

THE  
**ROMAN SOPRANO:**

—OR, THE—

**CAPTAIN OF THE SWISS GUARD.**

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BY CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.  
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# THE ROMAN SOPRANO.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE TWO FRIENDS.

It was a lovely evening in the latter portion of the month of March—but that March was an Italian one. The fresh winds of a Roman spring came across the intervening houses, laden with the perfumes stolen from the choice exotics and rare shrubs flourishing in the gardens of the palace inhabited by the wealthy banker, Torlogna. A broad and beautiful amber covered the heaven which was spread over the roofs of the Eternal City, and stole in with the reflex of the setting sun, through the large and plated windows of the Barberini Cafe.

Two young men were seated at a table in one of these windows, engaged in earnest conversation. A bottle of Lacryma Christi stood before them; but it was more than half full, while their glasses were empty. Cigars, too, were lying beside them; but the light in one of them was extinguished, while the faint streak of smoke which from time to time curled from the other, intimated that it was about to follow the example. Their conversation had, for the moment, overpowered their love for the weed.

"You can have no idea," said the first, who was very evidently a young military man, "how much I suffer, and am still suffering, from this idle fancy."

"But you are not ill," replied the other; "on the contrary, your eyes glow, and your cheeks burn with a fair augury of your reaching your hundredth year."

This gentleman was a dashing young fellow, and was attired with an extravagant simplicity. He might have seemed to be a Roman nobleman, did we not invite our readers to listen to his accent; this betrayed him to be a Piedmontese. In fact, we will at once make him acquainted with them. His name was Bernardo Della Torre, and he had been for the last two months residing in Rome, where the wealth of his father—a Genoese merchant, who was known to be enormously rich—had given him an endorsement which procured him the admission into the best society.

"O, yes; they glow and burn enough!" answered the first speaker. "In fact, I am burn-

ing from head to foot. But it is all right; you are my star of luck."

"How, Guilio?"

"You always have such capital ideas. But, Bernardo, I am about to trust you with everything. You are the first man to whom I have said anything of my adventure; but you are a good fellow, and an honest friend. I don't mind telling you the whole of it, Bernardo."

"Well, well, Guilio; explain yourself."

"You remember the Jew?"

"What Jew?"

"Him whom I saved, some weeks since, from a broad-shouldered and thick-fisted scoundrel, who was tormenting him in the street leading to the Ghetto, and who would, apparently,—but that it was somewhat too early for such an operation,—have rejoiced in relieving him of his purse, which, you may presume, was tolerably well lined with scudi."

"Yes, I remember him; but how on earth, Guilio, could a Jew mix himself up with thy fancies?"

"Who said that it was a Jew, Bernardo?"

"You did."

"Nonsense, man!—it is a Jewess, or an angel, of whom I am about to speak."

"A Jewess! Ho! ho!" said Bernardo, "that is a very different affair."

"Ah! how your cheeks flush, and your brow crimson with pleasure. But, Bernardo, the first discoverer of a treasure ought to be its lawful possessor."

"And so you shall be. However, let us have your tale."

"Well—take it. It is but a few days since that I was wandering in one of my dreamy moods near the Ghetto, when I came close to the entrance of that filthy, but wealthy quarter of the city. I should scarcely have observed it, had not the soldier, who stood on duty at the gate, presented arms. I looked up, and passed my hand to the brow of my helmet mechanically, but, as I did so, I chanced to catch a glance of a group of beautiful and black-eyed girls, who were standing in the narrow street."

"Jewesses!"

"Of course. Their flashing black eyes and raven hair might at once have settled that question. No sooner had I seen them than I determined upon entering."

"I could have sworn it," said Bernardo.

"Such a curious place as it was. 'Bereschit Bara Eshchim' was heard from this window,

while 'Come buy, come and buy,' was shouted in my ears from the one below it. However, trade had the best of the day—religion only came in second. The houses almost jostled each other across the way—it would have been no great difficulty for them to do so—in their desire to find a purchaser. Around me, at the shop-windows, hung old clothes, umbrellas, paintings, pots, tin pans, and worn out gowns. Have you ever been in Inghilterra?"

"Never."

"I was going to say that it was a complete 'rag fair,' on a more extensive scale. Well, I passed on among iron ware and tinsel, rags and dirt of every description, while my ears were half stannned with 'What will you buy? Eccellenza! Look here! Eccellenza! This is very cheap! What do you want? Eccellenza?' I could not even pause to notice a pair of beautiful and dark-eyed children who laughed at me from one of the doors, without having a faded coat thrust under my nose by a red-whiskered dealer in frippery, who informed me that I might have it for twelve scudi. I rubbed my head. He instantly dropped one of them, and then another; and had I chosen to bargain with him, I believe I might have had the coat, and a couple of waistcoats, too, for a brace of scudi. It was a wandering Pulci might have written marvels of, when, all at once, an aged Jew emerged from a doorway, and bowed himself to the ground before me. If I had been the Holy Father, he could not have shown me greater reverence. 'Eccellenza!' he uttered; 'thrice noble saviour of my life, blessed be the hour in which I saw you!' I stared at him. Who the deuce was he? And, as he proceeded to pour forth a long rigmarole, which I did not half understand and cannot at all remember, I gradually recalled him to my recollection."

"Your acquaintance?" asked Bernardo.

"You are right. 'Here is my humble dwelling,' he continued, 'but how can I ask you to do me the honor of crossing its threshold!' He commenced kissing my hands and dress. I wanted to get away, for the whole population of the Ghetto seemed to have crowded into the narrow street for the express purpose of looking at us. But, just as I was going to release my hands and turn from him, I chanced to cast my eyes upon the house, and—"

"Saw a couple of black sparklers; raven hair; red lips; rosy cheeks—"

"You are quite wrong, Bernardo. I saw the

fairest and most beautiful head that I have ever seen. Its blue eyes might have mirrored the very heavens of which I could but catch a long, thin strip through the projecting eaves. I needed no more pressing; the old man had invited me to enter, and, without any ceremony, I stepped into his dwelling. The passage was dark and narrow, and the stone steps, which led to the wooden gallery around the central court, were particularly adapted to teach people the advisability of circumspection in their mode of progression. We at last entered a long and low room. This did not seem so much amiss; but the girl was not there. Then the antique commodity who was with me poured forth a quantity of gratitude in Eastern similes, which would have charmed a poet. I did not care a quarter of a paolo for them. She will come at last, thought I to myself. Still she came, not. Meanwhile, the old Jew had started an idea, which you, probably,—abominable spendthrift,—would have hailed with rapture. I might occasionally want money, yet have no great superabundance of it. Consequently, I might have need to fly to compassionate souls, who donated their love to me at a varying percentage of thirty to fifty: So he told me—it is a miracle, I admit, but you have it from him to whom the offer was made—he would lend me money without taking any percentage at all."

"You accepted it; pulled out your port-fenille, filled up a blank stamp, and—"

"Not at all, caro mio!" responded Guilio, with a light laugh, "I did not want money."

"But I always did, and always do," said Bernardo. "Give me the address, my friend, of the benevolent old money-changer."

"He is no money-changer, Bernardo; but let me go on with my story. He next asked me to taste his wine. I scarcely know what reply I made him; but this I do know, that he went into the adjoining room, and returned, accompanied by one of the loveliest maidens I have ever looked upon. The light of her beauty filled the gloomy chamber, and almost blinded me. Her hair was as soft and as fair as the finest and palest thread spun by the silk worm; her blue eyes swam and flashed like diamonds. But, what are you smacking your lips at?" he inquired curiously.

"At your description, Guilio."

"She filled my glass with some splendid wine of Cyprus—at least, so it seemed to me, as I

tasted it beneath her eyes. You should have heard her speak, when she thanked me for my kindness to the old man. It did not seem as if he were her father. Her voice was like a rush of marvellous and heavenly music; then she vanished. The old man remained. On the table, the flask and glass were still standing; but all around was dark."

"Bravo, post!" cried Bernardo.

"You do not know how, since that moment, I have tormented myself; how I have moulded a thousand schemes, and then again destroyed them, for meeting this daughter of Jerusalem. I went two days after to borrow money, which I had never wanted. I took fifty scudi from old Isaac, for a week, but she was not there. On the third morning I returned to him, with his own money unchanged. He, Jew-like, not having so entirely relied upon my boasted honesty, smiled, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. I went into ecstasies with his wine of Cyprus, and he produced me a second bottle; she, however, did not appear; it was he who poured it out for me with his meagre and trembling hand. I peered into every corner, but she was not to be seen. At length I was forced to leave him. As I went down the steps, I looked up at the house, and it seemed to me that a curtain, which hung across the window where I had first seen her, moved. A rose dropped at my feet, and I picked it up. 'Adieu, signora,' I exclaimed. All was, however, still; not even a stray curl floated from behind the green silk. And now, Bernardo, I cannot and will not give her up. What am I to do? Strike out a brilliant idea for me. Amico mio! Be to me as the Venus who led Dido and Aeneas into the lonely grotto."

Bernardo laughed.

"What is it that you would have me do?" he asked.

"Anything and everything."

"Pshaw! try and talk common sense."

"The Hebrew is a most beautiful language; a poetical picture-world."

"What of it?"

"Study it, Bernardo."

"Study it!"

"Yes. I have no taste for learning. Take the old Jew for your teacher, and I'll pay for the lessons. Old Isaac belongs to the more learned portion of the Ghetto. When you have won him, you can make the acquaintance of his daughter. Then you can introduce me—"

"After I am head-over-heels in love with her. You are mad, Guilio!"

"To be sure, I am."

"I have not the slightest inclination to deal with the dead languages."

"I forgot that, entirely."

"Besides, I am no scholar."

"O, that matters nothing."

"And, besides all this, never was, and what is more, never will be a student."

"What, then, will you do for me?"

"I will tell you to-morrow, when I have thought over the matter. At present, Guilio, let the matter drop. Finish the *Lacryma*." He lifted the bottle, and filled his own glass. "Smoke out your cigar, or order fresh ones; these are burnt out; and then we will go to the Aliberto. The new soprano makes her first appearance to-night."

As he said this, Bernardo emptied his glass, leaned back in his chair and yawned; the truth was, his companion had somewhat wearied him.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE UNPOPULAR MANAGER—THE BROTHERS.

It was in the Teatro Aliberto that a great musical event was on that evening to come off. This was the *debut* of a new vocalist. In the North we can have no idea of the sensation provoked by such a chance in the warmer and more ideal South. Italy is the land of song, and it was in Italy that the new singing-bird was to make her appearance. The amateurs of Rome were, consequently, in a fever of anticipation; nothing was talked of but the approaching event; was it to be a success or a failure? The manager was no great favorite, and it may easily, therefore, be divined which way public opinion tended. This, however, made no difference on the attendance in the Aliberto; the theatre was crammed to repletion. Above the audience, rose the magnificent ceiling, with its hovering muses floating, as it seemed, in an azure sea, on which the glorious sun appeared reflected in gushes of golden light; the curtain, with all its painted *Olympians*, and the gilt arabesques on the boxes, were then entirely new. In each of these last, lights were burning, and illuminated the world of loveliness which filled them. Della Torre, with his friend and two other gentlemen, were sitting in a box, near the stage, upon the second tier.

The overture commenced; and to this the audience seemed to listen simply for the pleasure of finding fault with the musicians. The unpopularity of a manager is generally visited upon the shoulders of the artists who are engaged by him.

"What an atrocious trombone is that," said one.

"I think it actually heavenly when I compare it with those villainous trumpets," ejaculated another.

"You mean the horns; they are, in truth, execrable," said Della Torre.

"Nay! they are well enough when you only rank them," muttered Guilio, "with the double bases."

"Or the tenors."

"Or the first violins. They are playing false, now!" exclaimed Bernardo, pressing his hands to his ears as he spoke.

No one was spared by these critics but the drummer; he was in the regiment of Swiss Guards, belonging to the Pope. Guilio Castelli held the rank of captain in the same regiment.

At length the overture was at an end, and the curtain rose. First came the chorus, which

public opinion had long since decided, was miserable; then came the baritone, who really was not so good as Ronconi. He was joined by the tenor, who had a beautiful voice, and sung with more than ordinary ability. He used it in the style of Duprey, and chancing to fail that night on the attempt to reach his highest note from his chest, the unfortunate vocalist was hissed. All this was to be laid on the back of the manager. Fortunately, it was a sufficiently broad one. Then the scene changed, and the *debutante* made her appearance. She stood on the stage before her judges—a delicate and graceful creature, infinitely beautiful and intellectual in the character of her physiognomy. Long, fair hair—we had almost grown poetical and said, like woven sunbeams—was braided round her exquisite and gracefully-shapen brow. Her eye was full of intense and rapt expression; her whole face was such as Delaroche might have dreamed of for one of his Madonnas. A loud outbreak of stormy applause was suddenly heard; it was to beauty, and beauty only, that the homage was tendered, for as yet she had not sung a note. A crimson flush bathed her cheek and brow, and colored her whole neck and bosom, as she bent before that expression of popular admiration; then with a timid, but beautiful, accentuation, she commenced her recitative.

During the first few moments after her appearance, Giulio had been staring at her as fixedly as if his whole soul were absorbed in the contemplation of her singular loveliness. Then, as the first accents of her voice stole on his ears, the spell which had bound him seemed to break, and he turned round, and clutched his friend eagerly by the shoulder.

"Bernardo!"

"Well, what the deuce is the matter?" muttered Della Torre, impatiently, as he released his shoulder from Castelli's impatient clutch. "Cannot you allow me to listen to this new nightingale?"

"That nightingale is mine, Della Torre," answered Castelli.

"Yours!"

"She, whom I told you of."

"Nonsense! care."

"I tell you that it is; she is my birdling. Yes, I cannot be wrong. The very voice is hers, too; how well I remember it; and yet it must be impossible. She surely cannot be the same."

Here an impatient murmur rose from the parquette, which compelled him to silence. Then her voice, which had been slowly gathering courage through the recitative, burst into song, and poured forth in a gush of melody, all of that wondrous and pure emotion which, borne upon the wings of sound, escapes from the human breast. It was a burning passion which found utterance from her lips, and rose towards the ceiling of the theatre as if to invoke the muses, whose painted eyes were turned upon the stage. Then the last long and lingering note fell upon the ears of the audience, and, as it did so, through the whole of the house rang an universal exclamation; her triumph was complete.

It will be unnecessary to follow her through the rest of that evening; suffice it to say, that her duet with the tenor was declared by the *Diario de Roma*, which was published two days after, to be "absolutely perfect and incomparable," and that when the curtain fell, she had achieved a triumph, and stamped her image upon the passionate and impressible heart of the Roman public.

"Anna! Anna la bella! Bellissima Anna! Anna! Anna incomparabile!" were the cries that rung for some minutes through the Aliberto. Then the curtain arose, and she stood on the stage, crimson with excitement, and bending with timidity. Flowers rained upon her; she pressed her hands upon her bosom, and then the curtain fell. It must rise again. "Anna! Anna la bella!" again was roared by its thousand mouths through the whole of the vast saloon. Again she appeared, and this time with the tenor who had been hissed. The audience, however, were convulsed with enthusiasm. Yet, again and again, they shouted for her, and when she for the last time appeared, the stage was literally, as it might seem, heaped with a floral altar, which had been reared to the enchantress of the night.

Wearied out with their verbiage, her name was at length shouted no longer, and Anna Brigni—for such was the name of the triumphant vocalist—was allowed to return to her dressing-room. The crowd had quitted the theatre. Not yet, however, was the popular ovation completed, for they surged around the building to the stage-door, at which a carriage was waiting for her. Among them were the young Castelli, and the son of the Genoese merchant.

"Take out the horses!" screeched a rough

voice from the crowd, and, in another instant, a score or two of excited young men had crowded around them, determined to drag her home.

It was in vain that the *veturino* remonstrated. The horses were almost instantly removed, and as they were so, "la bella Anna" emerged from the door of the theatre. She paused almost in affright, as Della Torre sprang through the crowd, and addressed her.

"Bella signora," he said to her, "be not frightened by the homage which is offered you. These madcaps only mean to do you honor. Be pleased to accept their tribute of admiration."

He took her by the hand, and led her unresistingly towards the carriage. Still trembling, she entered it. Della Torre mounted on its steps in order to re-assure her, and to have the pleasure of still gazing into her matchless eyes, for the moon was at its full, and flooded the streets with a whiter light than that of day. Then the maddened crowd of her admirers dragged the carriage, its driver, "la bella Anna," and Bernardo, to her home.

Giulio gazed after her, and followed amongst the crowd. He saw his friend hand her from the carriage into the house where it had stopped; the door closed upon them. Then the mob gradually receded from it, leaving the unfortunate attendant to dismount, and return to find his horses. What did they care for the driver?

One, however, still lingered. It need scarcely be said that this was Giulio; an undefinable jealousy was burning within him. His friend—yes, it was his friend who had entered with her. Probably, they were even then in conversation; on that very moment he might be pouring forth his love to her. As these thoughts crossed his mind, the door a second time opened, and Della Torre descended the steps of the house. Giulio crossed towards him.

"What are you here?" said his friend, as he took the young man's arm, without noticing the pang which passed through his whole frame.

"Yes. Tell me what you now think of my lovely bit of Judaism."

"Caro mio, you are dreaming," answered Della Torre. "In the first place, she cannot be a Jewess. Had you only observed her one half as closely as I have done, you would have been

convinced that hers is not Jewish blood. Her features are far too purely Italian; her light hair and blue eyes have not the slightest trace in them of that unhappy race; her speech and accent, too—"

"Then you have talked with her, Bernardo?"

"Of course."

"And of what?" asked Giulio.

"Why, of what should I talk, but of her success, and her unexampled brilliancy; her superb talents; the enthusiasm of the audience, as well as my own."

"And then—"

"I said that I should not so far presume on the slight service which I had rendered her, as to imagine that I had become an acquaintance, until I could legitimize my knowledge of her by a more formal introduction."

"And then—"

"Why then! inquisitore mio, I made my bow, and with it took my departure."

"You admire her?"

"Would it be possible not to do so?"

"Bernardo," said the young Roman, in a sharp and hurried manner, "whether la bella Brigni be a Jewess or not, she is the same girl I saw at old Isaac's, in the Ghetto. I love her, and love her with my whole heart. It is not, and cannot be, my friend, Bernardo Della Torre, who intends now to stand between me and her."

"You are dreaming, very surely," replied the Genoese, as they reached the palace, in whose dismantled glories the lodgings were then situated, and he turned abruptly beneath its broad and marble gateway. "Adieu, carissimo!"

Castelli saw him enter, and with a convulsive action of rage, clenched his hands as he did so. He then turned away, muttering to himself, "And such is friendship!"

Wrapped in his own angry thoughts, he strode along to his quarters in the Vatican, for Giulio Castelli was an officer in the Papal Guard. An illegitimate son of the Prince Borghese, he had been attended by a singular luck on his entrance into life. He was loved not alone by his princely parent, but was also the cherished and bosom friend of his actual brother, the younger Borghese. The princess, indeed, regarded him with scant favor; but this was nothing, or counted for nothing in the scale. His father had pushed

him, at an early age, into the Swiss Guards of the Pope, where he now held the rank of captain, and his brother had taken him by the hand and introduced him into fashionable life. From the first, he had an ample allowance. What was wanting was made up at rare intervals—for Castelli was no spendthrift according to the common acceptance of the term—by a word or two from the second to the banker, Torlogna. Consequently, his purse was never empty; while, singularly enough, the spot upon his birth in no way interfered with his standing in society. Supported by his family connections, that man must have been very sure of his own position, who would have ventured either to breathe a slur upon his character, or on account of his birth, to put a slight upon the young officer.

As he opened the door of his chamber, a young man, who was slight in person, and attired in the extreme of fashion, looked up from the chair on which he was sitting, and said:

"So you are here at last, Guilio. I have waited for you for the last hour. Where have you been?"

"My good Federigo," uttered the young officer, as he bent forward and kissed the brow of his brother, for it was the Borghese who had been waiting for him, "why did you not tell me that you wished to see me? You know me too well to doubt that I should have hastened homewards."

"How could I have told you what, some four hours earlier I did not know myself. I have this evening been to the opera, Guilio, and am—"

"Say it not! Borghese; or thrice miserable shall I find myself to have lost not only a friend, but to lose my brother on the score of my unhappy passion."

Federigo Borghese stared upon Guilio as if he could not comprehend him.

"What is the matter, my poor boy?" he said, as he lifted his hand and swept back the clustering curls from his brother's brow. "I come here simply to tell you that I had determined upon bestowing my tediousness upon you for the rest of the evening, when you declare that you are 'thrice miserable,' and end by talking of 'your unhappy passion.' What does it all mean, Guilio?"

The young man bent his brow upon his out-

spread hands; flung himself on a chair beside his brother, and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"Child!" continued Federigo, as he drew away one of Castelli's hands, "this is foolish. Tears belong to woman; they are her only weapon. But when a soldier weeps, pshaw! Were you not my brother, I would tell you that you must be a coward!"

"A coward!" answered Guilio, raising his eyes, flashing with a sombre light through the tears that still stood in them. "No! Federigo, you know that I am no coward. But, Federigo, for the first time in my life—"

"Which has scarcely been so very long an existence; has it?"

"I am in love."

"Good!—we shall now understand the matter. I have been in love four or five times. I—no. I never remember weeping. I have endured 'la belle passion.' With whom is it, Guilio?"

The question was sufficient to loosen the lips of the young Castelli, and he poured forth the whole of his brief love-dream into the ears of his brother.

"And is this all?"

"Yes, all!"

"Well, Guilio, your habit of painting every chance with the palette of a Rembrandt, has misled you. I do not love Della Torre, and have always regretted that you should have made him so constantly your companion; but how you could have dreamed that his chance acquaintanceship with the Brigni argued a passion for her appears incomprehensible to me. Love in modern times is not the passion engendered by a moment, which poets and—"

"Mine was, Federigo."

The prince felt he was wrong. However, he did not own this, but entered upon a learned examination of the nature of love which we will not inflict upon our readers, begging them to remember that the noble lecturer was barely twenty-two years of age, and this, the more especially, as the termination of it was the only portion to which Guilio listened with interest.

"Wait until the morning, my boy. Torlogna shall introduce both of us, and we shall soon see whether the signora does not prefer the admiration of the best blood in Rome to that of a Piedmontese money-bag."

"But I, prince, am—"

"One of us. What the deuce, Guilio, if your mother was nobody, a Borghese was beyond any question your father. Look in the mirror; if the relation be not apparent, tell me that I am a fool, and forswear my friendship!"

As he said this he had caught Guilio round the waist, and dragged him in front of a large glass which was set into the walls of the apartment. The light of a lamp which hung from the ceiling fell upon them. As the two brothers gazed upon their reflection upon its polished surface, a mutual and passionate feeling of brotherhood rushed over them; the same chestnut hair swept in long and glossy curls around the brow of either; the same faint and silken mous-

tache curled around their upper lips; the same dark, full and glowing eyes flashed from either forehead. Almost alike in stature,—Borghese was somewhat taller,—youth and beauty, they gazed upon the mirror. Then they turned to each other; the prince opened his arms, and Guilio rushed into them.

"Is it agreed, my brother?"

"Yes, my own Federigo! But Torlogna—"

"What of him?"

"Does he know her?"

"If not, I will give him twenty-four hours to make her acquaintance. Never fear. His new title wants to be accredited; he will do anything I ask him."



### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BRIGNI AND THE BEGGAR.

THE banker, Torlogna, had done all that the young Borghese had required of him; he had presented the two young men to the enchantress who had crazed all musical Rome, to the intense disgust of that portion of it which was immersed in the politics of the papacy, and who kindly consigned her and her adorers to the lowest pit of purgatory, as the slightest possible reparation for her popularity and their madness.

If a group chanced to be standing before the Laocoon, they were not lost in admiration of that marvellous piece of sculpture—they were talking of the new soprano; if you wandered in the Coliseum at midnight, and stumbled over two friends, they were speaking of "la bella Brigni." Did you stand in the nave of St. Peter's during the hours of morning mass, you might count upon hearing her name ten times in a minute, at the very least, from those who passed near you. What wonder was it, that one of the most pious of all the cardinals—member, though he was, of the Borghese family,—expressed his astonishment that the cupola did not fall, and extinguish, for the moment, her name and their admiration!

If the Brigni drove out, her carriage was surrounded and followed by the whole of equestrian Rome. The young Colonnas would be on one side; Borghese and his brother—when the latter was not on duty—would be upon the other.

Della Torre, and scores of the fashionable idlers in the capital of modern Italy, would swell out the cavalcade. If she went to purchase half a yard of cambric, her cortege would give you the idea of a regal procession. When she passed her handkerchief over her brow, the beggar who stood in the Piazza del Popolo murmured a blessing. Once she threw a paolo to a poor cripple, and the gold and silver that rained upon him from the hands of her admirers, made him a wealthy man.

Amongst them, however, were two who had the envy of all the rest of young Rome; indeed, we might have said three, for there were few who had the chance of seeing the distinction which she drew between the Borghese, with his brother, and Bernardo Della Torre. To the three, she was always "at home;" but within her apartments, a very clear and tangible distinction existed.

From the first moment that she knew Guilio, she had liked him; and when he was presented to her by Torlogna, she told him, with a winning rankness, that there was no necessity for his procuring an introduction; and that she should have been glad to have welcomed him as one to whom she had been personally indebted. As yet, however, he had never been alone with her, and had not found an opportunity to solve what was still

a riddle to him—her connection with the Jew, Isaac. With the young prince, she was perfectly frank and open; she treated him also as a friend; whilst Della Torre was no more than an acquaintance.

No sooner had Guilio seen and felt this, than he at once forgave and forgot that which he had fancied. The friendship of the young is broken with such facility, and re-united with such ease, that it would seem in the majority of instances to be more an intimacy, and a casual one, than that abiding association which is shapen in maturer years. Be this as it may, they were once more friends; they wasted their time upon each other, and spoke mutually of their feelings—at least, Guilio did so, whilst Della Torre counseled him from the man he called, and who was generally considered, his friend. Borghese had seen this intimacy re-unite, and had mentioned it to Guilio a few days after they had been presented to the Signora Brigni, with something like a reproach, and Guilio had evaded a reply, for during the last few days a strange feeling had crept over him.

It seemed to Guilio that the fair vocalist had accepted the homage tendered by his brother to her talent and beauty with too prompt a readiness. To his jealous eye—for when was the eye of love other than a jealous one—it appeared that the Borghese submitted too implicitly to her influence. He would have repelled the thought; but exert himself as he might it would return upon him. Once his vague suspicions had impelled him to question Federigo; unfortunately, he had recoiled from doing so.

A week had now passed; and the Brigni had so clearly established her position, that the mansions of the Roman nobility were already opening to her.

A grand soiree had been given at the Borghese palace. Garlands, covered with pitch, burned before the mansion; the torches, which had been borne before the carriages of the guests, were stuck into iron brackets against the wall, which seemed covered with one huge cascade of fire. The gardens were covered with bright and parti-colored lamps. In the corners of the landing-places, on the grand staircase, stood orange trees bending under the last year's fruit, which stood yellow and thickly upon them.

The Brigni was on this occasion splendidly beautiful. Her hair was plainly dressed, but its silken tresses were, in the eyes of the young, fairer than the most costly tiara of diamonds;

her white satin dress, which was trimmed with rich lace, became her admirably. As she entered the saloon, the old Prince Borghese saluted her, and led her forward to present her to the princess. Federigo placed a chair for her, and bent over her, laughing and smiling. She had passed Guilio without even noticing where he stood. Federigo beckoned to him; but he turned angrily away, and, as he did so, felt a slight pressure on his arm. He looked up.

"Jealous-paté!" whispered Della Torre, "only see how it is. When I had a first interview with her, you would have cut my throat if I had given you a fair chance! She smiles on Federigo Borghese, and you—"

"Bernardo!"

"O, of course, I know you would not think of cutting his throat—the throat of your father's son! Certainly not, mio caro. But—"

"Your jests are not to my taste, Signor Della Torre!" said Castella sharply; and turning away he crossed the saloon.

Della Torre followed him, and they emerged upon the battery, which overlooked the principal court. Castella leaned over the railings, and turned his head from his companion.

"Which were best?" muttered Bernardo to himself. "A quarrel can easily be made. But no! Borghese would be a most dangerous rival." And as the murmured tones died away, he leaned beside Castella.

"Dear Guilio!" he said, as he threw his arm around the neck of the young man, "listen to me. When I first saw this woman, I fancied that I was in love with her. I disguise it not. You were right in feeling angry with me, for on the first impulse I was a traitor to you."

"Indeed!" murmured Castella.

"But what were my sins against you, in comparison with those of your own brother? Of course, he sees your passion for her, although you, in all probability, have told him nothing."

"I have—I have, Della Torre."

A fierce expression of triumph flashed from the eyes of the Piedmontese.

"He knows it all."

"Then he is—but, Heaven forgive me, I must not say everything. He is your own brother, my own Guilio!—he is the son of your father."

The young man remained silent.

"You must endeavor to forget her."

"I cannot."



"Nay, Guilio, but you must! Think how greatly you have been indebted to the kindness of the Borghese family; to the old prince you owe everything; your very birth is—"

"One of his kindnesses," broke out Castelli. "Yes, truly I owe him all; you are right; yes, you are right," and with a violent oath, he released himself from the arm of Bernardo, strode along the battery, and entered the saloon at its further end. As he did so, he did not hear the mocking laugh which rang from the lips of his late companion.

At the request of the princess, the Brigni was about to sing and the whole of the company in those vast saloons were silent in expectation. A skilful musician was seated at the piano. Beside him stood the soprano, and at no great distance from her stood the young Borghese. In his present temper, it appeared to Guilio, that the whole expression of his face breathed and spoke of love. The musician touched the keys and played a brief prelude, after which her matchless voice broke into song. A change came over the wayward spirit of the listener. As Guilio listened to her, the suspicion which had previously agitated him, melted from his soul. He remembered every word of kindness she had breathed to him; he retraced the brotherly love which had bound him to one whom he had so lately fancied his rival; he denounced himself for those suspicions which were swept away and obliterated in the rush of that wondrous voice; he had already drawn nearer to her. Then he thought of the first time he had ever seen her, and called to mind the pressure of those taper fingers when he had first visited her under the wing of Torlogna. Still he drew nearer; all his jealousy had passed away; he was again the willing slave of her beauty and her song. Long ere she had concluded, he had bent his way, silently and almost timidly, towards her, and found himself standing side by side with his brother. Federigo nodded to him, and smiled as Guilio took his hand and pressed it—the one was listening to her with the ear of a musician, the other heard her through the soul of a lover.

As she concluded the aria which she had been singing, there was a general and rapturous

murmur of applause. The Princess Borghese rose, leaned forward, and pressed her lips to the cheek of the Brigni.

"What would I not give," said the Banker Torlogna, "to purchase such a kiss?"

"They may not be bought, old money-broker," murmured Federigo, in his ear.

