the glories of martyrdom, and would not have relinquished it even for Clelia's love.

But at this juncture who is it that has arrived as by a miracle, climbing like a squirrel in at a window, and appearing in the midst of that great desolation in these last sad moments? It is no other than Jack, our brave sailor Jack, saved from shipwreck by Orazio, to whom he had ever since been much attached! He found himself in Rome during the terrible occurrences which we have related, and at the first occupation of the factory was sent to ascertain the result of the insurrection in various parts of Rome. Jack returned with sad news. He, with his English resolution, and with the agility that characterized him, had assisted at nearly all the fights, and shared in the bad result's.

Attilio and Muzio were now fully aware of the fate that was reserved for them, and they also learned that it was impossible for the women to escape by the back premises of the factory. To accomplish this they would have needed the nimbleness and agility of the young sailor. Muzio, therefore, replied thus to his friend's injunctions:

"I will tell the ladies what you say; but I believe first, that it is impossible for them to leave; and, secondly, that they would not leave us if they could."

CHAPTER LXVIII. THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

Amongst the surviving workmen who were defending the large front entrance to the manufactory was an old gray-headed man, who listened intently to the above conversation of the two chiefs. When Muzio uttered the last words, he exclaimed, "*Coraggio, signors!* If you wish to retire from this place, and to save the women, I know of a passage that will lead us out of danger."

A ray of hope broke upon the minds of the two friends when they heard there was a way of saving their beloved ones, and they immediately proceeded to avail themselves of it, for there was no time to be lost, as the enemy was preparing for a fresh attack.

Muzio approached Julia and Clelia, who were not far off, and obtained a promise, on the condition that he and Attilio would soon follow them, that they would take refuge under the escort of old Dentato and Jack in the subterranean passage. The other women would follow after them, and lastly our friends with all the remaining defenders of the factory.

And the wounded? Ah! if there be a circumstance that is harrowing and terrible in those butcheries of men called "battles," it is certainly that of abandoning one's own wounded to the enemy!

Povyri! In one moment the faces of your friends—of your brothers, who bewailed your hurt, who tended you with such gentleness, will disappear, to be succeeded by the revolting, horrible, and triumphant faces of the mercenaries. At the best they will be brutal; at the worst, they, infringing every right of war and of people, will steep their base bayonets in your precious blood! Cowards! who fled before you, and to whom you so often generously conceded their lives.

Supported by the 20,000 soldiers of the 2d of December, they have regained once more their spirits, and have forgotten that they owe their ignoble existences to you.

In St. Antonio (America), Italians fought against the soldiers of despotism, and many, very many were wounded. There, carried on their brothers' backs, or transported on horses, the wounded were removed. Not one was left* alive to be at the mercy of Rosa's cannibals.

And are the hirelings of the priests less cruel? At the station at Monte Rotondo, after the glorious assault of the 25th of October, three wounded men were lying awaiting the convoy that was to convey them to Terni, when the Pope's soldiers arrived. Worthy followers of the Inquisitors, they amused themselves with murdering our unhappy companions by stabbing them with their bayonets, and giving them blows with the butt-end of their guns.**

Oh, Italians, leave not in your enemy's power your wounded! It is too heart-rending a spectacle. If they be not murdered, they will remain at least to be mocked and jested at by those who are accustomed to outrage Italy.

Attilio and Muzio, though tired and wounded themselves, would not abandon their helpless comrades to the insults and the steel of the priests' soldiers.

In the lowest part of the factory, at the extremity of an immense room used for washing the wool, was a massive oak door, which appeared at first sight to lead to a channel of water which discharged itself into the Tiber. The canal really existed, but the door we have referred to did not lead to it, but to a subterranean passage, gained by a bridge built across this same canal. Into this underground vault a procession of the devoted women, the wounded, and the workmen, began to defile.

But in the priestly city, where education consists in being taught to play the hypocrite and to lie, traitors abound. And a traitor threw from one of the upper windows of the factory a written paper, whilst these brave people were retiring, informing the soldiery of the retreat of the defenders.

** It is painful to state it, but one man, hopelessly wounded, was killed so that he should not be in the enemy's power, who usually cut the throats of those they found alive on the field,*

The attack was no longer deferred, and an ever-increasing crowd of mercenaries and police threw themselves upon the barricade at the door, and rushed in. Only a few defenders remained. Had Attilio and Muzio been more careful of themselves, and taken to flight, they might perhaps have saved their lives. But too lavish of their blood were this pair of noble Romans. They did not fly; they remained to fight desperately for some time against that in-pouring stream of slaves.

Many were the assailants cut down upon the heap of dying and of dead. But heroes, like cowards, have only one life. The assailants were too numerous, and side by side the valorous champions of Roman liberty fell together, and exhaled their last breath.

Dentato, who had assisted in this last struggle, seeing that all hope of a successful resistance was over, favored by the darkness, and his acquaintance with the establishment, gained the washing-house, and thence the subterranean passage, closing the oak door from the outside upon that scene of blood, and barring it as well as he was able.

The hired assassins of the priesthood having no other motives than rapine and slaughter, inundated the factory with the hope of securing plunder and wreaking revenge. They never thought of the oaken back-door by which the surviving defenders of Italian liberty had escaped, until too late. Having discovered by-and-by that the building contained only corpses, they were reminded of the subterranean passage. They searched, inquired, and at length discovered the door leading to it. Some time elapsed before they succeeded in forcing open the obstacles which barred it, as well as in organizing an entry into the darkness, and all this gave the fugitives sufficient opportunity of placing themselves in safety.

In the first week of November, 1867, three females, an old man, and a lad in the bloom of youth, descended at the Leghorn station. At the head of this party stood one of those daughters of England, from whose pure and lofty countenance, sad though she was, and dressed in mourning, the heart derived new ideas of the dignity and happiness of life. Her lady companion was not less beautiful nor less sad, and displayed in the lovely lineaments of her face a different but exquisite feminine delicacy of the Southern type, such as Raphael portrayed in his Fornarina. The third woman was also comely; but sorrow had furrowed her forehead deeply, and a look of vacancy had settled upon her melancholy features. The old man, Dentato, whom Julia would not leave to misery and want, was occupying himself about the luggage.

Jack, with the vivacity of sixteen years, offered his arm to the ladies, to assist them as they alighted from the railway carriage. He quickly discovered Captain Thompson and his wife, the Signora Aurelia, who were awaiting them, and saluted the latter, who had a high regard for our sailor-lad. Jack alone was able to relate what had passed.

"Oh!" he said, "I have kissed their corpses," and a tear rolled down his cheek, cheek of Britannia's fair son. He spoke of the dead bodies of Orazio and Irene, who loved him so much, and who had been his preservers. They had been removed for burial along with the other sad relics of our noble friends.

The women embraced, weeping on each other's bosoms, but unable to articulate a word. After assisting at this mute scene for some time, and showing himself also much affected, Captain Thompson raised his head, and, approaching his mistress, addressed her, cap in hand, saying-

"Madam, the yacht is anchored off the pier, awaiting your orders; do you desire to go on board?"

"Yes, Thompson," she replied, "let us go on board, and set sail immediately, so as to get out of Italy; it has become the grave of all its best and most beautiful."

Julia sailed for merry England, and took kind care of her adopted family, to whom were added, after a time, Manlio and Silvia. Until they joined her in England, they had remained on the island of the Recluse.

Julia vowed she would not return to that unhappy country until Rome, freed from priestly despotism, would permit her to raise a worthy national monument to her heart's beloved, and to his heroic companions.

APPENDIX.

I. THE FAMILY OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

THE family of General Garibaldi was formerly one of the wealthiest in Nice, and was connected with the following curious annual ceremony. In remote times the Saracen soldiery in the service of Turkey invaded Nice. They were already in the town, when a woman rushed from her house and killed the standard-bearer, seized the standard, and rallied the Nizards, who in the end were victorious. In remembrance of this event, La Place Napoleon, called before the French occupation La Place de la Victoire, was, until the year 1860, the annual scene of a very curious custom. A representative of the woman was placed on one side of the square, while fireworks were let off from the church opposite, one particular firework being aimed so as to reach the hand of the woman. The grandfather of General Garibaldi received from the town of Nice the privilege of being the person to let off this particular firework, and the father and eldest brother of the General succeeded to this privilege, which was declared to be hereditary in their family.

