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VOLUME VII.

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1874.

THE CATHOLICS IN GERMANY.

ARCHBISHOP LEDCZOWSKI.

We give below a letter received from a young Protestant gentleman now traveling in Germany. We are not responsible for his sentiments, and merely give this letter as recording, on Protestant testimony, certain infamous and tyrannical acts of the German Government:

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, Feb. 14, 1874.

Mieciunas, Archbishop of Posen, whom we have lately seen transferred from his Apostolic See to the fortress of Ostrowo, was born on the 29th of October, 1822, at Lublin, in Poland; he is from a very ancient noble family which has furnished for years both able commanders and able statesmen for the Polish kings; his father, who died in 1859, was first princely councillor to the king, and had, before that time, always been in his favor; his title of count and his being a large land proprietor, demanded the attention of his sovereign. Mieciunas' education, like that of all other young noblemen, commenced with private tutoring at home, by means of which he was fitted for the University of Warsaw, entering at the end of his thirtieth year the Catholic Seminary at the same place; having finished the courses prescribed at this institution, animated with a wish to perfect himself in the sciences in company of his mother, he repaired to Rome: here he fell into the favors of Pope Gregory XVI., who gave him occasions to continue his theological and canonical studies. Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State, lent him a helping hand in giving him all imaginable advantages; in 1845 he was consecrated priest and soon after, receiving from Pius IX. the post of Honore-Prelate and Apostolic Prothonotary, remained for several years in the midst of his companions and associates; in 1850 Mieciunas entered upon his duties in foreign countries; he was appointed chief secretary to Monsignor, later Cardinal Pietro, who was then the Pope's Nuncio at Lisbon, where he had opportunities of making studies in a new field; he took the highly educated Nuncio for his example, and his management of affairs in the absence of the Minister were such, that in 1856 he was appointed by the Pope Apostolic Delegate to the South American Republic of Colombia. His dispatches from this place on the progress of the Catholic religion and the inhabitants of the country, his new regulations and institutions concerning the duties of Catholic clergy, are at present prescribed in the course of reading required of the young theologians in their preparations for the priesthood; but his stay in the country was not pleasant; a revolution broke out, the government was overthrown and the Catholics were oppressed; the order of Jesuits was driven away, the Bishops persecuted and the Apostolic Delegate was ordered to quit the country within three days; he repaired to Rome after having entered protests against such practices.

In 1861 Ledcowski was consecrated Archbishop of Posen; at Posen, this was accorded them, the powers of Ledcowski being known, and it already seeming evident that such a man as he would soon be needed, therefore he was consecrated as Archbishop of Posen in 1865. He visited Rome to give account of affairs in Belgium, when he returned to Posen, where he has since remained; during his stay he has had many important discussions, but never attempted to read the journals which are sent him; the Government found it necessary to take proceedings against him, the consequence of which was his transfer to Ostrowo, where with no attendants, save those of the prison itself, he passes his time.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S LIFE AT OSTROWO.

He is treated precisely the same as any other prisoner: in a spacious cell, well whitened with chalk to give it a clean appearance, the Bishop eats, drinks and sleeps; his meals are permitted to be furnished by a canon resident in the village, and brought in at specified hours; through a window at one end of the cell he can see a small church, situated so near that he is able to hear the playing of the organ and singing of the choir. The furniture in his cell consists of an iron bed, a sofa and a few pine chairs; like the other prisoners he repairs to the wash-room to make his toilette; he is permitted to receive visits, but only in the presence of the jail-keeper; he is permitted to read the journals which are sent him; he has a few books perusing which, he wastes away his time; at certain hours in the day his cell is opened and he is permitted to take exercise by promenade to and fro in a corridor, closed at both ends by iron gates; the Bishop has expressed a wish to have an altar erected in his cell, which the courts have refused him; his request for a canon and body-servant to live with him, have also been refused.

OTHER CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

Now that the Government has taken such steps towards punishing her disobedient Bishops, it is impossible to retreat. The Bishop of Breslau was no doubt intended as a companion of the Archbishop of Posen, but he has escaped by emigrating to a village called Johannsburg, lying within his jurisdiction, but the property of the Austrian Government; so that from this point he intends to throw his darts at the German Constitution; it is an experiment, and it remains now to see how it will work.