She had dropped her handkerchief. Guilio stooped, picked it up, and stepping forward, presented it to her.

As she saw him, a slight flush colored her cheek.

"I thank you, signor; I fancied my friend had deserted me, for I had not seen you."

There was such an indescribable accent of kindness in her voice; something which chid him so sweetly and unconsciously for his suspicions, that Guilio colored beneath her glance.

"Signora," he replied, "I have been present since you first entered the saloon."

A slight laugh caught his ear; he felt that it was the laugh of Della Torre.

"And what excuse can he offer me, prince?" she said, turning to the younger Borghese, "for putting upon me so gross a neglect as this?"

"None," answered Federigo, gazing upon Castelli, "unless it were that possibly he feared to intrude upon the time which was so pleasantly occupied in listening to the praises and receiving the flatteries of others."

An hour afterwards, Guilio accompanied the Brigni to her carriage. After handing her in with the elderly lady, whose chaperonage protected her from malevolent rumors in the almost universal laxity of Italian manners, she bent forward to him and said:

"Were it not for the reproaches I should incur for dragging you away from your friends, I might perhaps have asked you to accompany us."

Scarcely had the words quitted her lips, than the lover bounded into the carriage.

"Signora, I accept your invitation ere you have well breathed it," and, in the next instant, the carriage was rolling out of the court-yard of the Borghese palace, while he was sitting in it, gazing upon those beautiful eyes which beamed upon him from the darkness that almost immediately surrounded them.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JEWISH CHARITY AND CHRISTIAN LOVE.

A DELICIOUS little supper was that which awaited Castelli—for he found himself almost alone, for the first time, in the society of her whom he adored, as the old lady, true to her functions as a chaperone "of necessity," ate and drank, and scarcely uttered a single word.

A hundred questions which he longed to put to the musical syren flashed across his mind; but he was alike unable to muster the courage either for framing or uttering them. "Were Della Torre or Federigo in my place," he thought, "how soon would the queries be put to her which are hovering on my tongue. Why is it that I cannot speak?" Then he would make up his mind to do so; but no sooner did he look up and meet her eyes, than the words which he had just framed seemed to die upon his tongue.

At length the supper was terminated, and Anna laid her hand gently upon his arm; the touch thrilled through him.

"You wish to ask me something," she said. "Why is it that you will not do so?"

"It is my doubt, signora, in how far your kindness may pardon the impertinence of my query, that prevents my giving it an utterance."

"If so, you must let me tell you what you

wish to know, without exposing you to the chance of a reproof."

Castelli thanked her with his eyes.

"Your glances have so often questioned me, that I feel I shall not be comfortable until you know the whole of my little history. You have imagined that I was a Jewess?"

The young Roman bowed in assent.

"It is not so; although I am indebted to a Jew for that kindness which but few Christians would have shown to an unfriended child. My father was a scholar, and dwelt in Bologna, where he occupied the chair of modern languages in the university. The Rabbi Isaac is also a singular master of the modern tongues. Chance made them acquainted. As you perhaps may know, the learned have not those prejudices which are so common in the rest of Italy—religious prejudices. Their acquaintance ripened into esteem; that esteem alternately became a warm friendship. My father died while I was no more than a mere child. He had not shown that care over his worldly affairs which he had expended upon the duties of his position. The world knew nothing of the existence of my mother and myself—how or why should it trouble about us?"

"And had you no relatives?—none whom purely personal considerations might have forced to assist you?"

"O, yes; my parent wrote to her only brother, who was a married man; he sent her ten scudi."

"The abominable wretch!" ejaculated Guilio.

"But these ten scudi were accompanied by an admirable letter of advice; that is to say, it would have been admirable could she but have followed it. She wept bitterly. I saw her weep, and cried with her; then I jumped up and clapped my hands together. My mother dried her eyes, and looked at me.

"Why do you not write to the man with the black eyes and long beard, who came so often to see my father?" I asked, impulsively.

"She knew whom I meant, thought a little, and then did so. Five days after, Isaac arrived in Bologna. He sold off all the furniture, and brought us back with him to Rome. We now lived in the Ghetto. It was four years after this, that my mother died. After my tears had begun of themselves to dry—for I was still, scarcely more than a child,—Isaac spoke with me. He told me that he considered me as his daughter, but that he was far from being wealthy. Learning can rarely gather wealth. Moreover, I was a Christian, and he gave me to understand that I must not marry a Jew."

"The excellent old man!"

"It would consequently be necessary for me to do something to ensure my future. I then had a beautiful voice, whatever it may now be, and it was his advice that I should cultivate it. But he did more than to advise this. He placed me under the care of a Christian lady,—she is now sitting beside us,—and sent me for the following three years to Florence to study, under the tuition of Ronconi. Twice a year he came to see me, for the purpose of settling our expenses, and the result is as you have seen. Is he not a noble man?"

"One of God's own making," was the impetuous and very un-Italian-like answer of Castelli.

While she had continued speaking, he had listened to her with a strange feeling of delight. One bar in their union, which he had hitherto believed irremovable, gradually dissolved between them; and as she finished, he felt that they already stood nearer to each other. She was of the same creed as himself, and adored in the same temples, which were open for his own

worship. An irrepressible gladness enfolded his soul; he would then have opened his heart to her, and had he done so, how great a sorrow would have been saved to them both. But, bolt upright at his left hand, sat the Christian dame, to whose supervision Isaac had entrusted her, and the chill of her presence was upon both of them, although Anna was as yet unconscious of it, for she was as yet in heart no more than a child—we, of course, mean an Italian child. Castelli's mouth was consequently closed.

His eyes, however, fell upon her, and there was a burning light in them which could not be mistaken, and her's sank before them. He felt that in that look he had told her all his love, and that she had listened to him. What a pity it was that he could not conquer his liver-like shame-facedness, and tell her all that was then struggling within him.

Happiness generally comes to an end more rapidly than sorrow. The old lady passed her hand up to her mouth; it was unmistakable; she was wearied with him. Yawning over their love, she was pining for her bed. Guilio was young, and obeyed the hint which she had given him.

As he took the hand of Anna Brigni, and pressed his lips upon it, he felt that his love had mastered his whole soul. The door of the house opened, and he went forth. As he stood upon the steps leading into the street, the moonlight, which had just risen and fell across the tops of the houses, caught upon a crumpled lot of white paper which was lying before him. Without knowing why he did so, he picked it up, and bounded down the steps. This night he was off duty at the Vatican, and had arranged to sleep in his old chamber at the Borghese palace. As he passed through the archway leading into the interior, the last carriages of the guests were departing, and he mounted the broad staircase to inquire for Federigo. He was not to be found; but the old prince told him that he had quitted the saloon some half hour since, in company with the younger of the Colonnas, and Bernardo Della Torre. He then looked at Guilio with an inquiring glance.

"But, my boy, what is it that has chanced to you? Your cheeks are flushed with pleasure, and your eyes seem to be dancing with some supreme joy."

"Prince, it is nothing," answered Guilio Castelli, as he colored deeply beneath his parent's

scrutinizing look. "It is only the excitement of the evening which makes it appear so."

Even as he replied to the old man, his eyes fell for a moment—it was no more—upon the crumpled piece of paper which he still held in his hand. It was a letter, and as he caught the address, a strange expression of rage flashed over his countenance. He had recognized both the handwriting and the name, which had been inscribed upon it. Controlling himself by a violent effort, he turned once more to the Borghese, and in a troubled voice implored his blessing. It was

given him; but the prince gazed on his agitated features with astonishment. A passionate and deep earnestness had spoken in the boy's accents which filled him with something approaching to fear. Ere, however, he had resolved upon questioning him, Guilio had pressed his lips upon the hand of the old nobleman. Immediately after, he had quitted the saloon, and taking a light from one of the domestics, ascended the staircase leading to his chamber. For some moments, the prince gazed after him, lost in thought, and then retired to his own apartment.

## CHAPTER V.

## LOVE'S QUESTION.

DAY after day rolled gradually along. It was now the week before Easter Sunday. Anna Brigni had seen no more of the young Castelli since the evening upon which he had attended her home from the Borghese palace, and he had—for so it would seem—abjured the circle of her fascination. Della Torre, however, was almost constantly with her, and so was the young Borghese. Indeed, so continually was the first of these to be met with in attendance upon her, that he had acquired the *soubriquet* of "her shadow." It was certain that he did not model his bearing exactly upon the tranquil and silent character of a shadow. His conversation was to the face as lively and amusing as it had ever been, although there were times when the Brigni detected a covert meaning in his attentions which she was far from encouraging. With the Borghese it was different. She felt at ease with the young prince; he enjoyed her society, it was true, for he had liked her from the first moment in which Torlogna had introduced him and Guilio to her. This liking was not, however, the love which was preying upon his brother's heart; neither was it that more silent desire for her love which had mastered Della Torre, although it was most carefully concealed—for no sooner had the Genoese seen them together, than he had traced with the clear-sightedness of a

Frenchman, her incipient liking for Castelli, while with a native Italian subtlety, he had at once resolved upon the means of weaning Guilio from her society.

The week previous to Easter had necessarily closed the Aliberto. She was consequently at liberty, and had been very desirous of seeing Castelli. Once, indeed, she had hinted as much to Federigo, and he had told her that he was totally unable to account for the evil spirit which would have seemed to have obtained possession of his brother. On the morning after the party, which has been mentioned, had been given at the Borghese palace, he had repaired to his quarters in the Vatican, and had totally excluded all his former friends. Only once had Federigo been able to gain admission. He had then endeavored to bring him to her, but had been coldly answered that he had no desire for any society.

"In fact," continued the Borghese, "the unfortunate boy must be in love."

"In love!" murmured Anna, and it was in a subdued and inquiring voice that she did so.

"Yes," replied Federigo, "in love." And as he repeated this, he cast a curious and penetrating eye upon the Brigni, and which brought the blood rushing over her cheek and forehead, dappling them with the crimson glow of one of

those wondrous sunsets which color the skies of evening above the waters of the blue Ægean.

"And so I thought it best to leave him to himself. When he has recovered from his present moodiness, signora, you may certainly count upon seeing him."

The Easter Sunday had at length arrived, and Anna had consented to accompany the Banker Torlogna to the cathedral of St. Peter's, to see the Pope bless the people. The young Borghese had been invited to make a third in Torlogna's carriage, and had readily agreed to do so. The sable curtains which for five long weeks had covered the pictures in every chapel and church which seem to dot Rome, had now fallen, and throughout the city, its Easter gladness had awakened. The bells were ringing; cardinals and ambassadors rolled abroad in their pompous equipages; the carriages of the nobility and wealthy foreigners, surrounded by the interminable crowd of promenaders, filled the long and narrow streets. From the castle of St. Angelo, waved that great flag which bears upon its folds the painted image of the Madonna and the papal arms; music was playing in the Square of St. Peter's; the fountains dashed their gigantic columns of spray upwards to the heavens; on the benches, beneath the colonnade, crowds of persons were already sitting; and then from the portals of St. Peter's, issued as huge a throng. A sea of human beings filled the whole of that vast space, heaving and swaying to and fro. Peasants and boys climbed the pedestals of the statues, in order to behold the Pope when he issued from the church.

At length he was borne from its portals, sitting in a magnificent chair, supported by six stalwart priests, who were arrayed in robes of black silk, and the two younger priests, who preceded them, waved fans of colossal peacocks' tails on ashen staves, ornamented with silver. Vessels of incense swung before him; cardinals and bishops surrounded him, and the Swiss Guards filed after them, closing the procession.

"He is very pale," said the Brigni, whose *lorgnon* was bent—so it seemed, at least, to Torlogna—upon the Pope.

The Borghese caught her meaning more rapidly, for his glass soon discovered Guilio, and enabled him to peruse the features of his brother.

"Well," said the banker, "it is natural enough; the old man—I mean his Holiness—must be very weary."

Neither of them replied to him.

Scarcely had the procession emerged from the doors of the church, than the choir, stationed around it, received it with a burst of triumph. The Pope was borne up the lofty steps which lead to the gallery in front of the cathedral. Here he advanced, encircled by the cardinals, and all present dropped upon their knees. Women and children, priests and peasants, the soldiers, the nobles, and the populace bent before him; only the Protestant stranger, whom curiosity had drawn there, stood erect; and there in the midst of the universal silence which had fallen upon that vast multitude, the aged priest spread out his hands and blessed them. Then two papers fluttered down from the balcony; one contained a forgiveness of sins to the faithful, and the other was a written curse upon the enemies of the Church; the populace who were immediately beneath the gallery, contended for the smallest scrap of them.

Once more the bells of all the churches rang, and the crowd had risen from their knees. Music mingled itself in the general joy; the Pope retired from the gallery, and all was over.

As they drove back with Torlogna,—for they were to pass the day at the banker's mansion,—the Brigni and Federigo were both silent; the pale face and wan cheeks of Guilio seemed to chase every gentler and happier thought from them. For the first time they wished to be alone, together, and Borghese reproached himself for not having insisted upon Castelli's visiting the signora. She had wondered at his absence, and still more did she marvel at the change which had come over him. Scarcely more than a week since, she had seen the color of youth and health on his cheeks; now this was blotted out, and he seemed whitened with suffering. His brow had been knit; not a muscle of his face had played with the emotions of joy and love which had formerly made it a picture she could not tire of gazing on. When he had kneeled to receive the papal blessing, the action was rather that of a machine, representing life, than a human being.

The day gradually wore through. The dinner was unexceptionable; the wine excellent, and the company well chosen. This of course had its effect, and scarcely was it more than half over, ere the Borghese recovered his spirits. He laughed and jested with the Brigni, and partially succeeded in dispelling her uneasiness. Once she found an opportunity of questioning him, and instantly seized upon it. As he listened to

her, the smile which had been upon his lips passed from them.

"I cannot divine," he said, "what is troubling him; it is something graver than I had imagined; but trust me, — for he is my brother, — and to-night I will see him."

She was pacified with this promise.

It was the evening of the illumination of St. Peter's. Who that has once gazed upon that facade of fire can ever forget it? The whole of that gigantic dome is traced in a burning outline upon the blue heavens. It actually quivers with light, and when the fiery structure—for so it seems—is seen from the bridge of St. Angelo, reflected in the yellow Tiber, it strikes upon the eye as a huge transparency; so mighty and imposing in its outlines that it would almost appear the work of some supernatural and fairy hand. And then, when the signal is given for the change, and the thousands of men stationed on its roof touch the pitch garlands hanging around them with flame, the enormous structure becomes a blazing temple, towering over the imperial city which lies and breathes around it.

"Only think," said Anna, "of the danger encountered by the miserable individual who kindles the topmost light on the cross of the cupola."

"With what pride he must gaze on the blazing sea of light beneath him," replied Federigo.

"Besides thinking very agreeably of the twenty scudi which pay him for the danger, and are then, probably, in his breeches' pocket," added the banker.

After feasting their eyes on the scene before them, it was proposed that they should drive up the Monte Pincio, and gaze upon it from a greater distance. So the *vetturino* received his orders, and the carriage, after a drive of half an hour, drew up at the little inn on the side of the hill.

From this point, the view of the cupola was glorious; it seemed hewn from a burning sun. Such might a poet fancy was the masonry of Paradise. The front of the temple was not visible, but this only added to the general effect, and the dome seemed floating on an ocean of blazing light; the music and the ringing of the bells

reached them, but around them was hung a two-fold night, and the very stars twinkled with a dimmer and fainter radiance in the darkened indigo of the sky.

Federigo hung over the signora; for that moment, arched in by that singular scene, unparalleled for its splendor in the world, it seemed as if the influence of its magic beauty had melted him to love. He whispered to her of its loveliness; he talked to her of its wonders; and her lips replied to him in a tremulous accent, as if she, too, had warmed to him under the magic power of the scene. As for the banker—why, he was a man of middle age,—he had yearly enjoyed it from his boyhood. He leaned from the carriage, and beckoned to a man who was standing near it. The shadows of the poplars before the inn streamed across the spot where he stood. In the darkness, which rendered it impossible to trace his features, Torlogna imagined that he was a servant of the inn.

"Bring me a glass of water."

The man did not stir.

"Do you not hear me?" ejaculated Torlogna.

Federigo turned to him, and said:

"I will procure you and the signora some refreshment;" and without remaining to hear the banker's disclaimer of giving him so much trouble, he leaped from the carriage and passed into the little inn.

The man followed him, and in another moment, voices were heard from the interior of the house. They grew louder, and the Brigni recognized the accents of Castelli. She caught hold of Torlogna's wrist.

"Do you hear?"

"What?"

"That is the voice of the brother of Borghese!"

As she said this, a sudden flash illuminated the passage which led into the interior of the hostelry, and as it did so, a pistol-shot rang on the spot. Anna Brigni bounded like a startled fawn from the carriage, and rushed into the interior of the inn.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE UNEXPECTED PRESENCE.

WHEN Federigo had passed into the inn, he had soon found the waiter, and had directed him to bring some refreshments. He then returned through the narrow passage, which was only lit by an oil lamp hanging at its further end, when he saw a figure standing before him. It was that of his brother. A short cloak, which was flung back from his shoulders, hung around him. It was black, and even in that vague and gloomy light formed a strong contrast with the deathly pallor of his countenance. The expression of his features was fixed, and he stood there like a shadow returned from that Hades which the old Romans peopled with the dead. For the moment, Federigo recoiled, or would have done so, had not Guilio thrust forth his hand, almost mechanically, and grasped him by the wrist. His eyes were glaring from the immobility of the rest of his countenance with the delirium of fever.

"Federigo!"

His voice was so hollow and so unmodulated, that it struck on the ears of his brother like the voice of a dead man.

"You have strewn my life with the ashes of bitterness and misery, Federigo! Yet had I resolved to permit it all to pass—to forgive you, and to die! Now that I have seen you bending over her—"

"My brother!"

"Smiling on her, and whispering to her, and have heard her voice murmuring its accents of love in your ears—"

"Guilio! Guilio! you are wrong!"

"Peace! for you shall hear me! As I listened to her, a change came over me; the fatality of my passion mastered me."

"Mad boy!—listen to me!"

"Federigo, I must die!"

"You are dreaming, Guilio."

"Slay me, my brother!—or must I kill myself this night before you!"

Federigo started back in horror; but the hand of Guilio was still fastened upon his wrist, and he was unable to flee from the presence of the maddened boy. Panting and scared by the glowing passion of that monotonous voice, he was forced to listen to him.

"Take the pistol and consummate my murder! Probably, I should have killed myself this night; now you shall slay me!"

"Guilio! my brother Guilio, let me speak!"

"I will not!—take it!" And still grasping the wrist of his brother, he extended the weapon to him which he had plucked from the bosom of his dress, without a change, either in his hoarse, bitter voice, or in the death-like expression of his face.

"Why should I, Guilio?"

"Have I not told you? Take it."

"Come with me to her! Madman!"

"Take it! take it!" and Castelli attempted to thrust the pistol into the hand of the young Borghese.

"That she may tell you how truly she loves you."

"And that I may again find a letter addressed by you to the 'divine Anna!'" responded Castelli.

"A letter!"

"Ay."

"It is false!"

"Of course! of course! Take it."

"Come with me, Guilio." And as he said this, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of his brother. "She shall convince you that you have indeed been dreaming."

Guilio pushed him rudely back, but Federigo was determined to lead him to the carriage. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then a report was heard. For a moment the confined passage was filled with smoke, and a cry of pain rung on the stillness of the night. The smoke cleared gradually away, as Federigo staggered back and sunk upon the ground.

Castelli reeled back against the wall. For a moment he was blinded and deafened by the anguish resulting from that fearful chance. Then he heard the voices of the people of the house around him, and a wild exclamation of:

"Santa Maria!—what is this?"

It was the voice of the Brigni.

"Federigo!" he shouted in despair, and would have cast himself upon the body; but Anna was already upon her knees beside it, endeavoring to staunch the blood that welled from the wound in his breast. She lifted her head, and fastened a steady look upon Guilio's convulsed and terror-stricken countenance.

"Unhappy man!" she murmured, and then she again looked down, and the tears from her eyes rained upon the senseless bosom of Federigo Borghese.

Torlogna caught the hands of the young Castelli, and bade him save himself.

"I am innocent!" he cried aloud. "Tell them, Federigo, that I am innocent of this!"

He waited a moment; he gazed passionately upon the face of his brother; but no sign of consciousness woke on the countenance of the wounded man.

"I would have slain myself!" he continued; "but Heaven knows that I dreamed not of taking thy life. We both loved thee, signora. I despaired and wished only to die!"

She wrung her hands as she listened to him.

"Wretch that I am, to cause thee even one tear! And now thou wilt shed many; but too many!"

"Away!" she stammered, making a rapid gesture with her hands. He fancied that it was to forbid his approaching her.

"Yes, you must fly!" muttered Torlogna, as he dragged him towards the door of the little inn.

"Anna, farewell!"

As he said this, she bent her head over the countenance of the apparently dying man, while her light and golden tresses, loosened in that moment of terror and agitation, swept her cheek.

"Here are the *gens d'armes*!" was shouted from the front of the hostelry, as Torlogna pushed him from the doorway.

"She loves him. Yes; she loves him!" was the stormy thought that swept through the brain of Guilio, as he leapt over the hedges, crushed through the tangled underwood, and climbed over the stone walls that bounded the vineyards with which the side of the Monte Pincio is covered. The light from the fiery cupola of St. Peter's streamed over the country, like a second and more blazing day, as he fled, like a madman, from the spot on which he had steeped his hands in a brother's blood.

## CHAPTER VII.

### UNEXPECTED COMPANY—THE ROMAN BRIGANDS.

THREE or four hours had already elapsed, when the fugitive at length reached the Tiber.

The river ran on darkly in the night, save here and there where the rippling eddy of its generally sluggish stream caught the light from the illuminated dome of the mighty work of Angelo, and flashed it back in a thousand bright sparkles. He sat down upon the bank, and buried his head in his hands; but scarcely had he done so, than a rough grasp was laid upon his shoulders, and a harsh voice called out:

"Hallo, friend; what brings you here?"

Guilio turned and saw a tall, wild and muscular-looking figure standing beside him. At a little distance was the mouth of an ancient tomb, and near it three horses were tethered, devouring the tall and coarse herbage which early spring had not yet withered in the Campagna. The dress of the man who had spoken to him, consisted of one of those large sheep-skin coats, which are so common among the Roman peasantry. The wool, which was dressed outwards, was much worn and frayed. A conical and pointed hat covered his head, and aided the surrounding gloom in completely concealing his features. On his shoulder was a musket, of a fashion which was little adapted to serve as the flowing-piece of an American sportsman.

Scarcely had he spoken than two other figures,

similarly attired, emerged from the mouth of the tomb, and stood beside him.

"I need a boat," replied Castelli, "to carry me across the Tiber."

"Ha! ha! Carlo," said the individual who had addressed him. "He wants a boat; he should have brought one with him."

"Perhaps he has gold enough in his pocket to pay for the building of one," answered his nearer companion. The three strangers laughed.

"Night-walking is scarcely safe, signor, unless you happen to be well armed."

"See what I have!" observed the first speaker, lifting his gun from his shoulder, and throwing aside his sheep-skin coat to point at the pistols in his belt.

"Yes, and here is a capital little case-knife!" jocularly said the third, as he plunged his hand in his belt, and drew from it a long, bright and sharp dagger, which he tossed up in the air and caught with a singular dexterity by the point.

"Stick it again in your girdle, you fool!" interposed the first. "You see the gentleman is already unconscious that you are speaking to him."

"What is worrying him?"

"How should I know?" he replied, clenching as he said this, his broad and heavy hand on the

shoulder of Guilio, who had again relapsed into his bitter revery.

Guilio rose to his feet as he did so, and again confronted the speaker.

"What will you?"

"Give us your money, signor! We will keep it for you; with us it will be quite safe!"

For a moment, young Castelli looked at the man as if he was struggling to recall himself to his senses. Then he took his purse from his pocket, and let it drop on the ground, saying as he did so:

"Take it; and then kill me!"

"Kill you!" answered the man. "Why, what do you take us for? By the Madonna! we are honest peasants. Come and take a glass of wine."

So saying, he pointed to the purse, which was immediately picked up by one of his companions, and transferred to the breeches pocket of that individual, as he drew Guilio into the interior of the tomb.

A fire was burning there. Flasks of wine stood on the ground, and some of them were empty. From one of these he filled a horn-cup which was lying near them, and extended it to Castelli. Eagerly did the young Roman seize it, and quaffed its contents with his parched and burning lips.

"And now tell me," said the individual who had conducted him there, and who appeared from his manner to maintain some species of authority over the other two peasants, "what is it that has compelled a nobleman to begin such a journey as this in so strange a fashion?"

The tone of authority in which this was spoken, combined with the wine which he had just drunk, for the first time brought the consciousness of the young man back to the world in which he still moved.

"Without a hat; your cloak gone; blood upon your dress; money in your pocket, and no arms to take care of it!" continued the peasant.

Guilio knit his brow; then he stretched out his hand to the flask, and bringing it to his lips took a long draught from it. He then said:

"That is my secret."

"Per Bacco!" muttered one of the two others who were standing near; "but the young cock is a game bird!"

"Well," replied the first, "you can keep it if you will. We are men of honor here, and respect a man's property!"

Guilio would have smiled—for he felt that their previous demand upon him scarcely argued so

profound an honesty; but his lip writhed as he attempted to do so.

"You wish to cross the Tiber?"

"Yes."

"If you do not go with us, you may wait on its bank for a long time."

"How can I accompany you?"

"Seat yourself behind me on my horse. Swimming it will scarcely conduce to health or comfort."

So saying, he strode out, and loosening one of the tethered horses, mounted him. It was a strong and fiery animal. He then bade Guilio to mount behind him.

"Now let us go!"

He then shook the bridle of his steed, which slowly descended the bank and advanced into the stream. It tried every step before it took it, as though it were conscious of bearing a double burden. Very soon did the water reach its saddle-bow, and then the powerful animal began to battle with the rushing stream. The freshness of the water and the vigorous action of the horse, completely restored Guilio, and when at length they reached the opposite shore, he leaped to the ground and began to thank his companion.

"Why, what is this, young fool?" asked the peasant, fiercely. "Do you imagine you are going to leave me?"

"Most certainly I am," answered Castelli.

"Hark ye, boy! We are now in the Campagna, and our band has long roots. The Holy Father has only hurt his fingers in attempting to dig us up. You must ride with me."

"I will not!"

"Fish, you are mad!" said the brigand, as he leaped from his horse and closed with the young Castelli.

The struggle was a brief one, and Guilio was flung upon the ground.

"Give me a rope!"

It was thrown to their leader by one of his followers, who had reined in their horses and remained laughing at the unequal struggle. The hands of the Roman youth were bound tightly behind him; then he was tossed like a bag of feathers across the shoulders of the horse by his muscular opponent, who sprang lightly behind him. As the latter once more shook the reins, the animal darted off, and in another moment was bounding like the wind across the Campagna. The long curls of Guilio were swept back on the breast of his captor. They sped past the gravestones which spot that side of the

tawny stream, on whose banks are the remains of her who was the mistress of the world.

Then the moon rose as red as blood, slowly above the horizon, while the light and damp mists, which are almost invariably playing over the surface of the Campagna, veered around them.

That he had killed Federigo; that he was separated from the Brigni; that he was now lying bound in the arms of the brigand, and speeding with him across the Campagna, seemed to Guilio almost a dream. Why was it that he could not awaken, and feel that those images of terror had passed from him? And in his agony he closed his eyes, and felt only the bleak breezes that came from the mountains, playing across his cheek.

"We shall very soon reach our hiding-place," said his captor. "Is it not a capital horse on which you are riding?"

Guilio did not answer him.

"What the dence ails you? Is it anything so very miserable to be under my guardianship?"

He was still silent.

"O, well, sulk away; it's no matter! Be dumb if you choose. However, as it begins to grow light, and we are now nearing the hills, perchance the eyes of the amiable signor may suffer. I will protect them."

As he said this, the brigand unknotted a silken handkerchief from his neck, and twisted and tied it very carefully around the eyes of Castelli.

Soon afterwards the horses began slowly to ascend. The difficulty of the pathway they were now following told the prisoner that they had already entered the mountains, and were now piercing one of the numerous defiles with which they abound. In less than half an hour they again descended rapidly; they were among the ruins of the ancient Tusculum. Wild roses and thorns had rooted themselves among the remains of the ruined amphitheatre. The entrances of the vaults, which have in vanished ages been cut into the sides of the hills around it, are now overgrown and concealed by the rich and luxuriant growth of grass, underwood and ivy. In the distance, the hill of the Abruzzi shot up athwart the valley, gray and sombre in the mists of the early morning. A narrow cleft in the mountain—almost shut out from the sight of the casual observer who might have obtruded upon the apparent loneliness of the spot, by the quantity of evergreen and every species of shrub that grew athwart it—admitted the robbers to a small

and winding defile. At length they made a pause. Then Castelli heard a long and low whistle, and immediately afterward a door in the side of the rock, which was masked with weed and earth, slowly opened. The brigands dismounted, and he who had seemed their leader, lifted Guilio from his horse and placed him on the ground. He then took him by the arm and led him in the passage. They descended a few steps deeper, and then the handkerchief was unknotted from the brow of the prisoner and restored to the neck of the captor. Castelli looked about him.

It was a spacious vault in which he was then standing. On a long and low table, rudely fashioned from unpainted pine, which occupied the centre of the cavern, stood two brass lamps, the fitful and yellow glare from whose wicks flashed upon the sombre and expressive countenances of the brigands—for they were expressive, although their expression was very decidedly rascally—who sat around it. They had been playing at cards. Before them stood dried boar's flesh, broken bread, cups and bottles. Very little astonishment seemed to be excited by their arrival; but the commander of the party, who had carried off Guilio, went and spoke a few words with him who seemed to be the chief of that rude band. Both looked at the peasant. The latter then pointed to a stool, and bade Guilio seat himself. His captor came again to him and released his hands from the cords which still bound him. It was no wonder that the poor boy had been unable to resist him in their brief and violent struggle—the whole model of the man was as coarse and grand as that of the Farnese Hercules.

"Who are you?" asked the chief.

"A child of the Borghese."

"What! Federigo?"

"No—Guilio Castelli."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captor; "that is lucky, though scarcely so lucky as if you had been the young Borghese."

"I suppose," said the captain, "fifteen hundred or two thousand scudi will be all that we can ask for you?"

"Nay," replied Guilio, gloomily, "the only ransom which you are likely to obtain for me, is the sum which the law may award you for my capture."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"Simply this—that I have killed Federigo Borghese!"

"Killed him!" ejaculated the brigand.



"By the Virgin!—but he is a brave boy, after all," said his captor.

"Yes," murmured Giulio, "I have just killed Federigo Borghese!"

"You were a fool," said the captain, turning to his lieutenant—as it may be presumed that Giulio's captor was, "not to have left him where you found him."

"How, per Sancta Maria, was I to know all this?" retorted the latter. "He would tell me nothing."

