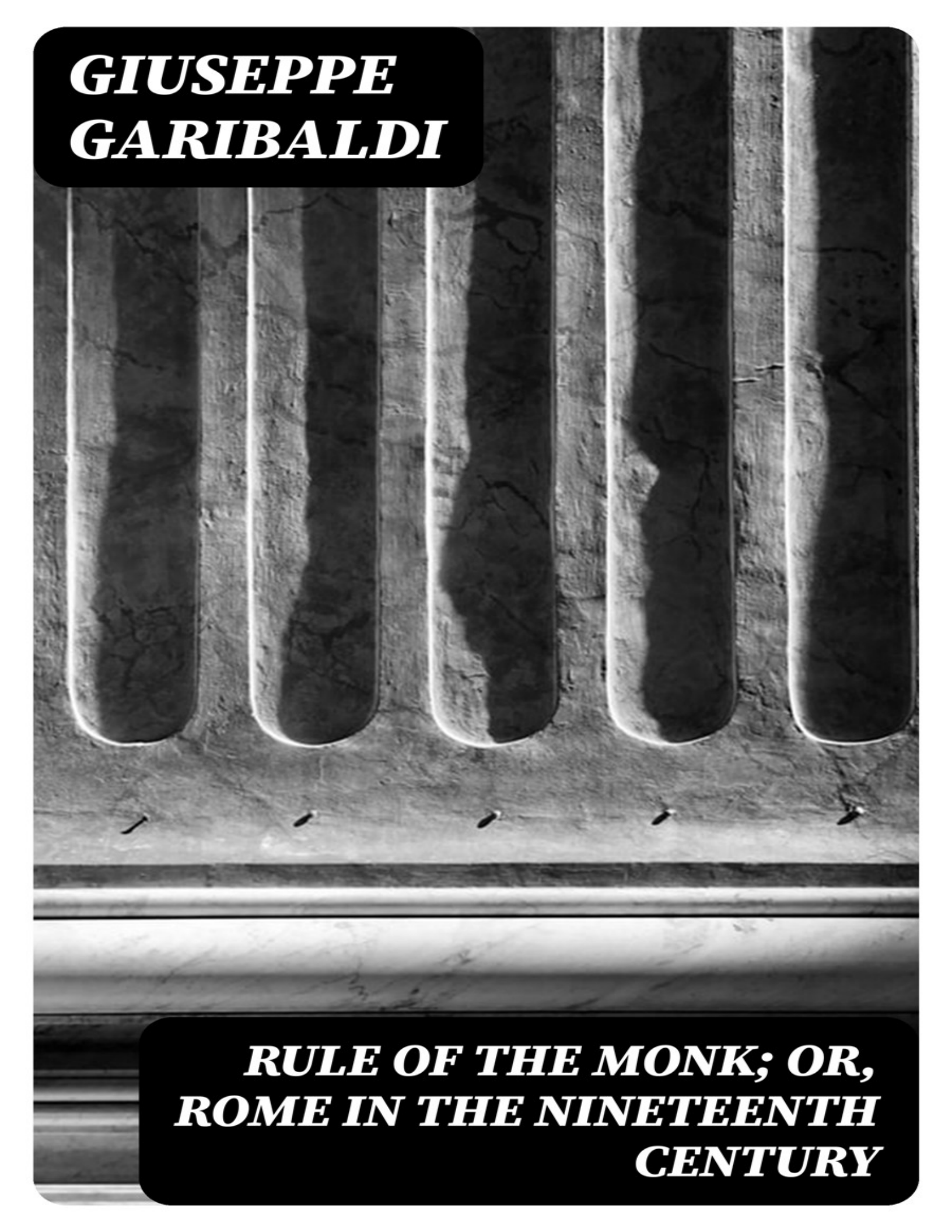
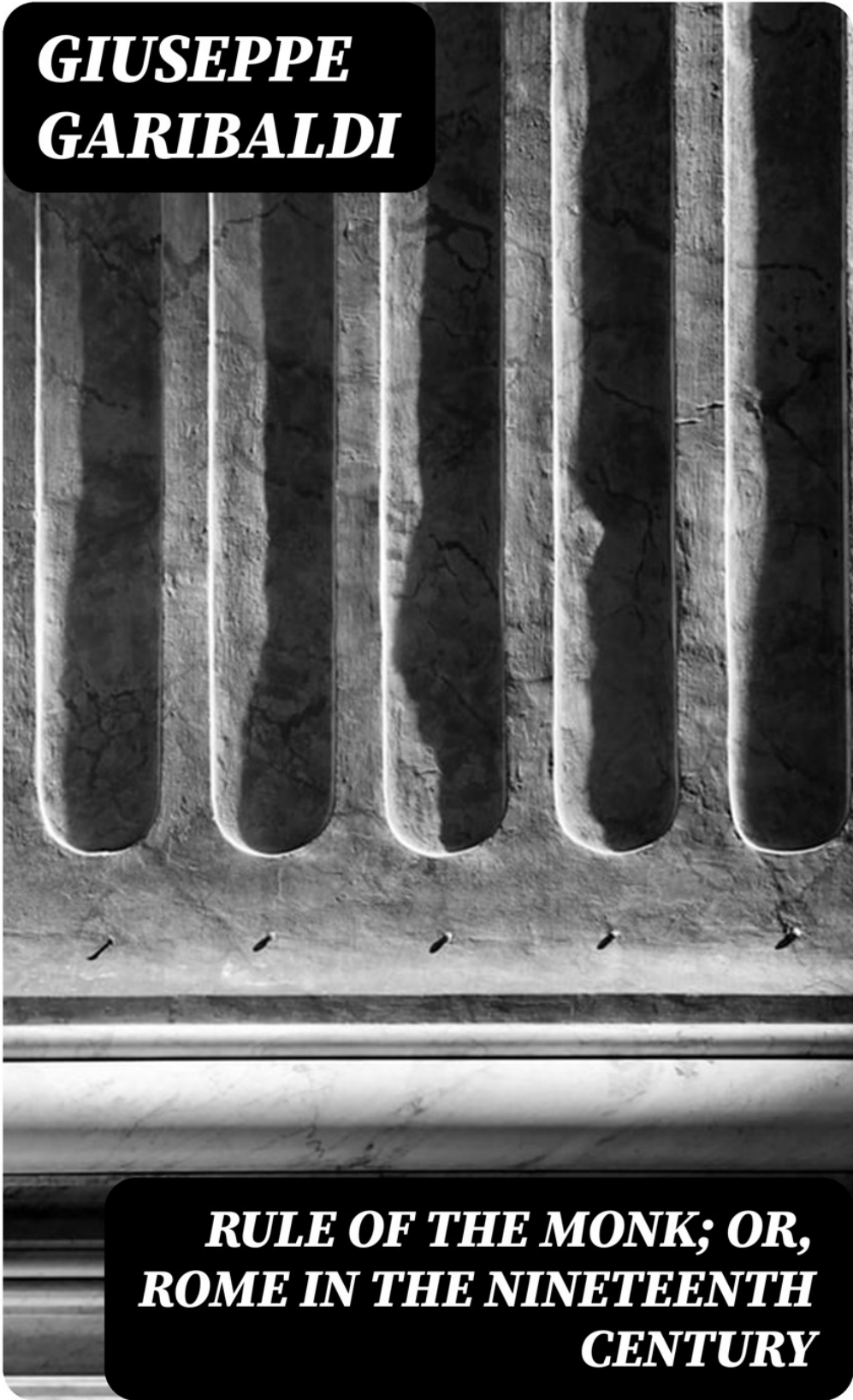




