

TRACES OF TRAVEL.

In Campagna, —Frascati; a Most Graphic Pen-Picture of an Italian Town—Scenes to be Remembered.

Only a half-hour's ride from Rome yet the old city seems literally a thing of the past. The stranger who alights at the station a mile from Frascati, under the hill, might easily imagine himself in the midst of a wilderness of olives. Not a house visible; no wily landlords standing at the doors of their mansions, awaiting, nay inviting custom. Nothing but a swell carriage or two with liveried footmen, a public coach of a primitive pattern, and a half-dozen tumultuous donkey-boys—the only souls who appear honestly glad to see you. Good-natured youngsters, these lads, who seem on the most intimate terms with their docile and diminutive beasts. If you don't see fit to engage them, they immediately mount the great, awkward saddles—as plump as meal sacks—and gallop back to town as merrily as if money was no object, and a ride home more than compensated for the lack of patronage.

The road winds up the hill between groves green and fragrant; and when it begins to seem as if Frascati were a delusion, you suddenly see a glimmering white town on a hill-slope that dissolves into thin air as you approach it. You turn a corner in the shady road, and are brought face to face with the bright little city, all aglow in the heat of a summer sunset. The traditional Italian sunset is not an everyday affair. I am half inclined to think that the Italian sun, in love with Italian indolence, sometimes forgets his duty and sets only occasionally. Or perhaps he has his moods like the rest of us. Sunset was the correct thing yesterday. Sunset and a villa before dinner; music and good wine after; and then to bed early, to the melody of nightingales—for we rose with the lark this morning, and one must needs sleep now and again, though it be Italy and summer combined.

I paced the streets of Frascati, working my way to the west front of the town. I was not alone, and how jolly it is to find friends abroad who speak English that does not seem to have gone mad—as most English on a foreign tongue is apt to do!—and I walked to the parapet that overhangs the Campagna, and there we revelled in the expiring agonies of a day that was dying game. The streets—you could have counted them on your fingers—all led out to the sunset; the houses all turned lovingly that way; citizens flocked to the front and leaned lazily over the parapet, with their faces set calmly to the west; balconies blossomed like magical flowers, with rows of pretty women trailing over the railings; children stopped play to look and to listen,—for the hour was so delicious it seemed as if some prophet would suddenly receive a revelation, and we were quite in the mood for receiving something of the sort ourselves.

A captain and a lieutenant joined us—plump gentlemen, with sabres that clanged on the pavement as they walked. We sat on the edge of a fountain—for we all sit or lean or lie in this country,—while the clouds ran blood, and then grew pale as if from the loss of it. But they were once more pierced with great golden shafts that drove the throbbing color to their breasts; and so they fretted themselves to death in presence of the whole town of Frascati.

Oh, it was glorious! The green Campagna almost seemed to undulate like a living sea; and the mist that hovered over it—a mist fraught with fevers and death—added to its mysterious beauty. The everlasting dome, the only dome that doesn't shrink in the distance, but seems rather to expand—St. Peter's,—was all of the Eternal City that was visible, but it was enough. It overtopped the Seven Hills; and when the eye left that landmark there was nothing else worth resting on till it came to the shining girdle of the Tyrrhene Sea.

It is odd that sunsets know just how long it is safe to last. Nearly everything else wears itself out, or is so brief it can hardly be voted a success. The fountain at our elbow awoke us from a reverie; it was shooting up a column of liquid amber that had absorbed very much of the loveliness of the hour, and was still spouting it out, though the last pallor had come over the clouds, and our sunset was over. "To the Villa!" said the captain, with a clang of his sabre. "The Villa!" echoed the lieutenant, as if it was

an official order he had received from the captain. "Aye, to the deep defiles of the Villa!" cried the rest of us, like a chorus in the third act, where the villain is for a moment triumphant.