"Well, it cannot be helped. However, you, Signor Castelli, may have in Rome some maiden who would give up her watch and jewelry to obtain your freedom."

"None!—give me up to the law, and take what the law offers you."

"Come, come; that is a merry wish—that we, the law breakers, should profit by another breach of it! No, no, my boy! you will think better of it to-morrow. Lie down and sleep, now; there is a bed."

So saying, he pointed to a heap of straw, which was lying against the wall of the cavern, and tossed Giulio a sheep-skin coat which was lying beside him.

"This will serve you for a covering."

The young Roman obeyed the implied command, and threw himself upon the unwonted pallet which had been shown him; he closed his eyes, but he was unable to sleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PRINCE AND THE BRIGAND.

A WEEK had elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapter had taken place, and we must request our readers to accompany us to a chamber in the Borghese palace. It is that which is occupied by Federigo Borghese—for the young prince is not quite yet defunct. On the contrary, he is sitting up in his bed and leaning upon his arm, as if awaiting the presence of some one who is about to enter. His chestnut hair, darkened by the pallor of his face, and the singularly sorrowful expression which made that pallor even more striking, fell in a scantier curl athwart his brow. His hands and wrists, which were stretched across the quilted coverlet of his bed, were thin, even to meagreness.

"Indeed, my prince," said the old servant, who was in attendance upon him; "indeed, it is better that you should not see him."

"I will!" was the only answer, as his eye was riveted upon the door of the chamber.

Steps were heard approaching it. One of these was a heavy and vigorous tread, and it resounded through the ante-chamber upon its marble floor. Then the doorway gently opened, and a servant entered.

"The stranger is without, your highness."

"Let him enter."

As he said this, the old domestic who had seated himself near one of the huge windows at

the farther end of the apartment, uttered a sigh that came to the ears of Federigo.

"Go, Giorgio."

"But my prince—"

The stranger strode into the room.

"Go!" reiterated Federigo, raising his hand with some difficulty, and pointing to the door.

The servant gazed upon the hereclean form of the singular visitor, lifted his hands, looked at the face of his young master, and then quitted the apartment. The stranger closed the door through which he had passed.

Federigo then looked at his visitor. He was indeed a strange presence in a sick chamber; his vast proportions and muscular limbs made him seem shorter than he really was. On his brown visage, the reckless life of a robber had traced itself in hard and unmistakeable lines; his rough garments—though somewhat better than those he wore when we first introduced him in the preceding chapter to the notice of our readers—were still unlike the more civilized garments of the ordinary Italian peasant. After a rapid examination of him, the young Borghese pointed to a chair, and his visitor sank into it, stretched out his legs, and looked at his host.

"You are—" commenced Federigo, as he sank back against his pillow.

"The lieutenant of Giuseppe Scariati!"



"And this letter?" asked Federigo, making a faint gesture towards a piece of dirty paper that was crumpled in the hand upon which he had been previously supporting himself.

"Is from Guiseppe Scarlatti."

"Is it the truth what he has written here? Is Guilio Castelli in his hands?"

"Per Bacco! yes," said the brigand. "When we heard that you were living, we bade him write to you to ransom him. Argument and threat were alike of no avail; he would not."

"The brave boy!" muttered Borghese.

"Then Guiseppe said to me—'You must see Federigo Borghese, Andrea,' and so I am here."

"Scarlatti says that for—"

"Two thousand scudi he shall be placed in your hands, provided you do not mean to give him up to the tribunals of justice, and—"

"Fool!" uttered Federigo, "is he not my brother?"

"O, no offence, my prince," said the brigand, with a grin; "but when two brothers love the same woman, brotherly affection is somewhat too often changed into a most unbrotherly hate."

"What do you mean?" asked the Borghese, impatiently.

"O, as all Rome is talking about it, I thought there would be no harm in mentioning it; and then that little pistol-shot which had been an inch lower, might have finished—"

"Be silent!"

"O, certainly, my prince!" replied the robber; "and now, touching the ransom?"

"One half you shall take with you; the remainder shall be placed in your hands when Guilio Castelli stands within this chamber free and unharmed."

"Good!" replied Andrea. "To-morrow night you may expect him here without fail."

"And now give me the port-feuille that stands upon yonder table, with pen and ink."

The robber rose and strode across the room, and the marble pavement echoed under his heavy stride. He then returned with the port-feuille, and placed it before the prince. It was with a suppressed cry of pain that the young man again raised himself in his bed and commenced writing. Something like admiration broke over the face of Andrea, as he saw the very evident physical anguish which was wasting the Borghese while he wrote; but as it is more important that we should scan the letter which he was tracing to Guilio, than that we should minutely chronicle the emotions of the brigand, we will take the lib-

erty of looking over his shoulder while he writes. The letter ran thus:

"MY OWN BROTHER:—Come back to me that I may convince you, my own Guilio, of your strange error. I still find it impossible to divine why you should for a moment have imagined that I was in love with the Brigni. Alas! she will not be here to smile at your mistake, and to welcome you. But more of this when we meet. Come back, my dear Guilio, and at once, to your loving brother, FEDERIGO BORGHESE."

This letter was folded and directed to Castelli. The young prince then scrawled an order upon Torlogna to pay the bearer one thousand scudi. This he handed to Andrea, who read it through very carefully and very slowly; he was evidently obliged to spell the words as he read them.

"Yes, my prince, it is quite right," he at length said, as he plunged it into his breeches pocket, and took up the letter to Castelli, which he consigned to the same receptacle. "To-morrow night. Addio, my friend!"

He then turned, as if he would leave the apartment.

"Stay; I have something more to say to you," said the Borghese. "Go to the door and see that no one is listening."

The brigand crossed the apartment, and opened the door.

"Yes, my prince, there is."

"Tell him to retire into the adjoining chamber."

"Go," said Andrea, as he pointed to the doorway.

It may be presumed that the domestic hesitated about complying with the peremptory order, for the brigand suddenly vanished. A short struggle was heard, and then a sharp cry for help. Federigo threw himself forward in his bed and listened; then the heavy step of the robber was heard as he strode across the ante-chamber; then two doors were locked, and almost immediately afterwards Andrea re-appeared. He crossed the apartment towards the bed on which Federigo had already sunken back.

"What is it you have done?" demanded the latter.

"Gagged him, tied his hands, and locked him in!" was the short answer; and the Borghese, suffering as he was, could not refrain from a smile, as he listened to the succinct reply.

"Release him."

"When you have said what you wish, my

prince. A few moments since, you wanted no listeners."

The young man seemed as if he was hesitating whether he should speak or not. Then he raised his eyes to Andrea's face and examined it steadily. He still appeared as if he were lost in doubt; but, as if with an effort, he broke it, and said:

"I must see Guiseppe Scarlatti."

"When?"

"To-morrow night."

Andrea stared at him.

"Where?" he asked.

"Here."

The brigand burst into a fierce and derisive laugh.

"Here!—ha! ha! ha! You are much too good, my prince! Ha! ha! ha!—but you are a terrible jester. You really must excuse me. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Listen to me," said the young Borghese. "I must see him, and that to-morrow evening. I am too ill to leave this chamber. You know that it is so. Is he afraid to come?"

"Had you asked him that, my prince, I may doubt whether you would have ever had the chance of putting him another question!" retorted Andrea. "Guiseppe Scarlatti! and afraid! Hark ye! ye mean no treachery, do you?" and he bent a scrutinizing glance upon the countenance of the young Federigo. "I am sure you

do not," for as he was speaking, the crimson blood for the first time during that interview suffused the face of the prince with an angry glow. "No, I am very sure that you do not. Well, he shall be here!"

"He can enter the palace by—" began the Borghese.

"Trouble you not how he will enter; he shall be here. And now may I go?"

The Borghese bowed and sank back on the couch. The exertion he had made during the interview had been too much for him; he had fainted. Andrea gazed on the young man with a curious mixture of admiration and contempt graven upon his face; then he strode out of the chamber, unlocked the door of the ante-chamber, and in another instant returned, dragging after him rather than leading, the shrinking domestic. He unloosed his hands, and took the gag from his mouth, returning them to one of his numerous pockets, and then he pointed to the bed on which the fainting figure of Federigo Borghese was stretched.

"Attend to your master, and at once!"

In another instant he had quitted the apartment, and was crossing the ante-chamber. The old servant shuddered as he listened to the heavy tramp of the brigand, and then turned to busy himself above the recumbent form of his young master.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE INTERVIEW REQUESTED.

WE have now to retrace our steps. After Torlogna and the Brigni had borne the wounded Federigo to the palace of the Borghese in the banker's carriage, and he had conducted her home, she for the first time, in the secrecy of her own chamber, gave way to her anguish, which was not wholly unmingled with joy. It must be remembered that until this evening she had, very naturally, doubted the love of the young Castelli for her. His constant avoidance of her presence was unmistakeable. How was it possible for her to suppose that he had mistaken the attentions of the young Borghese to her for a love with which he doubted his own power to control? Now, all this was clear; but supposing that Federigo should die—Guilio would have the weight of a brother's death upon his conscience; he would slay himself, or if not he would fly from the sunny shores of his own Italy to roam as a wanderer wherever his chiding soul might prompt him. What should she do? She wrung her hands with anguish. And yet he loved her; and as the Italian thought of this, her face brightened. She fell upon her knees, and the mingled prayers of her joy and sorrow climbed the steps of heaven, and smiled and wept before the throne of the Eternal Father.

The next day Torlogna called on her. He had sent early to the Borghese palace, and had

received from the old prince a favorable account of the young Borghese. The wound was by no means a dangerous one—so, at least, said the physician. In less than two weeks it was probable that he might again be able to see his friends. They dared hope it.

"And poor Guilio?" asked the Brigni, as soon as he had paused.

Torlogna looked inquisitively at her, and she flushed slightly as he did so.

"In accordance with the request of Federigo himself, the prince will not pursue him," he continued. "He is a noble young man."

"He is," answered the Signora Anna.

The Roman banker had been thinking of Federigo Borghese when he said this; but the Italian vocalist had thought of Guilio Castelli when she answered him.

"Nay, when he has perfectly recovered, I am told that the prince, urged by the prayers of Federigo, has promised not to pursue him. The Princess Borghese is far more bitter; but then she is a woman; of course, you know that is very natural."

"O, of course!" was the answer which Anna Brigni had made him.

The banker stared. Old as he was, he was not altogether insensible to the charms of the fairer portion of creation, and the Brigni was

one of the fairest specimens of it that he had ever seen. He fully anticipated a retort; he did not get one. Conversation languished, and, in less than ten minutes, the Roman banker rose, bowed, and took his leave. It was a sad mistake of the lady's, for Torlogna was a great patron of the opera, whoever was the manager. He really did love music; but when love has once crept into the heart, it is astonishing what mistakes are made by the mind; the old friend is in a pitiable state when it at first discovers the entrance of a new lover.

The intelligence which had been given her by the banker, greatly relieved the apprehensions of Anna. She was enabled to continue her duties at the opera, although her doors were closed to everybody, and consequently it was not until the fifth evening after the report of the "attempted assassination"—such was the name the world chose to give it—of his brother by Guilio Castelli, that she met Bernardo Della Torre. This took place in the *coulisses* of the Aliberto. As she was leaving the stage at the close of the first act, a hand was gently laid upon her arm. Almost instantly she shrank back from the touch; then she turned, and recognized the young Genoese as she did so.

"You will excuse me, will you not, signora?" he murmured; "but when your house is closed against me, and I cannot bask in your smiles beneath your own roof, I am obliged to seek your heavenly presence wherever there is a chance of finding it!"

It was the first time he had ever dared to address her in the undisguised language of admiration, and she recoiled from the homage proffered to her beauty by his lips. Why, it would perhaps be difficult to say, were it not from an instinctive repugnance to the man which she felt that he had not openly warranted her in showing. She accordingly bowed, smiled, and attempted to pass him.

"The signora will not surely leave me so soon!" he continued. "It would be too cruel to do so at the first moment in five days when my eyes are blessed with her sight!"

The meaning in the tone struck her even more than the words. She felt that he was no longer attempting to disguise the passion which she had once or twice suspected him of feeling for her, and with the resolution of a woman who really loves, and is not ashamed to avow her passion, she determined upon replying to him in a manner that it would be impossible for him to mistake.

"Signor," she said, "if I do not err, you are addressing me in the language of a compliment, too warm for truth, and—"

"No, no, signora!"

"Possibly,—for I will not pretend to say but what it may be so,—too sincere for your own happiness."

"Anna Brigni, let me—"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, as she attempted to pass him.

Bernardo caught her hand with a firm and inflexible yet tender grasp, and held her where she stood.

"Loose me!—or—"

"Nay! you must and you shall listen to me!"

"Here, I cannot," she said, as she caught the eyes of two or three of the habitual frequenters of the *coulisses* fixed upon them.

Della Torre smiled imperceptibly, for he felt that he had gained his point.

"I will call upon the signora to-morrow," he observed. "At what hour shall it be?"

"At two o'clock, I will expect you," she answered, as she released her hand from his grasp, and passed on into her room. Here she flung herself in a chair, and smiled bitterly as she did so at the mistaken estimate which she imagined Della Torre had formed of her character.

Meanwhile the Genoese had returned to his box, and appeared to be lost in his admiration of a French countess, who had been for the last two months one of the reigning belles of Rome.

The clock in the saloon of the Signora Brigni had precisely struck two on the following day, when the Piedmontese dismounted from his horse. His face was cold and stern as if it had been cut out of Parian marble, as he strode up the steps and advanced into the house. A moment afterwards, Anna Brigni heard his step upon the stairs; it was heavy, marked and deliberate. It was not the bounding step of the young lover rushing to the presence of her whom he adores; but as little was it the step of a timid doubter about to sue for that love which he knows will be denied him. As the servant opened the door for him to enter the saloon, the Brigni rose to meet him.

"The signora sees that I am punctual," he said, as he advanced to take her hand.

She pointed to a chair. He looked at her and smiled; then he drew the chair towards her, and sat down.

"May I ask Signor Della Torre," she said,

"to what I am indebted for this wish for an interview?"

"Certainly, madam; although I had hoped that my manner would have already convinced you that I can only have an object. I adore you, madam! I adore you, Anna—"

"Pause, sir! Last night I intimated that this language was unpleasant to me. Let me now say I trust it will not be repeated, or I shall be obliged to request the presence of my female friend, Madame Salicetti, which I had imagined upon this occasion you would have preferred my dispensing with!"

He bit his lips as she was speaking; but his face neither flushed nor changed color.

"That must be as the signora herself may choose. If she wills it, she is at liberty to summon her."

Anna Brigni looked at him with astonishment. The change in his manner was so complete. But a moment before his language had seemed to burn with youth and passion; now it was as cold and glacial as the ice in the higher Alps.

"You do not choose me to address you in the language of love. Well, it shall be so. You must know what my feelings have been from the first moment in which my senses were entangled in the meshes of your loveliness. It would therefore be useless to tell you all I have felt and suffered when I beheld you encouraging another—"

"Signor Della Torre!" interrupted Anna.

"Let me speak, I pray you, mademoiselle! At your request, I forbear to shape my passion in the words itself might prompt; in the form that you force it to assume, you must listen to it!"

"Pause, sir!" again commenced Anna, as she stretched out her hand to the little ivory handled bell that was lying upon the table. Della Torre rose and pushed it towards her.

She sank back in her chair, and her eyes were fixed upon his. He laughed bitterly, and the sound of that ominous laugh seemed as it were to congeal the blood in her veins; she could do nothing but listen to him.

"I saw and knew that you loved Giulio Castelli—"

"Sir!" and the Brigni's eyes flashed as she rose in her seat.

"I determined to poison his mind against you, and to force you apart!"

She sank back again in her chair, and at once determined to hear him to the end.

"I threw in his way the night that he accom-

panied you here from the soiree at the Borghese palace, a note. He found it on the steps when he left your presence. It was addressed to you by the younger Borghese, and it had been opened. None else had entered the dwelling since you had crossed its threshold. That letter has had its effect!"

"What frightful treachery to those who had never harmed you!" muttered the Brigni.

"He has murdered his brother!"

"No! no! it is false!" she cried. "Torlogna has told me that he will recover!"

"Torlogna has deceived himself. Should he die, Giulio Castelli must live as an outlaw, or fly from Italy. In either case he will be lost to you. Such has my love been!" he continued, with a sudden and fierce burst of passion, "and such it will be to the end! I adore you, Anna! You may never love me; but never will I allow you to bless another with your love! Listen to me." And he threw himself upon his knees before her. "Only tell me that you will endeavor to return my passion; only tell me that you will allow me to kneel at your feet, to worship the ground you tread on, to—"

"Never!" she exclaimed, as his hand touched hers; and springing up, she threw it from her. "May the Holy Mary no more listen to my prayers, if ever I, willingly, hear you, or look upon your face. Go!"

She pointed to the door with such an imperious gesture, that he rose to his feet and involuntarily receded towards it.

"Go!"

A malignant smile broke over his countenance as he stood there.

"If it is to be war between us, the signora may perchance remember hereafter that she has in this moment broken her last chance of happiness!"

Before she had time to reply, Della Torre was already gone. What should Anna Brigni do? If she sent to Torlogna, who was the only friend of the two brothers, to tell him what had passed, she could not see him until nine—for at four o'clock he dined, and that evening there was a rehearsal of a new opera in which she was to appear on the succeeding night. She would at once drive to his house. The carriage was instantly ordered, and accompanied by Madame Salicetti, whose afternoon *siesta* was most ungraciously broken into, she drove towards the banker's place of business. As she approached the gateway, she saw Della Torre's cabriolet

standing within it. The moment after he came out of the private counting-room of Torlogna, and the banker was leaning upon his arm. They entered the cabriolet together. Della Torre's servant sprang up behind it, and in another instant it was rolling from the court-yard in the direction of the Borghese palace.

"I must write to him," said the Brigni, to herself, "when I reach home and request him, if possible, to see me when the rehearsal has concluded."

Ten minutes after she had arrived there, the note was written and despatched, and she then endeavored to concentrate her mind on her operative duties. At six o'clock she drove to the Aliberto, accompanied by Madame Salicetti.

Precisely at the hour appointed by the Brigni, Torlogna arrived at her house. The request had been conveyed to him in such an extremely informal manner, that on reading the note he scarcely knew what to think of it.

"Come to me at once!" he said. "Now what can that mean? She does not want money; she is a very economical little body, and her salary more than suffices for all her wants. What the deuce can it mean? I am so old, or else I should—" He arose and contemplated his figure in one of the huge mirrors that decorated his dining-room. [It must be remembered that this soliloquy took place after dinner.] "However, I may fairly call myself an admirable specimen of good preservation. I wonder whether the little jade thinks so!" An hour afterwards he was in his carriage.

The first half-hour passed after his arrival, and Torlogna began to grow impatient. The second rolled by, and he heaped all sorts of oburgations upon theatrical managers, and the manager of the Teatro Aliberto in particular. Another half hour rolled on, and he began to pace up and down the room, imagining he had been hoaxed. Her servant then came to him,

and inquired whether he had any idea of the reason which had induced her mistress and Madame Salicetti to remain so late at the theatre.

"Not the slightest," said the banker. "At what hour did you expect her return?"

"At half past eight or a quarter to nine, at the latest, signor," answered the buxom Italian girl, as he patted her cheek.

"I will drive there and see, mio cara," he then said; and in accordance with this determination, he descended the stairs, entered his carriage, and bade his vetturino drive to the stage-door of the Aliberto.

"She has left the theatre more than two hours since!" was the grumbling reply of the porter, who had been roused from his first slumbers by the impatient inquirer.

"I have been hoaxed!" groaned Torlogna, as he sank back once more upon the easy cushions of his carriage.

The next morning, when it was yet early, it was known all over Rome that the Brigni was missing. Possibly that might not be so very extraordinary; but then she had run away with Madame Salicetti and her coachman. As for the carriage and the horses, which she had been in the habit of using, they were as usual at this hour in the coach-house and stables of Monsieur Ernest Bohay, the French horse dealer. They had been brought back by the vetturino at half-past nine. The manager was well nigh distracted. At noon it was also discovered that Bernardo Della Torre was nowhere to be found. Nobody would have cared for that, had he not unfortunately wound himself somewhat too intimately around their hearts, through their pockets. As for Torlogna, when he heard it he shook his head, looked very grave, and said nothing. His head clerk shook his head, also, for he knew that his master had lent to the Piedmontese, yesterday afternoon, the sum of ten thousand scudi.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER COMPANIONS.

It was somewhat late in the evening of the day succeeding that on which the lieutenant of Guiseppe Scarlatti had seen Federigo, that three figures might have been observed approaching the Borghese palace. The most remarkable of these was Andrea himself. His vigorous make, and the whole style of his tread; his heavy swing to and fro as he stepped on, and the unusual style of his dress, might have convinced the chance looker-on that he was by no means of the straighter-laced denizens of that part of the world governed by the successors of St. Peter. His two companions were a young man, apparently, for the broad rim of his hat was slouched over his face, dressed in a short and wide gray capote, and an elderly woman bent almost double with age. She had hold of the arm of the young man, and had, apparently, much difficulty in supporting herself by means of a short stick, on which she bent heavily.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the old woman, half to herself, though partially addressing her companion. "What a fool Andrea is!—ha! ha! ha! Some day or other when he enters Rome in this way—he! he!—they will pounce upon him; and although he is a Samson, he will be sent to the galleys."

They had now arrived at the Borghese palace, and had entered the court-yard before the house,

when a domestic in the livery of the family advanced towards them.

"Who are you wanting, my good people?" he asked.

"Tell him, Andrea," said the old woman.

"We wish to speak with Il Principe Federigo."

"He is expecting you; follow me."

The servant ascended the steps of the mansion, passed the porter who was sitting within the hall, and turned to the left and ascended a winding staircase. They followed him; and Andrea's step as he did so, resounded through the hall.

"Where it is," said the porter, wheezing through the fat of his capacious paunch, to get out the words, "that I have seen that scoundrel, it would be impossible for me to say; but some day or other I shall expect to hear of his presence in the galleys."

It was, to say the least of it, somewhat strange that the old woman and the double-chinned porter should have so singularly coincided in their opinions regarding the ultimate fate of Andrea. Let us add, as we may never again have the opportunity of doing so, that they were very correct in their anticipations respecting it.

In the meantime, the three individuals whom we have accompanied, had arrived at the ante-chamber to the apartment of the young Bor-

ghese. The servant entered the chamber, and in a moment more he returned, accompanied by the aged Giorgio, who cast a spiteful glance at Andrea, as his eye fell upon the herculean brigand.

"The prince will receive you," he said; "you can enter."

"Many thanks, old boy!" replied Andrea, laying his hand so suddenly upon the shoulder of the old domestic, that the last nearly doubled to the marble floor beneath its weight. In another instant all three had passed into Federigo's chamber.

The young Borghese was evidently recovering rapidly from the effects of his wound. It is possible, also, that the joy he experienced at the recovery of his brother lent him more strength than he otherwise would have had. He was sitting up in an easy chair, supported by pillows, and he cast a wistful glance at Andrea, who had first entered the apartment.

"I have brought them both, my prince," uttered the brigand, in his loud, sonorous voice.

"Giulio, come to me!"

The young man loosed his arm from the grasp of her who had still hold of it, and bounded towards his brother. Sinking on his knees before him, he buried his brow in the lap of Federigo, as he sobbed out:

"Can you forgive me, my brother?"

A tear actually stole out of the eye and rolled down the cheek of Andrea, astonishing his beard and moustaches with its unwonted presence.

"He! he!" cried Guiseppe Scarlatti, "it's very touching, isn't it, Andrea?"

The prince looked up and frowned; but Scarlatti was impervious to all such mute reproaches. He drew a chair towards him, sank in it, stretched himself out, and laughed long and heartily. Recalled to himself by the laughter of Scarlatti, Giulio rose from his kneeling position at the feet of Federigo, and the latter drew his brother towards him and imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. Castelli felt that it was the kiss of forgiveness and of peace. The young Borghese then turned to the table near which he had been sitting, and taking up a strip of paper, looked at it, and then extended it to Guiseppe.

"Take it, Andrea," said Scarlatti, waving his hand towards it, "and see that it is right."

The brigand stepped forward, received the check from Federigo, and began the task which his chief had appointed him. As he did so, his dark eye brightened, and his brown cheek flushed

with a deeper color—if that indeed were possible—than its previously bistred hue.

"Well?" asked Scarlatti.

"It is for two thousand scudi, my prince!" uttered Andrea, looking up at the Borghese.

"I know it is," replied Federigo.

"Then take it back, and write me another," exclaimed Guiseppe. "Place it on the table, Andrea!"

The latter growled out some inarticulate words, among which the only one that might have been detected by an acute listener, was "Fool!" This, however, struck his captain as being very disagreeably prominent.

"Rascal!" said he, "take a little heed, or haply I may crop your ears off!"

Then he turned to Federigo, and it was somewhat strange to observe, how singular an air of dignity passed over his features as he addressed him. Guiseppe Scarlatti was certainly intended for an actor.

"Prince," he continued, "I have fulfilled my portion of the agreement entered into by yourself and my lieutenant. I only require you to fulfil yours."

"But the danger you have incurred in visiting me—" commenced the Borghese.

"Is nothing to the pleasure you have afforded Guiseppe Scarlatti in permitting him to make your acquaintance."

The imperturbable air of haughty humility with which this was said, and the strange and almost startling contrast between the manner, the dress, and the calling of Scarlatti, proved irresistible, and Federigo burst into a violent fit of laughter, which was only terminated by the pain this very unsickly exertion caused him. For, in truth, Guiseppe Scarlatti was a remarkable man—one, perhaps, of the most remarkable of those brigands that have for the last two or three hundred years been the curse of modern Italy. Originally the son of a wealthy shopkeeper in Naples, he had been intended for the study of the law. The death of both his parents when Guiseppe was only nineteen, had terminated his desires to attain legal eminence. His last coin was squandered at the gaming table, or in the drinking saloon,—it little matters which,—and at the age of twenty-three, Guiseppe Scarlatti found himself without a penny. Having a good tenor voice he went upon the stage, and here he achieved some success; but being much patronized by his old companions, he destroyed his voice by the bottle. This made him

so poor that he grew quarrelsome, and having some skill with the small-sword, wounded a Neapolitan nobleman in a brawl that took place in a gambling house. Nothing more was heard of him for three years. About that time, the nobleman he had wounded was travelling towards Rome. It was almost nightfall; but he was so near the great city that he had determined on not waiting until the following morning at the tarrying-place which he had just quitted. His carriage was stopped, the traces cut, and a pistol held to his head. He got out and was carried into the mountains. Five thousand scudi were asked for his ransom, and they were paid. The nobleman entered Rome, and a week afterwards it was heard throughout central and southern Italy that the broken-down gambler and extinguished tenor was playing the part of Fra Diavolo on a large scale in the Roman Campagna. Let us now return to the thread of our story.

Giuseppe had smiled politely while Federigo was laughing; but no sooner had he terminated than he pointed to the table and requested Federigo to rectify his mistake.

"Let me assure you it is none," said the Borghese.

"You will excuse me, prince; but it is so," responded the polite brigand, with a low bow.

"But supposing that there was another service which, did you choose to undertake it, you could render me?"

"You see," muttered Andrea.

"O, in that case," answered Scarlatti, "I presume that I might gratify you."

"Well, there is."

"Andrea, you can put that check in your pocket," said Scarlatti. Then he looked at Federigo. "You pay handsomely, prince. One thousand scudi as an earnest—and—"

He paused.

"Two thousand more if you accomplish that which I wish!"

"You see how a matter of business is arranged between two gentlemen, Andrea!" observed the captain, in the tone of a patron. Then he turned to the Borghese. "I accept the proposition! Now, what is it?"

"Do you know the Signor Bernardo Della Torre?"

Giuseppe Scarlatti started, and turned round with a fierce look at Andrea; but the look of astonishment visible in Andrea's face, at once reassured him.

"I see you do."

"I have heard of him," said the brigand.

"You were in Rome the night before last. In the second street from the Aliberto you stopped a carriage. Della Torre was with you; he entered it, and you accompanied almost as far as the first post-house on the southern road that carriage. There Della Torre and his unwilling companions dismounted—for there were two. The carriage returned to the first hostelry and baited there; it then returned to the city."

Scarlatti stared at the young prince as he was speaking.

"The cursed vetturino ought to have his throat cut from one ear to the other!" muttered Andrea.

Guilio laid his hand upon his brother's arm.

"Who were in that carriage?" he asked.

"You shall know all, Guilio—it belonged to the Brigni!"

"Accursed devil!"

"Signor Scarlatti," said the prince, "if you can return that lady to her friends, two thousand scudi more are at your service. Should you fail to do so, I pledge my honor to root out your nest of hornets from the Campagna, though my last zecchin were to be spent upon the attempt!"

Scarlatti laughed bitterly.

"Your gloves must be thick and your mask stout, when you try to do so! However—come here, Andrea."

He arose and walked to the window, while his lieutenant followed him.

"And is this all true?" asked Castelli.

And as his words escaped from him, his face was burning with the rage that drowned his soul.

"It is; the vetturino is now in this house. The rascal, after taking the carriage to the stable, got drunk. He managed to fall down St. Peter's steps, and there dislocated his instep. My servant, Nicolo, was passing and heard the scoundrel groaning. Something he said induced Nicolo to imagine that he might have intelligence which might interest me. He brought him to the palace on his back—Heaven grant he may have a lesser load of sin on it when he knocks at its blessed gates. The wretch is now in the room adjoining this one."

Scarcely had the Borghese concluded, than Scarlatti quitted his companion and advanced towards him.

"Prince, I accept your offer!"

"Believe me, that you have done well," said Federigo.

"At present, I do not know where they are."

continued Scarlatti, slightly frowning. "Two of my band continued on with the Signor Della Torre, and to-morrow, at noon, they will have returned. At eight in the evening, myself, or Andrea, will await your brother in the tombs by the bank of the Tiber—the same among which Andrea first had the honor of making his acquaintance. Until that time I shall bid you farewell."

"Can we trust you?" asked Guilio.

"You do not know me!" said Scarlatti, with an angry gesture, "or you would scarcely ask me that question. Can I be trusted, Andrea? Answer him."

Andrea strode heavily up to Guilio.

"Hark ye, young springald!" he said. "If

Giuseppe Scarlatti had ever promised you two inches of his knife, you would have had them ere this, although you had never once quitted the presence of the Holy Father; or know that if he had failed to keep his promise, by St. Michael! but my wrist should have kept it for him!"

As he finished addressing Guilio, the burly ruffian turned to Federigo.

"Listen, my prince. You I like. So fine a fellow and so true a friend must, some day or other, turn out a capital hater. Send for Andrea, if ever you have an enemy!"

With a strangely significant touch on the hilt of the long knife that was concealed in the bosom of his vest, he again turned and paced out of the chamber at the heels of Giuseppe Scarlatti.