Quite interesting has been the case of the Bishop of Cologne, whose furniture was seized last week and sold at auction; the sum realized did not equal the amount of his fine, consequently they seized his horses, which sold for a very low price, the purchaser, however, drove them immediately to the Bishop's palace and presented them to him; the authorities were informed of this, when they made a second seizure of the horses, which were again conducted to the palace by the purchaser as a gift to the Bishop; this was repeated until the authorities had satisfied their claim, and now the Bishop has his horses still in possession. Such being the results of the case, it is not expected that another friend will spend so much money and receive so little satisfaction, since the Bishop was not in town on that day and knew nothing of what was going on.

The majority of the German Catholic Bishops are members of Parliament, so an interesting session may be expected. They intend, with the assistance of the anti-Government party, to oppose the imperial orders respecting religion, also the law concerning the public press, which they consider as their chief weapon of defence.

THE OLD-CATHOLICS.

The laws in the different German States provide that the religion of each subject must be registered and since the respective States have recognized the Bishops appointed by the Old-Catholics, have consequently recognized the sect itself; accordingly orders have been issued, that any subject who professes Old-Catholicism must present himself to the respective authorities and be registered as such; as yet very few have presented themselves, and the increase goes on slowly. Bishop Reinkens and his priests are hard at work for their belief, while the Ultramontane priests and Jesuits are laboring against them; hence it may be inferred that they are converting but very few.

St. Patrick's Day in Mobile.

MOBILE, March 18th, 1874.

Having noticed the absence of correspondence from this city to your highly appreciated journal, I have ventured to send you a few brief notes touching upon the celebration of St. Patrick's Day here, yesterday, by the several societies of Irishmen.

Notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain for two or three days previous, and the consequent terrible condition of the streets, in addition to the threatening state of the weather, the processions were much larger than heretofore and shown to greater advantage. Why speak of mud and rain when the 17th of March, Ireland's national holiday, arrives. That undying and unequalled love of country which every Irishman bears for his native land stirs his heart and forces him to commemorate the memory of Ireland's patron saint who redeemed the Milesian race from their superstitions and taught them the doctrines of the True Faith.

At about 10 o'clock the procession began to form on Government street, and proceeded to St. Patrick's church, in the northern part of the city, where High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. A. D. Pellicier, V. G., assisted by the Rev. J. J. Browne, Rev. Father Tracy, Rev. Father Murphy, Rev. Jno. Keeler, Rev. P. Imms, S. J.; Rev. Father Olivier, S. J.; Rev. Mr. O'Connell, S. J.; Rev. D. O'Meara, Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, and others. Here the Sisters of St. Joseph presented each society with magnificent floral offerings, with which the banners were beautifully decorated. Presentation and reception speeches were feelingly rendered by Miss Ella Cummins and Master James Dolan. Rev. Father McDonough of Tuscaloosa, delivered a most eloquent and instructive lecture upon the appropriate and prolific theme of St. Patrick. The procession fell into line in the following order and paraded the principal streets:

Battalion Band. Cleburne Guards, 40 stanza; Capt. James Killian; 1st Lieut. Thos. Manser, 2d Lieut. Jos. Cahall. Whistler Band. Carriages with Parish and Visiting Clergymen and Honorary Members. St. Patrick's Benevolent Association; Thos. Manser, Pres't; S. T. O'Grady, Vice-Pres't; B. McGovern, Treas'r; J. J. Dunn, Sec'y; Jno. McDonald, Marshal; 140 members. Carriages with Parish and Visiting Clergymen and Honorary Members. Gass' Band. Carriages with Parish and Visiting Clergymen and Honorary Members. St. Patrick's Reading Room and Library Society; Joseph Cahall, Pres't; Jno. Dillahunty, Vice-Pres't; Philip Carney, Treas'r; John McCaffrey, Sec'y; Peter Carmen, Marshal; 40 members. Creole Band. Carriages with Parish and Visiting Clergymen and Honorary Members. St. Vincent's Literary and Benevolent Association; Jas. G. Terry, Pres't; Patrick Honston, Vice-Pres't; M. Tourney, Sec'y; Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, Treas'r; Wm. V. Beroujon, Marshal; 60 members. St. Vincent's Academy Band. St. Aloysius' Society, com-

posed of youths, about 50 strong. Jas. McDonell, Grand Marshal.