Frascati is envied by villas. Most of them were built by fine old cardinals, whose enormous wealth was equalled only by their good taste in the selection of sites and the improvement of the same. An Italian villa is an umbrageous solitude, the silence of which is broken only by the plash of fountains and the call of birds. We rang at a gate that would have done justice to a convent, and were admitted by a porter who seemed to have taken upon himself much of the serene solemnity of the place. A broad road led us to the front of the ugly Italian house,—a house whose doors and windows looked as if they were never intended to swing open. A splendid fountain laughed with all its waters in the face of this living tomb. Terrace above terrace, reached by broad flights of moss-grown marble steps, beguiled us to the summit, where another fountain played in the shadow of an ilex grove that looked boundless, it was so dense and expansive. Winding paths led hither and thither into mimic dells and narrow ravines, such as banditti ought to haunt, and in some cases do. At the Villa Ruffinella, once the property of Lucien Bonaparte, Lucien himself was attacked and plundered by robbers.

We lost one another in the double dark of the wood. The fireflies misled us, the bats flopped their sooty wings about our ears; owls hooted at us, and dry twigs snapped under our feet where the dead leaves were inches deep, and it seemed impossible that serpents should not lurk. There were bowers for love, and retreats for reverie and silent meditation. It was the hour and the place for any lady of Lyons to realize the dream of any ambitious gardener. We all struck attitudes and exclaimed with one accord:

"If thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love...."

But it was growing dark, and we had yet to find our way out of the delightful labyrinth. Hanging gardens looked down upon gardens below them, and waved broad leaves in greeting. The cool air stirred gently among the swaying boughs; the lights of the town sparkled, the stars "globed themselves in dew." It was altogether lovely, and we left it as one leaves an earthly paradise—but the thought of dinner consoled us.

Returning, we paused for a moment at the base of a cascade that tumbled in a marble bed and tangled itself with long knots of grass. There was a charming air of neglect everywhere visible. I felt like blessing the man who had taste enough to leave all that great garden to nature, for another touch of art would have spoiled it. I never wish to know the plan of my villa—probably I never shall—but when it is dusk let me wander and lose myself in it. And, that it may be ever new to me, an ingenious and non-communicative party shall strike fresh trails in it and so trap me in unsuspected difficulties, out of which I shall be in no haste to extricate myself.

The amiable porter did not want to take anything for his trouble; he positively declined, and continued declining, with his palm upward, so that anything from a farthing to a fortune would have stood no chance of rolling out of it. Bless his heart! He was a pensive porter, who lived in a lodge that was bearded with lichen and smelt of the grave.

Dinner! Dinner for the captain and the lieutenant and for those who spoke English. Dinner also for the fair one with golden locks. In the midst of the salad, lol the tinkle of a guitar under the window, and the scream of the pandean pipes. We forgot our appetites—our good mountain appetites, prefaced by a sunset and a dusky dell.

The Italians are certainly obliging—when they choose to be. Seeing that we had music in ourselves, they proposed entering the saloon and playing for us; and there was music and mirth for the rest of the evening.

Behold the eccentric troubadours! Two men of middle age, as crazy as lions. One, fancying himself a count, but choosing, notwithstanding his title, to pace the streets of Frascati with a guitar nearly the size of a grand piano, but not quite. He played and sang well—sang songs of his own composition that were both witty and pretty. His companion, he of the pandean pipes, seemed to live for the sole purpose of paying homage to the surpassing gifts of the guitarist. He

could look at him with the rapt air that is noticeable only in insanity and genius. But this was not enough to satisfy his ardent spirit; he must needs break in upon the singer with a shrill blast of his pipes that bore no relation to the song, yet seemed to harmonize with it. There was evidently a strong affinity between the two; they both dwelt in that chaotic world where the inharmonious elements assimilate by reason of their common lack of harmony, and the two were as amiable as idiots.

One of them told his story: There are four of these lunatics who run together. They call themselves a musical brotherhood, and it is their custom to enliven the evenings of Frascati with gratuitous melody. "No one but madmen can join *curcioir*," said the singer; "for other men are afraid of us." I scarcely wonder at it, for before the evening was over the pandean pipes went as mad as Pan himself; and the poor fellow who revelled in the incoherent music he was blowing from the pipes danced grotesque dances to his own accompaniment, while the singer abused him roundly for interrupting his song. Our cigars burned slowly out in the midst of this odd entertainment; and when the minstrels at last took their leave, which they did with a formality worthy of royalty, we were faint from laughter.