## CHAPTER XI.

## FATHER AND SON.

It was with no little difficulty that Federigo prevailed upon their father to pardon Guilio. At first the old prince had absolutely refused to see him, and he even reproached Federigo for having permitted him to enter the palace. The younger Borghese, however, noticed that his parent did not chide him for having ransomed Guilio from the band of Scarlatti.

"He is my son," replied the old man to the arguments of Federigo; "but ought not that very acknowledgement of the rights he has upon my love, to have hindered him from staining his hands with a brother's blood?"

"It was but an accident—a mistake—an unfortunate chance, my father. Guilio loves me."

"An accident! Yes, you have told me before it was an accident. How can I believe you?"

"You shall, and you must," replied the younger Borghese, as he drew aside the curtains of the bed and, showed the old prince his son. "See, he is here, my father! Dare you add to the wrong which you have already done him—the greater one, because it strikes and bruises the very heart,—my father, of denying him your blessing!" And as he said this, he drew Castellini nearer to his parent.

For a moment the aged prince hesitated; he looked from one to the other; he traced his own

youthful presence in each of those gallant boys, and all the father's blood stirred within his bosom; he gazed upon the face of Guilio, and as he did so, fancy brought back her whom he had wronged. Tears blinded the eyes of the old man as he opened his arms to him.

"My son!" And Guilio was once more received into the family of the Borghese.

That night, when Federigo and his brother were once more alone, Castellini turned to him after a long silence which neither of them had been willing to break.

"Tell me," said the young man, "tell me, my brother, why is it that you are so much nobler than I am?"

Federigo looked at him.

"What are you dreaming of now, Guilio?"

"It is no dream, Federigo!—it is but the simple fact. I doubted you when you were all love for me—doubted you on the score of a letter which I had chanced to find, and which, had I shown it to yourself as I should have done, would in all probability have been traced to its writer. Then I shunned you; and when I again met you in my momentary delirium I wounded you and fled. While, on the other hand, Federigo, it is to you, and you alone, I owe the summons which has called me back and reconciled me to the only one, save yourself

and Anna Brigni, who has ever shown me affection."

"And, my brother, shall I tell you what the reason of this is?"

"Yes."

"Simply, my poor boy, that you are in love, while I am not; and in truth, if this indeed be love, I doubt much whether I ever have been or ever shall be. But I feel wearied, Guilio, and have need of rest." He rose from the chair on which he was sitting, as he said this. "Will you summon Giorgio?"

"Nay, to-night, Federigo, let me supply the place of your servant."

The younger Borghese smiled as he accepted his brother's assistance, and retired to rest. Guilio sat beside the bed as Federigo slept. A thousand strange and bitter thoughts were whirling through his brain—yet, singular as it was, his love seemed at peace. He was now convinced that the Brigni did not love Federigo—or, rather, he was confident that Federigo did not love her—and this comforted him. That Bernardo would attempt—now that he had her so entirely in his power—every means to win her, he did not doubt; but his soul whispered to him that she cared not for Della Torre. "She loves him not," he muttered, "and she never will and never

can love him. Did she do so, I, myself, could forgive her for throwing her affections away upon one from whom she could expect no return." Yet, as Guilio said this, the leaven of hatred arose within him. He clenched his hand, and rising to his feet, strode across the chamber; he approached one of the lofty windows, and drew the curtain from before it, and the broad moonlight poured in a checkered stream along the marble floor, and as the cold yet brilliant beam fell upon him, it stilled and calmed his heart; he leaned upon the balustrade that protected the window from the garden, and as he felt the cold wind of night sweeping across his brow, he leaned upon his hands and for the first time in many days he wept; but the tears that he shed were not tears of bitterness and sorrow—they were rather the drops that flow from the heart when it is relieved from the weight of anguish and despair which has so long been oppressing it; he felt within his soul that his sorrow had passed away from him. Two weeks since, and he felt that he had been no more than a mere boy; but a new birth had taken place within him; his past life was now blotted out—the boy was dead, and in his place stood the conscious, bold and daring man.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE USE OF A LIEUTENANT.

At length the evening of the day following had arrived, and Guilio—for whom Borghese's influence with the Pope had procured a ready pardon—quitted the side of his brother. Leave of absence had been granted him for a week, and in that time he hoped again to see her.

"Farewell, Federigo!" he had said. "I would not—nay, you know that I could not—leave you, but—"

"That she is in peril. Go, mio caro!"

As Guilio pressed the hand of his brother, he murmured a blessing on him; the instant afterwards he was gone.

The evening service was chanting in the Sistine Chapel as he entered it, and knelt in that wondrous place of prayer. The mighty sibyls and glorious prophets of Michael Angelo stood out upon the walls and ceilings; they seemed in the partial gloom that pervaded it, even grander and more august than they had ever before appeared to him. The magnificent processions, the beautiful groups of angels, the bold foreshortenings, the determinate force with which each figure seems to breathe upon the plaster, were revealed in the awe and grandeur of the gathering gloom to his adoring soul. Often had he stood there, but never before had this startling sublimity seemed so wonderful to him as it did now to that kneeling man. Before him, on

the background of the chapel, was the greatest painting that dead or living artist has ever given. Like a marvellous jewel, set in that giant-world of art, stood out Angelo's Last Judgment. Christ stood upon the clouds, while from his mother, and the apostles gathered around him, rises the passionate prayer of the painter for the whole human race. The dead burst from the heavy gravestones under which they have for ages lain; blessed spirits break from their cerements, and float upwards on the wings of their adoration, whilst beneath them yawns the bottomless abyss to seize its miserable victims. Despairing, they strike their brow with their clenched hands as they sink into its depths. With a strong and earnest hand has Angelo limned in color that which Dante saw and sung. The most wondrous painter that the world has yet produced there asserts his right to stand in the might of his far-reaching spirit beside the greatest poet to whose breath man has ever listened—for Dante is the Isaiah of the lyre.

When Guilio at length arose, he felt that he was stronger. The gorgeous inspiration had passed within him, and as he left the chapel, the gathering gloom of twilight fell around him, calm in the midst of that hope which was to him a prophecy. He mounted his horse, tossed a coin to the boy who held him, galloped down

the street, and was soon without the walls of Rome. Two hours afterwards he had reached the spot which Scarlatti had appointed for their meeting. There was the Tiber, darkened by the night; the huge tomb, with its disjointed and crumbling masonry; the low and shiny bank near it; and around it, darkness and gloom, for not yet had the moon arisen.

Castelli dismounted. The bandit had not yet arrived. After throwing the bridle of his horse around the branch of an arbutus that had rooted itself between two of the fragments of fallen stone, he felt his way into the interior of the tomb. The burnt out brands of a fire, now nearly dead, were smouldering upon the hearth, and by their still red light the whole interior of the tomb was visible. It was, what in the preceding ages might have been a family burying-place. The low and narrow chamber in which he for the second time stood, was surrounded by two rows of small niches, and some were still covered over with mosaic, defaced, yet still exquisitely beautiful. From others, this covering was rudely broken away, whether for the sake of convenience by its chance occupants or in the search for treasure, it would be impossible to say; nevertheless, they were very certainly in use now—for as Guilio cast his eyes upon them, he saw sundry bottles in one; in another was a quarter of a sheep, recently killed, as it would appear; and over the edge of a third, hung one of the common sheep-skin coats worn by the Roman peasantry. The atmosphere within the tomb was almost stifling, and he again merged into the air. As he did so, the tramp of horses was heard. It paused almost close to him; he heard the click of a pistol-lock, and almost immediately after, a voice cried out:

"Who's there? Speak, or I fire?"

Guilio recognized the voice of Scarlatti.

"It is I—Guilio Castelli!" was his immediate answer.

"You are punctual, signor, and I am not," said Guiseppe. "May I crave your pardon?"

As the brigand said this, Guilio heard the unmistakable grin of Andrea. The rascal seemed to enjoy the unimpeachable politeness of his captain, who had, immediately after speaking, dismounted from his steed. Scarlatti then approached Guilio, and laid his hand upon the arm of the young man.

"Come with me into the old bone-house," he said. "I have much to say to you."

He then felt his way into the interior of the

tomb, and thrusting his hand into the interior of one of the niches, to which we have before alluded, he dragged out three or four pieces of dry pine, which he placed upon the smouldering embers before referred to. In a brief space, they burst into a blaze which illuminated the whole of that strange chamber?

"Do you yet know where she is?" demanded Castelli.

"Wait a moment, signor! All in good time," answered the brigand, as he thrust his hand into the niche in which the quarter of a sheep was lying, and drew from it a huge pasty. "I have just ridden twenty-seven miles, and have touched nothing since mid-day. You must have patience with a half starved man!"

Guilio flung himself upon the ground, impatiently, as Scarlatti drew a bottle and cup from the other niche, and pushed them towards him.

"Will you drink, signor?" he asked.

Without answering him, Guilio took the cup and filled it. As for Scarlatti he was lost in the enjoyment of his senses.

The form of Andrea stood in the doorway of the tomb.

"May I not enter, captain?" he almost groaned, as he witnessed the huge inroads which were being made upon the contents of the pie.

"No!" answered the brigand; "I am engaged."

"But I am hungry."

"You will have to cook your supper," answered the chief, pointing with one hand to the mutton, as his other was still engaged in performing the duties of a fork.

Andrea retired with a groan.

"He! he! he!" laughed Scarlatti, as he completed his repast, and pushed the large platter, which was thoroughly empty, from him; "that fellow will never learn any respect for my dignity!"

He stretched out his hand to the cup, which must have held more than a pint, filled it, and emptied it at a single draught. He then took out a cigar, lit it, and extended another to Castelli.

"Will the signor not smoke?" he said, as he did so.

"I thank you, not now," replied the young Roman.

"Well, then, let us to business."

Guilio sat up opposite Scarlatti, who was leaning upon his elbow in a half-recumbent position, at the other side of the fire. It was a



strange scene, and might have afforded scope for a clever artist to embody it. The glimmering flame from the burning fire fell fitfully and brilliantly upon the low roof of the tomb. Here it caught upon the flashing colors of a piece of mosaic that was half concealed by the shadow thrown from the body of the bandit, which was traced upon the wall in gigantic proportions. There it was lost in the darkness of one of the broken cavities, and here again it streamed through the doorway of the sepulchre upon the fallen stones, and the branches of the straggling shrubs which grew without it.

The face of Giuseppe Scarlatti, himself, caught the light more strongly upon its outlines than did any other object, and its singular and almost grotesque character might have induced one to believe that it was the carved image of an old faun, were it not for the roguish and malicious twinkle of the eye which played and flashed almost incessantly, while the rest of the features were perfectly motionless.

"I have not discovered where she is."

"No!" cried Guilio, as he started to his feet; "then why did you not send to—"

"Because that would have been useless, signor. Sit down and listen to what I have to say."

Guilio obeyed the imperative motion of Scarlatti's hand, as he continued:

"It would be better, perhaps, that you should hear it from the men who accompanied them. Shall I call them? They are without."

"No," answered the Roman; "let me hear it from yourself. But at once, I implore you."

The bandit smiled bitterly.

"How impatient love ever is!" he muttered; and then he went on. "At the post-house, a quarter of a mile from where he stopped, Della Torre procured another carriage. During his brief absence the Signora Anna, and the old lady who had been stolen with her,—a very curious taste he must have to steal an old woman of sixty," interjected Scarlatti,—"prayed and entreated my men to allow her to fly. She offered them her jewels, money—enough to make them rich for life—would they only permit her to escape."

"Why did they not do so?" passionately demanded Castelli.

"Because they had no orders from me to do so," answered the bandit; "because they knew that theirs would have been an extremely short shrift when I once knew it."

He paused, as if for Castelli to answer him; but finding he did not, he continued speaking:

"When Della Torre returned with the carriage which he had procured, they were compelled to enter it; and for the first four miles, the men who rode beside it heard loud voices within. These by degrees died away, and all within the carriage was still and early on the following morning they arrived at Terracina. To the astonishment of Paulo,—for the other is a fool, and is never astonished at anything,—Della Torre and the ladies drove up to the principal hotel, and there he dismounted and inquired for rooms. Certainly, they could have a magnificent parlor—all the parlors in a hotel are magnificent—and two chambers adjoining it. Della Torre handed the ladies out of the carriage, paid my men the remainder of the sum which it had been stipulated he should give me for my assistance, and then returned into the inn. Paulo and his companion went to an acquaintance of mine who does business for us, and there breakfasted. Poor fellows, a bottle of brandy had been all they had since seven on the preceding evening. Some two hours afterwards they again made up their minds to return. One of them thought it might be best to inquire whether Della Torre intended stopping there. It was Paulo, of course. You know that subsequent business, as indeed it proves now, might have required that knowledge. Paulo is essentially a man of the world; he ought to be my lieutenant; but muscle is a great advantage to authority, and so the Hercules, who is waiting for his supper, is. However, Della Torre was already gone, and what is more singular, the two ladies had accompanied him. 'And on which road?' asked Paulo. The waiter was an old friend of his, and he had occasionally taken a purse or two; but in a contemptible way. Being a coward, he hesitated. Paulo slipped a scudi into his hand; the love of money overcame him, and he chuckled as he said, 'The road to Naples!' They immediately turned from the door of the hotel, and presented themselves before me this morning, having occasion to do a little business on their road which somewhat detained them."

Guilio had listened to the details that Scarlatti had given him with amazement. What power could Bernardo so suddenly have acquired over Anna Brigni? What was it which could have induced her so suddenly to accompany him from Terracina? Did she—but no! that was absolutely impossible—at least so he fancied. He then looked at Scarlatti, who was then curiously

watching the change and emotion traced upon his face.

"Well, what do you intend doing?" he asked. "The soprano would seem to have suddenly grown reconciled to the scoundrel. He, of course, must be the basso—bassi are always scoundrels," muttered the ex-vocalist. "Has my employment in this matter ended?"

"By no means!"

"I am glad to hear that," replied Scarlatti. "One cannot—skilful financier as one may be—every day manage to pick up two thousand scudi."

"We will proceed to Terracina."

"Most certainly, if you wish it."

"And that instantly."

"O, no, signor! We shall have to wait while our worthy lieutenant is refreshing his inner man. Besides, Paulo, and my namesake, Giuseppe, are both excellent trencher-men. You will excuse their intrusion, I feel certain. I will take the liberty of calling them. Hallo, Andrea!"

"Well!" roared, rather than spoke, the ferociously hungry voice of Scarlatti's lieutenant.

"You can enter if you will."

Andrea rushed rather than strode into the tomb. He bounded towards the empty platter, seized it, looked into it, and groaned audibly. Paulo had sprung on the quarter of spring mutton, and had already commenced carving huge collops from it; the namesake of Scarlatti heaped more wood upon the fire. Andrea bent over it, and looking like a famished bear, commenced

cooking the steaks. Castelli felt oppressed by the dense and heavy atmosphere in the tomb—still more, perchance, by the bustle of so savage a life as that which he saw around him; and he rose and stole out into the open air.

When, in half an hour, he again entered the tomb, Giuseppe was stretched upon the floor sleeping, and the other three had finished the quarter of the sheep between them. Its bare bones were scattered upon the rough and uneven earth, which formed the floor of that rude chamber, and three or four emptied bottles were strewn upon the ground. They were engaged in drinking. Paulo, who, as far as Guilio could see by the light of the fire that had again burnt low, was a sensible-looking and handsome little rascal, with "prodigiously broad" shoulders, intimated to Andrea that he had better wake the captain.

Andrea complied with his request, and bending over him laid his hand upon his shoulder. The latter yawned, stretched out his arms, swore a fierce oath or two, and rose. Then he saw the Roman gentleman standing near to him. With the bow and the smile of the man of the world, he murmured an apology, and led the way into the open air. In five minutes more, Guilio's horse—to which Andrea had administered some of that mixed provender which is generally used by the Roman jockies—was bounding over the Campagna. They were upon the road to Terracina.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE ABDUCTION.

WE must once more return to our heroine, Anna Brigni. Our readers may remember that it was in the second street from the Teatro Alberto that the carriage had been stopped. At that hour—she had left the theatre it may be remembered at a quarter to nine—this thoroughfare was but little frequented. It was in consequence of this that Bernardo Della Torre had selected it as the scene of the *coup de main* which he had determined upon attempting. The door of the carriage was thrown open and a cavalier entered. Such was the darkness of the street in which they then were, that she was unable to discern who it was. She cried out, but the carriage was already in motion, and the clattering of the hoofs of Scarlatti's horse, and those of his followers, joined with the whirr of the rapid wheels in drowning the sound of her voice. Bernardo had by a heavy bribe ensured the gates being opened to him, and his servant had ridden on to forewarn the guard. They swung open as he approached, and the next moment they were beyond the walls of Rome.

Anna Brigni was now silent; but Madame Salicetti wept and screamed, until she was compelled by exhaustion to refrain from doing so. Anna turned towards her captor; but the darkness was still too intense for her to discern his

form. All she could indeed see of him was an indistinct and vague outline, which presented nothing to her memory.

One of the Colonnas had shown her some attentions; but he was a young man, and would scarcely have dared to commit such an outrage on a lady who had received the patronage of the Princess Borghese. Could the old banker, Torlogna, have—but no! he had never even breathed a word of love to her. Who was it, then? It was strange that her thoughts never recurred to the Piedmontese. And yet, perhaps, it was scarcely so, and the whole proceeding was so daring in its nature, so impudently bold, that she could never have realized to herself the fact that Bernardo Della Torre could have undertaken it.

Could it—must it not be Guilio! Her heart beat as the thought rushed through her brain. Yes! yes! it must be so. Who else loved her as he had done? Agonized by his separation from her, unable to return, he had determined to bear her off and fly with her. The tumultuous blood surged heavily and quickly through her veins. She leaned across the carriage, and laid her hand upon the arm of him whom she thought to be Castelli. As she did so a hand was clasped upon hers.

"Guilio, is it you?" she murmured.

"Anna Brigni, beloved Anna, it is not!"

She wrenched her fingers from that grasp, and fell back upon her seat. She covered her face with her hands as if to shut out the sight of him—for she had recognized that voice and knew she was in the power of Bernardo Della Torre.

"Anna, you now see that my love is not lightly to be shaken from you. Stung by your coldness, I determined that you should listen to me. In Rome you could close your doors upon me; you could forbid me to speak; you would have told to Torlogna everything. I decided on taking this step; nor have I done wrong in choosing my course."

She wrung her hands as she heard him; she did not answer him, for she could not speak.

"You are a brigand, and a good-for-nothing wretch!" screamed Madame Salicetti, as she listened to him. "Only to think that I at my age am exposed to such an outrage! If it had but been the Prince Colonna, or even the Conde di Montenegro—but Bernardo Della Torre! O! O! I shall never recover it!"

"If it had been one of the Colonnas, madame," said Bernardo in reply to this sudden outbreak, "it is more than probable you might have forgiven him."

"I!—never!"

"If not at the present moment, to-morrow, or the day after; at least, I think so."

There was a bitterness in his voice, which vanished from it as he turned to Anna Brigni.

"You have not answered me; nor do I desire that you should now do so. Remember that you are in my power—completely in my power, and it is at your own option how that power is to be exercised. Should you choose, peaceably, to continue the road to Naples with me; content to pass as my sister, without revealing the history of this night to any whom we may meet, my escort will be at your service. I will endeavor to erase from your mind what has gone by, with the tenderness of my passion."

She made him no answer.

"If you will not consent to this, I have but one recourse left. Thirteen miles from Terracina, there is a lone house. It stands apart from all others, and the nearest dwelling to it is at a distance of seven miles. It lies in the mountains, and thither shall I bear you."

"Wretch! villain!" screamed the old lady, as she listened to his threat.

"Madame," said Bernardo, "the choice will be in the hands of Signora Brigni. I will but follow her will."

As he said this, once again he relapsed into silence; and shortly afterwards, one of his associates, in this most daring and thus far very successful piece of villany, rode up to the window of the carriage and addressed him, as the driver stopped at some distance from a tolerably bright light that was burning before him upon the road.

"There is the post-house," he said.

Della Torre immediately quitted the vehicle.

"I presume," he said, as he stood by the side of the man who had addressed him, "that, you might possibly find some difficulty in procuring a conveyance?"

"I should think so," answered the man, with a harsh sneer upon his face, as he gently patted the neck of his horse. It was felt rather than seen by the Piedmontese. "The only one that they ever let me have was never again returned to them. As for the body of the vetturino, why, that was found on the road between it and Terracina, and a bloody cross was drawn on its chest!"

Bernardo shuddered as he heard this cold-blooded confession; it grated confoundingly upon his nerves. As for the driver, he covered and crouched upon his seat, as if he had actually felt the edge of a knife drawn across his throat.

"You must lend me your horse, then."

"Certainly," said Paulo, who was the speaker; and as he uttered this, he dismounted.

The Piedmontese sprang upon the animal, and striking it with his heel, bounded off in the direction of the post-house, while the bandit remained standing near the carriage, and under the eyes of Anna, who was barely able in that uncertain gloom to trace his features.

It has been already mentioned, that no sooner had Della Torre left the spot, than Anna Brigni attempted to induce her captors by every bribe within her power, to permit her return to Rome; this was, however, useless. When Bernardo again appeared, she was obliged to quit the carriage, and enter that which he had preceded back.

They then continued their journey. Now, however, he had no necessity to complain that

the Brigni did not speak to him. Reproach and entreaty poured from her tongue, and he was implored to return with her to Rome, or to permit her to return alone. To this he was inflexible. What should she do? She would kill herself—at this he laughed. Then she wept—he was silent as she did so. Then she told him that his conduct was a disgrace to the very name of gentleman.

"It may be so," said he.

"There is no Italian that will not point at you, and call you a *lache*!"

"But they will envy me," responded Bernardo.

At last, worn out with her useless supplications, and afraid to trust herself in his power at the solitary dwelling he had mentioned as the place to which he should take her if she refused to accompany him to Naples, she swore to permit him to call her his sister, and to make no attempt to escape from him. Then, worn out by her fruitless supplications, she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage, and clasping the hands of Madame Salicetti in her own, she attempted to sleep.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN UNEXPECTED RECOGNITION.

It was on the second morning after the details given in our last chapter, that a travelling carriage was drawn up before the door of the hotel, called Cicero's Villa, in Mola di Gaeta. A party of travellers, who had arrived there at noon on the preceding day, and had been compelled to remain there during the evening in consequence of the illness of the younger lady—a woman "*bella com' un' angela*," said the host,—were now about to proceed to Naples. Everything was correct. Anticipating that the Brigni would rather consent to travel on with him to the loveliest city in the world, as his sister, than remain a prisoner in the habitation to which he had proposed to take her, passports had been provided ere he had quitted home. Bribery will do anything in Papal or Neapolitan Italy. The only difficulty to a stranger is to measure its amount. Della Torre was a native of Genoa, and he had lived in Rome, consequently he had not paid one scudi too much for what he wanted. At Terracina he had, moreover, taken advantage of their brief pause to provide a sufficient amount of baggage. At present, it is true, his trunks were filled with hay; but what did that matter? A liberal fee at the frontier of the kingdom of Naples had prevented their being opened, and at

Naples they would be filled properly. At all events, that luggage had enabled him to avoid the suspicions which their travelling without any would in all probability have awakened.

Anna was sitting in her chamber. She had breakfasted there and had since dressed herself at the urgent entreaties of Bernardo, conveyed to her through Madame Salicetti. He was more than anxious to arrive in a large city; not, perhaps, that he actually feared pursuit, as that he fancied—should such a pursuit take place—it might be far more easily avoided in Naples than in such a mere tarrying-place as Mola di Gaeta.

Her head was now leaning upon her hand as she sat near one of the windows of her room gazing wistfully and sadly upon the magnificent scene that lay beneath it. Before her were the woods of orange and lemon trees, intermingled with the majestic cypress, rows of which form the boundary of the garden. Beyond them stretched the clear and heaven-blue Mediterranean, dashing its waves of sapphire above the broken masonry of Roman bath and ancient temple outside the wall of that lovely spot. Boats, with their white sails spread, in the distance, balanced themselves like birds upon that azure and tideless sea.

But indescribably lovely as was the scene that lay stretched before her eyes, they were almost unconscious of its fairy beauty. Her thoughts were far away—they were with Guilio. Singular as it may seem, her sense instinctively felt—nay, it knew that the young Castelli had returned to Rome. And if it indeed were so, what must he now think of her? What was there that he would not be told of her? Should he see Torlogna, what would not the wealthy banker impute to the vanished vocalist? And, moreover, what by any chance could he hear that would be worse for him to know, than the fact that she was travelling to Naples, under the care and with the assumed title of the sister of Bernardo Della Torre. The name might be assumed; for a while it might hide her shame, but sooner or later it must be known to him, and then where should she hide herself? Alas! she could but die.

As these thoughts crossed her mind, Madame Salicetti rushed into her chamber. Anna looked at her with such a woe-stricken expression of countenance that at any other time the old lady would have been terrified. Now she laughed, with the tears of her joy standing in her eyes.

"Anna! mia figlia Anna! we shall not have to go on to Naples!" she cried out; and she clapped her hands together as she said so.

The Brigni still looked at her without speaking.

"O, it is true, my child! Vengeance has found him out. He had fancied he was to have it all his own way, the wretch!"

"What is it?" said Anna Brigni, rising to her feet, as she spoke. At that moment the death of Bernardo would have caused her no sorrow. "Torture me not, but tell me!"

"The villain has fallen down, and his leg is broken. How I wish it were his neck!" answered Madame Salicetti.

Nevertheless, grieved as we are to record the fact, we are obliged to state that this was a gross exaggeration of the elderly lady's. He had gone into the city—if, indeed, it is to be called a city—of Gaeta, an hour since, after leaving orders for everything to be in readiness for their departure. Here a misfortune had befallen him—he had fallen and had severely sprained his ankle; this, indeed, so severely that he was obliged to be borne home to the hotel in the carriage of a wealthy Englishman, who happened to be pass-

ing at the time when he had met with the accident.

Now it so chanced that this Englishman had heard the hotel-keeper's report of the singular beauty of the Signor Bernardo's sister, and, though "*bella com' un' angela*" is an exceedingly common style of eulogy in that most hyperbolic of all climes—Italy being, like the greater portion of your travelling idlers, a great admirer of female loveliness, the Hon. Lumley Ferrers was extremely anxious to see her. The fact, too, that he had assisted her brother, gave him a pretext for gaining admission to her presence. He would take the liberty of visiting her and informing her of his accident. He accordingly committed his card to the charge of one of the waiters, and instructed him to request the honor of an interview of a few moments with the signora.

"Do you know him?" asked the Brigni of Madame Salicetti, showing her the card.

"I believe," said the waiter, being very anxious to forestall the Hon. Mr. Lumley in his delivery of the intelligence, and laying himself out to be questioned; "I believe that he visits you, signora, at your brother's request."

To his astonishment, no question was put to him.

"He wishes to inform you of the accident that has happened to the Signor Bernardo."

"I suppose that we must see him, then."

"Yes, you can admit him," said Madame Salicetti to the waiter, who stood near with his budget of news trembling on the tip of his tongue. Completely baffled, the man withdrew from the apartment.

Now had he either said nothing, or chosen to say everything that he knew, it is more than probable that Anna Brigni would have declined being intruded upon, and have entrusted him with a polite message to that effect. And had Anna Brigni done so, it is barely possible that she might not have been discovered by the Signor Castelli for many weeks. We merely mention this for the sake of proving to the readers that even a travelling Englishman and his inviolable curiosity may at times be converted by chance into an actual utility.

The Honorable Mr. Lumley Ferrers was shown into the chamber by the domestic, who immediately quitted it. The Signora Brigni rose from her seat to receive him. Mr. Ferrers bowed and

looked curiously at the Signora Anna. He then examined Madame Salicetti. Had he seen either of them before? He then stated the accident that had befallen her brother—her brother!

"The Signor Bernardo de—"

"Verami," interposed Madame Salicetti, with a very husky cough, as if she had resisted a very great temptation in not allowing the Brigni to give utterance to his real name.

"Yes; the Signor—"

"Verami!" said Madame Salicetti, as he paused.

"True—the Signor Verami!"

He made a low bow as he said this, and glanced inquiringly in her face. Anna did not blush as he did so, and she was dead to the suspicions that were at work in the Englishman's mind.

"I trust that the effects of this accident will be very slight for the sake of the Signor Verami's sister!"

He again looked at her with more curiosity.

"I trust that you will not terrify yourself about it!"

She is neither his sister nor his lady-love, he thought, as he witnessed her immobility.

"I—in fact—" and as no sign of acknowledgment for the intelligence he had given her was vouchsafed him, he bowed once more and took his leave.

After he had quitted the apartment of Anna Brigni, Mr. Ferrers retired to his own chamber. His valet was occupied in arranging his garments for the afternoon, in case his master should take it into his head to dress for dinner. Now this valet was a sort of human reservoir, into which his master was in the habit of pumping all his secrets for the purpose of having them ready at a moment's notice whenever he might want them; and consequently no sooner had he seated himself, than he coughed slightly and called him towards him.

The confidential domestic having folded his master's coat, and placed it on one of the chairs, advanced until he conceived himself within a respectful distance of him from whom he received his travelling expenses and forty pounds a year.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you imagine I have discovered, William?"

"I really cannot imagine, sir."

"You have seen the Signora Verami?"

"No, sir."

"I mean the lady who is at present residing under that name in the hotel."

"I never saw her, sir."

"Well, that lady is—"

The ears of the domestic were wide open for the reception of his master's secret; but his curiosity—if, indeed, he had any,—was not destined to be gratified, for at this moment a gentle tap was heard on the door of the chamber.

"Now, who the deuce is it?" ejaculated the Honorable Lumley Ferrers, as he caught the sound.

The valet immediately crossed the apartment, and opened the door. In glided Madame Salicetti.

"I trust my lord will pardon," said the elderly lady, with a profound courtesy, "my unwarrantable intrusion upon his privacy."

"Place the Signora Verami a chair," William!" uttered his master.

It was brought to her.

"To what am I indebted for this honor, madame?"

The respectable Salicetti glanced at the domestic.

"Good heavens! is she in love with him?" inquired the valet of himself.

"You can leave us, William," said Mr. Ferrers.

"Good heavens!" muttered the valet, as he looked at his master's face; "he certainly cannot be in love with her!"

He then once more examined Madame Salicetti from top to toe.

"William!"

The valet turned, bowed, and quitted the apartment.

"Now I am at your service, madame," uttered the Englishman.

"Milord, I thought that I had more courage; but I find that I am totally unable to—"

"I beg that you will not let my presence terrify you, Madame Verami."

"My name, milord, is not Madame Verami. I must tell you that it is—"

"Madame Salicetti!" said Ferrers, completing the unfinished sentence for her.

"Ah! I was certain that you knew it, milord."

"Who that has once seen the Brigni, madame, could ever forget her or any one that is connected with her?" uttered the Englishman,

in what he intended to be a most touching tone of voice.

As he said this, he laid his hand upon his heart.