After a most creditable parade the Societies repaired to the Battle House for dinner, and the members were thoroughly prepared to do justice to that splendid banquet. Toasts and speeches, national and local were indulged in, and sprinkled with that keen wit for which the Irish are so noted. The Cleburne Guards are deserving of special mention for their soldierly appearance and efficiency in the difficult evolutions and manual of arms which they manifested upon this their first parade. They have neat uniforms of gray trimmed with green, and beautiful caps of green, thus blending the gray and the green. Upon each strap plate or buckle is the harp of Erin surrounded with the Shamrock. After dinner the Cleburne Guards serenaded Col. John Higley, Capt. Williams of Mobile Rifle Co., and then the Clergy at the residence of Right Rev. Bishop Quinlan. Of St. Patrick's Benevolent Association it is useless for me to speak. They appeared, as they always do, neat and creditable, reflecting honor upon their countrymen. The other societies were equally impressive, and taken all in all, the celebration was one of which any nation would be justified in feeling proud. And be it said to the credit of our Irish population, that your correspondent did not see one of them under the influence of liquor.

DEATH OF CHEVALIER HUGH MURRAY.

The Freeman's Journal, of the 14th, appears in mourning for the death of Mr. Hugh Murray, who was an intimate friend of Mr. McMaster. From the splendid editorial tribute to his lamented friend, by the editor of the Journal, we take the following sketch of the gallant soldier:

Hugh Murray was a native of the neighborhood of Quebec, and about thirty-nine years of age. In early life he lost his parents; of his mother he used to talk as if she was never out of his mind. After passing through the course of the University of Lavale, in Canada, he suddenly wrote a letter to his uncle, the Bishop of Kingston, asking his blessing, as he was going to Rome to join the Papal Zouaves. This was in 1853 or '60. He served ten full years as a Papal Zouave, was commissioned for merit, was severely wounded at Mentana, was repeatedly decorated for gallantry on the field, and, on the fatal 20th of September, 1870, sheathed his sword and surrendered, at the command of the Pope. That day he put off his Zouave uniform, and never put it on again, nor ever drew his sword from its scabbard. Last July, in our house in New York, when the one and the other had to be examined, and put in order for service, on the eve of his departure for Spain.

Mr. Murray was shot on the 5th of February in the severe fighting which took place in the streets of Manresa after the Carlists had entered that town.

THE CONFERENCE OF BISHOPS IN ST. LOUIS.

The Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of St. Louis met in Conference at the Archbishop's residence in this city Thursday last, to consult upon the erection of a new see in Iowa, whether at Des Moines or Des Moines has not transpired. A successor to the late Bishop Melcher must be appointed also. The importance attaching to the founding of a new see in a state as populous as Iowa demands a more lengthy investigation than could possibly be conducted by letter. Hence the Conference.

Twelve years ago a provincial council was called in this city; but owing to the stringent military regulations adopted in this department at the time, it was thought advisable to abandon the project. General Rosecrans had issued his general order, in view of the assembling of the Council, requiring the Bishops to take the oath of loyalty. This flagrant piece of military despotism failed of its object, for the Bishops never assembled. The vast growth of the Church in the West and the consequent necessity of providing priests for so wide a field; above all, the imperative demand for a common system of parochial schools, requires that those upon whom rests the solicitude of the churches, should hold council together, and in conference agree upon measures to meet the different emergencies. "When wicked men combine good men should associate." The policy adopted in several States within the last few years, is one of undisguised enmity to all religion, and especially to the Church. Several Bishops have raised their voice against the paganism of such a policy, and some have followed the example of the great apostle, and appealed to Cæsar, not without effect. But individual efforts can never compass what is in the power of judicious combination. A pastoral or manifesto from the bishops of the West would command a consideration which the single voice of any one prelate could not secure. We hope the opportunity will be improved to make the world know the real position of the Church on the School Question. Catholics, as well as Protestants, need to be informed as to the limits and conditions under which Catholics may permit their children to attend public schools.

A profitable way in which to spend five minutes is by reading the elaborate advertisement of Brinsman & Adams, on our fifth page.