***GIUSEPPE
GARIBALDI***

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



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Giuseppe Garibaldi

Rule of the Monk; Or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century

EAN 8596547139768

DigiCat, 2022

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NOTE 1.

INTRODUCTION.

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

The great soldier who has here turned author, entering the literary arena as a novelist, has also given his English translators no preface. But our custom demands one, and the nature of the present work requires that a few words should be written explanatory of the original purpose and character of the Italian MS. from which the subjoined pages are transcribed. It would be unfair to Garibaldi if the extraordinary vivacity and grace of his native style should be thought to be here accurately represented. The renowned champion of freedom possesses an eloquence as peculiar and real as his military genius, with a gift of graphic description and creative fancy which are but very imperfectly presented in this version of his tale, partly from

the particular circumstances under which the version was prepared, and partly from the impossibility of rendering into English those subtle touches and personal traits which really make a book, as lines and light shadows make a countenance. Moreover, the Italian MS. itself, written in the autograph of the General, was compiled as the solace of heavy hours at Varignano, where the King of Italy, who owed to Garibaldi's sword the splendid present of the Two Sicilies, was repaying that magnificent dotation with a shameful imprisonment. The time will come when these pages—in their original, at least—will be numbered among the proofs of the poet's statement that—

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

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

It would be manifestly unfair, nevertheless, to contrast a work written under such conditions with those elaborate specimens of modern novel-writing with which our libraries abound. Probably, had General Garibaldi ever read these productions, he would have declined to accept them as a model. He appears to have taken up here the form of the "novella," which belongs by right of prescription to his language and his country, simply as a convenient way of imparting to his readers and to posterity the real condition and inner life of Rome during these last few eventful years, when the evil power of the Papacy has been declining to its