"Milord Ferrers," replied the old lady, "I really am exceedingly indebted to you; your kindness loosens my tongue. I have come to implore you to relieve myself and Mademoiselle Brigni from an extremely miserable position, in which we are, both of us, placed at the present moment."

"Madame," said Mr. Ferrers, rising, and making a step towards the *escritoire*, that stood at the further end of the apartment, "may I ask how much you request?"

With the natural instinct of his country, she had no sooner spoken of the miserable position in which she and Mademoiselle Brigni were placed, than he had concluded that she wanted money.

"Sir!" uttered the old lady, with a gentle touch of indignation in her voice, "you entirely mistake me."

"Then, madame, you will perhaps have the kindness to explain yourself more clearly."

Madame Salicetti accordingly commenced her explanation, the result of which will appear in the ensuing chapter.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE THREATENED APPEAL TO THE LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

DELLA TORRE bore the sprain, which now confined him to his apartment, by no means in the most exemplary or Christian-like manner. He swore at the waiters of the hotel—for your Italian can distend his sweet lungs in a style that would astonish American or English ears, accustomed as these are to every sort of that refined mode of amusement. He invoked the assistance of the Pope and the Virgin Mary in a manner which astounded even the domestics of Cicero's Villa, used as they were to the prayers and oaths of every nation under the sun. Then he wept, and wept bitterly, for your real and thorough-bred Italian has no shame in shedding tears.

But after all, he was obliged to wait for the physician. Unfortunately for him, the physician—for he was the only respectable one in Gaeta—had a prince for a patient. He, it is true, was an Italian one, and consequently by no means a lucrative sufferer. Still, he was a prince, and lived four miles out of the town. When the physician had been sent for, he was at the prince's villa. What was to be done?"

At length—it was more than two hours after the accident had occurred—one of the servants of the hotel entered Della Torre's apartment.

"Where is the accursed physician?" roared out the savage sufferer.

"He has not yet arrived."

"What do you want, then?"

"Milord Ferrers wishes to speak with the signor."

"Show him in, then," said Della Torre.

The moment afterwards Lumley Ferrers was standing before him. He was accompanied by Madame Salicetti.

Della Torre leaped up on the sofa on which he had been lying, forgetful of his pain and of everything else when he saw her. He at once divined that the old lady had appealed to the English gentleman's sense of honor, and felt that the prize, for whose possession he had so grievously compromised himself, was irretrievably taken from his hands.

"Madame," he began, but was interrupted at once by the Englishman.

"Sir," he said, "you have done a grievous injury to this lady and the charming Mademoiselle Brigni, whom I have just left. You have wantonly broken her engagement; you have irretrievably compromised her character. She has, by the advice of her friend, Madame Salicetti, placed herself under my protection."

"Do you mean to tell me—" commenced Della Torre.

"Nothing but what every gentleman would feel himself called upon to say."

"Sir!" screamed, rather than said, the Piedmontese, as he raised himself to his full height, and sank back almost immediately, from the pain the exertion caused him, "you take the advantage of my condition to insult me!"

Ferrers bit his lip in his wrath. He had hoped that the exposure might have inspired the young Italian with some sense of shame.

"You shall answer for this when I recover!" said Della Torre, shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

"Signor," replied Lumley, drawing himself up as he looked contemptuously upon the Genoese, "in my country, the first lesson we are taught is never to do anything that we are either ashamed or afraid to answer."

Della Torre groaned; but it was with the agony caused by his injury, rather than his shame.

"My business here, sir, was to inform you that as the ladies, who arrived with you at this hotel, do me the honor of placing themselves under my charge—"

"Well!" sneered the helpless villain, who lay on the couch opposite him.

"And as the Signora Brigni will not be well enough to return to Rome—whither I propose accompanying herself and Madame Salicetti—until the morrow, you will do me the favor of refraining from annoying them, either by letter or message. Your presence—"

"I am unable to urge upon them. . . And what, sir, if I do not choose to comply with your command?" ejaculated the Genoese, as a fierce glance of hatred shot from his snake-like eyes at Lumley Ferrers.

"Unfortunately, in that case, I should be obliged to make an application to the legal authorities of Gaeta, which might, probably, somewhat inconvenience you."

Della Torre looked and felt like a wolf that is taken in a trap.

"Any apology which you may on reflection think fit to address to either of these ladies, must pass through my hands."

"Madame!" cried Bernardo, bitterly, bending his savage glance upon the Salicetti as he spoke, "admirably have you and the Brigni kept that promise you swore to!"

"I swore to nothing!" she replied, with a smile of triumph upon her lips as she did so. "The Brigni promised you, and she has kept her promise. I was too insignificant—too worthless for so great a man as the Signor Bernardo Della Torre to waste one single thought upon."

Then she swept from the room, followed by Ferrers. The pride of that moment almost plucked fifteen years from her. No sooner were they standing in the passage, than the Englishman turned to her.

"Madame," he said, with a slight, cold smile, "you have heard everything which has passed. I trust you are satisfied with my conduct."

"Milord, you must pardon me for insisting upon accompanying you; but—"

"You were so anxious to hear all that passed."

"I confess, milord, that I was."

"Because you feared that my love of notoriety might manage to give a somewhat scandalous color to the sudden determination of the Brigni."

"You must forgive me, milord."

"Most certainly," answered Lumley.

It was, nevertheless, with a very sour inflection of the voice that he did so. His pride was evidently hurt by the implied suspicion.

"Besides, milord," said the Salicetti, "I feared lest words might have passed between you which would have provoked—"

"A duel. Pshaw, madame!"

"Precisely."

"Madame, whatever your age may be,"—Madame Salicetti bridled as he said this,—"you can very well imagine that no man can fight, when his ankle-bones are out of joint. While

in addition to this, I had pledged myself to accompany you and the Brigni to Rome. He was quite safe for the present whatever his position might have been. Afterwards—"

"You cannot mean to—"

"Favor him with my opinion of his conduct; most certainly, I do. And now, madame, I shall place my servant at your disposal for the remainder of the day. To-morrow I intend to have my carriage in readiness to receive the Mademoiselle Anna at ten o'clock. Will you do me the favor of telling her so?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DISCOVERY AND THE FLIGHT.

At ten o'clock on the following morning, the carriage of Lumley Ferrers was waiting at the doorway of the hotel; and shortly after he led the Brigni and Madame Salicetti down the steps towards it. They entered the carriage.

"Do you not accompany us?" inquired the elderly lady, as Lumley closed the door upon them.

"I do, madame."

"But how?" and she looked round as she uttered the question. She saw a horse standing near the steps of the hotel.

Lumley pointed towards it.

"He is decidedly a gentleman," muttered the Salicetti, as she leaned back in the carriage.

Anna Brigni had partially recovered her spirits, and as Ferrers had looked on her for the first moment as she took his arm at the door of her chamber to descend the staircase, he thought that he had rarely seen any one so beautiful. Her fair hair flashed in the morning light where it escaped from her straw bonnet; her blue eyes swam with that mingled joy and fear which now filled her whole being; her cheeks were pale, but this only increased the intellectual appearance of her head; and the faint smile that wreathed her rosy lips added an almost indescribable loveliness to her face. As Lumley

noted all this, he felt that he, too, could love her; he bent towards her, and said:

"I no longer marvel, mademoiselle, that the Signor Bernardo should have dared anything in his hopeless passion."

The Brigni's arm trembled as she withdrew it from his. For a short space his brow clouded; then he again bent over her, and whispered:

"Do not fear me, Anna Brigni! I might have loved you; but I feel that it would be an insult to address you such a passion as I could alone offer. You are secured while with me from anything verging either on love or admiration."

He then relapsed into his usual phlegm—he will presume that he called it stoidism; it is a grand name, but we will allow it in consideration of the service that he had rendered to the soprano. They were now rolling upon the road to Rome.

"What is the matter, mio cara," said her companion, "that you are so silent? Are you not glad to have escaped from that odious Della Torre?"

"Very, very glad," murmured the Bolognese, as she again relapsed into reverie.

She was lost in the thought of what Castelli must think of her, for we have before said that she was convinced—although she had no reason to imagine so—that he had returned to Rome.



"I should like to know what the management of the Aliberto have done without you."

"You should," questioned the Brigni.

"Why, of course I should. What on earth can you be thinking of? Your absence must have rendered it impossible for them to have produced Cimarosa's new opera. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the management were to bring an action against you for the breach of your engagement. Damages would be very inconvenient. I feel certain that Isaac could not pay them."

The name she had mentioned recalled the Brigni to herself. She remembered, and reproached herself severely as she did so, that for the last few days she had seemed completely to have forgotten her second father. How much must he have suffered; how bitterly it must have cut him to the heart, to fancy that she had quitted him, without even a word or letter to bid him farewell. It was in vain that she now attempted to frame excuses for her forgetfulness of what he must have suffered. "I was his child—his only one," she murmured to herself; "and unheeding all his kindness, I have suffered my thoughts to be wrapped up in the love of another; not one memory of his kindness awakened in my heart!" She drew her veil more closely over her face and answered nothing to her companion, whose tongue was still running on as rapidly as if her only occupation in life was that of talking.

It was early in the morning of the second day from this, that Giulio Castelli, with his three companions, arrived in Naples. At Terracina, Scarlatti and the two brigands had left Giulio for half an hour, while he breakfasted at the hotel. When they returned to him, but for the herculean size of Andrea, he would have scarcely recognized his companions.

Giuseppe was shaven—all but his moustache—and in his dress and personal appearance bore very much the stamp of a stray tenor in search of an engagement. A tinge of the disreputable, it is true, would have attached to him; but this by no means detracted from the one or the other of his professional characters. But for the beard of Andrea, he might have seemed an English prize-fighter, who had made a fortune in his calling, and had transmuted himself, as he imagined, into a gentleman. His blue coat and brass buttons; his splendid vest; his embroidered shirt and very dirty hands were typical of the class of life we have alluded to. Paulo looked

indisputably the most distinguished of the three. He might have been taken as one of those lawyers who are to be found in all countries. In our own they may generally be discovered lounging about the Tombs. Castelli opened his eyes as they fell upon them.

"You see, signor," said Scarlatti, "it might scarcely have suited you to have had us recognized. Hereafter it might have been inconvenient to you. You might have been taken for one of us."

Andrea grinned. He would have laughed, but Scarlatti had strictly forbidden his giving vent to his mirth. That roar would have been recognized wherever it had once been heard.

"And now, what have you done? Have you questioned the waiter?" asked Giuseppe.

"I have; but he was unable to tell me anything."

"Or, probably, only unwilling."

"I was about to request the presence of the landlord."

"It is unnecessary."

Scarlatti thought a moment, and then said to Paulo:

"Go down and find out the waiter who told you they had gone to Naples. Find out the name they were travelling by. Pay him ten scudi."

As Paulo quitted the room, he took out a little book. It was quite new. He entered the expense.

"It is a necessary one," he observed to Castelli.

"Yes, yes," uttered the other, impatiently.

"He may be useful again."

It need scarcely be observed that Paulo was accustomed to the orders of his captain. He gave the waiter no more than two. It was a clear gain to Scarlatti of eight scudi. Shortly after the brigand re-entered the apartment.

"What have you discovered, Paulo?"

"They started for Naples, under the names of the Signor and Signora Verami," was the reply.

Giulio started. A fierce and sudden gush of jealousy blazed through him.

"The lady appeared entirely reconciled to him; he, himself, handed her into the carriage. The waiter knows nothing more."

"We will at once proceed, then," replied the captain, as he quitted the chamber. Giulio followed him.

In five minutes more, Castelli, accompanied by the three brigands, was galloping along the road to Naples. A thousand bitter and passion-

ate thoughts were whirling through the brain of the young Roman. He could not believe that Anna Brigni had, in truth, forgiven the crime of her abduction to Della Torre. And yet when she was here—when she might so easily have spoken to the people of the hotel; when she could have demanded the assistance of the authorities—why had she not done so? Her silence made him suspect everything. If, indeed, he should find that she loved another—if he were compelled by her own free decision to resign her—then Della Torre might take her; he would not trouble him. All he prayed for was, that never again might he be ensnared by female loveliness.

It was in the early morning, as we have elsewhere stated, that they arrived in Naples. They passed through Mola di Gaeta before dawn. Consequently they had not been able to make the same inquiries at Cicero's Villa which they had hitherto made at every hotel upon the road.

The air was gray with the mist of early day when they came within sight of the city. Neither Vesuvius nor Capri was visible; but the corn stood juicy and green in the fields under the tall fruit-trees and poplars, round which the wanton vines twirled in hundreds of circling festoons and varied wreaths.

"You must make our inquiries here, signor," said Scarlatti, pointing, as he spoke, to a guard-house. "I and Paulo are too well known to risk too close an inspection of our persons; and the talents of Andrea, though great in his own line of business, are scarcely sufficient to fit him for the post of inquisitor-general, were it offered him."

Castelli complied with the intimation, and rode towards the guard-house, as they entered the city. The splendid Toledo street lay before them. Tables, loaded with fruit, were standing before the doors of the smaller houses; but, except the fruit venders, who were preparing for their morning labors, there were few stirring in this portion of the city. Before a corner-house, the brands of a half-extinguished fire were scattered. Beside them lay two men, half naked. They were clad only in coarse linen drawers. Here Scarlatti paused to await the approach of the young Roman.

"He is not in Naples," said Giulio, as he reined in his horse at the spot where they stood.

"Not in Naples!" uttered Scarlatti.

"He must be!" growled Andrea, with an ominous yawn.

"We must have missed him by not pausing to inquire after him at Gaeta," continued Castelli.

"What do you now propose doing?"

"Should we not return to Gaeta, and at once?"

"Decidedly," responded Scarlatti, as he swerved his horse once again round to the entrance of the Toledo.

"Look here," said Andrea, "I need an hour's rest. My horse and myself are alike worn out. The Signor Verami will not run away, if indeed he be there."

"The Signor Verami!" squeaked out a shrill voice, as the last words were spoken. "I should think not, indeed."

They looked round. One of the men we have noticed as lying on the ground beside the remains of the fire, had partially risen. His long and unshorn hair fell about his swarthy brow, unkempt and uncared for, while his keen, black eyes glared from the midst of its tangled locks with the look of a fox, who is excessively hungry, and begins to scent a capon.

"And what do you know about him, then?" said Giuseppe, as his eyes fell on the lazzarone.

With a curious grin, the latter looked on the brigand; but as he did so, the smile faded upon his countenance, and a look of the darkest and most vindictive hatred flashed over it. He leaped to his feet.

"Well, what have you to say?"

"What will you give me?" inquired the man, whose countenance had again relapsed into its usual apathy.

Scarlatti had loosened his rein, and was proceeding towards the city. Giulio followed him, and in another instant was riding beside him.

"As soon as we reach the guard-house, dash forward!" whispered the brigand. "This fellow knows me."

He then turned to the lazzarone.

"Will a scudi pay you?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes."

Giuseppe turned on his horse and made a sign to Paulo, who bent across to Andrea and whispered to him.

The lazzarone saw it, and with a sudden spring laid his hand on the bridle of Scarlatti's horse; at the same instant Giulio dashed his spurs into the flanks of his horse, and bounded forward, followed by Andrea and Paulo.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the lazzarone. "And so, Giuseppe Scarlatti, you are in Naples again!"

The sentry at the guard-house saw the struggle and heard the cry. He rushed into the room



where the soldiers were getting their soup and bread ready for their morning's meal.

"Come out!—he is here!"

"Who?"

"Il diavolo Scarlatti!"

In another instant the brigand, who had dashed the lazzarone from him, was struggling to force his way through the guard. Guilio looked back; the instinct of a gentleman stirred within him; he had broken bread with Scarlatti; he could not thus leave him; he slackened his horse's pace.

"What are you pausing for?" asked Paulo.

"I cannot leave him!" was the short answer.

"Nonsense!" roared Andrea, "you must! It was his own order."

"But—"

"Pshaw!—you will see him again, ere noon."

"Should he—"

"But I tell you he commanded us to accompany you. Did he not, Paulo?"

"Well; as you choose," replied Guilio, not, perhaps, altogether displeased to find that in pursuing his journey back to Gaeta he was but complying with Scarlatti's own wish.

They were already within sight of the hotel which they had passed that morning before dawn, when Andrea's horse, which had been toiling heavily, fell under him. As the brigand fell with him, a fierce curse broke from his lips.

"I knew it would come to this," he said, as he looked at the panting beast. "That cursed Scarlatti has no pity either for man or horse. What am I to do?"

"Provide yourself with another, if it be possible, and then come on to the hotel."

Castelli flung his purse upon the ground, and dashed up the street towards the doorway of the inn.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE LANDLORD AND A NEW ARRIVAL.

THE landlord hastened to the entrance of Cicero's Villa, as Guilio Castelli dismounted from his steed; but the usual babble of a continental inn-keeper died upon his lips as he gazed upon the young man. His attire, costly as it was, was stained and frayed with his rapid travel; a ghastly pallor sat upon his face; the close and matted curls of his hair hung heavily athwart his brow—yet in spite of the general disarray of his attire, there was something so clearly evidenced in every movement that marked the gentleman, as to impress the landlord, who, without uttering a word, bowed and followed him into the hall on the ground floor of the hotel. Here, Guilio paused.

"I wish to speak with the landlord."

"He stands before you, excellenza."

"Conduct me at once into your own room."

The hotel-keeper opened his eyes. It was a traveller. Perhaps he wanted money. The landlord examined him. If so, he had a valuable diamond pin in his cravat; there was a watch-chain, too, hanging across his waistcoat—of course, there was a watch in it. With a low and cringing bow, he conducted the young man to his sanctum.

Castelli flung himself into a chair and examined the landlord, who remained standing. The latter was completely puzzled; his penetration, acute as it usually was, found itself at fault. The manner of his singular guest was not at all that of a man who needed money. He felt partially relieved.

"Have you a stranger, who names himself the Signor Verami, staying with you at present?"

"Yes, excellenza!"

"He has two ladies with him; has he not?"

"No, excellenza!"

"No!" exclaimed the young Roman, impatiently. "Answer me truly, and believe me, that the information you may give me shall be well paid for."

A rosy smile beamed over the round and oily face of him who ruled the spits and the warming-pans, and the waiters of Cicero's Villa; he no longer believed that he required cash.

"There were two ladies here, excellenza," he replied.

"And where are they now?"

"They quitted the villa for Rome, excellenza, yesterday morning, shortly after ten o'clock."

"For Rome!" echoed Guilio; and as the

words escaped from his lips, his gladness broke out upon his face. Then he again looked at the landlord; there was something in the expression of the man's face—it was not exactly a smile—which grated unpleasantly upon his nerves.

"Were they alone?" he asked.

"O, dear, no, excellenza!" was the reply. "They were accompanied by Milord Lumley Ferrers."

The flush of rapture faded from the countenance of Guilio; he had met Ferrers, and had known him but slightly. A groan escaped his lips; could it be true?

"I must see the Signor Verami," he said, rising as he spoke.

"Certainly, excellenza," and the inn-keeper immediately conducted him up the broad staircase, along one of the corridors to the apartment that was occupied by Bernardo Della Torre.

He paused before the chamber.

"Whom shall I announce?"

"No one," replied Guilio. "I will usher myself into his presence."

As he said this, he flung the door open and entered the room. The landlord was about to follow him, when the door was flung to on his astonished face. With the instinct of his race, he knelt down and applied his ear to the key-hole.

Della Torre was lying on the sofa, near one of the windows, when Castelli entered the room. His sprain had been much more severe than he had at first imagined. Moreover, the doctor had found him on his arrival in such a violent fever—provoked by his interview with Ferrers and Madame Salicetti—that he had insisted upon bleeding him. It was in vain that Della Torre had argued with him. "If he would not be bled, he might dress his sprain himself." Consequently he had been forced to submit himself to the lancet of the practitioner, and his rage had so greatly accelerated his pulse, that more blood had been taken from him than was actually necessary. We have mentioned this, not out of any interest that we take in the accident which had befallen the Genoese, but to account in some measure for the change that came over the feelings of the young Roman as he gazed upon him.

As he looked on Della Torre's extreme pallor, and saw that he was indeed suffering, his spirit calmed down. He advanced towards him. On the other hand, a flash of sudden and fierce pride swept over the countenance of his rival.

As yet too young to be wholly lost to the sense of shame, his position with Lumley Ferrers had galled his nature, and he had been writhing under his shame for the past few days. When he saw Guilio, he felt that he was in the presence of one to whom he had done a great injury, and his animal instinct to repair the wrong by the only means that the world had placed in his power, and at the same time to revenge the insulting manner of Ferrers on his less fortunate rival—for as such he regarded Castelli—woke within him. Ere the young Roman had time to address him, words broke like a torrent from the quivering lips of the Piedmontese.

"You have come to ask me for redress. I know and feel it. Believe me that I shall not be unwilling to afford it to you in any way you may choose to demand it, Guilio Castelli. At present, I cannot stand. Wait! The first moment that I am able to do so, shall be devoted to you. Whatever you will, you have but to say."

"Signor!" began Castelli; but ere he had time to continue, Della Torre again broke in upon his words.

"I hate you, Guilio Castelli! Yea, I hate you! Why, I scarcely know. That I have dealt ill with you, I feel; but I am sure, also, that the Brigni loves you—"

"Loves me!"

"Ay, and therefore my hate becomes deeper and more insatiable! Give me time! give me time!—or, if you insist upon it, here be it!"

As he said this, he raised himself upon the couch, and extended his hand as if to ask the Roman for a weapon. Guilio's feelings were for the moment swept away in those words which alone he had heard; they were still ringing in his ears.

"Did you say that the Brigni loves me?" he asked.

"Yes, poor idiot!" answered Della Torre, grinding his teeth as he spoke; "she loved and still loves you. But I—I have torn her from you, and now," he laughed bitterly as he spoke, and emphasized the words as if he sought to make each of them pierce more deeply, "she is under the protection of an English nobleman, a gentleman; and in less than another week, it is more than probable that the Brigni will have entirely forgotten the very existence of two such miserable dolts, such contemptible fools as you and I—her Piedmontese abductor as well as her Roman lover—Bernardo Della Torre and Guilio Castelli!"

With a sudden spring of wrath, the young Roman sprang to the couch on which Bernardo had raised himself, while he was speaking. The strength and the rage of a tiger were swelling at the moment within him; he clutched him by the shoulder; he caught him up from it. As he did so a fierce yell of exultation burst from his lips; then he swung him around in his arms and hurled him, as a big boy would pitch a pebble, to the further end of the room. Convulsed by his anger, he bounded towards and stood over the breathless and panting frame of Della Torre. It was a picture that Fuseli alone could have touched. The Genoese lay upon the ground; his hatred still painted in his now flushed and terror-stricken countenance. Beside him stood Castelli trembling with rage, the bitter paroxysm

of that sudden access of passion literally distorting his noble and singularly-expressive features.

"Scoundrel and liar!" His frame shook with his fierce emotion as the words were forced through his blanched and ashen lips. "But that you had forfeited every claim which you once had, to be considered as a gentleman; but that I should contaminate myself by ridding earth of so foul a leper, I would slay you. As it is, live—live—accursed by the memory of the wrongs you have heaped upon that poor girl! Die—and may Heaven shrink and turn from you in your last hours, as I shrink and turn from you now!"

As he said this, he crossed the apartment; and with the words still ringing in his ears, Della Torre saw that he was gone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE TRAVELLER OVERTAKEN.

WHEN Guilio had left the hotel, the fire that Della Torre had kindled within his bosom was still blazing. He noticed not the condition of his horse; he saw not that neither Andrea nor Paulo were waiting for him. Without a word to the obsequious hotel-keeper, who had descended the steps of the inn with him; without bestowing a coin upon the boy who had held his horse, he snatched the bridle from his hands, sprung upon its back, and striking it with his spurred heel, he swept up the road to Rome.

"Why didn't he pay me?" whimpered the boy.

"Just catch me again trusting to a man's promise," muttered the host. "My intelligence was to be well paid for! Hang him! I believe that his excellenza is not worth a scudi!"

The day wore on, and it drew near evening ere Castelli had passed the frontiers of Naples. Worn out by all which he had that day gone through; the excitement of the morning completely blotted out in the deadening anguish that mastered him as he thought that Anna Brigni was now lost to him forever, he noticed not how greatly the animal which he was riding had suffered from the exertions which his master's will had forced upon him.

For the seven or eighth time in almost as many minutes, he had raised his hand with the

whip in it, to strike the jaded steed, when the sound of hoofs rapidly striking the ground behind him, caused him to turn his head. As he did so, a loud voice was heard:

"Hallo, signor!" it cried; "but you ride fast. A pest upon it! but I had nearly ruined my animal in attempting to overtake you!"

Guilio recognized the flexible accents of Giuseppe Scarlatti. In another instant the bandit was riding beside him.

"You are here, then?"

"Diavolo, signor! But where are Andrea and Paulo?"

"How did you manage to effect your escape?"

"Have you killed Della Torre?"

Such were the first questions that broke from the two—we presume that we must not call them friends—acquaintances. Then Scarlatti looked at Guilio's horse.

"By the rood, signor!" he exclaimed; "but your animal is in a worse condition than mine is. The heavens be thanked that we are no more than a mile from the next post-house; there we may find fresh horses."

"How did you escape?" asked Guilio.

"I had a little fighting for it. Blood ran, and I got a scratch in the fight we had," answered the brigand, pointing to the blood

with which a handkerchief that was bound around his left arm, was crimsoned. "However, I got away; dined at a little cottage which I know, about half a mile from the main road, on the other side of Gaeta, and am now here. I have told you my story, signor; I now want to hear what you have done."

In a few words Guilio told Scarlatti what had passed between him and Della Torre. As he described the manner in which he had hurled him to the other end of the apartment where he had found him, the bandit drew back and regarded the young Roman long and scrutinizingly.

"Per Bacco! but it is singular," he said "what strength rage gives a man. I could have sworn that he was big enough to eat you for a meal, signor!—and yet you talk as coolly of having thrown him across the room, as I could of eating a roasted capon. Well, well, I suppose there is something in blood after all. Not that I have found it so," he muttered, with a jocular laugh. "But all men are not Scarlattis. And now, I suppose," he continued, "you are hurrying along the road to Rome, in a fever of love and joy—"

"Of love and joy?" answered Guilio.

"Certainly; you will see the bella Brigni again, and—"

"Never!"

Giuseppe cast a quick and piercing glance at the young man as he answered thus; then he whistled, and looked up in the sky. Apparently, he did not find what he searched for there, as he again bent his eyes upon Castelli.

"And why,—if I may take the liberty of addressing you such a question—signor?" were the words which he uttered after the lapse of a few moments.

"Have I not told you all that he said of her and?"—the words almost choked him—"that man?"

"Whom?"

"The Englishman—Lumley Ferrers."

"You did."

The young man was silent; he either could not or would not speak. Giuseppe Scarlatti smiled.

"And is this your only reason?"

"Is it not a sufficient one?"

"The bandit laughed long and loudly as this question was put to him; then he bent from his seat, leaned across the space between him and Guilio, and looked up in his face. The Roman

turned from him. Giuseppe laughed louder than ever.

"Per Bacco!" but this is too good. Ha! ha! ha! signor; and you actually believed the scoundrel?"

A sudden light flashed across the mind of Castelli, and he reined in his steed. Scarlatti did the same.

"It was a lie—but no!—the landlord told me they had accompanied the Englishman," said Castelli.

"Of course they did, signor."

"And you think—"

"That nothing could be more natural. The Brigni was there alone. In all probability she was without money. She had determined upon escaping from Della Torre. How was she to do it? She appeals to the Englishman. Take them all in all, the Anglo Saxon is not a very bad specimen of humanity. He is indignant with Della Torre, and pays him a visit. There, forgetting the stoicism in which every Englishman is wrapped, he tells him that he is simply nothing more nor less than a scoundrel. After this he takes her back to Rome. Della Torre is, naturally enough, in a confounded rage with him. But what can he do? You arrive there; in a few moments you enter his room. He no sooner sees you than a brilliant thought strikes him. What if he could so arrange matters as to make you believe that Milord Lumley—I think you called him Lumley—had run away with her? A duel, of course, must follow. After you have told the Anglo Saxon that he is a rascal—which you would do whenever you came across him—an apology would be out of the question. If you put a pistol-bullet through milord, he is out of the way. If, on the other hand, he chances to kill you—ha! ha! ha! On my word, it is a splendid bit of rascality! I have never known a better."

Guilio had listened to Scarlatti's rapid deduction of the amount of truth which there was in the slander of Bernardo, with a countenance from which the clouds were rapidly clearing. As the bandit came to an end, he said:

"What an idiot I have been!"

"Lovers always are idiots," muttered Scarlatti between his teeth, as the Roman paused.

"Then you think that she is—"

"Counting the minutes as they roll on, expecting you to return to Rome," was the ready answer.

"Let us get on to the next post-house," said Guilio, as he again urged his steed into the attempt at a trot.

In less than quarter of an hour they had reached it. Unfortunately no horses were to be procured here. Consequently they had to delay their journey for at least two hours. Supper was accordingly ordered. As it was preparing, Scarlatti had stepped to the window of the low and miserable room that constituted the only place for the reception of travellers who might chance to alight there. Two men were riding past. The smaller of these reined in and called the attention of the other to one of the horses which were standing at the rack to the right of the house, devouring their provender. This called Guiseppo's attention to them. Immediately afterwards they dismounted and entered the chamber. One of the domestics was arranging the table for supper, and Scarlatti looked at him and then at Guilio; the latter understood him, and did not speak.

"Perhaps these gentlemen would like to sup with us?" said the brigand, in the blandest of tones.

"I should," was the answer. It was made in the harsh voice of his lieutenant.

Scarcely had the domestic quitted the chamber, than Guiseppo Scarlatti turned to Paulo. Andrea had already filled himself a bumper of wine from one of the bottles which had been placed upon the table.

"What is the reason," he asked, "that I did not find you with the Signor Castelli when I overtook him?"

"My horse was—" commenced Andrea, with a growl.

"I know your excuse, my little lieutenant!" laughed Scarlatti agreeably. "It is very lucky for you that you should have such a good one. Let Paulo answer for himself."

Paulo's brown countenance whitened very visibly under the sneering eye of his captain. He seemed to be remarkably uncomfortable. Guiseppo chuckled to himself.

"Well."

"The fact was, my captain, that immediately after Andrea had provided himself with another animal—"

"For which I had to pay a confoundedly long price!" interjected Andrea, turning towards Guilio.

"Silence!" said Scarlatti.

"And just as we were about to quit the stable,

where we had purchased him for the purpose of following the Signor Castelli, I luckily happened to catch a sight of three of the Roman police, who were turning the corner of the street."

"Three of the Roman police!" ejaculated the brigand. "You must have been mad, Paulo!"

"So I told him," grumbled Andrea.