Fresh Goshen butter at Skardon's.



Catholic Messenger.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1874.

THE MORNING STAR has been started with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, to supply an admitted want in New Orleans, and is mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church. It will not interfere in politics except wherein they interfere with Catholic rights, but will expose iniquity in high places, without regard to persons or parties. Next to the spiritual rights of all men, it will especially champion the temporal rights of the poor.

Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop. We approve of the aforesaid under a king, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese. J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS, December 12, 1867.

Terms—Single Copy, 5 Cents; By Mail, \$3—in Advance.

NUMBER 7.

Semi-Annual Exercises at Spring Hill.

MOBILE, ALA., March 13, 1874.

Editor Morning Star:

Several days ago we received a neat card of invitation to the semi-Annual Exercises of Spring Hill College, and knowing well the reputation which that College always sustained for its exhibitions, we determined to be present. Accordingly, yesterday morning, 10 o'clock found us upon the spacious grounds of the College, and in a few more minutes we entered the large hall, where the exercises were to take place. We found it well filled with the beauty and fashion of our fair gulf city, while amongst the audience we noticed that New York, Massachusetts and Louisiana were well represented. At a quarter to eleven about a hundred and twenty-five brightly healthy, intelligent looking boys filed slowly in to their reserved seats, and the exercises began. The brilliant overture to Verdi's Nabuccodonosor was the first piece rendered by the well-trained orchestra, and the rapt attention of the audience, and the applause which followed it, told to the practised ear, that, probably excepting the "Summer Night Concerts," Mobile seldom had the pleasure of listening to anything superior. A "Debate upon Capital Punishment" followed, the subject being introduced by Mr. E. Dugas, in a few choice and elegant remarks. The young gentlemen who opposed Capital Punishment sustained their position right manfully, but their sophisms were forced to yield to the acute logic and powerful arguments of the affirmative. All the speakers evinced great cultivation, while the remarks of Messrs. Gallap, Chandler, and Della Torre deserve special mention.

A solo performed on the violin, by C. Blanchin, elicited tremendous applause. We understand that this young gentleman, for the short time he has been teaching music, exhibits a most extraordinary talent. The audience was next favored with a couple of scenes from "The Stoops to Conquer." Old Hardcastle was exceedingly well represented by B. Gallap, and the "Marlow" of G. Ryan attracted much attention. The impudence of "Tony" was admirably rendered by young Thomas Troy, while the "Landlord" of C. Lawrence produced great applause in the Bar Room scene. The program was highly amusing, and the remarks of Mr. T. Brady, and the singing of Mr. J. McCane, rendered it more so. After laughing heartily at this dramatic performance, the guests were next treated to an exquisite serenade, by Professor Stutzer and Bloch, on the French horn and flute, and its pathos awakened the deepest emotion in the soul of every lover of music. Scarcely had its long, sweet, echoes died away than the audience was startled by the sudden and frantic appearance on the stage of a miser who had lost his gold "L'ivare qui a perdu sa cassette." The rendition of this piece, from Moliere, was superb, and the applause which followed was all the talented young actor, Mr. T. Trost, could possibly desire. Looking down the program, we were pleased to see that our little friend, A. Dignan, was to sing the beautiful song called "Happy Remembrance," which he did with much feeling, and with his accustomed sweetness and purity of voice. Mr. G. Ryan then recited a short unpublished poem, which was well rendered and well received. The lovers of music were again favored by a fine chorus, supported by the orchestra, with an extract from an old and long forgotten Opera, and the memories of its sweetness will haunt their souls for many a day to come.

The reading of the result of the semi-annual examinations followed, and the preponderance of good notes, showed a high standing of appreciation in the mind of every lover of music. The distribution of premiums was as follows:

Rhetoric class, first premium, C. Lawrence; second, G. B. Ryan. Belles letter class, first premium, T. Della Torre; second, C. Blanchin. First grammar class, first premium, P. Liche; second, E. Poincy. Second grammar, first premium, H. Horst; second, D. Sempie. Third grammar, first premium, L. Sempie; second, J. B. McGinty. In the commercial class, the first premium in the rhetoric class was won by Mr. J. McDonnell, with W. Chaudler closely contesting. First commercial class, first premium, J. Stokes; second, L. Giraud. Second commercial, first premium, H. Dugas; second, F. DeCastro. Third commercial, first premium J. Swoop; second, J. Yturralde. In the preparatory class, Little Herman Stein carried away the first premium, and A. Landry the second. There were many others who deserve honorable mention for success, but lack of space and time prevent.

