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# N. A. BARNER

#### Or, the Ohurch of the Oataoomba.

Written by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

[Published by special request.]

#### CHAPTER XIX-Continued.

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If the beautiful alabaster statue. with a bronze head, in the niche beside the table, had fallen forward; and been smashed on the murble payement, it could not have caused a more fearful sensation than this sudden announcement. All were startled for a moment. Next. a long blank pause ensued; after this, each began to show his feelings in his featuras. Fabius looked exceedingly foolish, as if conscious that he had brought his guests into bad company. Calpurnius puffed himself out, evidently thinking himself ill-used, by having a guest brought in, who might absurdly be supposed to know more about Christians than himself. young man opened his mouth as he stared at Torquatus; and a testy old gentleman was evidently hesitating whether he should not knock down somebody or other, no matter whom. Corvinus looked at the poor Chris tian with the sort of grin of delight, half Hotic half savage, with which intent. He threw down a somewhat shall have house, and food, and ap smong the dead, and was happiest in a coun ryman might gaze upon the vermin that he finds in his trap in a morning. Here was a man ready to hand, to put on the rack, or the gridiron, whenever he pleased But the look of Fulvius was worth them all. If ever any microscopic observer has had the oportunity of witnessing the now silent; each won and lost; but erpression of the spider's features, Fulvius had steadily the advantage, when, after a long fast, it sees a fly, plump with others' blood, approach two its not, and keenly watches every stroke of its wing, and studies how it. can best throw only, the first thread round it, sure that then all that gorges it shall be its own; that we fancy

would be the best image of his looks, All his skill was now put forth. Conas certainly it is of his feelings. To science had retreated, faith was waget hold of a Christian, ready to turn vering: grace had already departed. traitor, had long been his desire and For the demon of covetousness, of sufficient of Christians to be con- that cleansed, but ill guarded soul;

lock.

still, from time to time, and, bo bes upon you, (and no one else, can now the surrow alleys of the district called came very talkative.

mentioned?

'Who?' asked the other, surprised. brute. Were you the person, he sent in the Forum? asked, looking up to Corvinus, who

struck that nice Christian boy Pancratius? Corvinus was on the point of bursttimely interference;

That Cassianus whom you mentioned is an eminent schoolmaster; at once to the Obristians with to order of one beyond the rest, he pray, where does he live?" This he knew his companion wished to ascertain, and thus he quieted him. Torquatus auswered: He lives, let me see, no, no; won't turn traitor. No: I am ready to be burnt, or tortured, or die for my faith, but I won't betray any one, -that I won't."

'Let me take your place, Corvinus,' said Fulvius, who saw Torquatus's interest in the game deepening. He said, in a soft and southing volce, the expression of his countemance put forth sufficient skill to make his Now, Torquatus, listen to me, do as was calm, it was solemnly sad. He antagonist more careful, and more I tell you, and all is mended. You looked like one who had lived much larger stake. Torquatus, after a paral, ay, and money to play with, their company, His two some, Majus moment's pause of deliberation, if you will only do my bldding.' matched it. He won it. Fulvius scemed vexed. Torquatus threw down both sums. Fulvius seemed to hesitate, but put down an equivalent, and lost again. The play was and he was the more collected of the last,

Once Torquatus looked up, and started. He thought he saw the good Polycarp behind his adversary's chair. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it was only Corvinus staring at him. If he could only manage him. How had come back, and brought with him anus, in iresher resentments, but all

have allowed himself either to drink holy, all that was good, departed.