He was born at Nice on the 22d of July, 1807. His father, Dominique Garibaldi, was born at Chiavari, about seventy miles from Genoa. His mother was a lady named Rosa Raginndo. He had three brothers, the last of

whom died the day of the battle of Biccìa, 1866. The General was destined from his birth for the priesthood, and from the age of three years had a private tutor named Father Giovanni, who resided in the house. According to his own account he did not make any very great progress under this gentleman, and he has conceived the idea that it is better for a tutor to come in for a few hours a day, or for a child to go to school, returning home in the evening, as in this manner the benefit of home influence remains, and the benefit of the mother's love (of which he speaks so much) would be secured, and undue familiarity and result of constant intercourse be avoided. From the instructions of M. Arena—whose classes he attended for some hours in the day—he derived great benefit; and whatever fault he may find with his early instruction, the result is that he speaks Italian, the Nizard and Genoese dialects, the Sicilian and Neapolitan dialects, the Milanese and Turinese—all of them differing from the pure Italian, and from each other, as much as Welsh does from English. He speaks and writes Latin, ancient and modern Greek, French, Spanish, English, and Portuguese, and can decipher newspapers published in the various dialects on the banks of the Danube. He is a good mathematician, and possesses a knowledge of both ancient and modern history, whilst his knowledge of music is considerable.

There have been many "autobiographies" written of the General with which he has very little acquaintance. Many of the stories related of him are not, however, without foundation. It is true that when he was about eight years old, whilst playing on the banks of the Var, he saw an old washerwoman fall into the river, and instantly threw himself into the water, and from his skill in swimming, which he had acquired in infancy, he was enabled to save her life.

At the time of the birth of the General, Nice belonged, as now, to France, and during his childhood the Nizard language was spoken by the servants, and the Genoese by the family. In society and in public French only was spoken. It was the same in the schools, and the General received his education entirely in French; and it was solely in compliance with the entreaties of his elder brother Angelo that he requested M. Arena to teach him Italian; and it is to the instructions of that gentleman that he owes his present facility in both speaking and writing it. The parents of the General were both strict Roman Catholics, and being, as we have before stated, intended for the priesthood, he was educated in every ordinance of the Church of Rome. It was probably the over-severity of this education which gave him his detestation of the priestly career; at any rate, it is certain that he in the most positive terms refused to enter it, and even attempted to run away to Genoa to avoid it. The profession of the law was afterwards proposed, but with ultimately no better success; and finally his parents yielded to his entreaties, and permitted him to go to sea, which he did in a brigantine called "La Costanza," the captain being Angelo Pesanti.

The first notice we have in the page of history of the name "Garibaldi" occurs in the annals of the eighth century. According to one of the historians of that time, among the chiefs of Alaric's horde a Garibaldi commanded a "squadra." From this we may infer that the family originally came from the plains of Hungary. The next notice we have of the name occurs in the history of the city of Turin, in the reign of Auberto I. Garibaldi, Duke of Turin, was the chief counsellor of this king. Being a bad, unprincipled, and ambitious man, he conspired against his sovereign, caused his assassination, and seized the regal power. However, the semi-independent princes of Piedmont deposed him, and caused him to be put to death. The next trace we find of this family is among the records of the republic of Genoa. Johannes Garibaldi commanded a fleet of galleys in the wars between the Genoese and Pisans, and greatly distinguished himself in an engagement off the coast of Tuscany. The family after this flourished in Genoa, always taking the popular part, till at last they became so powerful that they were enrolled among the nobility of the republic, and their name is found in the Golden Book. As evidence of their importance, we still find in Genoa the Piazza, Palazzo, and Strada dei Garibaldi. The descendants of the elder branch are represented now by the Marchese Garibaldi, member of the Sub-Alpine Parliament. The younger branch transferred itself (time uncertain) to the vicinity of Chiavari, where they formed a colony by themselves in one of the valleys of the mountains of the Ri-vieri, where still may be found the Village dei Garibaldi, and remains of the stronghold which they occupied in those times. An old inscription is still seen on the tower, commemorating its building by one of the earlier Garibaldis. Three generations ago one of the cadets settled in Nice, and his lineal descendant is the present General Garibaldi.

Sir Bernard Burke applied to General Garibaldi, through Mr. Chambers, for information respecting his family, with the view of placing it in his work, "The Vicissitudes of Families." "What matter is it," answered the General, "whence I came? Say to Sir Bernard Burke that I represent the people; they are my family."

II. THE CAMPAIGN OF MENTANA

By Ricciotti Garibaldi.

Arriving in Florence, I found the committee in a state of confusion on account of so many volunteers coming forward to be enrolled. We had neither arms nor money, and were, therefore, obliged to limit enlistment. I remained three days in Florence, and then went to Terni, and found the place full of volunteers—in all nearly 2000 men. We received information that the fortress occupied by Menotti was to be attacked. I left to join him, and, the men being unarmed, went alone.

He had 1500 men. On the morning of the third day he left N—— with a few men, and went to Monte Calvario, leaving me in command of the fort and of the band, which had been reinforced by nearly 1000 men. About eleven at night, on the same day, my outposts were driven in by the Papal troops. Many of our volunteers not having so much as one cartridge per man, I was obliged to abandon the fortress, and take up position to the left, at a distance of two miles, as it was impossible to hold the post against the Papal artillery. Menotti having rejoined us, we started, at one on the following morning, for Porcile, as the enemy were trying to cut us off from the Italian frontier. After twelve hours' march we arrived at Porcile. We rested there for the

remainder of the day and night, when the alarm was given of the approach of the enemy. Being in an unfit state to receive them, with few arms and no ammunition, my brother determined to recross the frontier. After ten hours' march, we arrived at the convent of Santa Maria, where we set to work to re-form our command.

Whilst these news came that the General was at Terni, whence he sent orders for us to prepare to march on Passo Corese, he joining us on the road. This is a pass leading to the valley of the Tiber. After waiting several days to reform the bands, the General gave the signal to march. We divided into two columns, and took the road to Monte Rotondo, a strong position occupied by the Papal troops. One column marched along the banks of the Tiber, and the other by the road in the hills. At morning both columns arrived in sight of Monte Rotondo, and at once proceeded to the assault. Colonel Frygisi attacked the east gateway with two battalions, whilst Masto attacked the west gateway also with two battalions; but he being wounded at the first assault, the command of the party devolved upon me. After charging twice up to the gateway, which, for want of artillery, we could not take, we were in turn attacked by the enemy, and forced to seek refuge in a group of houses. We were thus cut off from the rest of our corps for the whole day, during which time we lost out of 300,107 men and five officers. In the evening we managed to communicate with the General; erected barricades in the inner street, and fought all day. We were thirty-six hours without food. The place was too important to be left, or we might have cut our way out. The General sent a battalion as a reinforcement, and by a desperate charge we got to the gate, piled there a cartload of fascines and a quantity of sulphur, which, being set on fire, burnt it down in about an hour and a half. At half-past twelve at night—the General having come down and taken personal command—we charged through the burning gate, and took possession of the entrance and adjoining houses. The fighting went on until about eight in the morning, they defending themselves step by step till we had driven them into the palace of the Prince of Piombino, a large castellated building, very strong. We first took the court-yard, in which we found their cannon, they defending story after story of the building until driven to the third floor, when, seeing the smoke of a fire which had been lighted on the ground-floor to bam them out, they surrendered, and the fight was over.

In the night the greater number of the men escaped towards Rome; only 300 in the palace were taken prisoners, besides forty-two horses and two pieces of cannon, 500 stand of arms, and all their materials of war. The fight had lasted twenty-four hours—from eight one day to eight the next—without a single instant's cessation of firing. It cost us between 400 and 500 men, amongst whom were some of our bravest and best officers. This was the first real struggle under the General.