There was some hope that the Right Rev. Bishop Quinlan would grace the occasion, but his place was ably filled by the Very Rev. Vicar General Pellicier. Many of the reverend clergy were present, prominent amongst whom we noticed Rev. Fathers Lynch and Mehan, from Albany, New York; Rev. Father Smith, S. J., of Baltimore; Rev. Father Serra, S. J., and Fathers Callaghan and O'Meara of Mobile, Father Crowley of Pollard, and Rev. Father Lorigan of Whistler.

Judging from the crowds who daily attend the exercises of the Novena of the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin, now going on in all our churches, we must admit that this devotion is deeply engrained in the hearts of our Catholic population and holds a prominent rank.

A profitable way in which to spend five minutes is by reading the elaborate advertisement of Brinsman & Adams, on our fifth page.

Fresh Goshen butter at Skardon's.

turning half round, he merely directed a glance at her.) "that Claudius the slave will not and cannot be devoured by Sejausus—I mean that beast Sejausus."

Paulus, chancing to look toward the two pretorian sentries, whose general he supposed to be mentioned, observed them covertly smiling. More puzzled than ever, he gave all his attention to the tipsy dispute which was raging in the palace doorway.

"Well, prove it then," roared Flaccus, "with your logic!"

"Have I not a thumb?" resumed Lucius Piso; "and can I not turn it down in the nick of time, and so save the wretch?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed out the other; "and what notice will a horse take of your thumb? Is this horse such an ass as to mind whether your thumb be up or down, though you are governor of Rome?"

"Perhaps you think," retorted Piso, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "with your rules of logic, that the horse is not properly trained to his manners?"

"Have I not told you," said Flaccus, "in spite of your rules of thumb, that the horse is not an ass?"

The rudeness and coarseness of Pomponius Flaccus had succeeded in sobering Lucius Piso. He here remained a moment silent, drew himself up with dignity to the full height of his portly person, and at last said:

"Enough! When you have drunk a little more, you will be able to understand a plain demonstration. But whom have we here? Why, it is our glorious Apicius, whose table no other table rivals for either abundance or delicacy. Who is your venerable friend, Apicius?"

This was addressed to a dispeptic-looking youth, magnificently attired, who, in company with a person in the extreme decline of life, approached the door. Paulus and Benigna stood aside, finding themselves still constrained to listen while waiting for room to enter the blocked-up door of the palace.

"Is it possible," replied Apicius, "that you forget Vedius Pollio, who, since you mention my poor table, has often kindly furnished it with such lampreys as no other mortal ever reared?"

The old man, whose age was not redolent of holiness, but reeking with the peculiar aroma of a life passed in boundless and systematic self-indulgence, leered with running, blood-shot eyes, and murmured that they paid him too much honor.

"Sir, you feed your lampreys well," said Pomponius Flaccus, "in your Vesuvian villa. They eat much living, and they eat well dead."

"I assure you," said Pollio, "that nothing but humorous exaggerations and witty stories have been circulated upon that subject. I can, with the strictest accuracy, establish the statement that no human being ever died merely and simply in order that my lampreys should grow fat and luscious. On the other hand, I do not deny that if some slave, guilty of great enormities, had in any event to forfeit life, the lampreys may in such cases, perhaps, have availed themselves of the circumstances. An opportunity might then arise which they had neither caused nor contrived."

"The favor, in other words, never was the final cause of any slave's punishment," said Lucius Piso.

"You use words, sir," said Pollio, "which are correct as to the fact, and philosophical as to the style."

"Talking of philosophy," said Apicius, "do you hold with this young Greek, this Athenian Dion who has lately visited the court, that man eats in order to live? or, with me, that he lives in order to eat?"

"Horror of horrors!" murmured Flaccus, "the Athenian boy is demented."

"Whenever there is any thing to eat with you, my Apicius," said Lucius Piso, "unless there be something to drink with my Pomponius here, may I be alive to do either the one or the other?"

