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RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIB

BY BULWER LYTTON.

1803 - 1873

In most be arknowledged that until Dulver wrote his story of Hienzi "a great man had been superactally badged and a very important question crulely examined." Gibbon's viotent, almost hysteric, haired of historical personages who professed the Christian religion, as well as his limste inshifty to comprehend such a man as the last of the tribunes or his aims and aspirations, caused him to she never with gibes and detractions a man whose elements of greatness were presentabled in the impossibility of restorines a degenerate race and a fead civilized ci

played something to them he glance of one born to command.

na keeper and of the rank of the pickeans, though their mothpickeans, though through their mothor they might by cleim to royal blood,
their material so of the Tentonic
Emperor Henry YH. Cola, in spitof his being a picketan, had already
sonu red such a reputation for wit and
scholarship the ha had been taken
ander the pitronage of the aged chief
of the great house of Coloma, and

cons Cola sifter a while said to his his cause. Frue they were ather. Now our talk has beguited but are plebetans less human while thus musics be noticed two met. Futher Uniterto has promised me a fire manuscript which, the good frigr confesses, has puszled the whole convent, i seek his cell Tarry you help a while I shall soon return the fire of process and the loved learn of the lo grew wild over the broken n grew with over the broken about forty-five years old to now desolate and once so ally dently the inferior attendant

Scarcely had he completed his task But the party and from the opposite direction and richly ong from the opposite sixection at the office and came charging also, to the battle erg of 'tirsin'. Orsin', be- off her veil. "He have the torchestate the hug of the bear". Caught be cried. "What blashes! what was between the contenting factions as they met in death conflict, backing ashamed to win the love of at tirsin's marking of the conflict.

Bulwer-Lytton. But Bulwer-Lytton dreams—he was preparing to do deeds to march those dreams. His father and most we not present remain contented.

It was a summer evening in the early part of the fourteenth century. Two youths were walking along the Panks of the Ther not far from that It was a summer evening in the carty part of the fourteenth century; I ved their wild and inview life unconscious of the growing power of the man who should one day humble thanks of the Tot of Mount Aventine. One was a tull and stalwart young man but little ones his twentieth year. man, but little uses his twentieth year, must popular of all his bouse. Though but whose feafures and manners disput whose feafures and manners disput whose feafures and manners disput his poor and merciful churchable to the poor and merciful seemed to make him an equal of men churitable to the poor and mere ful to the senior, and whose ere had to the weak. He saw the direction in which reasons to the weak.

the clause of one born to command. The other was a more boy with nothing remarkable shout him, unless it might be the expression of gentle accitoss, almost feminine, which his cantonance were.

They were Cols of Rienzi and his made his name known in northern has keeper and of the rank of the pitchans, though through their mothers. onder the pattonage of the aged chief of the great house of Colonna, and was not infrequently invited to the time of that great man who, hower, anable to precive the really seal qualities which were ripening in the young man. The riding him more for his merry stories at table than envihing class and looked upon him rather as a scholar? buffeon.

On the even up on which our story pages Cola, after a while said to his cause? True they were nother:

While thus musing he noticed two while Cola was gone the vounger flare of torches and the loud bugh of while Cola was gone the vounger flare of torches and the loud bugh of with the sound on bushed himself with suthering a of trampling feet. Holy mother." toy busted himself with eathering a men's voices, together with the sound surfand of flowers, an abundance of of trampling fee. "Holy mother," per now desolate and once so allow young companion what misfortunith the glory and the pomp of bas befallen us! Run, signora, run what misfortune

cried the leader of the band, a mu-



**Auto-order to the control of the c

The people were stricken by feet and wildly appended Riems for expecting them to dunger. The fueltive from all parts of the Campienns came harrying in with reports of houses turned convents and y nayards pillaged cattle and hornes as sed. Richard summoned his council and was for solud forth to meet the reshels. But his timorous councilors were in favor of awaiting the turnous behind the defences of the Roman realisment. The feelings of Adrian Coloma were such as atterix to baffs descript on. He had never been much sifting his buxes nor ever resolved more than common courtesy at their hands. But times as attacked Rome and Reem, dutid the face of most than common courtesy at their hands. But timesage is the age with the had gled to mediators—both sides recarded as with suspicion because he arought to chubat the prejudicus of both sides.

The harces attacked Rome and Reem, finally having been able to arough the spirit of the people, defeated ham. A. evening the battle cassed. Of the harrys the origin had been broken. Of the princely like of Coloma three by dead upon the field and the corpse of many another action of the nobility weltered in to blood. Shouts of rejoicin followed the Tribune's sied as he rode back through the gateway from his pursuit of the rebels. He rended in his horse bas de the body of Gianna Colomas the one whose speas had take the Tribune's sied as he rode back through the gateway from his pursuit of the rebels. He rended in the house and showed him to the charry ago. "Child," said Rienzi to the pieze. Angele Vassilli, "blest art thous who has no blood of kindred to awage, 'The words sank deep into Angelo had been dropped in the street by tree and piece of head del he had not be or projects for the pieze. Angele Vassilli, "blest art thous who has no blood of kindred to awage,' The words sank deep into Angelo had been dropped in the street by tree and piece of head del he resident her browner. At avignon, Riems, having been accorded her broken.

Just at that moment was heard the transpling of w Just at that moment was heard the rejoined her brother.

Just at that moment was heard the trampling of war steeds, and the men stood to their arms again. But Renzi at a giance saw that the leader of the approaching party was unarmed, and, recognized in him Adr an Colonna, whom he had sent on an embassy to Naples and who, at this dramatic moment, had arrived back at the Eternal City. Pauting—breathless Adrian haited in the pool made of the blood of his kinsmen and their pale faces, set in death giared at him. "Alas, dread fate," he cried, "unhappy Home!" "They fell into the pit they themselves had digged," answered the Tribune, "Would that your ed the Tribune. "Would that your united, and, casting all other considerable had prevented it." "Away, erations aside, Adrian became reconproud man," cried Adrian and, discilled to Cols.

or the Triune. Would that your counsels had prevented it." 'Away, proud man,' cried Adrian and, dismounting, sorrowed over the fallen plliars of his house.

The multitude were beginning to clamor for the blood of one more noble, and Rienzi drew Adrian gent was the second reign of Rienzi. Walter de Montreal conspired against him. But he had placed Abre aside and sought to comfort him, But Adrian said: 'Tr bune, they may have not been to death. Soon after But Adrian said: "Tr bune, they may who put him to death. Soon after have died justly or been butchered old Dame Ursula dying in a Roman between the executioner of me race and me. Tribune, I accuse you not nor blame you. If you have been rash in this fold will have blood for blood. I ware me was his father. Angelo was filed with grief at what he had done and determined revence upon the Tribune. for blood. I wage no war with you; my oath prevents me. But we meet no more. Your sister—God be with her—betwen her and me flows a dark guil. And so formal kinds a contending for the imperial crown, dark guil. And so formal kinds a contending for the imperial crown, the contending for the imperial crown, the contending for the imperial crown, the contending for the imperial crown. her—botwen her and me flows a dark guif. And so farewell to Rome."

"And thus," mid the Tribune, or he

He sprang upon his horse and was from the people of Rome, he d