We had one day's rest; but on the following night the enemy returned, and attacked the railway station at about a mile distant from Monte Rotondo, where, finding a number of our wounded, they bayoneted them in their beds, one man having twenty-seven wounds in his body. The General at once sent heavy reinforcements, and the enemy was driven back. Three days after this we marched to the Zecchenella, a large farmhouse about a mile distant from the Ponte de la Mentana, within about four miles and a half from Rome. On our approach the enemy re-crossed the bridge, blowing up one of the two bridges and mining the other. The Papal troops came again on our side of the Teverone—a river which joins the Tiber a few miles from Rome. They extended themselves as sharpshooters all along our line, amusing themselves by firing at us until the evening, we scarcely returning a shot, the General having ordered us not to do so—our aim, since we were so few, being to draw the enemy into the open country. In the night we lighted large fires, to let the people in Rome know that we were near; but the movement which we expected in the city did not take place, and we returned to Monte Rotondo the next day.

After staying there for several days, the General resolved to march to Tivoli, which was held by a strong body of our volunteers. The column, consisting of 4700 infantry, two field guns and two smaller guns, and one squadron of cavalry, commenced its march at eleven o'clock. When we had gone a mile beyond Mentana the vanguard was suddenly attacked, and we had to fall back on Mentana, so as to form our battalions in line of battle. Recovered from our first surprise, the General ordered all the troops to advance, and we retook the positions we had lost, when, just as the Papal troops were retreating on the road to Rome, the French regiments, which till now had remained hidden behind the hills, out-flanked us on the left. After some very heavy fighting, especially in the position of the haystacks in the centre, which were taken, lost, and retaken, four or five times, the General, seeing the uselessness of contending against such an overwhelming force, gave the order to retreat. We retreated from the field of battle, passing under the fire of the Chassepôts, leaving between 400 and 500 men on the field, and about the same number of prisoners in their hands, and one piece of cannon. Two battalions, numbering altogether over 400 men, shut themselves up in the old fort of Munturra, where, having exhausted all their ammunition, they surrendered in the morning. When the main body had returned to Monte Rotondo, the General gave orders that every thing should be ready to re-attack in the night; but on examining the state of our army, we found that scarcely a cartridge remained, and not a single round of ammunition for the cannon. Learning this, the General gave the order to retreat to Passo Corese, where we arrived about one in the morning, being again on Italian soil. We then proceeded to the disbandment of our troops.

At Mentana, where we had retaken all our positions, and where we thought the day was ours, we saw red-trowsered soldiers out-flanking us on the left, and we took them for the legion of Antibes, but the rapid roll of their firing opened our eyes to the fact that we were face to face with the French, armed with their new weapon, the deadly Chassepot, and from that moment we fought merely to save the honor of the day. There was no hope of winning the battle, though if the ammunition of our guns and rifles had not failed, and the General could have attacked again in the night, as he intended to do, I have no doubt but that we should have driven back the Franco-Papal army, for they did not dare to take possession of the positions which we held during the battle, and of the one gun which we left there, till late next day. Had they dared it, being so numerically superior, they could have cut us off and made us all prisoners, as their left wing almost touched the road running from Monte Rotondo to Passo Corese.

Some idea may be formed of the state and appearance of the volunteer army by the fact that it had no proper arms; the muskets were many of them as old as the first Napoleon.

When Menotti resolved to recross the frontier, he issued an order of the day in which he said, "I can not march, having no shoes; I can not stand still, because I have nothing to cover my men; and I can not fight,

because I have no ammunition."

When we started for Monte Rotondo the men had been so long without eating, that in passing along the line with my guides, I actually saw the infantry battalions making themselves soup out of the grass of the field, having nothing else to put into their caldrons.

At the battle of Montana we had 4700 men all told; opposed to us were 8000 Papal troops and 3000 French. Battle began at half past eleven in the morning; lasted until half past five in the evening; the weather fine. The 300 who surrendered were allowed to recross the frontier. The General was taken prisoner by the Italian Government.

At Mentana the Papal troops thought they had taken me. They took a man like me to Rome, and put him in handsome apartments until the mistake was discovered. When they thought they had me, the Papal officers ordered the prisoner to be shot at once, but the French officers saved him.

In a work entitled "Rome and Mentana," surprise has been expressed that General Garibaldi did not enter Rome after the victory of Monte Rotondo, and before the entry of the French. To that we reply:—We could not, for the Papalini held the Mentana bridge, the only one not blown up near Rome, and we should have been obliged to go round by Tivoli and down the other side of the Teverone, two days' march. We tried to take the Mentana bridge, but on nearing it we found it strongly fortified and mined, so that after lying at the Zecchenella (three-quarters of a mile from the bridge) for a day and two nights, we retired to Monte Rotondo.

The same work states:

"The two plateaux on which we had been walking had been held by the Garibaldini, taken by the Pontificals, and retaken by the Garabaldini, at which period the French advanced, when, finding it hopeless, the Garibaldini retreated into Mentana."

This is true; the Papalini were retreating along the road when the French out-flanked our left, and threatened our line of retreat. The retreat commenced at nine o'clock in the evening of the battle, as we expected the Papalini to attack and surround Monte Rotondo. If we had stopped they would have made us all prisoners, as our ammunition failed.

We entered Monte Rotondo by the gate coming from Passo Corese; the Tivoli gate was stormed also by Frygisi, but not taken till we opened the gate for him from inside. The attack lasted from 8 a.m. till 7 a.m. next day. We set fire to the gate about 12 o'clock at night, and lost about 250 men, dead and wounded. The church of Monte Rotondo suffered a good deal. The same author writes:-

"It was a large and handsome one, with carved oak seats in the choir, and presented a sad scene of devastation. The holy water stoups had been dashed to pieces, the font destroyed, the side chapel, in which the Host was reserved, had its altar all broken by bayonets. The Host had been carried on the point of one, and borne in mock procession, attended, amongst others, by a man holding the sacristan's large three-cornered hat stuck round with candles."

It is true our people were so hungry that they ate the holy wafers.

III. GARIBALDI AND THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

Italy, as she exists, is a sad country. Where is there to be found a country more favored by nature, with a lovelier sky, a climate more salubrious, productions more varied and excellent, a population more lively or intelligent? Her soldiers, if well-directed, would undoubtedly equal any of the first soldiers in the world; her sailors are second to none. And yet all these advantages, all these favors of Nature, are neutralized by the connivance and co-operation of priests with an extremely bad government.

One finds misery, ignorance, weakness, servility to the stranger, where one should see abundance, knowledge, strength, and haughtiness towards intruders.

An unpopular government, which, instead of organizing a national army that might be placed at the head of the first armies of the world, contents itself with accumulating many carbineers, policemen, and custom-house officers, and spending, or rather squandering the money of the nation in immoral "secret expenses." A navy that might compete with the most flourishing, is reduced to a pitiable condition, from its being placed under the direction of incompetent and dishonest persons. Both army and navy, according to their own officers, are not in a condition to make war, but only serve to repress any national aspirations, and to support the spiritless policy of the Government.

Two abominable acts of treachery have been perpetrated by the Italian Government.

The first act of treachery was ushered in by the arrest of General Garibaldi at Asinalunga.

Eighteen years had passed away since the Roman people sent to the Quirinal their elected representatives, who, on the 9th of February, declared with solemn legality that the temporal power of the Pope was abolished. The patriots in public assembly, in the light of day, and from the height of the Quirinal, unfurled the beautiful, the holy, and beloved banner of the tricolor of Italy. Who quenched this patriotic fire?

Bonaparte in secret alliance with the fugitives of Gaeta. While the balls of the French canon fell on the citizens posted at the barricades, the representatives of the people replied to these cruel shots by again proclaiming the statute of the Republic, and confiding the future liberties of Rome to the charge of Garibaldi.

On September 16th, 1864, was concluded the pernicious convention of September, which the Moderates declared would open the gates of Rome. Its first result was that Turin saw its streets reddened with blood. Why were the arms of their brothers turned upon the people who deserved so well of Italy? Did they wish to overthrow the dynasty? Did they wish to overthrow the form of government, or overturn the Ministers? Did

they wish to upset social order? Did they arm themselves against their brethren of the army? Oh, no! they did not arm; they united peaceably, and peaceably cried for justice. Their cry was, "Rome the capital of Italy." They did not wish the nation to betray itself; they did not wish the nation to be dismembered; they did not wish the country any longer to serve the foreigner. Its protest was, therefore, against that convention which destroys the plebiscite of Southern Italy. To the noble cry, to the generous protest, the Government replied by directing its troops upon the peaceful citizens; and the Piazza Castello and the Piazza San Carlo were bathed in blood. Unhappy Turin! the Moderate party stifled thy cries in thine own blood, betrayed thy solemn protests, called upon thee not to disturb the concord of the nation, and to that false concord sacrificed thee and the nation alike. Widows and orphans well remember the impunity given to the assassins of their loved ones in the name of "concord." When will these crimes end? Without Rome, unity is forever menaced. Without Rome, we have neither moral nor political liberty. We have no independence, no right government; but we have anarchy, dilapidation, servitude to the foreigner, and submission to the priests.