"Why not do both?" wheezed Vedius Pollio. "Whither are you even now going?"

"To the camp for an appetite," said Pomponius Flaccus, descending the steps out of the palace hall into the street, and reeling against Paulus, who held him from staggering next against Benigna.

"What do you two want here?" he suddenly asked steadily himself.

"I am accompanying," replied Paulus, "this damsel, who comes hither by Cæsar's order."

THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON,

Author of "Harding, the Money-Spinner," etc.

[From the Catholic World.]

(Continued.)

Our hero conceived some undefined misgiving from these words, or rather from the tone, perhaps, in which the prefect had uttered them. Unable to question the speaker, he slowly returned to poor little Benigna, and said, "Well, Benigna, I have ascertained what you have to do; and, first of all, Claudius expects you within."

As he spoke, he knocked at the door. This time only one leaf of it was opened, and a slave, standing in the aperture, and scanning Paulus and his companion, demanded their business; while the sentries on either hand at the sculptured pillars of the porch, looked and listened superciliously.

"Is the secretary-slave Claudius here?" asked the youth.

Before the porter could reply, steps and voices resounded in the hall within, and the porter sprang out of the way, flinging almost into Paulus's face the other leaf of the door, and bowing low. Three gentlemen, two of whom apparently were half-drunk, their faces flushed, and their arms linked together, appeared staggering upon the threshold, where they stood awhile to steady themselves before emerging into the street.

"I tell you, my Pomponius Flaccus," said he who was in the middle—a portly man with a good-natured, albeit, tipsy look—"it is all a pretty contrivance, and there will be no slaughter, for the beast is to be muzzled."

"And I tell you, my Lucius Piso," returned he on the left, a wiry drinker, "my governor of Rome, my dedicatee of Horace—"

"I am not the dedicatee of Horace," interrupted the other; "poor Horace dedicated the art-poetical to my two sons."

"How could he do that?" broke in Pomponius. "You see double. Two sons, indeed! How many sons have you? tell me that! Again, how could one man dedicate a single work to a double person? answer me that. You know nothing whatever about poetry, except in so far as it is fiction; but we don't want fiction in these matters. We want facts; and it is a fact—a solemn fact—that the slave will be devoured."

"I hold it to be merely a pleasant fiction," retorted Piso fiercely.

"Then I appeal to Thrasylus here," rejoined the other. "O thou Babylonian seer! will not Claudius the slave be devoured in the circus before the assembled people?"

At these words our hero looked at Benigna, and Benigna at him, and she was astounded.

He who was just questioned—a man of ghastly face, with long, black hair hanging down to his shoulders, and sunken, wistful, melancholy eyes—wore an Asiatic dress. He was not intoxicated, and seemed to have fallen by chance into his present companionship, from which he appeared eager to disengage himself.

Gently shaking off the vague hand of Pomponius Flaccus, he acted as the oracles did.

"You are certainly right," he said; "but he glanced at Lucius Piso while speaking, and then stepped quickly into the street, which he crossed.

Each of the disputants naturally deemed the point to have been decided in his own favor.

"You hear?" cried Flaccus; "the horse is to paw him to death, and then to devour him alive."

"How can he?" said Piso. "How can he, after d—d—death, devour him alive? Besides, Thrasylus declared that I was right."

"Why," shouted Flaccus, "if we had not been drinking together all the morning, I should think you had lost your senses."

"Not by any means," said Piso; "and I will prove to you by logic that Claudius the slave," (again at this name our hero and poor little Benigna looked at each other—she starting and

turning half round, he merely directed a glance at her.) "that Claudius the slave will not and cannot be devoured by Sejausus—I mean that beast Sejausus."

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"What do you two want here?" he suddenly asked steadily himself.

"I am accompanying," replied Paulus, "this damsel, who comes hither by Cæsar's order."

turning half round, he merely directed a glance at her.) "that Claudius the slave will not and cannot be devoured by Sejausus—I mean that beast Sejausus."

Paulus, chancing to look toward the two pretorian sentries, whose general he supposed to be mentioned, observed them covertly smiling. More puzzled than ever, he gave all his attention to the tipsy dispute which was raging in the palace doorway.

"Well, prove it then," roared Flaccus, "with your logic!"

"Have I