## alving had present to his work by a said what sin what

They begen to throw for the most only to det that that and a dealy much a his he had triffing stakes, and Torquatus gener- brute,' as you called him, but who is it mas dark and rather ohill, might ally won. Fulvius made him drink son of the prefect of the pity, loose be seen threading his way through

restrain him after such provocation! the Seburs: a rarion, the extention "Corvinus, Corvinus," he said at and to-morrow you will stand before | eract position of which is still under length, as if recollecting himself, his father's tribunal to die for that dispute, but which lay in the immer was not that the name that Cassianus religion which you have betrayed and diate vicinity of the Forum. As vice disgraced. Are you ready now, any is unfortunately too piten linked with

longer to reel and stagger as a parerty, the two lound a common Yes, it was, continued Torquistus drunken gambler, to represent your anylum here. Panaratius did not to himself, -"the bully, the big Christianity before the judgment- seem much at home in this part of ر به ایم الش. از

The fallen man had not courage to jurns, till at length he found the follow the prodigal in repentance, as street he was in search of. Still, he had done in ain. Hope was dead without numbers on the doors the in him, for he had relapsed into his house he wanted was as unfolved ing into a rage; but Fulvius checked capital sin, and scarcely feit remorse. prebeim; but yet not quite insoluble. him by a gesture, and said, with He ramained silent, till Fulvius He looked for the nativet dwolling in aroused him by asking, Well, have the street; and being particularly you made your choice, either to go at nor with the cleanliness and good

> night on your head, or to-morrow to beidly knocked at its door. It was the court? Which do you choose? Torouatus raised his eyes to him, has sirendy appeared in our pares. with a stolid look, and faintly Diogenes. He was tall and broadanswered Neither. "Come, then, what will you do? | burdens, which, however, had given

asked Fulvius, mastering him with him a stoop in his mait. His hair was one of his falcon glances.

'only neither of those things.'

'And what is that?' Rise to-morrow as usual, put on ourving, or scratching rather, a rule your Christian face, go freely among | epitaph on a piece of marble, the reyour friends, act as if nothing had happened; but answer all my questions, tell me everything." Torquatus proaned, 'A traitor at

'Call it what you will, that or death! Ay, death by inches. I hear Corvinus pacing impatiently up and down the court. Quickl which is it to be?"

'Not death! Oh, nol anything but thatl

Fulvius went out, and found his friend fumiog with rage and wine; he had hard work to pacify him. study. Here, he was sure, was one, rapine, of dishonesty, of recklessness; Corvinus had almost forgotten Cassi- board; a sketch avidently for a more did he know this? Because he knew seven spirits worse than himself, to his former hatred had been re-enkin- ther, it was clear, that when the dled, and he burnt for revenge. Ful- knock came to the door, old Diogenes a light to it, and read as follows: vinced that no genuine one would and as they entered in, all that was vius promised to find out where he was busy fitting a new handle to an The innocent boy Dionysine lists to such a promised to find out where he was busy fitting a new handle to an

him. the city, and made apvoral wrong opened by an old man, whose passe

shouldered, as if accustomed to bear a perfect allver, and hung down at

"What you like," said Torquatus, the sides of a large massive beed; his features were strongly marked in Fulvius sat down beside him, and deep melancholy lines, and though known.

> and Severus, fine athletic youths, were with him. The first was busy verse of which still bore traces of a beathen sepulchral inacription, rudely effaced by its new possessor. Pancratius looked over the work in hand and smiled, there was bardly a word rightly spalt, or a part of speech correot: indeed, here it is, DE BLANOBA

POLLECLA OVE ORDEY BENDET DE BIAN-OHA. (From New Street. Pollecia. who sells barley in New Street.) The other son was making a rough design, in which could be distinguished Jonas devoured by the whale, and Leasurus raised from the dead, both most conventionally drawn with charcoal on a permanent painting elsewhere. Fur-

lived, and used this means to secure oldo pick-axe. These varied occup

Possibly the last some de the pupplagers Several on the sellers. this may be we trust we have before our readers all that is known about the profession, as such Diogenes and his sons.

We left Pancratius amused Najue's rude attempts in rivette artz his next step was to address

'Do you always execute these incriptions yourself."