The Moderates acknowledge Cavour as their leader: hear, then, Cavour.

The Italian Parliament, in 1861, when Cavour was Prime Minister, declared Victor Emanuel King of Italy, and declared Rome officially the seat of the new monarchy; and Cavour stated, in his place as Prime Minister, after having bestowed upon the question the utmost deliberation, that "the ideas of a nation were few in number, and that to the common Italian mind the idea of Italy was inseparable from that of Rome. An Italy of which Rome was not the capital would be no Italy for the Italian people. For the existence, then, of a national Italian people, the possession of Rome as a capital was an essential condition." "The choice of a capital," continued Cavour, "must be determined by high moral considerations, on which the instinct of each nation must decide for itself. Rome, gentlemen, unites all the historical, intellectual, and moral qualities which are required to form the capital of a great nation. Convinced, deeply convinced as I am of this truth, I think it my bounden duty to proclaim it as solemnly as I can before you and before the country. I think it my duty also to appeal, under these circumstances, to the patriotism of all the Italian citizens, and of the representatives of our most illustrious cities, when I beg of them to cease all discussion on this question, so that Europe may become aware that the necessity of having Rome for our capital is recognized and proclaimed by the whole nation."

How the Moderates followed this advice has been already seen. But statements were circulated in their papers, far and wide, in order to reconcile the Italian people to a convention, that the rights of the Roman people would not be interfered with; and when the French troops had left, the people of Rome would have full liberty to act as they thought proper. It was in this view that General Garibaldi visited Orvieto shortly before his arrest, where he was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, the entire city being in festive garb, whilst men, women, and children joined in according him an enthusiastic welcome.

"Our cry must no longer be 'Rome or death!'" he said; "on the contrary, it is 'Rome and life!' for international right permits the Romans to rise, and will allow them to raise themselves from the mud into which the priests have thrown them."

It was at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, on the 5th of September, that General Garibaldi was arrested, by order of Ratazzi, in the little village of Asinalunga. He was sleeping in the house of Professor Aqualucci, and he was, as the map will show, far from the Roman frontier. He had been received with the utmost respect by the syndic and by the secretary of the municipality, and all the usual rejoicings took place, though it is stated that all the time the syndic had the order for the General's arrest in his pocket. General Garibaldi was conveyed to the fortress of Alexandria. In a day or two he was informed that he would be entirely restored to liberty if he would consent to go to Caprera; he had full liberty to return to the mainland whenever he thought proper. Depending upon this ministerial assurance, he returned to Caprera, having previously assured his friends in Genoa that he was in full and perfect liberty. An Italian fleet was sent to guard Caprera, and on his attempting to leave the island to go on board the Rubeatini postal steamers, his boat was fired at. He was taken on board a man-of-war, and conducted back to Caprera.

Then it was that, on the evening of the 14th of October, 1867, three individuals came down from the farm at Caprera towards Fontanazia; a fourth passed by way of the wooden porch which joins the small iron cottage to the large Souse, and took the high road to Stagnatia—the latter, by his dark physiognomy and the style of his apparel, appeared to be a Sardinian—the men belonging to the yacht which the munificence and sympathy of the generous English nation had placed at the disposal of the General. The first three men might have been recognized by that famous distinction, the red shirt, had not this garment, in a great measure, been concealed by the outer habiliments of each. They were Barberini and Fruchianti, and the third we need not describe. Barberini, though not strong by nature, had a wiry arm and the heart of a lion; Fruchianti was far more robust.

The sirocco, with its melancholy breath, beat down the poor plants of the island, daughter of the volcanoes and of the sea, and dense black clouds, chased by the impetuous winds, eddied on the summit of Veggialone, and then became mingled with dense vapors, which on higher mountains often form the centre of storms.

The three silent men descended, and on the way, whenever the unequal ground permitted a view of the port, they gazed with watchful eyes on the three ships which rocked gracefully in the Bay of Stagnabella. The yacht, with a small cannon at her bow, and a boat lashed to the poop, formed a strange contrast (completely deserted as she was) with the man-of-war, their decks covered and encumbered with men.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the sun had set, and the night promised, if not tempest, that disagreeable and oppressive weather which the sirocco generally brings from the burning plains of the desert. The three men having arrived on the Prato, Fruchianti said, "I leave you; I am going to the left to explore the point of Araccio."

The two continued to descend; they passed—opening and shutting them again—the four gates (?) of Fontanazia, and arrived under the dry wall which divides the cultivated part from the deserted shores.

Having reached that wall, the elder man threw off his cloak, changed his white hat for a cap, and after having reconnoitred a time beyond the dry wall, got over it with surprising agility. He now seemed to recall the strength of his past life, and was reinvigorated as if by twenty years. Were not his sons and his brothers

fighting against the mercenaries of Papal tyranny? and could he remain quiet, murmuring complaints, or give himself up to the shameful life of the indifferent?

Having crossed the wall, and turned to Barberini, the General said, "Let us sit down and smoke half a cigar," and drawing from his left pocket a little case, a souvenir from the amiable Lady Shaftesbury, he lit one, which he then handed to his companion, a great amateur of such commodities.

Meanwhile the first shadows of darkness began to obscure the atmosphere, but in the east they saw the appearance of a changing color, the first herald of the coming moonlight.

"In three-quarters of an hour," said the General, "the moon will rise above the mountains, and there is no time to lose."

Thereupon the two men took their way to the port, Giovanni was at his post, and, with the aid of Barberini, in a moment the little skiff was in the water, and the General sat on his cloak as low as possible. After launching the little boat into the sea, Giovanni embarked in the larger one, and having assured himself of the progress of the first, he proceeded towards the yacht, merrily singing.

"Halt! who goes there?" twice cried the men-of-war's men, who had become policemen to the Sardinian ruler. But he sang on, and did not seem to care for their cries. Nevertheless, at the third intimation, Giovanni replied, "Going on board!" At this they seemed satisfied.

Meanwhile the little skiff pursued her course, coasting Carriano, at the distance of two miles from the shore, partly propelling itself, and partly propelled by a boat-hook used in the American fashion. From Carriano to Barabruciata, and thence to the point of Treviso, near which appeared the form of the faithful Fruchianti.

"Nothing new as far as the rocks of Araccio," said Fruchianti.

"Then I push on," answered the General.

And his little boat dashed among the breakers. He gave a glance to the small island, which appeared at a convenient distance, and the tiny skiff was on the high sea.

Garibaldi, seeing the moonlight increase, paddled on with good will, and with the help of the breeze crossed the Straits of Moneta with surprising velocity.

In the moonlight, at a certain distance, every reef appeared a boat; and as the squadron of Batazzi, besides so many launches for the ships of war about Caprera, was also augmented by numerous vessels from Maddalena, the sea all around the island was crowded with vessels, to prevent one man from fulfilling his duty. Nearing the coast of the little island of Giardinelli, not far from Maddalena, the skiff plunged among the broken waters, which is there always, and coasted the shore, already illumined by the moon.

It is a fact that many people on service in every Government affect a great deal of zeal in daylight, and in the presence, or the supposed presence, of the chief. At the arrival of night, however, after a good supper and copious libations to Bacchus—at night, I say, when commanders are sleeping or diverting themselves—zeal and vigilance die in exact proportion to the discipline and the interest which the motive of the watch inspires. Thus, then, one must not ascribe all the merit to him who managed the boat, but more to the sleeping vigilance of those whose duty it was to have kept a better look-out, that he reached the little island safe and sound, without being molested by one solitary call of "Who goes there?"

Having reached land, there were three paths to take: first, to row close to the land; secondly, to leave the island to the left, and coast along to the west; and thirdly, leaving the island to the right and following the coast, to approach the ford which separates it from Maddalena, where probably Basso and Captain Cunio were waiting. The first plan was adopted.