"You wanted me there to open your eyes for you," said his captain, with a pleasant smile. "The eighth of an inch taken off each of your eyelids, would improve your sight wonderfully!"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," replied Paulo; but Castelli remarked that his eyelids worked very uncomfortably the while he was speaking—Scarlatti's jest evidently struck him as having too much meaning to be very agreeable; "but there they were, and so I laid hold of Andrea's arm, and drew him back."

"And lucky was it that you did so, for in less than another moment, I should have walked into the midst of them," burst from the lips of Andrea.

"Poor Andrea!" murmured Scarlatti, as he cast a comic and somewhat curious glance over the broad mould of his lieutenant's lusty shoulders. "Your muscles are somewhat too necessary to me to be altogether dispensed with! Continue, Paulo."

"They were accompanied by three of the Neapolitan police—"

"Ah!—were they?"

"And a dozen or more soldiers."

"Indeed!"

"I watched them as they advanced slowly up the street. Then I told Andrea to remain quiet, and slipped very cautiously out of the stable, after them—"

"Why, I ordered you to go!" uttered Andrea, striking the table impatiently with his clenched fist as he said this. The bottles and glasses trembled upon it, as though they had been affected with St. Vitus's dance.

"Must I again request your silence?"

"As Scarlatti made the inquiry, he bent one of his significant smiles upon his lieutenant. For a short space the latter met his eye and glared fiercely back upon him; then he covered beneath the gaze of his captain, shrank back, and his interruption occurred no more.

"As I said," continued Paulo, "I went out and dogged them. They followed the road that led to Cicero's Villa. I saw that Signor Castelli was no longer there; they entered it. Shortly afterwards the Neapolitan sbirri left the hotel."

I then managed to get hold of one of the waiters of the inn, and—"

"Enough—I understand it all," said Scarlatti. "Torlogna had sent on to arrest Della Torre."

"He had," replied Paulo.

"Torlogna?" asked Guilio.

"Yes; he had borrowed ten thousand scudi of the old banker the day before he had quitted Rome."

Scarlatti then looked at Paulo.

"I pardon you!" he said.

As he uttered this, the domestic entered the apartment; he was laden with the viands which had been hastily cooked for them. They were not particularly tempting, as any of our readers will easily divine who have ever sat down to make a meal at an Italian post-house. However,

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Castelli was decidedly hungry. His conversation with Scarlatti had restored both his love and his appetite. The bottle was the only portion of the supper that appeared absolutely necessary to Andrea. He had supped with Paulo scarcely an hour before. As for the last-named individual, his peculiarly agreeable captain had frightened any little appetite he might have had entirely out of him. With Guiseppo Scarlatti it was altogether different. Nothing deprived his more purely animal portion of its natural hunger. He could eat at any time, and he could devour anything. In five minutes more he had cleared out a dish of fricaseed fish, and was lost in the attempt to devour a plate of macaroni, which might have in itself sufficed for the meal of half-a-dozen ordinary men.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD JEW—HE DESERVES TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

OUR presence is now required in Rome. Anna Brigni had arrived there under the charge of Lumley Ferrers—who had conducted himself in a manner that was really exemplary upon their journey. We will not dispute but it may have occurred to the Englishman, that in this mode alone he might hope to create an impression upon the mind of the fair soprano. If so, the labor to ensure it was thrown away. Anna was too much wrapt up in the thought of once again seeing Guilio to suffer herself to be attracted by the extremely artistic reserve with which the Honorable Mr. Ferrers was painting his own passion.

Scarcely had she entered the house in which she had previously been stopping, than her servant rushed up to her. She was in an ecstasy of delight to see her mistress once more; the tears actually rained from her eyes in torrents as she welcomed her once more to Rome. After the Brigni had with great difficulty tamed her into a respectable state of quietude, she desired her to take a siesta, and go to the Ghetto.

"There you will ask for the Rabbi Isaac."

"He has been here every day, signora; five or six times every day, to inquire whether anything had been heard of you."

"The poor old man!" said Madame Salicetti. "I'm sure, he deserves to be a Christian."

"Go—and at once, Guileu."

We will not say that Guileu obeyed her mistress. She went to the Ghetto, and there told Isaac that her lady was again in Rome. It would perhaps be as well to mention that she never returned to the Brigni, and that very evening Anna discovered that the girl had carried off all her jewelry, her best dresses, together with all the money which she could lay her hands upon. The only time that she again saw her was two years afterwards, when she was in Paris. She was then a figurante at the opera.

To the old man that interview was possibly one of the happiest which he had ever had; he loved the girl, as a childless old man only can love the being around whom he has wound his heart. From a child she had been the only thing which he had to love. When he first heard of her absence from Rome, it had been gradually broken to him by his brother—and he had not then heard the report which had subsequently come to his ears respecting her and Della Torre. He could not but believe them, and as he heard them he groaned in spirit over her who had been the solitary vine-shoot in his house. He would willingly have perished could he only have saved her.

When the girl fell upon his neck, he groaned aloud and kissed her in the anguish of his sus-

picion. Lumley Ferrers, who had called on her an hour after he had restored her to her home, was in the room. He was scandalized at seeing Anna return the kisses of the old Jew. Beginning to believe that she might possibly be necessary to his happiness, that embrace cured him. How could he touch the lips that had been contaminated by the touch of a gray beard out of the Roman Ghetto! He arose, made a stately bow to Anna Brigni, and quitted the apartment without uttering another word. She looked upon him in astonishment. Isaac pointed quietly to the door. Madame Salicetti understood him, and left the chamber as he did so. Anna Brigni was now alone with him who had been to her more than a parent could have been. Each of them was silent. In that room, lit by the broad and beaming light of an Italian sun, the beating of either heart could almost have been heard, all around them was so still. Isaac was the first to speak.

"Anna, my child!" he said; and his voice was broken and trembling as the words fell from his lips, "will you answer me—will you tell me the truth?"

The fair-haired girl turned her blue eyes upon him in wonder.

"Have you ever heard a lie from me, my father?"

"Never!"

They were again silent.

"How am I to ask her?" murmured the old Jew to himself, as he gazed upon her marvelling face.

But, even as he looked, his courage returned to him. It seemed to him that purity could not possibly have departed from that radiant presence. The whole of that chamber seemed to be filled with the light of her beauty and her innocence. The very rays of that glorious Italian sun seemed deadened as they fell upon her. She seemed to efface their glory. Her blue eyes fell upon his; they melted doubt and suspicion from his soul; the old days once more returned upon him; he remembered the girl as he had first known her—when he had bribed her affec-

tions with boubons, when as a mere infant she had staggered across her father's dining-room towards him, and hung upon his knees, and searched the pockets of his silken gaberdine to find the hidden and sugared treasures; and could a blight how have fallen upon that angel? If so, God was not all justice. Then he recalled her when he had brought the child to his home. Her smiles had for many years repaid him for every labor he had undergone to provide her with additional comforts; the girl's joyous laugh was again ringing in his ears as it had then done when Papa Isaac—for so had she taught her tongue in its love to call him—brought her some presents, far more precious in her childish eyes than her after success had been. After this, he recalled his yearnings after her, when he had decided that she must study music, and had torn her from him that she might fit herself for the operatic stage under one of the greatest living teachers that Italy has yet produced. O, no! It was not possible that he should have squandered all of his love upon one whom— He turned to her and opened his arms. She sprang into them, and sank upon his bosom.

"You are pure, my own child!" he murmured in a whisper so low that none could have divined its meaning who had been standing at three paces from him.

At first she looked up into his countenance, as if she had scarcely comprehended his question; then its meaning flashed upon her; the scarlet blood colored her cheeks and temples as she felt what he would ask of her.

"As I was"—she replied in an even louder tone of voice than that in which he had questioned her—"when first you folded me in your arms, my father, and called me your child!"

As her face was turned up to his, a tear fell upon it. Then the old Jew fell upon his knees, and struggling with his joy, returned thanks to that Father who opens his ears to all who call upon him in their sorrow or in their happiness. Turk, Christian, Jew, or Buddhist, heart-felt prayer or thanksgiving alone finds an entrance to the palace of Mercy and of Truth.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE MANAGER AND THE SOPRANO.

FEDERIGO BORGHESE had recovered from the effects of his wound sufficiently to leave the house. As yet he had heard nothing from Guilio or Scarlatti. What his astonishment was when he found that the Brigni had returned to Rome under the charge, or in the care of Lumley Ferrers, may readily be conceived. He possessed, however, an infinitely cooler head than Castelli, and after pondering upon it for a few moments, drew from it a deduction far more favorable to Anna Brigni than his brother had at first done.

If she had left Della Torre so soon after being carried away by him, it was evident that the compliance to proceed with the Genoese had not arisen from any pardon which she had voluntarily extended to him. It was, consequently, upon the morning succeeding her return, that he visited her. On his way thither, he had called at Torlogna's, and had insisted upon the banker's accompanying him.

"But," commenced Torlogna, in the apologetic tone of voice, in which an excuse is ordinarily couched. He suddenly ceased as he caught Federigo's eye, which was fixed upon him.

"Say nothing that sounds like an objection, let me beg of you or perchance I shall suspect—"

"What, Prince Federigo?" asked the banker.

"Simply that you, too, were a little touched by the charms of the Brigni, and that she had taken the opportunity for once to say 'No' to an innamorato."

The banker colored slightly, then laughed, and consented to accompany him.

"Is it possible," thought the young Borghese, "that the old fox has actually a sweet tooth in his head?" And as Torlogna entered his cabriolet, he cast a look approximating to disgust on the rotund body and grizzled locks of the leader of the bureaucracy of Rome.

As they mounted the stairs that led to the suite of chambers occupied by the signora, they heard loud voices, or rather a loud voice within. Both the banker and the young prince involuntarily paused, and listened to what was passing. Neither must they be blamed for so doing, for the voice was loud enough to convince them that he, to whom it belonged, cared not who heard it. Nor indeed did he, for he never had an idea that Torlogna was listening to him. The accents were those of the manager of the Aliberto.

"Mademoiselle, I insist upon it. You must remember that I gave you the chance of appearing before the public in a leading character when you were totally unknown. You break your en-

### THE ROMAN SOPRANO.

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gagement. I can reclaim the forfeiture attached to it."

A faint murmur was heard in answer to this, but they could not detect the words.

"O, just as you choose, mademoiselle, just as you choose. If you do not choose to comply with my demands, I will have you arrested this very evening."

"But I assure you, signor—"

"I will not hear another word! Two nights hence you shall appear and sing for me through the remainder of my present season without a single scudi of salary, or else I shall be obliged to put you in prison for debt, on the score that you have wantonly broken your engagement."

"What an infernal scoundrel!" said the Borghese.

Torlogna caught him by the arm which he was extending towards the handle of the door, and drew him gently back.

"Let us hear her answer," he whispered.

She spoke; but again the words could not be distinguished by them. The reply which was made her was audible enough.

"I shall not think of waiting, mademoiselle! Make your choice, and at once!"

This time they heard her answer very clearly.

"Then, sir, I refuse!"

"Very well, mademoiselle," was the answer.

It was accompanied by a coarse oath; then a heavy step was heard approaching the door. It swung open, and the manager of the Aliberto stood in the presence of the prince and the Roman banker. As his eye caught those of Torlogna, his whole face changed color, and he staggered back.

"Villain!" cried the Borghese, as he bounded towards the Signora Brigni, who was leaning upon the back of a chair, very pale and very indignant.

He caught her by the hand. Then he turned upon the cringing manager, and surveyed him with a look that might have withered the unfortunate man, could he have seen any one else than Torlogna.

"What have you been saying to her who will soon be the bride of my brother, Guilio Castelli?"

Anna Brigni uttered a short and sharp cry of joy, as she fell back fainting in the arms of Federigo.

"So, sir," said the banker, "you were talking of arresting the Signora Brigni?"

"I—really—I—did not know—"

"Unless she consented to sing for you the remainder of the season without a single scudi of salary!"

The manager was very evidently in a dilemma.

"Signor, eccellenza, will you listen to me?"

"No, sir—not to a single word!" was the harsh reply of Torlogna.

"Let me—"

"To-morrow, at nine o'clock, you will repay me the sums that I advanced you at the commencement of the present season. If in half an hour afterwards the money is not in my hands, you will be arrested!"

"I implore the excellenza—"

"With interest, mind you! Be ready, or—"

The manager fell on his knees.

"You know the penalty."

"Great Heaven, I shall be ruined!"

"Of course—I intend you to be!" replied Torlogna, as he turned his back upon him.

The manager again arose to his feet, and attempted to address the wealthy banker.

"Will you go? We would be alone," said Torlogna.

Wailing like a child that has been subjected to the whip, the manager quitted the apartment. Federigo had, meanwhile, laid Anna Brigni upon a couch at the further end of the chamber. He had then turned and rung the bell which stood on the table. As he did so, Madame Salicetti entered the room. Scarcely had she approached the sufferer than she began slowly to recover. When her senses were at first restored to her, she looked round the chamber with a wandering and unsettled glance. Her eyes at length rested on Federigo.

"You need be under no apprehension, signora!" uttered the banker; "I have dismissed that vagabond"—this was uttered with the dignity of a man of money—"who has been mismanaging the Aliberto; he will not return to annoy you."

"I thank you, signor."

The Borghese then approached the sofa.

"Did I—?" She paused and fastened a meaning look upon the young prince. "Did I hear you aright?" she asked.

"I presume, Signora Anna, that you did."

His tone more than his words convinced her that she had done so. A heavenly smile broke over her countenance as she listened to him. Federigo and Torlogna, both, thought that they had never seen her look more beautiful than she did then.

"And where is Guilio? Why is he not here?" she asked.

"He followed you on the track, which he had discovered, of your flight. He has not yet returned, signora."

Again her face brightened, and even more visibly than it had before done. As Federigo marked the play of those flexible and lovely features, he marvelled not at his brother's passion for her.

"And have you forgiven him?"

"For what?" asked the young Roman.

As she lifted her eyes to his noble face, and caught its pure and tender affection for his brother traced as if by the finger of its Maker in every line of it, she took his hand between both of hers, lifted it, and pressed her lips upon it.

"Prince," she said, "you have a great heart!"

Torlogna looked from one to the other blindly, like a man groping in the dark. He comprehended neither of them. The young prince's forgiveness of his brother would have been denounced by him as a sheer act of madness, had not he been a prince, and therefore one of Torlogna's best friends. As for the kiss which Anna Brigni had imprinted on the young man's hand, he looked on it as neither more nor less than a confession of love. Probably he would have pitied Guilio had he paused to think about it. He was a man of money; nay, he could have told within a hundred scudi what would be the amount of Federigo Borghese's fortune when his father should have received the last consolations of religion; but he took no note of his heart. Had he been asked whether the young prince had a soul, he would certainly have answered "Yes." A banker invariably recognizes all the dogmas of his religion. Who ever heard of a man of money that was a free thinker? But to divine what lay hidden within that soul—O, that was essentially a different thing!

"But supposing that Guilio should meet with Della Torre?" said the Brigni, and she again looked up at the prince.

"He would probably shoot him; I should!" answered the Borghese, "with as little or less qualm of feeling than I should experience in spearing a wild boar, or shooting a wolf!"

As he ended, the banker began to speak. Here he was perfectly at home.

"There would be no necessity for resorting to

powder and bullet," he said, with an agreeable chuckle. "I have provided for that rascal. Tomorrow I trust to have the pleasure of seeing him!"

Federigo cast an inquiring glance upon the banker. The old Roman rubbed his hands together, and chuckled to himself as he did so.

"You do not know anything about it, I see; and, indeed, how should you? I never mentioned a word on this score to any one except the police; they are confoundedly useful fellows. The rascal swindled me out of ten thousand scudi; and did it, too, on the very day on which he ran away with the Brigni."

The banker bowed to the signora as he said this.

"The police got on his track through the precaution I invariably take of marking each new issue of notes differently. He had chanced to receive the cash in the first notes of my last issue. One of them came back to my cashier the day after he had quitted Rome. It was easily traced—it had only passed through two hands—to the landlord of the principal hotel in Terracina. My head clerk immediately went there and questioned him. He had changed it for the Signor Verami. Ha! ha! ha! that was the name he had taken. Eh, Signora Anna! Three of the Roman police were despatched after him. He had crossed the Neapolitan frontier. That caused a little delay; but I received a letter this morning which announces that he will be here tomorrow."

"And what do you intend doing with him?" asked the Signora Brigni.

"That depends on his father."

"How does it depend on him?" inquired Federigo.

"I wrote to the old Della Torre," replied the banker, "to ask whether he would make good the deficit that the scoundrel had caused in my cash-box. He answered me that since his son had thus disgraced himself, he might rot in the galleys! We shall see whether he changes his mind."

"And if he should not?"

"He will certainly try that style of life," said Torlogna.

"Heaven be thanked for it!" uttered the Salicetti.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SEPARATION FROM THE BANDITS.

It was late at night, after the close of the same day, that Guilio Castelli rode into Rome. He was alone. With a praiseworthy regard for his personal safety, Scarlatti had separated from the young man in the Campagna, after intimating to him that he should, in all probability, pay him and Il Principe Federigo a visit on the succeeding evening, as he was exceedingly anxious—in fact he was astonished to find himself so anxious—to hear how matters might terminate between him and the Signora Anna.

Castelli smiled—four hours since he could not have done so, as he thought that Scarlatti's interest in his love depended upon the passion which the brigand entertained for the chance of getting the scudi which had not been earned.

"Do not fear, Guiseppe!" he said. "You shall be paid."

"The signor is far too generous!" answered the bandit. "To take the money would be picking the pocket of Milord Lumley Ferrers."

"Very well. That, as you choose!"

"However, as I intended to have seized Milord, on his return from Naples, and have missed

him, through my fidelity to you, signor, I think I may reconcile my conscience to the scudi."

As he galloped away, he said to Andrea, "It would be a pretty thing to have wasted three days, and not get paid for it."

Federigo Borghese had already retired to his chamber, as Guilio bounded up the stairs in the Borghese palace, and rushed into the apartment.

The young prince looked round as he did so, and the brothers were once more together.

"She is in Rome, is she not, Federigo?"

"She is, my brother!"

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes!"

Guilio gazed wistfully on the face of the young Borghese. He could not speak. A thousand questions were trembling on his lips. But he knew not how to utter them. He longed to know whether she had spoken of him; what she had said of him; how she looked when she heard that he had followed her; whether she had blushed when she listened to his name breathed by his brother's lips; in one word, he wished:



to know whether Anna Brigni really loved him.

The Borghese wound his arm around Guilio and drew him beside him, upon the couch which stood between the two windows at the end of the apartment. "And have you, then, no more that you would ask me, my brother?"

"Yes, Federigo!" The prince smiled on him as he listened to his tremulous accents. "You have mentioned me to her."

"I have."

"And, what? tell me, tell me all!" exclaimed Castelli, as he bent an imploring glance upon Federigo Borghese.

"Everything?" asked his brother, with a tormenting laugh; but, as he saw the pain which his manner caused Castelli, he continued, in a more serious strain, "Well, I will."

He then told Guilio, what our readers already know, together with much that had passed between himself and Anna Brigni, after Torlogna had left them together.

"Then you think that she loves me!"

"Could you ever have doubted, Guilio, that she did?"

"Federigo, you have given me a new life."

"And now let me ask you, what I deserve at your hands? While you were at Naples or Mola de Gaeta, or wherever else you were, I have avowed your passion, won you a wife, and, what was a much more difficult thing, Guilio, have procured you the consent of our father to your marriage!"

"What? Has he consented?"

"He has. But not without the greatest difficulty. At first he said he would disown you, unless you consented to separate yourself from her. I told him that this was impossible. Then he threatened to have you imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo until you forgot her. I answered that you never would. He laughed, and said that she could, at all events, forget you, before the first year was over."

"Well?"

"I answered him, that, in that case, it was more than probable that I myself might wed her."

For one moment a sudden flush of jealousy broke over the face of the young Castelli. But even as it did so it began as rapidly to fade from it. "Forgive me, my own Federigo!" he

said, as he clasped his brother's hand, and passionately pressed it in both of his.

"He looked at me without speaking. 'I am perfectly serious,' I said to him. 'The Brigni is a noble creature, and she would honor the blood of the Borghese by consenting to an alliance with it.' He looked at me, gravely, and told me that the castle of St. Angelo might cure my madness, too. I laughed when he uttered this threat. 'The Brigni will not forget me,' I replied. 'She would want to have the chance of putting a coronet upon her brow.'"

"Federigo!" murmured the young Castelli, reproachfully.

"But do you not know that she is a Jewess?" he said, after a long pause, and raising his eyes to mine."

"She is not!" cried Guilio.

"So I told him. 'She is the daughter of the Signor Brigni, a learned professor of Bologna.' His brow relaxed as I said this."

"No sooner had I discovered how deeply you loved her, than I sought out the Jew Isaac, and questioned him. You know that I despise the prejudices that exist against that race in our nation. But the old prince feels them, and feels them to their fullest extent. Had she been a Jewess, you must have respected his prejudices, and have cancelled her image from your heart."

Guilio sighed, as he listened to his brother's words. Then he raised his head, and looked firmly and fixedly at him. "It could not have been. Had she been a Jewess, I must have wedded her. Ay, though it had cost me his love; and, what I value far more, yours, my own Federigo."

As the young prince returned Castelli's look, a glance of affectionate pride filled his dark eyes. "You would have done right. What right has God given, even to the parent, that he should heap suffering upon a child; for the gratification of his own prejudice? There is little more left for me to tell you. The prince still objected. Her profession was the stage. This weighed against her. As for yourself, were you not a son of his house? He had always intended that you should marry well. In a word, he would have wedded you to some wealthy dowager, and have seen you settled in what he calls the 'great' world. 'Prince,' I said, 'Guilio is my brother. You have more than enough for him and me.'"

As these words crossed Federigo's lips, he again felt the grateful pressure of his brother's hand.

"Suffice it," he continued, "that at length I conquered him. And now, Guilio, as the morning is even now breaking," the young prince pointed to the light which was already reddening the eastern sky, "you must let me sleep."

"But, Federigo! I have yet so much to hear from, and to say to you."

"I will neither answer you, nor listen to

you," replied the Borghese as he rose from his seat, and taking his brother by the hand, he led him to the door of the chamber.

"Buena notte! mio caro!" were his last words, as he flung it open, and pushed Guilio from the room.

As Castelli took up the lamp from the table, in the ante-chamber, and paced through the long corridors that intervened between his own apartment and that of Federigo Borghese, his soul was drunken with the new hopes which were trembling within his bosom.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## LOVE—THE WEDDING—THE END.

LOVE, so says the Grecian fable, brought chaos into order, and created the world. Around every passionate and adoring heart, creation seems, as it were, renewed. And a truth is shadowed in that antique myth which reprints itself upon our daily life. At least, so it was with Anna Brigni and Guilio Castelli.

It was the early morning, and he stood within her apartment. He was waiting for the presence of her whose love filled his whole being. The orange trees were breathing their fragrance through the open windows of the little room. What was the perfume of their pale blossoms to that of the joy which was filling his soul? Their leaves trembled in the rush of the sportive and wanton breeze that was playing through the street. What was that wavering tremulousness to the quivering hope that stirred within his bosom? What was the murmuring song of the breeze to that deeper and more spiritual chant of pleasure which was rising within his heart?

At last she came.

Trembling and blushing, Anna Brigni stood in the presence of her lover. Never had she seemed to him more beautiful. Her golden hair shimmered and flashed in the sun-light. Her eyelids with their long and dark lashes fell over her deep blue eyes, which seemed as for a mo-

ment she had gazed upon him when she entered the apartment, swimming and dancing with the light of love. Her bosom heaved with the tumultuous tenderness which crowded out all other thoughts than those which owned his empire.

"Anna!"

When those tremulous accents fell upon her ears, earth seemed as if it danced around her. Love breathed its universal hymn of joy upon her ears. The very murmurs from the street without the windows seemed to join in shaping that song of love.

With a short and gladsome cry she bounded towards him.

"You love me, Anna?"

She sunk upon his bosom.

In that embrace the young Roman forgot all of his past doubts. He had not told her that he loved her, yet she knew and felt it in every portion, and in each pulse of her life. She had not answered him, but he could read her answer in her eyes. He drew it from her lips with his own.

"I have loved you," said he, "from the first moment in which your sight filled me with a new life. You know, and you can feel, what an agony swept over me when, like a fool, I taught my soul to doubt you, for you too love. This

hour reveals it to me. I drink the sweet knowledge from your lips. It fills me with the wine of a divine gladness."

As she listened to him, her senses became steeped in the momentary intoxication of his passion. As she gazed up into his burning eyes which were fastened upon her countenance, with all the bewildering pleasure of the moment, she sobbed and she trembled like a chidden child upon his bosom.

"Yes! Light of my soul! Federigo has told me all!" he murmured in her ears.

"He has!" But the words were so faintly whispered by the loving girl, that even the quick ears of the lover were scarcely able to detect them.

"From my father he has won his consent to our union. This morning I have seen him. He smiled as he told me that when you chose to accord me your hand, I might take it."

"Guilio!"

That word was an answer to Castelli. Never before had his name rang so sweetly upon his ears.

"Will you not give it to me, Anna?"

As he breathed that question—shaking with delight, like an aspen whose leaves tremble in the breeze of summer—her cheeks and neck crimsoned by the gush of her waking delight, she laid her hand upon his. It was the only answer that she could make him.

"Bend your eyes upon me, dearest one! Let me read in them the answer that you will not speak."

Slowly she raised her eyes, and for a moment looked in his face. They were radiant with love. As he gazed upon them he read their whole meaning. It permeated his being. Did they not reveal to him more than her lips could have told him? He sealed them with a kiss. Words were useless now. Then he drew her to a seat, and as he sat beside her his arm crept slowly around her waist, her head sunk upon his shoulder, and with his lips almost touching her cheek his heart poured out to her all that he had dreamed of, and everything which had hitherto been sealed within his bosom.

The two sat there, and to an eye which had chanced to look upon them would have formed a picture of unrivalled beauty. The young Castelli was in all the glory of the spring of life. His male and youthful splendor of person, could but have been surpassed by her marvellous loveliness. Never before was the Psyche of the old

Greek sculptors translated into breathing life by a countenance more perfect in every graceful line, and each flexible expression, than that which was resting in its dove-like joy upon his bosom.

For more than three hours had they been sitting together, lost in the exuberance of their joy—for when did love ever know how to keep count of time?—when Federigo Borghese opened the door of the chamber and stole into it.

Guilio started. He had been wandering with Anna Brigni in that dream-land to which love alone holds the key, which he entrusts to none save the young.

The young prince bent and kissed the brow of the Brigni.

She started as she felt a tear fall on her cheek.

"My sister!" he said, as he took her by the hand and led her back to her seat. "Let me be the first to welcome you into our family!"

Then he sat down with them and chatted gaily.

None ever knew how deeply and how passionately Federigo Borghese had loved her. Perhaps, he scarcely knew it himself until that hour when he saw the light of her joy beaming within her eyes, and, for the first time, saw his brother's fastened upon her, and glowing with the ineffable delight of a returned and reciprocated love. His had been the noblest of sacrifices. He submitted to his misery without asking for the consolation of pity.

Within a month from that period, Anna Brigni became the bride of Guilio Castelli. She had already retired from the operatic stage, for on this the old Borghese was inflexible. At first she had declared her intention of resuming it until her marriage, but the old prince had called upon her and explained to her his wishes. At the entreaties of Guilio, she had complied with them. The pardon of her lover for his absence from his duties, had been with difficulty obtained by Federigo from the papal government.

The espousal took place in the chapel of the Borghese palace, and the Cardinal Borghese was the officiating priest.

Federigo Borghese and Lumley Ferrers were two of the bridesmen.

As Lumley saw her standing before the altar in all the pride of her beauty, something like his love again stirred within the icy soul of the English gentleman; but as his eyes wandered for a moment from her, they fell upon the Rabbi

Isaac, who was standing alone in a corner of the chapel.

"May the heaven be thanked!" he muttered to himself, "that I was sensible enough not to curse myself by a connection with one whose lips had ever been touched by—bah!"

He turned to the altar and gazed very tranquilly upon the remainder of the ceremony.

The day after it had taken place the young prince announced to his father that he had accepted the place of First Secretary to the Papal Legation in France.

"My son, a Secretary of Legation! Never, boy!" was the angry answer that fell from the lips of the old Borghese.

But Federigo had determined upon his course. He was anxious by a long absence to heal the wound which he had inflicted upon himself, and he so resolutely persisted in his determination that he wrung a consent from his father.

"Go, then!" said the aged prince. "Go! Dance in the ante-chambers of a court; obey orders; work at the vocation you have chosen. But remember that you will be the first Borghese who has ever done so. I would rather that you yourself had married the Brigni."

As he heard the last words of the prince, a sharp and sudden pang shot through the bosom of the young man. Would that have been impossible? Perchance, had he imagined this he might not so readily have yielded up his love to Guilio's passion for her. Nay! he might. But, no! That pang confirmed his resolution.

Two days afterwards he started for Rome.

Anna—we had almost called her Anna Brigni—remembered the tear which she had felt upon her cheek when his lips first touched her brow. Was it possible that he too had loved her? She recalled the touching tenderness of manner which he had ever shown her. The more she reflected upon it, the more she was convinced that he had stifled his passion for Guilio's sake. One evening she was sitting alone with her husband.

"Do you know, Guilio, that you owe Federigo, your, and now my, brother, more than you have yet imagined?"

"Do I not owe him, thee, my own soul?"

"You do, indeed, my husband!"

And then she told him all she suspected. For a time Castelli was blind, but as he thought upon it a thousand circumstances convinced him that she was right. Hundreds of trivial things which at the moment they occurred had not

translated themselves to him now arose upon his memory. Had not this brother loved him?

He covered his eyes with his hands and wept, then he embraced his wife. "I will write to him."

A week after Federigo received the following letter:

"My own brother! my noble Federigo! You will be astonished to receive this letter from me so speedily after your departure from us. But read it, Federigo, for it is written to you as much from Anna as myself. O, Federigo! I now know all. I divine what you have sacrificed to procure my happiness, and am miserable to know at what a price you have purchased it for me. You must read this letter, my own Federigo! my more than brother! that you may know I feel how great your love has been for me. You have loved me with more than the love of woman. Anna is at my side and knows what I am writing. You have abandoned to me, without a murmur, all that makes life blessed. A word from you would have doomed me to a hopeless misery.

"Had you chosen it, I might have been at this moment an outlawed outcast, on the Campagna, or a wretched captive in a Roman prison. My love would have been hopeless. Never could I have torn from you the bride of my soul!

"O, brother! brother! The tears come into my eyes as I trace these lines. Anna's tears fall upon the paper, too. Did I not know the agony of a despairing passion, I could not have taught myself all that you must suffer. Yet, at my bridal, you stood at my side. You smiled upon me as you bade me be happy. You, in whose heart the anguish of your love was even then corroding your inmost life! Forgive me, my brother! Had I known this. But, no! I feel that I could not have imitated your example. Had I done so, I should have slain myself when I awoke to the consciousness of my anguish. Pardon me, my brother! I am a selfish man. I feel it now. Anna tells me that I am not, but it is so; and I am unworthy to call myself your brother. May Heaven pay you what I never can!