'Oh no,' answered the artist, looking up and amiling, 'I do them for most pious son, his is poor people, who cannot afford to (this touch). Who lives pay a better hand. This was a good and seven months. Is need woman who kept a small shop in the Vianova, and you may suppose did not become rich, especially as she was very honest. And yet a ourious thought struck me as I was carving hor epitaph.'

"Let me hear it. Mains."

'It was, that perhaps some thousand yours hence, or more, Christians might read with reverence my sent to. It it otherwise? ches on the wall, and hear of poor The, soble Paneration, he has old Pollecia and her barley-stall with comrade younger this bimelf whi interest, while the inactiption of and in the man bed. After while a a single emperor, who persecuted the tomb of Restitution. the hade the Church, would be read or even boy not more than thirting with

Well, I can hardly imagine that forget the night He had been the sumerb mausoleums of soversigns over a fire, and his less, mant will fall to utter decay, and yet the limbs nearly to the biver; we memory of a market-wife decound to to the very hone; all up distant ages. But what is your reason was the " that me." distant for thinking thus?

Simply because I would sparier he must have adduced the commit to the keeping of posterity should I star that Well sculture the memory of the plous poor than pressed for these testing that of the wicked king. And my your wield the will rude record may possibly be rund runn be the televeralling of when triumphal arches have been demoliahed. it's dreadfully written ther are with the to though, is it not?

Never mind that: its simplicity is blobs to get outs worth much fine writing. What is marits might be those wing that slab loaning against the wall? Her the dro had drive hit the the "Ab, that is a beautiful inscrip- his vising tion brought us to put up; you will see the writer and engraver were older, the second wer ye different people. It is to go to the What any you, 200 cometery at the Lady Agnes's villa, think is Main you want on the Nomentian way. I believe it form the prove is in memory of a most sweet child, these days? whose death is deeply felt by his 'Oh so, I have virtuous parents.' Paporatius took digner, while a

a among the sale to Rem

To Alita Palena In

Re? continued: youth to have conf Han and Ane ño di "has I dare say you I thought that hit In the monthlabel and this as Ust same I have also

was brought to an. Oh. Zahr

recombined. Four livie Silon tent. But we but the

What a poble say! If the prot -Do in did traus and s conting would 1.0 and you, the head famous, the

to excess, or to boast of his readiness to court martyrdom.

slunk away from the discovered quently upon the heavy purse which fretting home, he returned to Tor- that the family belonged to the honor-Christian as from one pest-stricken. Fabiola had given him, he throw the quatus, whom he wished to accom. able and religious craft of the Fos-He felt alone and depressed, when purse itself upon the table. Fulvius pany, that he might ascertain his sonne, or excavators of the Christian Fulvius, who had whispered a word cooly opened it, emptied it, counted lodgings. As soon as he had left the to Fablus, and to Oorvinus, went up the money, and placed opposite an to him, and taking him by the hand, equal heap of gold. Each prepared chair, and endeavored, by walking fraternity. In conformity with the said, courteously: I fear, I spoke himself for a final throw. The fatal up and down, to steady his senses and inconsiderately, in drawing out from bones fell, each glanced silently upon regain self-possession. But it was in you a declaration which may prove their spots. Fulvius drow the money, vain, his head was swimming from dangerous '

again excited. I will stand to my den within his arms. Fulvius turn round and round, and float up colors to the last !~.

Hush hush" broke in Fulvius. with me to another chamber, where his teeth and prowled, then put his tred of his destroyers and of himself, we can talk quietly together."

gant room, where Fablus had ordered his car, 'Ate you a Christian?' rolled like dark billows through his runging, and filling up of the numergoblets and flagons of the richest Fa- Which of the seven spirits was it? soul, each coming in turn uppermost. lernian wine to be brought, for such surely the worst." as, according to Roman fashion, liked 1 'It is hopeless,' continued the to enjoy a commissatio, or drinking- voice; you have disgraced your relibout But only Corvinus; engaged gion, and you have betrayed it by Fulvius, followed.