After having drawn up the boat on the beach, the General proceeded at midday in the direction of the ford, where, on his arrival, he heard cries from those who guarded the strait, and a few shots fired in the distance.

At a short distance from the ford of the island there is a wall covered with creepers, which prevents the escape of the animals that pasture in the island; and at midday he reached a compound. Then also came the ford, and through the wall there was a little passage formed of stones.

The General thought he could distinguish along the wall a file of sailors lying down, and he was so much the more disposed to believe it, as Captain Cunio and Basso had seen seamen arrive on the island in the course of the day. This made him lose about half an hour waiting and reconnoitring, and Captain Cunio and Basso, imagining the shots directed at the boat, had concluded him taken or obliged to recede. Under this persuasion the friends returned from the ford towards Maddalena, and were greatly vexed when, towards 2 p.m., they were informed by the confidential servant of Mrs. Collins that he, the General, had reached her house. In fact, about 10 p.m., Garibaldi ventured to pass the little strait which divides the isle from Maddalena, and effected it without hinderance, but was obliged, to his great inconvenience, to ride a long way down a road flooded with water, which had deluged it. He then came in sight of Mrs. Collins's house, sure of a good reception, but drew near cautiously, apprehending that some one might be on the watch; and finally, in a moment in which the moon was veiled by a dark cloud, he approached the dwelling, and with the end of his Scotch walking-stick struck at the window a few slight blows.

Mrs. Collins who had strong faith in the fortunes of the General, and who was warned of his attempt, expected him, so that at the first sound she advanced to the front door, opened it, and received her old neighbor with friendly greetings. And pleasant he found it to receive shelter after such a wild night; so that the wanderer was once more safe and indeed happy in his friend's house, where a thousand cares and attentions were lavished on him.

After this there was a little difficulty in crossing Sardinia and reaching the main land. While the Government still supposed Garibaldi a prisoner at Caprera, he had arrived in safety at the Hôtel de Florence!

Not less atrocious was the treachery used towards the volunteers. They were promised that as soon as the first French soldier disembarked the army should march on Rome, and the Government, to put the country off her guard, occupied several points of the Roman territory, and spread a considerable number of troops over the frontier that they might the more easily disarm the volunteers, as well as close up from them every path, so that no supplies or subsidies could reach them from their brothers and the Committee of Help.

Having thus isolated the volunteers and deprived them of succor and supplies—especially the supply of ammunition, of which the Government knew them to be in want—they spread discouragement and demoralization among the young volunteers, and did all they could to betray and destroy them.

Rome being occupied by the French, and part of the Roman territory by the Government troops, the Papal army *en masse* could freely operate against the volunteers. The papal mercenaries, still alarmed by the recent defeats they had sustained, did not dare to confront alone the unarmed soldiers of liberty, and it was therefore determined that the French army should support the Papal troops.

The Government of Florence did not think it necessary to take part in the glory of the battle of Mentana, by adding its troops to those of the French allies; or perhaps it believed, and with reason, that the Italian people would not have quite tolerated such an accumulation of villainy, although the Ministry would certainly have executed it of themselves without any remorse. It contented itself, therefore, with depriving the volunteers of their natural aids, with sowing diffidence and discouragement in the hearts of our youthful and impressible soldiers, and with giving the National Army Contingent orders to slaughter the flower of the Italian nation, their brother Italians.

Well was it for the soldiers of the Pope that they were backed by those of Bonaparte.

The battle of Mentana commenced at 1 p.m. on the 3d of November, between the Papal troops and the volunteers. After two hours' desperate fighting the mercenaries' lines had all fallen back, and our men marched over their corpses in pursuit of the fugitives. But the new line of Imperialists advancing, and finding our youthful volunteers in that disorder incidental under these circumstances to men little disciplined, compelled them to retreat.

In this manner was accomplished two most execrable acts of treachery, to which parallels can not be found in any page of the world's history.

IV. NOTES.

NOTE 1.

Among the cardinals nominated by Sixtus IV. was Raffaello, who, under the direction of his great uncle, Sixtus IV., had acted the principal part in the bloody conspiracy of the Pazzi. In assuming his seat among the fathers of the Christian Church, Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Leo X., found himself associated with one who had assisted in the murder of his uncle, and had attempted the life of his father. But the youth and inexperience of Riario excused the enormity of a crime perpetrated under the sanction of the supreme pontiff.

The eldest member of the college at this time was Roderigo Borgia, who had enjoyed for upwards of thirty-five years the dignity of the purple, to which he had for a long time past added that of the vice-chancellor to the holy see.

The private life of Roderigo had been a perpetual disgrace to his ecclesiastical functions. In the Papal History by Dr. Beggi (edition 1862, pages 553-556) we are told that this cardinal was at one time sovereign regent of Rome, that he had a ferocious and indomitable ambition, with such a perverse spirit fomented by debauchery, luxury, and riches, that in the contempt of any pretense of virtue, he lived publicly with a barefaced concubine named Rosa Venozza, by whom he had many children. After his election to the chair of St. Peter, he created his eldest son Duke of Candia. Cæsar Borgia was the second son; Lucretia Borgia was of the same stock, and the eldest of several daughters whom he had by other mistresses.

On the death of Innocent VIII., Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, being the most powerful in authority and wealth, with cunning artifices, and corrupt promises to the Roman barons and the most influential cardinals—such as the Sforzas, the Orsini, the Riarii, and others, ascended the papal chair under the title of Alexander VI.

NOTE 2.

A better illustration of the manner in which the Church of Rome applies her patronage of the fine arts to the inculcation of her doctrines and the increase of her power, can hardly be found than among the frescoes of the Campo Santo, Pisa. Here we have represented the most ghastly cartoons of death, judgment, purgatory, and hell; we behold angels and devils fighting for the souls of the departed, snakes devouring, fiends scorching, red-hot hooks tearing their flesh. Those on earth can, so say the priests, rescue their unfortunate relatives from this melancholy position by giving donations to their spiritual fathers, who will then pray for their escape. We read in the New Testament that the rich enter heaven with difficulty, but it is they, according to the Church of Rome, who enter easily, whilst the poor are virtually excluded.

NOTE 3.

In foreign discussions on the papal question it is always assumed as an undisputed fact that the maintenance of the papal court at Rome is, in a material point of view, an immense advantage to the city, whatever it may be in a moral one. Now my own observations have led me to doubt the correctness of this assumption. If the Pope were removed from Rome, or if a lay government were established—the two hypotheses are practically identical—the number of the clergy would undoubtedly be much diminished, a large number of the convents and clerical endowments would be suppressed, and the present generation of priests would be heavy sufferers. This result is inevitable. Under no free government would or could a city of 170,000 inhabitants support 10,000 unproductive persons out of the common funds—for this is substantially the case in Rome at the present day. Every sixteen lay citizens—men, women, and children—support out of their labor a priest between them. The papal question with the Roman priesthood is thus a question of daily bread, and it is surely no want of charity to suppose that the material aspect influences their minds quite as much as the spiritual. It is, however, a Protestant delusion that the priests of Rome live upon the fat of the land. What fat there is is certainly theirs. It is one of the mysteries of Rome how the hundreds of priests who

swarm about the streets manage to live. The clue to the mystery is to be found inside the churches. In every church—and there are 866 of them—some score or two of masses are said daily at the different altars. The pay for performing a mass varies from sixpence to five shillings. The good masses—those paid for by private persons for the souls of their relatives—are naturally reserved for the priests connected with a particular church; while the poor ones are given to any priest who happens to apply for them. The nobility, as a body, are sure to be the supporters of an established order of things; their interests, too, are very much mixed up with those of the papacy. There is not a single noble Roman family that has not one or more of its members among the higher ranks of the priesthood. And in a considerable degree their distinctions, such as they are, and their temporal prospects, are bound up with the popedom. Moreover, in this rank of the social scale the private and personal influence of the priests through the women of the family is very powerful. The more active, however, and ambitious amongst the aristocracy feel deeply the exclusion from public life, the absence from any opening for ambition, and the gradual impoverishment of their property, which are the necessary evils of an absolute ecclesiastical government.—*Dacey's "Rome in 1860."*

NOTE 4.