GUILIO."

We have now simply to relieve ourselves of the debts imposed upon us by our duties, as a faithful historian, towards our friends of the Campagna. Let us endeavor to chronicle the manner in which they made their exit from life, as faithfully and succinctly as possible.

Three years from the present time, Andrea was captured by a party of the Roman police, because he had emptied the travelling carriage of a father of the church,—a cardinal, who was returning from Naples to Rome. He made a very gallant defence, killing two of the gens d'armes, and wounding three more. Had it not been for the untiring exertion made in his favor by the Prince Colonna, who had been indebted to his assistance in a transaction similar to that which he had intimated his readiness, at any time, to undertake for Federigo Borghese, he would have perished on the scaffold. As it was, his muscles were devoted to public utility for the remainder of his life. He spent it in the galleys.

Paulo quitted his profession at an advanced age, and became a very respectable inn-keeper. At the present time, unless he has paid his last debt to nature, he is occupied in plundering travellers in the hotel at Terracina.

"But, Scarlatti!" says the impatient reader,

with a tremulous yawn. "Will you not tell us what became of him?"

His, my friend, was a peculiarly melancholy fate. For many years he was the pest of the Roman Campagna. He was the scourge appointed by Heaven to drain the pockets and empty the valises of one half of the visitors to the Eternal City. One morning a party of the Roman police approached the tomb, which we have twice alluded to before, in this veracious chronicle. A horse was picketed without. They dismounted, and cautiously entered the sepulchre. Stretched upon the ground was a figure. Beside him was an empty flask of wine, and a dish which was amazingly clean. He had choked himself with a bone. He was dead.

They carefully emptied his pockets; laid him across his own horse; carried him into Rome; bored a hole in his breast, on their way, with a pistol-bullet; obtained the reward for his capture, and live on the reputation of that deed, at the present day.

THE END.

[FROM "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."]

## THE MOORISH CAPTIVES.

BY H. H. HEATH.

## CHAPTER I.

In the Middle Ages were dark, they were at the same time the epoch of romance. Arms was the high profession of all nations, and chivalry the soul of action. Love and conquest were the two reigning principles, and a meagre renown was that of the knight, who, though the hero of many a battle-field, had not won victories in the more rational and certain, more desirable contests of love.

The time of which I write is one when Christendom seemed to have spent much of its power, and the Saracen, by the awful strokes of his swarthy arms, had stretched his sway under the banner of the Crescent from the farthest East to the pillars of Hercules. Not only so, but he had stepped across the narrow barrier of sea, where Europe and Africa almost embrace each other at Gibraltar, and his nation had become seated in that fertile region of mountain and plain, of vineyard and wine, now the impotent powers of Spain and Portugal—then Lusitania and Hispania.

The decline of Rome—the world's proud mistress—had made way for the invasion of the Moors into those fair regions, and under the

prophetic banner of Mahomet the conquest became complete at the commencement of the eighth century. Spain was subdued and passed under the submissive yoke of the Caliphs of Bagdad. The religion of the natives was that of the Holy Cross, and between the inhabitants who survived the Moorish conquest and the Infidels, no species of toleration existed. By the former the Saracen was considered Pagan, and by him the latter were termed barbarian. What comity could exist between such hostile elements?

Here and there—now and then—the spirit of true chivalry broke through the brazen restraints of the national sects; and the wild schemes of the heart occasionally displayed occurrences forming strong contrasts with prevailing custom.

Among the fugitives of Spain who escaped the slaughter of the last battle with the invading Moors, was the Prince Pelagio; a noble and chivalrous descendant of the modern kings of his country. His followers he led away into the northern portion of the kingdom. From the fastnesses of his mountain retreat, Pelagio still contended for the liberty of his country, and not unfrequently made victorious descents into the immediate province of the Moors.

It was one of these occasions that gave rise to the circumstances which will form the features of this story.

Roderigo de Pelagio was the eldest son of the Prince Pelagio—a youth of high, martial spirit, and possessed of all those chivalric requisites which in his age at once characterized the soldier and courtier. Trained in the camp as well as the palace, Roderigo combined in his nature much of the nobility of the Roman (for Spain being a Roman province, it was in the armies of Rome that he had fought); as well as the quick and haughty spirit so characteristic of his nation.

Smarting under the pains of submission, as his family was, and fully sympathizing with his father in the loss of his crown and country, Roderigo was never found wanting in respect to his appeals for vengeance; and if practicable, the restoration to him of those priceless jewels. Surrounded by his followers, therefore, the four seasons of each year were the signals for war with Roderigo as often as they approached. And many a time did the Moorish usurpers of his native Castilian valleys smart under the heavy blows and dreadful carnage which were dealt out by Roderigo and his soldiers as they rushed down from their fastnesses in the Cantabrian mountains.

The immense wealth brought from Africa by the Moors made war on them in that day doubly desirable. The conquests of the East had filled the Moorish coffers not only with all the precious products of Eastern mines, but likewise rich fabrics and spices, and every desired luxury of the most enlightened nations of the world were to be found in the bazaars of merchants of Spain in her maritime cities, and in transitu through the interior.

Nor were these all the rich objects of capture; beauty, was also a prize. And how muchsoever we may at this day condemn such deeds, and the arguments that satisfied those who perform them, it is nevertheless true, that, as the nations of Europe considered the Moors in the light of idolaters and pagans, no sin was conceived to be committed in capturing their beautiful daughters, and leading them home in triumph, either for pleasure or gain by ransom. The stimulus to a soldier's action, contained in the war-shout of "Beauty and Booty," is not one of modern date, but has been a potent lever in the art of war from the earliest ages. The Christian and the Barbarian have alike responded to that ignoble shout in all ages of the world.

The morning sun shone brightly over the long range of mountain peaks as the Castilian army under Roderigo were prepared once more to descend upon their enemies who had usurped their country. Never had the day-god ushered in more lovely spring morning than that on which the gallant little army of the aspiring and patriotic youth was about to strike another blow for his family and captive country.

The pure white flag with a cross in the centre, was the ensign of the proud house of Pelagio, and as it waved gracefully over the steel-clad warriors, a more charming sight could not have been desired.

All was in readiness; but Roderigo waited for a parting word from his noble father ere he started on his errand of war. Indeed, he desired once more to embrace his mother and sisters, and receive their last blessing.

At length the prince appeared mounted upon a black charger, surrounded by many nobles who still clung to his cause and house.

"I shall expect proud deeds of you, Roderigo," said the prince, as he came near to his son, who, upon first discovering his father, at once advanced to meet him.

"I shall expect proud deeds of you, my son," repeated the father. "With these troops you can march into the heart of Castile, and humble the dastard African who now pollutes my throne."

"What arms can do, these arms shall win; what bravery can accomplish, our deeds shall prove," was the noble answer of Roderigo.

"You have spoken like my son, Roderigo," said the prince. "Go, and when thou returnest, come with a thousand trophies as thy spoil, and an hundred victories inscribed upon thy banner."

"I obey, my lord; but where are my mother and my dear sisters?"

"They are at hand, Roderigo, cheer thee with their parting smiles, and bless thee with their last word."

The yearning of a mother when she sends a favorite son into battle, is not to be described. The misgivings and sadness of sisters who witness the departure of their brother for the uncertain events of war, require the pen of the narrator to be tipped with the fire of poesy, and illumined with the genius of inspiration.

Roderigo met his mother and sisters; pressed them to his bosom, dropped a manly tear over their distress at parting, bade them farewell,

grasped his father's hand for the last time; flung himself upon his steed, waved his hand for the march; the trumpet sounded and the bright pennon, mailed soldier, and tramping war-horse, all moved onward and were soon lost to the view of those who were left behind.

The march continued several days, during which period several skirmishes took place, in which the valiant young Spaniard and his followers were victorious. Their successes emboldened them to press still farther on, until they bearded the Moorish viceroy in his imperial seat at Burgos.

Inspired by the exalted thoughts and hopes of rescuing their beloved Castile from the grasp of the swarthy strangers of the South, Roderigo marched forward until the tenth day at sunset, when he found himself resting on a fertile mountain of the Castilian range, to the northeast of Burgos, where the usurper Abderahman now held his summer court.

Upon this lovely spot the Castilian knight determined to halt, until a favorable opportunity presented itself of attacking the enemies of his race. From their encampment Roderigo and his followers might look down upon the ancient city at their feet, and hear at the same time the solemn chimes from the Moslem minarets at evening, and catch the sweet strains of the joyous ziralet as they swelled out upon the clear air of approaching night. Such proximity to the Infidels as the Moors were termed, aroused the enthusiasm of the Spaniards to the fullest height, and it was with much difficulty that their commander was enabled to prevent them from at once rushing down impetuously upon their enemies, who, as yet, were wholly unconscious of the presence of the Christian army.

At length, when all became quiet, and the soldiers reposed some in their tents, and others among the fair groves surrounding their bivouac, Roderigo summoned his lieutenants to his tent, for the purpose of adjusting the course of proceedings of the campaign.

"Thus, my trusty friends," said Roderigo, "have we come into the very heart of these Infidels, scattering them wherever we have met them; it is for us now to turn our minds to the great task of dispersing this unholy band of pirates from our native land, that we may re-inherit it as justly belongs to us. Come, let us propose to ourselves some immediate course of action. What sayest thou, worthy knight De Braganza?"

"My lord, I am for descending upon these outcasts at early dawn, ere yet they have time to turn their dastard eyes toward accursed Mecca, or utter their first prayer to their false god or prophet."

These were the sentiments of a knight who had fought not a few campaigns with the legions of Rome, from Briton to the Euphrates; and although they were uttered in a bold, rough and uncourtly style, yet his words always had great weight in the counsels, as well as his sword in the fight.

Many were the plans submitted, when, at length, Roderigo condescended himself to propose a measure.

"My friends," he said, "as yet we are ignorant of the forces of the Moors. Before any great result can be attained, it becomes necessary that we should possess this information. To procure it, hazards must be run, and I, as your leader, will share them with you freely. Come, we will cast lots, and he upon whom it falls, shall this night, disguised as a Moor, penetrate within the walls of yonder city, discover the strength of Abderahman, and bring us word of all that he has learned."

This proposition was hailed with pleasure, and every knight was emulous to accept the mission should it fall to his lot. Danger and skill prompted their brave hearts to dare the encounter.

The lots were prepared, and one drew, and then another, and still another, yet no choice had been made. Three others drew with like success. Then only three remained to decide the lot, and among these Roderigo himself was one. The two remaining knights put forth their hands, trembling with hope, both drawing blanks. The lot had fallen on Roderigo, their captain.

This result was as he had wished; for, having served in the army of Rome in Syria, he had gained not only a perfect knowledge of the Moorish language, but had also become acquainted with the customs and manners of the Moors. He was, then, not only properly fitted for the perilous enterprise by these important qualifications, but his bravery was also equal to the emergency.

Roderigo therefore arrayed himself at once in the habit of a poor mountain peasant, bade his friends good-night, and descended through a rugged pathway by moonlight toward the city, on his expedition of espionage.

## CHAPTER II.

Abderahman, a successful soldier under the banner of the prophet, had risen from an humble position to one of exalted power and splendor in the east; and after the conquest of Spain by the Moors, became the viceroy of that conquered country. And whilst Cordova was selected as the seat of the Moorish empire in Europe, yet were the palaces and court of the viceroy situated and held in many different places. The time of which I am now writing finds Abderahman and all his attendant nobles, together with his royal family, in the city of Burgos, under the eye of a Castilian army.

It was a night of joy in this temporary Moorish capital. The city was illumined, and music swelled out upon the evening quiet, like light gladdening darkness. Festivities of every description were the delights of the senses, and the beautiful city seemed one of love and pleasure. Even the soldiery were permitted to disband for the occasion, so secure seemed all around.

But what was the cause of all this excess of joy among the proud inhabitants of Burgos? Why all this noise of mirth—these sounds of sweet music—these illumined streets, this total abandonment of all order, discipline and caution?

It was the eve of the birthday of Abderahman's only child, Zulare—the eve of the eighteenth birthday of the beautiful maiden Zulare. Never had day dawned on more lovely daughter. Never had proud father greater reason to celebrate, with pomp and splendor, the anniversary of his child's birth.

The palace was thronged with myriads of those who had come to do the homage at the shrine of Zulare's beauty, and none went away without winning a smile from her—a smile never to be forgotten.

Roderigo made his way to the city with all despatch. On arriving within the walls, he became wonder-struck at what he saw. Instead of an armed people, he beheld joy and festivities reigning supreme. Indeed, he dared hardly credit his senses; but at last, not appreciating the fall certainty of what was passing about him, he ventured to ask an old Ethiopian slave whom he met, what the occasion could be that produced so much felicity in the city?

"Dost not know, my lord," he replied, "that this is the birthnight of the viceroy's daughter, Zulare?"

"Indeed," rejoined the Castilian in disguise; "well, why do all the people thus partake of the enthusiasm?"

"O master, master, didst thou know how very beautiful is the daughter of the governor, thou surely wouldst never ask me this?" was the old man's reply.

"Zulare is then beautiful."

"Beautiful as heaven—hast thou never seen her?"

"Nay, I have but now entered the city from a long journey; but I would fain witness those charms which cost a whole city so much pains."

"I'll lead thee to the palace, master," said the slave.

"First lead me to some well-filled bazaar, where I can change these unseemly garments, that I may make some fair appearance in the presence of this princess of beauty."

"Follow me, then, good master; I'll lead thee to one straightway in the very route to the palace."

"Thou art a good dog."

"Nay, master, I am no dog; though the Spaniards call the Moors all dogs. I am no Moor."

"Nay, thou art worse, being a Moor's slave."

By this time the Ethiopian had brought Roderigo to the entrance of a large bazaar, such as is not seen in many countries at this day, but which, in earlier times, were the only marts for traffic.

"Remain here until I come," said Roderigo to the slave. "I will go in and procure me vestments fitted for the occasion, and will then return, that you may lead me to the palace."

Roderigo passed into the pavilion, where all was busy life, happiness and gayety. A short time sufficed to select a proper garb in which to array himself, and which, when donned, evinced by its richness and beauty that the wearer was no common personage.

Reflecting upon the great risk of his undertaking, that of seeking an entrance into the palace of the very ruler whom he had come to destroy, Roderigo deemed it best to assume a character as near that of his real one as practicable, in order to avoid suspicion. It was with this consideration that he chose that of a prince of Gaul, the part which he so well knew how to act.

It is unnecessary to describe the gorgeous richness of the apparel which Roderigo put upon himself in the bazaar. Those who are acquainted with the costumes of that day will readily con-

ceive the noble appearance which Roderigo made; being a prince whose natural and undorned charms were sufficient to win their way to the deep recesses of admiration.

Having therefore fully completed his toilet, Roderigo sallied forth from the bazaar, and following the honest lead of the old African, soon found himself at the gate of the palace.

The throngs were still pouring in and issuing from the vast enclosures, and it was with difficulty that our hero could effect an entrance into the palace. At length, however, he succeeded, and, borne along with an irresistible tide passing in, he soon found himself in a spacious saloon most gorgeously lighted, richly adorned with all the splendors that the East could have produced.

Following the crowd onward, Roderigo soon came into the vicinity of the circle of chief attraction, and with an effort, disengaged himself from the throng, and withdrew to a more secluded position, but yet, where he might witness all that passed before his eyes.

From this position, Roderigo could easily distinguish the great Moor, Abderahman, as he sat upon his richly carved throne of ivory. But his eyes wandered for the inimitable loveliness of the viceroy's daughter—Zulare.

Whilst thus engaged, an officer of the household came to him, saying that his master having observed him, and perceived by his majestic appearance and costly apparel that he must be of noble birth, desired him to approach the place where he sat in state.

This was a compliment not particularly acceptable to Roderigo, but well knowing the suspicion that would inevitably attach to him if he declined so distinguished a mark of favor, he readjusted his dagger in his bosom, and suffered himself to be led to the foot of the throne.

"I greet thee, noble stranger," said the great Moor, as Roderigo came near to him; "thou art welcome to our court; and forasmuch as thou art a prince of Gaul, thou art doubly welcome."

"I thank thee, my lord," answered Roderigo.

"Thou art journeying through these regions, doubtless, for thy pleasure; certainly no mission from thy nation bringeth thee into these remote countries."

"It is most true, my lord, I am here upon my own account, since I bring neither message nor insignia of power with me."

"At least thou shouldst have sent us word be-

fore thee, that we might have given thee a reception befitting the future king of a great country."

"Nay, my lord, no courier could have outsped my course, so eager was I to arrive in time to participate in the pleasing fete now surrounding me."

"It is well, prince; the vigor of youthfulness snuffs beauty from afar, and seeks to honor it too, when found."

"It is true, my lord; the fame of thy daughter's beauty is not new to me, and it was to honor her that I have thus made my uncourtly presence before thee."

"Thou hast not yet seen her, prince; tarry here one moment, she shall be brought hither."

Abderahman here nodded to an attendant, who stood near, and having heard the conversation between his master and Roderigo, understood, consequently, the interpretation of the gesture.

"Thou shalt see the loveliness of Spain, Africa and Asia comprised into one human form, when thine eyes fall upon Zulare," said the proud governor.

"I doubt it not, my lord," answered Roderigo; and before he had time to qualify his assent to the extravagant praise of the father, Zulare approached him, led by a Moorish cavalier, whose fierce countenance contrasted strongly with the sweet, smiling warmth that beamed from the unparalleled beauty of the maiden by his side.

"Zulare, my child, look on the young prince of Gaul, who is here to honor thy birth-night."

Roderigo advanced a step and met the modest greeting of the viceroy's daughter with marked respect and admiration. He now led Zulare to a seat near by, where, in pleasant converse the hours flew with a rapidity of which the young pair were entirely ignorant.

It was plain to be discovered, that although the young Spaniard had entered Castile to become a conqueror, he was now in a fair way to be conquered in Castile. And though the fiercely flashing eyes of the dark Bajazet fell jealously upon the fair couple, they heeded it not.

"How sayest thou, thou likest not the Spaniards?" inquired Roderigo, after the conversation turned upon that conquered race.

"I like them not; they are too cruel; they come and kill our people, and carry far away our sisters and our mothers," was the artless response.

"I know little of them," said Roderigo; "but have been informed they are a brave nation."

"Yes, brave they are. I have heard my father speak of one Spanish prince whose name is Roderigo de Pelagio, who often comes into the very heart of Castile with his armies."

"Indeed! and has your father never punished him for his tenacity?"

"Nay; I have never yet heard of one victory gained over him."

"He must be an extraordinary warrior," suggested the courtier.

"O yes; and is withal, said to be a noble and beautiful prince."

"Indeed," replied Roderigo, with some surprise; "who could have given thee this strange information?"

"An old Ethiopian slave whom my father purchased in Syria; he knew him when with the Roman army in the East," was Zulare's answer.

"That must have been long since, as the knight De Pelagio I think has not been in the Roman service for many years."

"Thou knowest the Spanish prince, then," said the Moorish maiden, earnestly.

"I knew him well, Zulare, when his father ruled this province under the Roman laws."

Roderigo began to grow restless under the knowledge that there was a personage of Abderahman's household who knew him, and fearing lest his incognito might be wrested from him, he was more particular to inquire who the slave was, and thus, perchance, learn to what extent he risked his present adventure. His surprise may be imagined when he learned that the old slave of whom Zulare spoke, was no other than he who had conducted Roderigo hither that very evening. He was certain that he had not then been recognized by old Nelsus, whose name he recognized as soon as Zulare named it. There was no certainty, however, that he would again escape the old man's recognition if he should once fairly set his gaze upon him; as, neither before they had sought the bazaar, nor afterwards had an opportunity been afforded him to see the features of Roderigo. There was another reason why Roderigo desired to know more of the old Ethiopian; for very sure he was, if that personage was no more honest and loyal to his present master than to his former one in Syria, who was Roderigo's own father, he might by the persuasive force of gold, make him of superior service to him in the deep enterprise upon which he was now embarked.

The night was wearing away rapidly, and as yet Roderigo had obtained no information of sufficient importance to warrant him in coming to any conclusion as to the course necessary to pursue. Old Nelsus had informed him that the whole Moorish army were temporarily disbanded to enjoy the happy fete. How long this state of things was to continue, was a point now desirable to become acquainted with. Besides this, the extraordinary loveliness of Zulare had determined Roderigo not only to besiege the city, but to bear the beautiful maiden away as the lawful prize of his success.

Whilst revolving these things in his mind, Zulare pointed Roderigo to the old Ethiopian, who was at that moment advancing toward the place where they were seated. He approached and finally passed them, without recognizing Roderigo, who now felt himself quite secure for the present.

More than once had the jealous Bajazet wandered near to Roderigo and Zulare, who, during the entire period of their tete-a-tete, appeared to have enjoyed each other's society to an unexpected extent. Indeed, it was easily perceivable that the noble pair were mutual admirers; a conclusion drawn from unmistakable evidences, such as warmth of expression on the part of the knight, and deep and frequent blushes on the cheeks of Zulare.

Bajazet, though not a youth, was a man in the completest prime of life, and the first officer under Abderahman, in the Moorish possessions in Europe. He had unbeknown to the viceroy, set his affections upon the beautiful daughter of the viceroy, which will sufficiently explain the cause of his fierce glances at the familiar intercourse between the supposed Gaulish prince and Zulare.

"It happens well," said Abderahman, as his lieutenant stood near him, "that fortune hath thrown this noble Carlovingian prince among us upon this happy occasion. I have witnessed with pleasure the appearance of increasing warmth spring up between him and Zulare. For know you not, Bajazet, that if we can form an alliance with the powerful rulers of Gaul, our empire in Europe will be fully established."

Bajazet was silent.

"It is for some high honor like this, good Bajazet, that I have thus reserved my daughter. She it will be, who shall most powerfully aid in perpetuating our power in Europe, and spreading our glorious triumph of Allah and his proph-



et among the barbarians by whom we are surrounded."

The fierce warrior heard Abderahman's remarks, and without replying, walked slowly away.

At length the night was half spent, and Roderigo was anxious to return to his camp in the morning, preparatory to the attack. And although, after learning from the viceroy that this was but the first night of the fete, which was to continue for five days and nights longer, yet he dared not accept the pressing offer to remain the guest of the Moorish governor, lest the close proximity of his army might discover it and defeat his object before the proper time arrived in which to strike the premeditated blow upon the Infidel hosts. He preferred therefore to speak a few well arranged words of love to Zulare, with the assurance of returning on the evening of the morrow, thanking Abderahman for the happy privilege he had enjoyed in the society of his daughter, and taking his leave, to remaining longer exposed to the dangers of detection, on the coming of the morning.

So, bidding Zulare an honest adieu, and embracing her father according to the Moorish custom among hosts and guests, he departed to seek his camp, two leagues away, up among the mountains.

It was near the break of the morning when the adventurous knight at last found himself within his encampment. And although his friends had begun to feel some apprehension for his safety, Roderigo quickly explained the cause of his delay, omitting, however, that portion which would have revealed his sincere regard for the daughter of Abderahman. Without doing this, he readily framed an excuse for the withdrawal of his army a league or two away from the position it now occupied, which could readily be done without observation, as it lay upon the margin of the extensive forest, spreading far away over the rugged region surrounding.

This change of position was but the work of a few hours, and before the sun was seen above the distant mountain peaks, the Spanish camp was pitched in a new spot, and all things soon became settled and quiet.

Roderigo intending to fulfil his appointment with Zulare that night, ruminated during the day upon the plans to be adopted for the overthrow of the Moorish power in Castile, and to carry off the beautiful prize in the viceroy's daughter. Nor were his reflections a little dis-

turbed by the consciousness of possessing a rival in the ferocious looking Moor, under whose gaze he had fallen several times during the previous evening. However, feeling that he had favorably impressed both the governor and his beautiful daughter, he contented himself to rest the result of his operations upon the future. At all events, so far as Bajazet was concerned, Roderigo feared neither to couch a lance or draw a rapier with him.

### CHAPTER III.

The evening found Roderigo again within the palace of Abderahman, and attentive at the side of Zulare. It was now that the enthusiasm of love began to nerve up all the passions of Roderigo for success; to the fulfilment of which he well knew, only strategy and strong arms could be safely entrusted. Indeed, often upon that brilliant evening, as the young knight heard the sweet tones of the fair Moress, uttering, as she constantly did, the most innocent, yet queenly sentiments, did he almost regret that, instead of plotting to secure his object by arms and bloodshed, he was not at liberty to kneel at her feet, proclaim his devotion and country, and beg to be admitted to her affection and her father's court. But this was of course decided to be impracticable, after a moment's reflection; for, faithful followers of Mahomet as both the viceroy and his daughter were, it was not to be supposed that a barbarian could be tolerated whilst asking for the hand of Zulare. Besides, the simple revelation of his country and real name, must have cost Roderigo at once his head.

Thus, whilst love was prompting his nobler nature to action, policy was also at work with its potent engine, to aid in carving out Roderigo's success. Whilst, therefore, he listened to the music of her voice, he watched for the appearance of Old Nelsus, whom he desired to enlist; not, perhaps as an active partizan, but rather as the innocent instrument of communication.

At length, Roderigo espied the old African moving about in an outer court of the palace, which, with all parts of the palace, was lighted up most brilliantly. Disengaging himself, therefore, for a few minutes from Zulare, Roderigo made his way through the crowd of guests, to the court, where he found the old African as if waiting for him.

"Good evening, friend Nelsus," said the

knight, as he approached the old man. "I have been seeking thee."

"Ah, master, I am glad to see thee; I know thee," was his equivocal reply.

"Know me, good Nelsus! How knowest thou me?"

"Ah, Master Roderigo, do I not remember when I was in thy father's service in Syria? thou wert a stripling then—but I have not forgotten thee."

"Surely, old man, thou art mistaken; think you, were I the son of Pelagio of Castile, I should dare to come into this palace of Abderahman, where for a single moment I would not be safe?"

"I know nought of that; but this I know, thou art young Roderigo, whom I taught to ride the wild steed of the desert, in Syria."

"Nay, nay, old man, it is not so; but let that pass—thou hast not spoken thy suspicion to any of the court, hast thou?"

"I have not, my lord; but—"

"But what? answer me, Nelsus," said Roderigo, in a low, but somewhat agitated manner; fearing lest something might have escaped the slave which would render his situation very dangerous.

"But, master, what dost thou here? thou wantest not a daughter of the Moor, dost thou?"

"I want nothing, good Nelsus," was Roderigo's answer; "but here, take this well-filled purse, and come with me. I would look at the palace and see its outward construction."

"I thank thee for this, good master," said the old Ethiopian, at the same time bowing until his forehead nearly touched the ground. "I thank thee again; I have not seen so much gold since the revolt at Acre, where I slew the merchant, for which crime I was sold to thy father a slave, in which condition I have ever since served." And he gazed upon the purse with seemingly infinite satisfaction.

"Come, good Nelsus," at length urged the knight, "give me the information which I desire; and if thou art faithful to me, thou shalt have still another and a larger purse, and with it thy pardon, too; but thou must be silent."

"Thou shalt be served, my lord, even to all I know."

"Well then, old man, lead on, and first point out to me where the governor himself passes the night."

The old African led the way from where they then stood by an obscure pathway, until they

emerged in the rear of the palace, from the base of which rose up a strong tower of masonry, reaching some distance in altitude above the main building.

"Thou seest yonder red light," said Roderigo's guide, pointing upward toward the dark and frowning turret.

"I do," replied Roderigo.

"That is the bed-chamber of Abderahman, and the red taper is kept nightly burning, in order to be more easily discerned by the palace guards, in case of danger."

Old Nelsus then explained to Roderigo a secret passage by which an entrance into the chambers above might be obtained, from the garden. Having accomplished the great object of his visit to the palace that night—namely, to learn the location of the nocturnal apartment of the great Moor, Roderigo therefore made his way alone to the inner palace.

"Pardon my long absence, sweet Zulare," said Roderigo, after he had returned to her side. "I was longer detained than was expected."

"I feared that thou hadst left the palace," replied Zulare.

"Not certainly, without bidding thee farewell."

"I thought thou mightest have forgotten it."

"Nay, nay, Zulare, I shall never forget thee; thou hast already unbounded dominion over my soul. For thee, I would dare all things; for thee, I will do all things."

"I thank thee, dear prince, and can only promise thee my own poor affection in return."

"Is it then so, Zulare? and wouldst thou forsake these royal scenes within thy father's court, exchanging them for a home, though regal, yet not half so luxurious?"

"The heart of woman whether Moor or Frank, when wedded to its object of natural love, cares for nought of royal court or glittering show. I have learned to love thee within these two nights and days, and, though thou wert a Spaniard, methinks I would love thee."

"Well, well, Zulare, that thou lovest me, I am satisfied and content withal. But now I must leave thee; but fear not, I shall come again."

"Why, prince, it is yet an early hour—thou needest not leave so early."

"I have engagements, sweet Zulare, which call me hence, and must not fail to meet them. Adieu, until thou seest me again."

"Which will be soon, I hope," said Zulare,

as Roderigo pressed her soft hand to his lip, and departed.

Hastening toward the northern suburbs of the city, Roderigo found still waiting for him his faithful servant with his horse.

The morning sun rose brightly over the city of Burgos. The third day of the carnival had arrived.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a busy day in the camp of Roderigo, and his followers. Every preparation was now being made for the premeditated attack upon the Moors within the city, and although Roderigo had intended to postpone the attack until at least the last night of the viceroy's fete, yet the circumstances which had transpired on the previous evening he was well aware must preclude any further intercourse with the city, even should Old Nelsus not reveal the secret.

Taking counsel, therefore, with his lieutenants, and particularly with Braganza, Roderigo laid before them all his plans, the location of the city, the position of the palace, and to each commander gave express instructions as to his particular duty. To Braganza he assigned the attack on that part of the palace in which Abderahman slept, whilst he would take under the charge of his own eye the capture of the beautiful and loved Zulare.

Thus were all things made in complete readiness, and Roderigo and his friends only waited for the coming of night to strike a blow for love and Castile.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first shade of evening was slowly drawing its thin veil over the distant valleys, and the bright rays of the departing sun were disporting themselves like the phosphorescent glow of the ocean upon far-off Castilian peaks. The hour was fast approaching when the prayers of millions of the faithful followers of the prophet would ascend to Allah—from those whose faces would be upturned toward the Moslem temple at Mecca.

Motionless and mute sat Zulare, gazing upon the wonderful scene of the day's close. Her eyes wandered for a moment far away over the plain, until as it were the sight was lost in darkness. They were then directed in a contrary direction—taking in the wide extended range of mountains to the north-eastward, upon which the light was just bidding its evening farewell.

Why did Zulare start as if with affright, as

she gave that last look toward the mountains? Why did she grow pale with terror? She looked again—it was too true; the glittering armor of the Spaniards glistened on the distant mountain side, in the struggling rays of the sun's last setting moments. Too plainly she saw the lengthened line of defiling troops winding its way like a huge serpent, downwards to the plain below.