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fulvius, after plying Torquatus with more liquor, negligently took them up, and threw them playfully down, talking in the meantime on indifferent subjects. 'Dear me!' he kept exclaiming, 'what throws! It is well I am not playing with any jously the tortured sinner. They will one. or I should have been ruined. forgive mestill. God -You try. Torquatus.'

Gambling, as we learnt before, had been the ruin of Torquatus; for a lost. You are a beggar, to morrow transaction arising out of it he was in prison, when Sebastian converted him. As he took the dice into his hand, with no intention, as he thought of playing, Fulvius watched him, as a lynx might his prey. Torquatus's eye flashed keenly, his lips quivered, his hand trembled. Fulvius | shipped by them as one of their marat once recognized in all this, coupled with the poising of his hand, the knowing cast of the wrist, and the sharp eye, to the value of the throw, the violence of a first temptation to resume a renounced vice.

T fear you are not a better hand than I am at this stupid occupation," said he, indifferenty; 'but, I dare say, Corvinus here will give you a chance, if you will stake something very low.

'It must be very low indeed, --merely for recreation; for I have renammed gambling. Once, indeed-but ao matter.'

'Come on.' said Corvinus, whom

immediate messure. losses and draughts of wind into a

The company broke up; everybody fronzy, after he had drawn fretowards himself; Torquatus fell upon this incorioty, and his subsequent exmotioned Corvinus out of the room, and down he was sick too, and his Torquatus beat the ground with heart was beating almost audibly. the slaves may betray you. Come his foot: then moaned next gnashed Shame, remorse, self-contempt, hafingers in his hair, and began to pull the desolateness of the outcast, and So saying, he led him into an ele- and tear it. A voice whisered in the black despair of the reprobate,

too.'

'No, no,' groaned the despairing wretch.

Yes; in your drunkenness you have told us all, quite enough to and touched his shoulder to rouse make it impossible for you ever to return to those you have betraved." 'Begone, begone,' exclaimed pite-

'Silence, utter not his name: you

are degraded, perjured, hopelessly you must beg your bread. You are an outcast, a ruined prodigal and gamester. Who will look at you? will your Christian friends? And nevertheless you are a Christian, you will be torn to pieces by some cruel death for it; yet you will not be wortyrs. You are a hypocrite, Torquatus, and nothing more.'

Who is it that is tormenting me? he exclaimed, and looked up. Fulvius was standing with folded arms at his side. 'And if all this be true. what is it to you? What have you to say more to me?" he continued.

'Much more than you think. You have betrayed yourself into my power completely. I am master of your money'- (and he showed him Fabiola's purse)-- 'of your character, of your peace, of your life. I have only to let your fellow-Christians know tive. It is the commencement of what you have done, what you have

At length, worked up, by repeated the suspension of any violent and tions in one family might have surprised a modern, but they did not at

associated for the purpose.

A series of interesting inscriptions,

found in the comstery of St. Agnes.

IMPTY LOOVE AR ARTEMISIVE VIS-

This is the grave for two bodies,

Having sent Corvinus sulky and all the youthful visitor; he well knew comsteries. Indesd. Diogenes was room, his victim had arisen from his the head, and director of that conassertion of an anonymous writer. contemporary with St. Jerome. some modern antiquariaus have considered the formor as forming a desser eccles-I fear nothing, replied Torquatus, the table, his head buried and hid- citement. The apartment seemed to lastical order in the primitive Church, like the lector, or reader. But although this opinion is untenable, it is extremely probable that the duties of this office were in the hands of persons appointed and recognized by ecclesiastical authority. The uniform system persued in excavating, arous cemeteries round Rome. a system Unable to sustain himself longer on too; so complete from the beginning, his feet, he threw himself on his face as not to leave positive signs of imupon a silken couch, and buried his provement or change as time went burning brow in his joy hands, and on, gives us reason to conclude, that groaned. And still all whirled these wonderful and venerable works round and round him, and a constant were carried ou under one direction. monning sounded in his ears, and probably by some body associa-

Fulvius found him in this state. ted for that purpose. It was not a cemetery or necropolis company, him. Torouatus shuddered, and which made a speculation of burving started, then exclaimed: 'Can this the dead, but rather a plous and be Charybdis?

### PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER I.

proves that this occupation was con-The scenes through which we have tinued in particular families. hitherto led our readerhave been laid in one of these slippery truces, rather grandfather, father, and sons than peace, which often intervened having carried it on in the same place. We can thus easily underbetween mersecution and persecution. Already rumors of war have crossed stand the great skill, and uniour path, and its note of preparation formity of practice observable in the catscombs. But the lossores had has been distinctly heard. The roar evidently a higher office, or even of the liens near the Amphithestre. jurisdiction, in that underground which startled but dismayed not world. Though the Church provided. Sebastian, the reports from the East. space for the burial of all her chilthe hints of Fulvius, and the threats dren, it was natural that some should of Corvinus, have brought us the make compensation for their place of same news, that before long the sepulture, if chosen in a favorite horrors of persecution will re-appear. spot, such as the vicinity of a marand Christian blood will have to flow. tyr's tomb. These sextons had the in a fuller and nobler stream than management, of such transactions, had hitherto watered the Paradise of whice are often recorded in the sathe New Law. The Church, ever cient cemeteries. The following incalmly provident, cannot neglect the scription is preserved in the Ospitol: many signs of a threatened combat. nor the preparations necessary for ORVN HOC EST IT PRANTINE DATVE meeting it. From the moment she POSSORI HILARO IDEST FOL NOOD PRAEearnestly begins to arm herself, we SECTIA SEVERI FOR ET LAVRENTL date the second period of our narraconflict. bought by Artemisius; and the price

us in your boly prayers, the writer and the engraver.' 'Dear happy ohild' continued Pan-

crating, when he had permed the inscription: 'add me the reader, to the writer and carver of your epitaph, in came to brings your boly prayers."

'Aman,' answered the pious family. But Pancratius, attracted by a cor- propering the tain husky sound in Diogenes's voice, turned round, and saw the old man be there; with the parters of vigorously trying to out off the end the regionary daught of a little wadge which he had driven whose sumber into the top of the handle of his pickare, to keep it fast in the iron; but ant in concert but every moment balled by some defect in his vision, which he removed by drawing the book of his braway hand across his eyes. 'What is the matter, my good old friend? said the youth kindly. Why does this spitaph of young Dionysius particularly effect you?'

'It does not of itself: but it reminds me of so much that is past, one and suggests so much that may be about to come, that I feel almost faint a state to think of either.'

What are your painful thoughts. Diogenes?'

Why do you see, it is all simple enough to take into one's arms a good child like Dionysius, wrapped in his cerecloth, fragrant with spices, and isy him in his grave. His parents recognized confraternity, which was may weep, but his passage from sorrow to joy was easy and sweet. It is a very different thing, and requires a heart as hardened as mine by prac. tice' (another stroke of the hand scross the eyes) 'to gather up bastily the torn flesh and broken limbs of such another youth, to wrap them hurriedly of their winding they then fold them into mother sheet full of lime, instead of balance, and glove them into their tomb. How differently one would wish to treat a martyr's body!"

> True Diogenes; but a brave officer prefers the plain soldier's grave, on the field of battle, to the carved sarco phagus ca the Vis Appla Bus are such scenes as you describe common in times of persecution?

> By no means uncommon, my good voung master. I am sure a youth like you must have visited his anniversary, the tomb of Blesis tutus in the cometery of Hermon." Indeed I have, and often have I been almost jealous of his early mantyrdom. Did you bury hart

Tes; and his parents had a b ful tomb made, the according orgot Mer Balanters I and

- 'I will see full. I Lad a allin Ar I New WEITER SAL DEL STALL IN

what he we will colve and had Mand Your Or WILLIS CH "Det Lain

mather the P And you g 



That is