Many of our readers may have only an indistinct idea of the causes which led to the siege of Rome in 1849; and to understand it we must turn for a moment to the history of France. The revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe and the house of Orleans, and established a republican government in France, was the signal for a general revolutionary movement throughout Europe. The Fifth Article of the new French Constitution stated, "The French Republic respects foreign nationalities. She intends to cause her own to be respected. She will never undertake any sin for the purpose of conquest, and will never employ her arms against the liberty of any people." Prince Louis Napoleon was elected a member of the Chambers. He had fought for the Italian liberty in the year 1831, when the Bolognese revolution broke out. Louis Napoleon had taken an active part in the campaign, and, aided by General Sercognani, defeated the Papal forces in several places. His success was of short duration. He was deprived of his command, and banished from Italy, and only escaped the Austrian soldiers by assuming the disguise of a servant.* When the prince landed in France from England, where he had resided several years, he caused a proclamation to be posted on the walls of Boulogne, from which we extract the following:—

"I have come to respond to the appeal which you have made to my patriotism. The mission which you impose on me is a glorious one, and I shall know how to fulfill it. Full of gratitude for the affection you manifest towards me, I bring you my whole life, my whole soul.

"Brothers and citizens, it is not a pretender whom you receive into your midst. I have not meditated in exile to no purpose. A pretender is a calamity. I shall never be ungrateful, never a malefactor. It is as a sincere and ardent Democratic Reformer that I come before you. I call to witness the mighty shade of the man of the age, as I solemnly make these promises:—

"I will be, as I always have been, the child of France.

"In every Frenchman I shall always see a brother.

"The rights of everyone shall be my rights.

"The Democratic Republic shall be the object of my worship. I will be its priest.

"Never will I seek to clothe myself in the imperial purple.

"Let my heart be withered within my breast on the day when I forget what I owe to you and to France.

"Let my lips be ever closed if I ever pronounce a word, a blasphemy, against the Republican sovereignty of the French people.

"Let me be accursed on the day when I allow the propagation, under cover of my name, of doctrines contrary to the democratic principle which ought to direct the government of the Republic.

* See "*Vicissitudes of Families*," by Sir Bernard Burke, pp. 294, 395. See also "*The Autobiography of an Italian Rebel*," by Riccalde, from p. 5.

"Let me be condemned to the pillory on the day when, a criminal and a traitor, I shall dare to lay a sacrilegious hand on the rights of the people—whether by fraud, with its consent, or by force and violence against it."—See *Courier de la Sarthe*.

And on December 2d, 1848, he addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Constitutionnel*:—

"Monsieur,—Sachant qu'on a remarqué mon absence au vote pour l'expédition de Civita Vecchia, je crois devoir déclarer, que bien que résolu à appuyer toutes les dispositions propres à garantir la liberté et l'autorité du Souverain Pontife, je n'ai pu néanmoins approuver, par mon vote, une démonstration militaire qui me semblait périlleuse, même pour les intérêts sacrés que Ton veut protéger, et faite pour compromettre la paix européenne.

(Signé) "L. N. Bonaparte."

It must also be borne in mind that the Emperor Napoleon, his uncle, had created his own son King of Rome, and had detained the Pope a prisoner in France; when, therefore, Prince Louis Napoleon was elected President of the French Republic, it was universally supposed that he would rejoice at the formation of a sister Republic in the Roman States. The Roman Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage voted by one hundred and forty-three against five votes for the perpetual abolition of the temporal government of the Pope.

On the 18th of April, 1849, the Constituent Assembly voted that a manifesto should be addressed to the Governments and Parliaments of England and France. In this document it was stated, "That the Roman people had a right to give themselves the form of government which pleased them; that they had sanctioned the independence and free exercise of the spiritual authority of the Pope; and that they trusted that England and France would not assist in restoring a government irreconcilable by its nature with liberty and civilization, and morally destitute of all authority for many years past, and materially so during the previous five months."

Notwithstanding this, the French Government dispatched a French army to Civita Vecchia, where they landed on the 27th of April, 1849. General Oudinot declared that the flag which he had hoisted was that of peace, order, conciliation, and true liberty, and he invited the Roman people to co-operate in the accomplishment of this patriotic and sacred work. He also declared that the French had landed, not to defend the existing Pontifical Government, but to avert great misfortunes from the country. France, he added, did not arrogate to herself the right to regulate interests which belonged to the Roman people and extended to the whole Christian world. The prefect of the province replied, "Force may do much in this world, but I am averse to believe that republican France will employ its troops to overthrow the rights of a republic formed under the same auspices as her own. I am convinced that when you ascertain the truth you will feel assured that in our country the republic is supported by the immense majority of the people."

The Roman Government—which was a triumvirate consisting of Mazzini, Armellini, and Aurelio Saffi—resolved to oppose force by force, and the Assembly did not hesitate. The Triumvirate intrusted to General Garibaldi, who arrived the same evening, the defense of the city of Rome. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which took possession of the population at the sight of him. The courage of the people increased with their confidence, and it appeared as if the Assembly had not only decreed defense but victory.

Garibaldi upheld for three months in the future capital of the nation the national flag, against the forces of France, Austria, Naples, and Spain. Twice were the French troops attacked at the point of the bayonet and repulsed far beyond the walls. It was afterwards stated by French writers, that the French soldiers only intended to make a re-connoissance, and had fallen into a snare. This is not true. The French general had resolved upon a battle, the plan of which was found on the body of a French officer killed in the conflict, and transmitted to the Minister of War. It was after this victory that Garibaldi, seeing all the advantages of his situation, wrote to Avizzana, Minister of War: "Send me fresh troops, and as I promised to beat the French, and have kept my word, I promise you I will prevent any one of them from regaining their vessels." It was then that Mazzini, placing all his hopes on the French democratic party, of which Ledru-Rollin was the chief, interposed his authority. He refused the fresh troops asked for, and ordered Garibaldi not to make a mortal enemy of France by complete defeat.

On Monday, 7th May, in the French National Assembly there was an animated discussion on the French expedition to Rome, M. Jules Favre having denounced its proceedings as contrary to the intention avowed by ministers, which was to prevent foreign interference at Rome, and as clearly opposed to the wishes of the Roman people; he also stated, on the authority of private letters, that five unsuccessful assaults had been made, that 150 men had been killed and 600 wounded, and he ended by moving the appointment of a committee. M. Barrot, the President of the Council, declared that the object of the expedition was, really, to prevent another power from interfering in the affairs of Rome, and expressed his belief that General Oudinot had not acted contrary to his instructions, though the army might have fallen into a snare. He opposed the committee as unconstitutional, and called upon the Assembly to reject the motion. General Lamoricière believed that General Oudinot might have been deceived as to the wishes of the people at Rome.

Mr. Flocon announced that barricades had been erected at Rome, and that the French residents would fight against the new-comers. After some further discussion, M. Barrot acquiesced in the motion, and the members withdrew to appoint the committee.

The sitting was resumed at nine o'clock, when the report of the committee was presented. It stated that as the idea of the Assembly had been that the expedition sent to Civita Vecchia ought to remain there, unless Austria moved on Rome, or a counter revolution in that city rendered an advance necessary, the committee considered that more had been done than had been intended, and it therefore proposed a resolution declaring that the National Assembly requested the Government to take measures that the expedition to Italy be no longer turned aside from its real object. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the part of the Government, said he must positively refuse to order the troops to return to Civita Vecchia, their presence being required by events at Rome. The minister further declared that the Government fully supported its agent, the general-in-chief, and the more so that the details of the encounter at Rome were wanting. M. Lenard accused the ministry of wishing to put down the Roman Republic. After various amendments had been proposed and rejected, the resolution of the committee was carried against ministers by a majority of 328 to 241. The result was received with loud cheers, and cries of "Vive la République," and the Chamber adjourned at a quarter past one o'clock.

Notwithstanding this vote of the French National Assembly, the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon, addressed a letter to General Oudinot, in which he says: "I had hoped that the inhabitants of Rome would receive with eagerness an army which had arrived there to accomplish a friendly and disinterested mission. This has not been the case; our soldiers have been received as enemies, our military honor is engaged. I shall not suffer it to be assailed. Reinforcements shall not be wanting to you."