How cool the night was! How different this air—the sweet, unbreathed air—from that of feverish Rome! And the night-singers, the nightingales, that haunt these villas and burden the hours with their deliciously melancholy refrain,—there is little of the city horrors: crime, hunger and unrest. Oh, it is well to be here! It is well to be anywhere, I suppose, for a change—anywhere else. But even Frascati, with its sunsets, its nightingales, its villas, and its troubadours, would probably cloy in a day or two.—CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, in the *Ave Maria*.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

IT'S ASTONISHING

how Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts upon nervous women. It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or Inability to sleep, spasms, convulsions, or "fits," and every like disorder.

Even in cases of insanity resulting from functional derangements, the persistent use of the "Prescription" will, by restoring the natural functions, generally effect a cure.

For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down or overworked; at the change from girlhood to womanhood; and, later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates and cures.

If it doesn't, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What more can any one ask?

Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good?"

Sister Ameliana, who has had charge of St. Mary's Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past twenty-six years, died last Sunday at the hospital in her seventy-sixth year. She was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a child. In her twenty-seventh year she entered the Convent of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson. She was a woman of remarkable energy and executive ability, and during her administration St. Mary's Hospital was steadily enlarged.

The ill-doing of a good thing is a very great evil.—Faber.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A new Catholic chapel has been recently dedicated at St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks.

The creation of a legation of the Argentine Republic to the Holy See is affirmed to be immediately expected.

The newly elected Superior-General of the Redemptorist Order, whose headquarters are at Rome, will make an official visit to the United States next January.

The Hail Mary is soon to be published by "Illustrated Catholic Missions" in 150 foreign missionary tongues. One hundred such translations have already been printed.

Great regret will be felt throughout the Church in America at the announcement that the brilliant rector of the Catholic University, Bishop Keane, is threatened with total blindness.

The Holy See has directed the Vicars Apostolic of China, Japan and Corea to act with extreme prudence, so as not to afford any excuse for persecuting measures against the Catholic missions.

It is said that conversions to the Church from among the Waldensians in Italy are very frequent. It is the custom to baptize such converts publicly at St. John Lateran's on Holy Saturday.

Jean Baptist de Rossi, the famous archaeologist, died at Rome on Thursday, the 29th ultimo. He was born February 23rd, 1822. To him we owe pretty much all that is known of the Catacombs of Rome.

It is reported that three Catholic patriarchs of the Eastern rite will go to Rome this month to lay before the Holy See the views of the dissident churches of the East respecting the projected reunion with the Roman Church.

Father A. J. Couquet, of the Diocese of Oregon City, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood on September 21st. In consideration of his long and faithful service, the Pope has conferred upon him the title of Monsignor.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, at Vizagapatam, have received a letter containing \$40, from Sir Charles Pritchard, a member of the Indian Viceroy's Cabinet, who assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the church in November last.

A new bell, weighing 2,000 pounds, is to be placed in the Church of the Visitation, Philadelphia, and the ceremony known as the "baptism of the bell" will be performed Sunday, October 28, by Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan. The money for this bell was bequeathed by the late Mr. John McSorley.

There are thirty-three Catholic churches in Cleveland, and the thirty-fourth will be ready for dedication in about two weeks. Two more will soon be built, one in the direction of Genville and the other in West Cleveland. This will, however, barely supply the needs of a Catholic population of 90,000.

A colossal statue of His Holiness Leo XIII. from the chisel of the sculptor, Chevalier Lucchetti, of Perugia, has been conveyed to the Benedictine Monastery, at present being constructed on the Aventine Hill at Rome. It was executed on the commission of an opulent American.

An appeal for aid has been received from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Mission, in charge of the Indian Industrial school at Morris, Minn. The Mother Superior says that the sisters sustained great loss by a hail storm, July 30, and that unless help comes from the outside it must be a hard winter for the orphans dependent upon them.

Bishop Hawkins recently administered Confirmation in his cathedral, Providence, and at the conclusion was presented, first, with two handsome mitres, and then with a check for \$5,000 for the endowment of a bed for an incurable patient at St. Joseph's Hospital, to be known as the "Bishop Hawkins Bed."

The ladies of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City, are making arrangements to have the church represented by a handsome table at the fair of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor. The Rev. John E. Burke, rector of the only colored Catholic congregation in the city, will open the fair in Lenox Lyceum on November 12th. St. Paul's table will be in charge of the Rev. Martin J. Cassidy.