fall. Whereas, therefore, most novels consist of fiction founded upon fact, this one may be defined rather as fact founded upon fiction, in the sense that the form alone and the cast of the story is fanciful—the rest being all pure truth lightly disguised. Garibaldi has here recited, with nothing more than a thin veil of incognito thrown over those names which it would have been painful or perilous to make known, that of which he himself has been cognizant as matters of fact in the wicked city of the priests, where the power which has usurped the gentle name of Christ blasphemes Him with greater audacity of word and act as the hour of judgment approaches. Herein the reader may see what goes forward in the demure palaces of the princes of the Church, from which the "Vicegerents of Heaven" are elected. Herein he may comprehend what kind of a system it is which French bayonets still defend—what the private life is of those who denounce humanity and anathematize science, and why Rome appears content with the government of Jesuits, and the liberty of hearing the Pope's mezzo-sopranos at the Sistine Chapel. He who has composed this narrative, at once so idyllic in its pastoral scenes—so tender and poetic in its domestic passages—so Metastasio-like in some of its episodes—and so terribly earnest in its denunciation of the wrongs and degradation of the Eternal City, is no unknown satirist. He is Garibaldi; he has been Triumvir of the Seven-hill-ed City, and Generalissimo of her army; her archives have been within his hands; he has held her keys, and fought behind her walls; and, in four campaigns at least, since those glorious but mournful days, he has waged battle for the ancient city in the open field. Here, then, is his description of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century"—not seen as tourists or dilettanti see her, clothed with the imaginary robes of her historic and classic empire, but seen naked to the stained and scourged skin—affronted, degraded, defamed, bleeding from the hundred wounds where the leech-like priests hang and suck, and, by their vile

organization, converted from the Rome which was mistress of the world, to a Rome which is the emporium of solemn farces, miracle-plays, superstitious hypocrisies, the capital of an evil instead of a majestic kingdom—the metropolis of monks instead of Cæsars.

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

The Author's desire to portray the state of society in Rome and around it, during the last years of the Papacy, has been paramount, and the narrative only serves as the form for this design. Accordingly, the reader must not expect an elaborately compiled plot, with artistic developments. He will, nevertheless, be sincerely interested in the fortunes and the fate of the beautiful and virtuous Roman ladies who figure in the tale—of the gallant and dashing brigand of the Campagna, Orazio—the handsome Muzio—the brave and faithful Attilio, and the Author's evident favorite, "English Julia," whose share in the story enables our renowned

Author to exhibit his excessive affection for England and the English people. It only remains to commend these various heroes and heroines to the public, with the remark that the deficiencies of the work are due rather to the translation than to the original; for the vigor and charm of the great Liberator's Italian is such as to show that he might have rivalled Manzoni and Alfieri, if he had not preferred to emulate and equal the Gracchi and Rienzi.

THE RULE OF THE MONK.

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PART THE FIRST.

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CHAPTER I. CLELIA

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

delicate from early privation and confinement to the house; she had, however, the disposition of an angel, and besides forming the happiness and pride of her husband, was beloved by the entire neighborhood.

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

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

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

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

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

One day, feeling jaded by his enforced attendance at the Vatican, he summoned Gianni, one of his creatures, to his

presence, and informed him of the passion he had conceived for Clelia, ordering him, at whatever cost, and by any means, to obtain possession of the girl, and conduct her to his palace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER II. ATTILIO

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

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

"Then it is Cardinal Procopio," muttered he to himself; "Procopio, the Pope's favorite—the vilest and most licentious

of the evil band of Church Princes!"—and he continued his gloomy reflections without heeding whither his steps went.

CHAPTER III. THE CONSPIRACY

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It is the privilege of the slave to conspire against his oppressors—for liberty is God's gift, and the birthright of all. Therefore, Italians of past and present days, under various forms of servitude, have constantly conspired, and, as the despotism of tiaraed priests is the most hateful and degrading of all, so the conspiracies of the Romans date thickest from that rule. We are asked to believe that the government of the Pope is mild, that his subjects are contented, and have ever been so. Yet, if this be true, how is it that they who claim to be the representatives of Christ upon earth—of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world"—have, since the institution of the temporal power, supplicated French intervention sixteen times, German intervention fifteen times, Austrian intervention seven times, and Spanish intervention three times; while the Pope of our day holds his throne only by force of the intervention of a foreign power?

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

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

the day when priests and beggars shall be consigned alike to the past.

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

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

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

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

Immediately the flame of a torch, kindled near the first speaker, lighted up hundreds of intelligent faces, all young, and the greater number of those of men, decidedly under thirty years of age.

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

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

CHAPTER IV. THE MEETING OF THE CONSPIRATORS

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

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

"Two months have elapsed, my brothers, since we were promised that the foreign soldiery, the sole prop of the Papal rule, should be withdrawn; yet they still continue to crowd our streets, and, under futile pretenses, have even re-occupied the positions which they had previously evacuated, in accordance with the Convention of September, 1864. To us, then, thus betrayed, it remains to accomplish our liberty. We have borne far too patiently for

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

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

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

God be with all such souls, and those also who despise the power of tyrannizing in turn over their fellow-beings. Of what value can be the life of a despot? His miserable remorse causes him to tremble at the movement of every

leaf. No outward grandeur can atone for the mental sufferings he endures, and he finally becomes a sanguinary and brutal coward. May the God of love hereafter extend to them the mercy they have denied to their fellow-men, and pardon them for the rivers of innocent blood they have caused to flow!

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

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