The envoy of the Roman Government in Paris addressed the following letter, in the name of the Roman people, to their brothers in France: "A sanguinary combat has taken place between the inhabitants of Rome and the children of France, whom rigorous orders urged against our homes; the sentiment of military honor commanded them to obey their chiefs, the sentiment of patriotism ordered us to defend our liberties and our country. Honor is saved, but at what a price! may the terrible responsibility be averted from us, who are united by the bonds of charity. May even the culpable be pardoned; they are punished sufficiently by remorse. Health and fraternity.—L. Tarpolei, Colonel, Envoy Extraordinary, of the Roman Republic in Paris."

In the next sitting of the French Assembly, the subject of the President's letter to General Oudinot was brought forward by M. Grevy, in reply to whom M. Odillon Barrot stated that though the letter in question was not the act of the Cabinet, he and his colleagues were ready to assume the whole responsibility of it. He declared that the object of the letter was merely to express sympathy with the army, and that it was not intended as the inauguration of a policy contrary to that of the Assembly.

General Changamier placed the letter of the President of the Republic to General Oudinot on the orders of the day of every regiment in the French service, although M. Odillon Barrot declared in the Assembly that it was not official. Also General Foret refused to obey the orders of the President of the Assembly by sending two battalions to guard it during its sitting; a breach of orders which was brought under the notice of the

Assembly by M. Armand Manest, and apologized for by M. Odillon Barrot. On the 9th of May, M. Ledru-Rollin declaimed the letter of the President to General Oudinot to be on insolent defiance of the National Assembly, and a violation of the Constitution.

Ultimately the debate was adjourned on the motion of M. Grevy and M. Favre, in consequence of M. Odillon Barrot having announced that M. Lesseps, the late minister from Paris at Madrid, had been sent by the Government as an envoy to Rome to express to the Roman people the wishes of the Assembly, which showed that the Government did not intend to oppose the Assembly.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, noticing the stormy debates in the French Assembly, says: "In the last three days troops have been pouring into Paris, and the number of men now garrisoning the capital is upwards of 100,000."

We will now return to Rome, and to the day of the first victory over the French. The joy which pervaded Rome in the evening and night which followed this first combat may be easily supposed. The whole city was illuminated, and presented the aspect of a national fête. Songs and bands of music were heard in all directions. The next day, the 1st of May, Garibaldi received from the Minister of War authority to attack the French with his legion. He took up a splendid position on a height on the flank of the French army; but at the moment the Italians were about to charge, a French officer arrived and demanded a parley with Garibaldi. He stated that he was sent by General Oudinot to treat for an armistice, and to be assured that the Roman people really accepted the Republican Government, and were determined to defend their rights. As a proof of his good intentions, the French General offered to give up Garibaldi's favorite chaplain, Ugo Bassi, who (having the evening before refused to leave a dying man whose head he was holding on his knees) had been taken prisoner.

The Roman Minister of War ordered Garibaldi to return to Rome, which he did, accompanied by a French officer. The armistice requested by General Oudinot was accorded by the Triumvirs, and the Republican Government granted unconditional liberty to fully 500 French prisoners in their hands. A letter from Garibaldi, after speaking of the bravery displayed by the Roman troops, says: "A quantity of arms, drums, and other matters have remained in our hands. The wounded French, before expiring, expressed their sorrow for having fought against their republican brethren."

The King of Naples, at the head of his army, was now marching upon Rome. Seeing this, Garibaldi whom the armistice left unoccupied, demanded permission to employ his leisure in attacking the King of Naples. This permission was granted, and on the evening of the 4th of May, Garibaldi left the city with his legion, now 2500 strong.

On May 6th, General Garibaldi gained the battle of Palestrina, completely defeating the Neapolitans, 7000 strong, and taking their artillery. Shortly after, however, the ambassador of the French Republic, Ferdinand de Lesseps, entered Rome with Michael Accrusi, the envoy of the Roman Republic in Paris, and by means of the good offices of the French Ambassador, the armistice, against which General Garibaldi had given a strong opinion, was concluded. The Roman Government resolved to take advantage of this truce to get rid of the Neapolitan army. At the same time Mazzini first created Colonel Roselli a general, and then named him general-in-chief of the forces. The friends of Garibaldi urged upon him not to accept a secondary position under a man who the day before only had been his inferior. The General, however, was utterly inaccessible to personal considerations where the welfare of his country was concerned, and he therefore accepted, he states himself, even with gratitude, the post of general of division.

On the 16th May the entire army of the Republic, consisting of 10,000 men and twelve pieces of cannon, marched out of the city of Rome by the San Giovanni gate, General Garibaldi being ordered to proceed in advance. He had received information that the Neapolitan army was encamped at Velletri, with 19,000 to 20,000 men and thirty pieces of cannon.

In the end the army of the King of Naples was again entirely defeated by General Garibaldi's division alone. In an early part of the day he sent to the commander-in-chief for reinforcements, and received for answer that soldiers could not be sent, as they had not eaten their soup. He then resolved to do what he could with his own strength, and victory again crowned his efforts. Towards midnight his troops took possession of Velletri itself.

At daybreak the General resumed the pursuit of the Neapolitans; but he received orders to return to Rome, which he re-entered on the 24th of May, amidst an immense multitude, who hailed him with the wildest cries of joy. The utter incapacity of General Roselli is now acknowledged by all; however, in those days, he shared the views of the Roman Government regarding the French.

In the mean time, General Oudinot, having received the reinforcements which he required, disavowed the treaty entered into by the Roman Government and the envoy extraordinary of his master the President of the French Republic. It would have been thought that the dream of a French alliance would now have faded from the ideas of the Roman Government, but they were only half convinced even yet, and they allowed their commander-in-chief, the newly created General Roselli, to indite a letter, from which the following is an extract:-

"General Oudinot, Duke de Reggio: Citizen,—It is my perfect conviction that the army of the Roman Republic will one day fight side by side with the army of the French Republic to maintain the most sacred rights of peoples. This conviction leads me to make you proposals, which I hope you will accept. It is known to me that a treaty has been signed between the Government and plenipotentiary minister of France, a treaty which has not received your approbation." The letter goes on to request an unlimited armistice, with a notification of fifteen days before the resumption of hostilities, asked in the name of the honor of the army and of the French Republic, and concludes, "I have the honor to request a prompt reply, General, begging you to accept the salutation of fraternity.

"Roselli."

To this the French general replied:-

"General,—The orders of my Government are positive. They prescribe to me to enter Rome as soon as possible. * * * I defer the attack of the place until Monday morning at least. Receive, General, the assurance

of my high consideration.

"OUDINOT, Duc DE REGGIO,

"General-in-chief of the Corps de l'Armee of the Mediterranean."

According to this assurance the attack would not commence till the 4th of June.

"It is true," writes General Garibaldi, "what a French author, Foland, has said in his commentaries upon Polybius, 'A general who goes to sleep on the faith of a treaty awakes a dupe.' I was aroused at three o'clock by the sound of cannon: I found every thing on fire. This is what had happened: Our advanced posts were at the Villa Pamphili. At the moment midnight was striking, and we were entering on the day of Sunday, the 3d of June, a French column glided through the darkness towards the Villa Pamphili.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, warned by the sound of footsteps. 'Viva Italia!' cried a voice. The sentinel, thinking he had to do with compatriots, suffered them to approach, and was poniarded. The column rushed into the Villa Pamphili. All they met with were either killed or made prisoners. Some men jumped through the windows into the garden, and, when once in the garden, climbed over the walls. The most forward of them retired behind the convent of St. Pancrazio, shouting 'To arms! to arms!' whilst others ran off in the direction of the Villas Valentini and Corsini. Like the Villa Pamphili, these were carried by surprise, but not without making some resistance.

"When I arrived at the St. Pancrazio gate, the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Valentini alone remained in our hands. Now the Villa Corsini being taken was an enormous loss to us; for as long as we were masters of that, the French could not draw their parallels. At any price, then, that must be retaken: it was for Rome a question of life or death. The firing between the cannoneers of the ramparts, the men of the Vascello, and the French of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini, increased. But it was not a fusillade or a cannonade that was necessary; it was an assault, a terrible but victorious assault, which might restore the Villa Corsini to us. For a moment the Villa Corsini was ours. That moment was short, but it was sublime! The French brought up all their reserve, and fell upon us altogether before I could even repair the disorder inseparable from victory. The fight was renewed more desperately, more bloodily, more fatally than ever. I saw repass before me, repulsed by those irresistible powers of war, fire and steel, those whom I had seen pass on but a minute before, now bearing away their dead.