Calling one of her maidens, Zulare at once despatched a message to her father, to apprize him of his danger. The messenger reached him at the hour of prayer, and as the muezzin from each turret called the faithful to their orisons, the trumpets of the enemy sounded under the Moslem walls of Burgos.

From their prayers the Moors at once sprang to the sabre and the conflict. The blood-red flag surmounted by a golden crescent was flung out from the loftiest battlements of the city's walls, and the war-cry of Mahomet was the terrific change from the low murmurs so recently scattered prayerfully on the breeze of evening, and wafted toward the shrine of the faithful.

The assault of the Spanish forces was tumultuous and skilful; the defence of the Moors was desperate and wild. The army, under Roderigo, made no halt, and that of Abderahman sounded no parley. The battle began and raged fiercely, at the same moment. From the fortresses flew the javelins and arrows in tempestuous clouds. From the besiegers, the catapult discharged its ponderous stones, and on both sides the deadly sword performed its oft-repeated havoc. The clashing of steel against steel, the ponderous stroke on buckler and shield, made wild the music of the evening zephyr, and thousands fell beneath them to rise no more.

The battle raged with utmost fury, while the last streak of light remained to gladden the eye, or to direct the stroke, and so continued with hideous results, even into the darkness of the night, the moon refusing to shine on such a scene; deep, dark clouds usurping her sphere.

At length, the Spaniards effected a breach in the wall. Thousands then rushed through the aperture. It was increased in size speedily, and in almost the space of time occupied in its narration, Roderigo's forces had entered the city, in hand-to-hand contest with the Moors.

So well had Roderigo's lieutenants been instructed in his scheme, that once within the walls, his entire forces pressed forward toward the palace. All was consternation within the

city. Even the opposing army of Abderahman seemed to lose spirit when they saw the multitude of Spaniards as they poured through the breach in the walls, and fell back, step by step, as their foes advanced.

Abderahman, viewing with despair the faltering movements of his troops, endeavored to rally them with all the power and effort of one possessing super-humanity. He flew from post to post, inviting in the name of Allah and Mahomet the children of the faithful to rally in their might and destroy the barbarous hordes of Spain, and imprecating wrath upon those who timidly recoiled before the constant shock of their enemies. All was, however, to no purpose. The Christian forces pressed continually forward, levelling all opposition in heaps of slain from whose ghastly wounds poured blood like water-streams from mountain springs.

The time had now arrived for Roderigo to perform the knightly feat of possessing himself of the beautiful Zulare, and rescuing her from the Infidels and their creed; the enemies alike of his nation and religion.

For this purpose, therefore, he selected fifty trusty followers, and abandoned the general contest to the command of Braganza. With this band of trusty followers, he advanced rapidly by a circuitous route toward the palace.

Arriving within view of its majestic outlines, as it loomed up against the darkened sky, and descriing the well-remembered taper burning in that portion of the palace, pointed out the evening previous by Old Nelsus, Roderigo at once led his comrades to the main entrance, and although opposed by a superior number of Moslems, their progress was but slightly impeded. The vestibule was gained, and there leaving all but a very small number of his men, Roderigo ascended the staircase, which, on the two evenings spent in the palace, had been discovered by him as the entrance to all parts of the upper portion of the building.

Door after door, apparently doubly secured with bolt and bar, were demolished in the passage of Roderigo, until, finally, so numerous had been the deviations from a straight course, he became bewildered, and could not at length, with all his skill, decide in his mind in what direction the apartments of Zulare were to be found.

Fortunately, however, at this moment, a beautiful female appeared, issuing from a richly decorated chamber, and Roderigo determined to

extract from her the mystery now enveloping him.

"Maiden, where doth Zulare's apartments lie?—tell me speedily. I have no time to wait."

Trembling with fear, Iran—for it was she—presuming the intruders to be troops of the viceroy, who had been sent by him to protect her mistress, instantly pointed within the door whence she had but now issued.

Without farther hesitation, Roderigo, respecting, however, the condition of his adored mistress, bid his comrades remain outside, and throwing open the door of the apartment, entered, preceded by Iran. There, prostrate upon a divan, lay the half-unconscious Zulare, calling in tender tones for her father, and beseeching protection from harm.

"Thou art safe, Zulare," said Roderigo, after a moment's hesitation, as he stood beside the lovely form of the reclining maiden. "Thou art forever safe, Zulare, for I shall now ever be with thee to guard and watch over thee."

"What! is it thou, Roderigo? Alas, alas—why didst thou come to make war upon my heart and at the same time upon my father?" cried Zulare.

"Nay, nay, sweet maiden, but for this time cease thy grief. I have come for thee, therefore let us fly away from these walls, where neither thou nor I may now be safe."

"I cannot go—my father—ah, Allah—"

With these words, Zulare sank away into a state of unconsciousness, and, at once clasping her in his muscular embrace, and commanding Iran to follow her mistress, Roderigo bore the lifeless form away through the same passage by which he had come hither, out of the palace and beyond the city's walls.

Here, surrounded by a faithful guard, a well arranged litter was provided, upon which was a soft and richly spread couch, whereon Zulare was lain, and left to recover, under the kind care of her affrighted, but faithful Iran.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us now return to the conflict, as it still continued to rage between Abderahman and Braganza. The Moorish troops had been constantly giving way, whilst the Spaniards slaughtered them by thousands at each step of their advance. Every sabre-stroke was now bringing ruin upon the Moslem forces, and at length, when naught but flight or entire destruction became the alternatives, Abderahman forsook his post in anguish, and determined, if overcome in

battle, at least, in flight to secure his daughter. He therefore directed his steps toward the palace, followed by his immediate guards and officers.

What heart can appreciate the anguish of that father, when, on arriving at the palace, he heard the terrible news of his daughter's capture, and her conveyance away! The distant din of battle as it loudly resounded through those ancient palace walls, was all unheard by him. The full flush of his cheeks departed, and, statue-like, he stood as one amazed at some awful event, without distinctly understanding its true character.

This state was, however, but momentary. Gathering up all the energies of his nature, the vaulted passages and apartments of the castle resounded with the awful imprecations upon the authors of this misery from his lips; and then loudly calling upon his faithful guards surrounding, to follow him, Abderahman rushed away like a meteor in a dark sky, to renew the horrors of the battle.

The horrors of the night became now doubly terrible, as the report spread wildly and fast among the Moslem ranks that the viceroy's daughter was made prisoner, and would, unless rescued, fall into the embraces of a barbarous prince whose religion was worse than that of Paganism.

Hour after hour the scene of frightful war was visible in the ancient city, until the day dawned again upon the surrounding plain. Then what a sight was there to be seen! The living Christian and Moor still engaged in terrific strife, whilst the dead and dying Spaniard and Moslem lay in rugged heaps about the now ensanguined streets.

But this, like all desperate encounters, was destined to have an end. The prowess of Roderigo and his troops had proved superior to that of the Moors. It was whilst Roderigo was engaged in what appeared to be the last desperate effort necessary to complete his victory, that he saw his chief antagonist approaching at the head of his guard—the flower of the Moorish host.

The quick eye of Abderahman at once caught the towering form of Roderigo, and goaded on by despair and anguish, at once rushed forward to encounter the young knight.

Roderigo proved ready for the assault. No pen can describe the angry contest which now ensued between the leaders of the opposing armies. Even the battle around them seemed to subside; both parties desiring to witness the awful scene, as the fate of empire settled upon

the points of those two terrible sabres. At last, the youthful vigor of Roderigo proved superior over both the age and skill of Abderahman, and the latter fell to the earth. Then it was that a terrific contest ensued between the two fractions of the armies, as to who should bear the fallen chief from the field. Roderigo's forces fought for a distinguished prisoner; Abderahman's for preservation from disgrace. Victory once more came to the Christian arms, and the Moslem crew fled in confusion before their Spanish foes.

Thus closed the battle of Burgos. The victorious Roderigo now conveyed the fallen captive, Abderahman, under a heavy escort to a place of safety, and prepared at once to proclaim the end of Moslem rule in Castile.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Weeks passed by after the stirring events narrated in the preceding chapter, and the house of Pelagio again held sway over its native Castile. Abderahman became a closely confined prisoner within the very city and palace where he had once ruled the undisputed master. Zulare was likewise a captive, but the rigor of captivity with her was relieved by the warm love of Roderigo, as it was daily poured forth at the shrine of her beauty.

It is said, and with truth too, that love overcometh all scruples. The tender treatment received by Zulare from Roderigo, and those surrounding her, together with her former true feelings toward the young knight, all tended to win the tender spirit of the maiden, and inspire her to yield to the elevated desires of her loved captor. One only request was rejected. When she besought Roderigo to see her father, he dared not yield. Too well he knew the character of the true Moslem, such as Abderahman was, to trust them with an interview, although as often demanded by the father as sought for by the daughter. Besides the dangers which threatened any communication between Zulare and her father, the spiritual was not more to be dreaded than the physical dangers to be feared.

From Zulare's first captivity, if it is to be so called, for it amounted hardly to restraint, she had been assigned an holy priest, whose religious zeal and true piety, in connexion with the holy teachings he had vouchsafed to her, won great influence over her heart, and ere a very long period had elapsed, she began to discover evident symptoms of conversion to Christianity; and, there-

fore, to have permitted communications between Zulare and her infidel parent, might have proved equally disastrous to her spiritual, and Roderigo's temporal happiness.

Abderahman felt deeply the gradually inclining spirit of his daughter to Christianity, for her intelligent mind grasped within its compass the high truths taught by the holy priest with such tenacity, that, ere three moons had seen her captive, the baptismal font opened to her, and she became numbered among the followers of the true religion.

Meantime, the power of the Pelagian house had to appearances become firmly established in Castile. The vanquished Moors had all fled to the neighboring provinces of Granada, and peace again spread her benign rays over the fair country.

The scruples of religion had now been done away by the conversion and baptism of Zulare, and naught intervened to prevent the consummation of their cherished aspirations, save the desire on the maiden's part to see her father, and beg his consent to the nuptials.

"Thou shalt see thy father, Zulare, for now I know he possesses not the power to harm thy soul. Thou art at least safe from all moral danger. I will myself lead thee to his apartments, and he shall hear from thee alone, the tale of love which thou wouldst tell." This was the response of Roderigo after Zulare had, for the last time plighted to him her love, and bowed with submission to the promptings of her heart to become his bride.

That very evening was set as the time in which Zulare was to present her Christian form to the presence of her enraged parent. Every precaution was taken to screen both Zulare and Roderigo from violence; guards were stationed at the entrance of Abderahman's apartments, and Roderigo himself bore arms defensive, lest the angry captive should wreak vengeance upon him, or vent his fury upon his Christian daughter for renouncing her faith.

By Roderigo's order, and at Zulare's request, her father became advised of their intended visit to him, in order that his mind might be the better prepared to meet her.

The hour arrived when the lovers should present themselves before the implacable representative of Mahometanism in Europe. When Roderigo entered the apartment occupied by Abderahman, with Zulare fondly leaning upon his arm, the captive viceroy was seated, apparently

in deep thought. At their appearance he suddenly started; but at once recovering his self-possession, slowly rose from his seat, and with steadfast gaze, contemplated his daughter in silence. Zulare would have rushed into her father's arms; but that rock-hearted man obstructed the affectionate advance of his daughter, by half-raising his hand as a barrier.

"Stay, foul maiden, touch me not—thou art worse than defiled since last I saw thee."

"O my gracious father, hear the words of thy daughter who hath just been brought to the light of the Christian faith, and would lead thee after me."

"Silence, thou traitress to thy born faith—the true faith of thy fathers. Not only art thou rebel to thy religion, but rebel toward thy father. What camest thou here, for?"

"My love for thee, my father."

"Nay, nay, Zulare; thou couldst not hold affection for me, and cling, as thou dost to mine enemies, who, like yonder prince, have brought all these ills upon me."

"Forgive me then, father, wherein I have proved disobedient unto thy wishes."

"Forgive thee, maiden! nay, nay, my forgiveness thou needest never to ask. I have a vow registered above that thou shalt never be forgiven. Thou and those who love thee are mine enemies; and I love thee less than I hate them."

Up to this moment Roderigo had preserved silence, hoping that by so doing, no cause of offence should occur to arouse the passions of Abderahman. But now he could contain himself no longer.

"Thy daughter, Abderahman, is innocent of any wrongs suffered by thee now; therefore hast thou no reason thus to rail against her."

"It is enough that she loveth such as thou art, that I should hate her."

"Wherefore, then, hast thou such cause of hatred against me and my nation?"

"Knowest thou not that? Who hath thus wrenched from me my kingdom and my daughter, save thee? And who but thy false teachers hath perverted the soul of yonder maiden from the true faith of Allah and his prophet, but thee?"

"If, then, thou art so wroth because thou hast been deprived of thy kingdom, then hath not my father more just reason to deal with thee harshly? for thou art an intruder into these climes, and, with thy armies drove him from his lawful heritage. As for thy daughter, her heart belongeth

to her—therefore may she dispose of it as may be to her proper. And for her conversion to Christianity, her own soul is only accountable."

To this reply of the prince, Abderahman could find no reasonable reply, and remained silent.

"And now, Abderahman, we come to thee—thy daughter in all obedience—to ask thy sanction to our nuptials, which, since she hath forsaken the creed of Moslem, need be no farther delayed."

"Never, never!"

This was the only reply the haughty Infidel would deign to give, and turning upon his indignant heel, swept away from his visitors, and passed into another apartment.

Zulure would have followed her father and

thrown herself at his feet for mercy, had she not been mildly restrained by her companion, who, taking her trembling hand, led her away, leaving the father in his lonely retreat.

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The nuptial day at length arrived. It was the holy season of spring, when Earth sent forth her virgin flowers, and every gale was laden with perfumes as from unknown realms of spices.

The nobles and matrons of Castile were in attendance, and princes from Britain and Gaul had each come to honor, not only the occasion, but to rejoice over the triumph of a Christian house. It was a day of joy and festivity throughout the extent of Old Castile.

[FROM "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."]

## THE CAPTAIN'S PASSAGE. A STARTLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the spring of 1836 my ship was lying at Diamond Point, on the river Hoogly, where I was receiving a cargo from Calcutta. One day, after my cargo was nearly all on board, I went on shore to spend an afternoon and evening with a party of English officers. Just after supper, while the wine and the wit were flowing in abundance, I was seized with a sudden faintness, and with a whirling brain I sank to the floor. I remembered nothing more until the next morning. At that time I found myself in a comfortable bed, with an old English physician by my side; but I was so weak and exhausted that I could speak but with difficulty. My whole frame was seemingly palsied, and a hot, suffocating sensation pervaded my head. On the following afternoon I again lost my recollection, and when reason next visited me I was informed that I had been sick over a week. My first expressed wish was to be conveyed on board my ship, but the old doctor would listen to no such thing. He told me that I had the most malignant form of an Indian fever, and that to move me would be sure death; and he furthermore conveyed to me

the disagreeable intelligence that it would be three weeks, at least, before I could leave my bed.

I knew that my owners were very anxious that their cargo should be delivered as speedily as possible, and I dared not have the ship remain for my recovery, so I sent for the supercargo and mate, and after a short conference—for I was too weak to hold a long one—it was arranged that the mate should take charge of the ship and start at once for home. I supposed there would be plenty of chances for me to get a passage to the United States when I should have recovered, so I gave myself no uneasiness on that score. My ship sailed, and I was left in charge of the English physician, who proved himself a whole-souled man and a friend. It was a month before I could get out of doors, and even then could not walk without support; but after this gained rapidly, and in a month more I was quite strong again. In fact, I thought I felt better than I had for a year previous.

As soon as I was able to be out I began to look about me for the purpose of securing a pas-

sage home. There were several ships at the Point, but they were all going around to Canton, and thus three weeks passed away without any sign of the chance I sought. At length I learned that there was a Spanish brig down at Ranganafalla which was bound for the Mediterranean, and knowing that if I could be landed at Gibraltar I could easily get a passage from thence, I resolved to go down and see the captain of the brig. To this end I hired a boatman to take me down the river, and having got all my luggage together I set off. I found the brig anchored off the northern point of Sugar Island. Her captain was a Spaniard, but spoke the English language well. He was a tall, pale looking man, with the strangest black eye I ever saw. It seemed to be a cold, icy eye, shooting forth sharp rays of light that possessed a sort of freezing power. I asked him if he was bound for the Mediterranean, and he told me yes. I then asked him if he could give me a passage as far as Gibraltar, at the same time stating the circumstances under which I had been left behind by my ship. At first he was unwilling to answer me. After thinking for a few moments he called some of his officers one side and conversed with them in a tone too low for me to hear; yet I could see that the discussion was quite animated, and that there were differences of opinion upon the subject. At length the captain turned to me again.

"What is your name?" he asked, very coolly, and at the same time eyeing me sharply.

"John Barclay," returned I.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, do you think you can keep a secret?"

"I think I have followed the sea long enough to understand the value of such a trait as that," returned I, without hesitation.

"Well, then," returned he, "I will tell you that we sometimes lay ourselves liable to the penalties of the revenue laws."

"Smugglers," said I.

"Yes—exactly," responded he, with a sort of cold smile about the corners of his mouth. "We do considerable in that line, and you must of course know that we wouldn't stop at any ordinary measures to secure ourselves against betrayal."

I well knew the meaning of that remark—I knew that my life would answer for my secrecy; but I had determined to go, and I would not now be put back. I had laid too long already upon my oars, and as there was likely to be no other chance for some time to come, I resolved

to take up with the present one at all hazards. If they could turn a penny by smuggling, and were willing to run all the risks, why, it was none of my business. They did not defraud me, nor my government. So I told the captain I would go with him, and pay him what was right. My luggage was accordingly brought on board, and I was allowed a berth in the cabin. I could see that there was some dissatisfaction on the part of the other officers, but they yielded to the decision of their commander.

On the following morning the brig got underweigh and passed out through the eastern channel. She was a staunch craft, of about three hundred tons burden, with a raised quarter-deck, and with no house upon it. Her cabin was well-furnished and had six berths,—the captain and three of his officers took up four of them; I took the fifth, and the sixth was unoccupied. The brig's crew consisted of about forty men, more than half of whom came on board after I had taken my berth. They were stout, rough looking fellows, though they would compare well with the average of ships' crews. The captain's name I found to be Modiego, and I never before, nor have I since, witnessed such perfect discipline as there was on board that brig. Modiego could speak with his eyes, and I never saw a man disobey them.

On the third day out I found that some of the crew were making arrangements to set up the cook's range in the fore-peak, and after the culinary implements were all removed thither, the galley, which had been standing amidships, was taken to pieces. This movement was of course strange to me, but there was a stranger scene in store. This galley had a floor to it, and when this floor was removed I saw a circular railway of iron, in the centre of which was a massive steel pivot. Once or twice I found Modiego's eye fixed searchingly upon me, but if he thought to read my emotions in my face he was much mistaken, for few men possess more control over their features than I do. Yet I was glad that I had noticed the captain's look, for it placed me on my guard.

After the deck was cleared of the last vestige of the galley, sheers were rigged over the main hatch, and in half an hour afterwards a long, heavy brass gun had been hoisted out from the hold and placed upon the afore-mentioned pivot.

"We smugglers need something for protection," quietly remarked the captain, as he approached me after the gun was rigged.

"O, certainly," said I, with a smile. "I wondered before that I saw no implements for such a purpose."

Modiego gave me a searching look, but he found nothing but honesty in my countenance.

"Yes," he uttered, "we are obliged to be prepared for emergencies, for our's is a dangerous business."

I believed him! And I began to wish that I had not been in quite so much of a hurry to secure my passage. But it was too late now—I had forced myself into the plight, and I had only to make the best of it. Of course I had begun to think that my companions were men who smuggled at both ends of the bargain—that the revenue was not the only institution against which their hands were raised.

For fourteen days the brig kept on her course to the south'rd and west'rd, and during that time I had been on very fair terms with the officers, though none of them seemed inclined to familiarity. Once or twice I thought the captain seemed inclined to make some overture to me, but whatever may have been upon his mind he kept it to himself. On the morning of the fifteenth day I heard an unusual bustle upon deck, and on going up I found that the tarpaulin had been taken from the long gun, and that the men were bringing small arms up from below. Modiego was at the starboard rail with his telescope to his eye. I looked in the direction indicated by his glass and saw a ship not more than four or five miles distant. She was evidently a merchantman, and bound up the ocean. Modiego at length lowered his glass, and as he turned he saw me.

"Ah—Mr. Barclay," he said, showing not the least hesitation, "you had better go below, for we are likely to have business that may not be agreeable to you."

This order was not to be mistaken, and simply bowing an acquiescence, I turned and went back to the cabin. I will not attempt to tell what were my feelings at that moment. Of course I knew now that I had taken passage in a pirate, and I only wondered that I had been allowed so to do; but I subsequently learned, from a conversation that I overheard, that Modiego had allowed me to remain on board through fear that I might be the means of exciting suspicion against him if he sent me off. It seemed that he feared that if I told the officers on shore of his refusal to take me, that it might, in some way, subject him to an examination, at least.

So he thought it best to take me, and, if I was likely to prove a dangerous passenger, to dispose of me in a method peculiar to individuals of their profession.

When I reached the cabin I seated myself near the table and awaited the result. My feelings were various and changing. I had sorrow, disappointment, regret, and anger, though I think that the latter emotion was the most prominent. In fifteen minutes I felt the shock of our long gun. Then it boomed again—and again. Then I heard the voice of Captain Modiego as he called away his boarders. All was now bustle over my head. I heard the rattle of the small arms as they were being distributed, and the clanking of the grappling chains as they were dragged over the deck. Next I felt a shock that came nigh throwing me from my seat—and I knew that the vessels had come together. I expected to have heard loud, fiendish yells of onset, but in this I was mistaken. I heard Modiego give the order for boarding, and then I heard the sharp cracking of musketry. Now my blood was up, and at the head of a dozen good men I would have attacked the pirates with a good relish. I could hear the groans of those who were wounded, and now that the heat of battle had loosened the restraint of subordination, I could hear the yell of the pirates. But the conflict soon ceased, and then I knew that the pirates were overhauling the ship's cargo.

At the end of two hours the ship was allowed to proceed on her way, and shortly afterwards Modiego was assisted down into the cabin by two of his officers. He had received a musket ball in his thigh, but he would not leave the deck until he had seen the ship off.

"I shall soon get over it," I heard him say, as his bearers settled him upon a stool. And then noticing me, he added, "Ah, Barclay, wish you'd go on deck and lend a hand at stowing away some of our poor chaps that have been served with the same sauce I've got. We had a short fight, but 'twas a hard one. Them Yankees did us more damage with their first musketry than I could have believed. But they suffered for it. San Pedro! but this thing hurts."

I stopped not to hear more; or to make any answer to what I had heard, but hastened at once on deck, where I found part of the crew engaged in lowering various boxes and bales into the hold, while near the wheel I saw several small iron-bound oaken boxes that I knew to be filled with specie. On forward I found the dead



and wounded, and of course I lent what assistance I could towards alleviating the sufferings of the poor wretches, and yet I did it with a bad grace, for their mouths were filled with coarse oaths, and they writhed like cowed under the torture. There were five of the pirates killed, and eight of them badly wounded. But those who escaped unharmed thought themselves well paid for the loss they had sustained, for they had taken over seventy thousand dollars in specie, besides a large quantity of valuable merchandise.

From this time forth I resolved to bring the villains to punishment if possible. It was a dubious hope, but yet I cherished it. I was alone against two score of hardened villains, and with no means of succor at hand. And, moreover, I knew that most of them distrusted me. It was at this time that I heard the conversation to which I have already alluded—where I learned that I had been allowed to take a passage in the brig with the probability that I should not live to finish it.

Modiego had had the ball extracted from his thigh, but the wound threatened to be a dangerous one, for the leg had swelled, and there was every appearance of mortification. But yet he lingered on for two months without leaving his cabin, and to this may be attributed the fact that the pirates attacked no other vessels. During this time I had devoted every mental energy to the studying up of some plan by which to carry out my wishes, and at length I hit upon the only thing that seemed to lay within the range of possibility.

We were now in the vicinity of the Cape de Verdes, and I knew that if anything was to be done it must be done quickly, for I felt sure that the plan of putting an end to my life was freely discussed, and favorably entertained by the crew. At length the time for my trial came, and I had fully resolved to stake my life in the hazard. One day, towards noon, a thick mist began to arise on the water that came in with a westerly wind; but it did not prevent the officer getting an observation of the sun, which found us to be in latitude 14 degrees 44 minutes north, and the longitude 18 degrees west. I knew now we were directly opposite Cape Verde, and not far from fifty miles distant. By two o'clock the weather was quite thick, and the wind veered a little to the southward. At four o'clock there were some indications of a storm, and the officers were all

on deck. I went down into the cabin and found the captain asleep. In a small chest lashed under the table were two spare compasses, one exactly like that in the binnacle. This compass I took out. It had a copper bowl, and the rim that held the glass top was fastened on by a screw. I took the rim off and took out the card. Then I concealed the small box in which the whole hung beneath my bedding, keeping only the card by me. I listened a moment to be assured that all was safe, and then I took my pocket-knife and loosened the magnetic needle from the bottom of the card. The course through the night I knew would be nearly due north, so I swung the needle round until the magnetic point was directly under that point of the card indicated by N. W. by W. This brought the north point of the card around to N. E. by E., so that where the brig to be steered by that compass as I had fixed it, and her head kept where the compass indicated north, she would in reality be going N. E. by E. I secured the needle to the card again by means of a little wax, and having placed it back in the bowl and screwed the top on again, I hid the whole once more in my bed.

And now the most difficult part of the task was to come. I must exchange compasses with the binnacle; and how was this to be done when the helmsman's eye was never off from the spot? But my life had been pledged, and I took courage; and I should have surely failed had not a lucky idea come to my assistance. I took the compass from my berth and put it back into the chest from whence I had first taken it, and then I nervously waited for the moment when I could carry my plan into execution.

The night came on dark and early. Not a star was to be seen, and the atmosphere had grown damp and cold. As soon as it was fairly dark I possessed myself of a small, single block I found in the stern-boat, and then I moved cautiously about the deck—anywhere to escape observation. At eight o'clock the watch was changed, but before the off-watch went below the officer concluded to take a reef in the top-sails, so as to be on the safe side in case of a blow. Providence seemed to be with me, for at that moment the wind began to veer to the westward.

"Stand by the braces!" shouted the officer; and as he gave the order I could see the dusky forms of the men as they moved through the thick darkness.

I crept as near to the binnacle as possible without being noticed, and there awaited my opportunity. The top of the binnacle was in the form of a pyramid, so that the glass was exposed to anything that might chance to fall from a point above it. Just as the men commenced to move the braces, I poised the block that I had secured, and aimed it at the top of the binnacle. I was sure of my mark, and I let it go. I heard a crashing of the glass, and on the next instant I glided unperceived down the companion-way into the cabin, and leaped into my berth. It was not more than a minute before the second officer of the deck came down literally overrunning with curses.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain, who had been awakened by the rumpus.

"Some lubber left a loose tail-block aloft, and it fell upon the binnacle, and smashed in the compass-glass," returned the officer, as he stooped down to get at one of the compasses in the chest.

"Find out who left it there, and have him put in irons," said Modiego.

I looked out from my berth and saw the mate take the compass I had altered. I knew he would take that one, for the other would not fit the binnacle. I went up after him. The compass was placed in the binnacle, and the pyramid top was turned so as to bring a side with a whole glass next to the wheel, the broken part having been covered up.

"San Jago, how the wind has hauled!" uttered the officer of the deck, as he looked at the new compass. "Here we are clear way round to the west'rd! Jump to the braces! Port the helm! Larboard braces—round in!"

"It has changed," said the helmsman, as he threw the wheel over.

"Let her be steady at north."

"Steady it is. You're up."

"Belay all!"

And all was accordingly belayed. According to the compass the wind was now southwest, and the brig was heading due north; but I knew that the wind was nearly west by north, and that the brig headed northeast by east!

It was now half-past eight, and the brig was running off ten knots clear. As soon as I had seen my plan thus begin to work, I went below and turned in; but I did not sleep. I lay there in my berth listening to the blowing of the wind.

At midnight, when the first watch was relieved, the officer of the deck reported that the wind was steady, and that the brig was running it off finely! Yet it was heavy, and no stars could be seen.

At four o'clock I went on deck, and I knew in an instant that we were near land. I could tell by the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, for it had lost its chill, and was becoming more dry and warm. Yet the pirates mistrusted nothing. The mid-watch had been relieved and gone below, and it would be nearly an hour before daylight could open its windows upon the true state of the vessel.

I was now more nervous than ever, but yet I had a hope that the brig would strike before daylight. I went below, and having secured my life-preserver under my arms, I once more got into my berth. I had been there perhaps fifteen minutes, when I heard a loud shout on deck, quickly followed by an order from the officer of the watch to man the starboard braces and down with the helm. But they were too late, for just as the men began to move towards the braces the brig struck. She leaped at first, like a frightened stag, then she struggled on a moment through the pliant sand—and then she keeled over like a thing that had lost its life. While others were rushing for the deck I made for one of the cabin windows, which I threw open, and then leaped out into the sea. I swam several minutes, when, finding that my feet would touch the bottom, I commenced to walk, and in a few moments I was on the dry sand. I knew we must have struck to the northward of Fort St. Louis, so I turned to the right and hurried off to the southward. I could hear the curses of the pirates for a long while, but at length I got clear of the din. I knew they could never get their vessel off without wholly unloading her, so I had no fears of their speedy escape.

At daylight I found I was on the seaward side of a vast ridge of sand, and I determined to go to the top of this ridge and take an observation. When I got up there I saw a deep, wide river over upon the other side that ran nearly parallel with the coast. This I at once knew to be the Senegal. Behind me I could just see the brig, and on ahead I saw a glimpse of something that looked like buildings. So I pushed on, and by ten o'clock I reached Fort St. Louis, some friendly Foulahs rowing me to the island. I at once made my statement to the French governor of the fort, and he sent a company of seventy

five soldiers to accompany me back. We reached the brig about four o'clock in the afternoon. The pirates had begun to get out her cargo, but she was nowhere near floating. We boarded the vessel by means of canoes that had been brought around by the *Foulards*, and though the pirates made a desperate resistance, yet they were captured without much spilling of blood. They had discovered the trick I had played on them with the compass, and, as may be supposed, I was the recipient of any quantity of threats and curses.

But they had no more power to harm me.

They were tried by the French authorities of St. Louis, and answered for their crimes with their lives, and in one month afterwards I obtained passage in a French barque to Gibraltar, and from thence I came home in the ship "*Farewell*" to New York.

Thus ended my *Passage*, and though I often take pleasure in thinking how I conquered my enemies, and also in relating the incidents to my friends, yet I should prefer that the next passage of the kind should be undertaken by some one beside myself.

THE END.

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