"There could no longer be any idea of saving Rome. From the moment an army of 40,000 men, having thirty-six pieces of siege cannon, can perform their works of approach, the taking of a city is nothing but a question of time; it must one day or other fall. The only hope it has left is to fall gloriously. As long as one of our pieces of cannon remained on its carriage, it replied to the French fire; but on the evening of the 29th the last was dismounted."

Garibaldi was summoned before the Assembly, and this is his history of what happened:-

"Mazzini had already announced to the Assembly the position we now stood in: there remained, he said, but three parts to take—to treat with the French; to defend the city from barricade to barricade; or to leave the city, assembly, triumvirate, and army, carrying away with them the palladium of Roman liberty.

"When I appeared at the door of the chamber all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me and upon myself to see what it was that awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood; my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts. They cried, 'To the tribune! to the tribune!' and I mounted it. I was interrogated on all sides.

"All defense is henceforth impossible,' replied I, 'unless we are resolved to make Rome another Saragossa.' On the 9th of February I proposed a military dictatorship, that alone was able to place on foot a hundred thousand armed men. The living elements still subsisted; they were to be sought for, and they would have been found in one courageous man. If I had been attended to, the Roman eagle would again have made its eyrie upon the towers of the Capitol; and with my brave men—and my brave men know how to die, it is pretty well seen—I might have changed the face of Italy. But there is no remedy for that which is done. Let us view with head erect the conflagration of which we no longer are the masters. Let us take with us from Rome all of the volunteer army who are willing to follow us. Where we shall be, Rome will be. I pledge myself to nothing; but all that my men can do that I will do; and whilst it takes refuge in us our country shall not die."

In the end the following order was issued:-

"The Roman Republic, in the name of God and the People. The Roman Constituent Assembly discontinues a defense which has become impossible. It has its post. The Triumvirate are charged with the execution of the present decree."

NOTE 5.

An attempt has recently been made to give to the so-called Moderate party the merit of planning a United Italy. Mr. Stansfield, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, whose recent efforts to reform his department have already earned for him the gratitude of the English people, says: "Italy has already accomplished of her unity so much that no policy save that of an absolute completion of the task is any longer to be dreamed of or suggested, and considering, too, how predominantly the credit and the practical fruits of that success have, in the opinion of the world and in the possession of power, inured to the benefit of the Moderate party, it would seem natural to imagine that they too must have had the unity of their country long in view, and that they can have differed only from the National party as to the policy best adapted to the attainment of a common object; and yet I believe the acceptance of the idea of Italian unity, as an object of practical statesmanship, by the leaders of the Moderate party, must be admitted to be of a very recent date. I will go back to Gioberti, who was the founder of that party. In the Sardinian Chambers on the 10th of February, 1849, on the eve of the short campaign which ended in the defeat of Novara, Gioberti said: 'I consider the unity of Italy a chimera; we must be content with its union. And if you look to the writings, the speeches, the acts of all the leading men of the Moderate party until a very recent period, you will find them all, without exception, not only not propounding or advocating unity, or directed to its accomplishment, but explicitly directed to a different solution. You will find the proof of what I say in Balbo's 'Hopes of Italy;' in Durando's 'Essay on Italian Nationality,' advocating three Italies, north, centre, and south; in Bianchi Gioviners work entitled

'Mazzini and his Utopias;' and in Gualterio's 'Revolutions of Italy.' Minghetti, Ricasoli, Farini each and all have been the advocates of a confederation of princes rather than of a united Italy. Let me come to Cavour. An attempt has recently been made to claim for him the credit of having since the days of his earliest manhood conceived the idea of making himself the minister of a future united Italy. In an article in the July Quarterly, by a well-known pen, a letter of Cavour, written about 1829 or 1830, is cited in implied justification of this claim. He had been placed under arrest a short time in the Fort de Bard, on account of political opinions expressed with too much freedom. In a letter to a lady who had written condoling with him on his disgrace, he says:—"I thank you, Madame la Marquise, for the interest which you take in my disgrace; but believe me, for all that, I shall work out my career. I have much ambition—an enormous ambition; and when I become minister I hope to justify it, since already in my dreams I see myself Minister of the Kingdom of Italy." Now this is, I need not say, a most remarkable letter, and of the greatest interest, as showing the confidence in his own future, at so early an age, of one of the greatest statesmen of our times. But no one acquainted with the modern history of Italy, and familiar with its recognized phraseology, could read in this letter the prophecy of that unity which is now coming to pass. The 'Kingdom of Italy,' is a well-known phrase borrowed from the time of Napoleon, and has always meant, until facts have enlarged its significance, that the kingdom of Northern Italy, whose precedent existed under Napoleon, which was the object of Piedmontese policy in '48 and '49, and one of the explicit terms of the contract of Pombier's in '59. It is rather a curious inconsistency in the article in question, that in itself furnishes ample evidence that the unity of Italy was not part of the practical programme of the Moderate party. 'Cavour,' we are told, founded in 1847 with his friends, Cesare Balbo, Santa Rosa, Buoncampagni, Castelli, and other men of moderate constitutional views, the *Risorgimento*, of which he became the editor; and the principles of the new periodical were announced to be 'independence of Italy, union between the princes,' and the people's progress in the path of reform, and a league between the Italian States." Again, after saying that it was Ricasoli and the leaders of the constitutional party who recalled (in '49) the Grand Ducal family to Tuscany, and that Geoberti proposed the return of the Pope to Rome, the writer goes on to say, "It was an immense advantage to the restored princes to have been thus brought back by the most intelligent and moderate of their subjects. All that the wisest and most influential men in Italy asked, was a federal union of the different states in the Peninsula, upon a liberal and constitutional basis, from which even the House of Austria was not to be excluded."

I must trouble you with one more quotation. At the Conference of Paris in 1855, after the Crimean war, Piedmont was represented by Cavour, who brought before the assembled statesmen the condition of Italy, but unable to enter fully into the Italian question, he addressed two state papers on it to Lord Clarendon. His plan—at any rate, for the temporary settlement of the question—was a confederation of Italian States with constitutional institutions, and a guaranty of complete independence from the direct interference and influence of Austria; and the secularization of the legations with a lay vicar under the suzerainty of the Pope. At that time he would have been even willing to acquiesce in the occupation of Lombardy by Austria, had she bound herself to keep within the limits of the treaty of 1815.

Now you can not, I think, have failed to note the glaring inconsistency of these praises of what is called the moderation of Cavour, with the assumption to him and to his party of the whole credit of Italian unity, and the theory, now too prevalent, that no other party has contributed any thing but follies and excesses, impediments, not aids, to the accomplishment of the great task. I believe such ideas to be as profoundly ungenerous and unjust as they are evidently self-contradictory, and I believe that they will be adjudged by history to be, so far as they are in any degree in good faith, superficial, partial, and utterly incapable of serving as any explanation of the method of the evolution of the great problem of Italian nationality.

Now let another witness be called into court, the late Prime Minister of Italy, Farina, on the authority of the Turin Times correspondent, who wrote September 12, 1861: "You have not forgotten that in the Jemilia, Farina used, with great bitterness, to complain of the worthlessness of the Moderate party in time of trial and strife."*—*From "Garibaldi and Italian Unity" by Lieut.-Col. Chambers, 1864.*

** Count Cavour wrote from Paris in 1866 to M. Rattazzi the following "I have seen Mr. Manin. He is a very good man, but he always talks about the unity of Italy, and such other tomfooleries." Also La Larina, Cavour's agent in Italy in 1860, published in that year the following explanation of his differences with General Garibaldi:—He stated, "I believed, and still believe, that the only salvation for Sicily is the constitutional government of Victor Emanuel." This explanation was published before Garibaldi crossed to the main land; and had Cavour gained his point, and obtained annexation, the kingdom of Naples would now have been under Bourbon rule.*

END.

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