

# A Visit to Rome

By William O'Brien

The chief wonder of this city of wonders is to see two armies of occupation, owing different sovereignties and fighting under rival flags, circulating in the same streets and day by day carrying on their smokeless struggle for mastery without as much as the noise of a cannon-shot. In the Trastevere, the heroic old man of ninety-three, whose empire is apparently bounded by the walls of the Vatican yet mystically extends to the uttermost ends of the earth across the river, only three streets away, although with an abyss deep as an ocean between them, the youthful King of the House of Savoy who owes to a murderer's knife his untimely accession to his throne. Both potentates have their separate embassies, their separate nobility their separate armies and encampments. The French or Austrian Minister to the Vatican has hardly a howling acquaintance with his brother French or Austrian Minister to the Quirinal. The haughty black Patricians, who adhere to the Pope, would rather freeze to death in their palaces than open them to the white Patricians—the princely bankers and bankrupt Marquises, dunkeys and adventurers whose patents of nobility date from yesterday, and who find themselves attracted towards the loaves and fishes of the Quirinal, by the same instinct which brings their Irish brother-funkey groveling on his belly to Dublin Castle. The trumpets of the rival hosts are for ever sounding—be they church bells or roll calls. Every big building which is not a convent is a barracks, or a convent appropriated into a barracks. Every street is alive with the uniforms of the two armies—the cockades and feathers and swords of the army of the flesh flashing in and out among those monks' garb of brown and white and black, which are as incomparably picturesque to-day as when Fra Angelico painted them, or rubbing shoulders with detachments of the students of the innumerable ecclesiastical colleges of all nations, who march about two abreast in soutanes and hands of multicolored and unexpected hues, light purple and dark purple, azure blue and Prussian blue, pink and scarlet, and green—troops of conscripts, in whose faces and eager eyes you see valor, purity, and imperishable faith shining steadily out in the midst of a world of pessimism and corruption. Often and desperately as the possession of Rome has been contested by Volscian and Etruscan, by Carthaginian and Hun and Goth, by Austrian and Frenchman and Spaniard, there was surely never a more enthralling passage in its story than this silent, bloodless, invisible, subterranean, supernatural warfare which divides the Eternal City day by day from the dawn, when the sun peeps into the early Masses on the thousand altars of Rome, until it sets behind St. Peter's in a sea of gold.

## THE RANKS OF TUSCANY

I saw the hosts of the House of Savoy mobilized in all their finery the morning the King went to open his Parliament. I alighted upon the procession in one of the new streets by which the conquerors have ripped up and encrusted old Rome—streets in the style of a Chicago dry-goods king gone bankrupt in the course of the building operations. At one extremely rose the facade of the vast church of the Gesù, where the body of St. Ignatius Loyola lies in its urn of gold and gems, surviving like a solemn rebuke from the past in the midst of the shabby magnificence of the new sky-scrapers, and on the opposite piazza the statue of some fat Parliamentarian of the new régime—one of those eminent ward politicians of whom you never know so little as when you have deciphered his name. Opposite the Gesù a military band was strumming, and the streets were double-lined with troops, and behind the hinges of rifles assembled considerable crowds to enjoy the crisp Italian sunshine and the glitter of the uniforms and the prancing of the aides-de-camp. It must be owned that the Italian Court out-dazzles even Buckingham Palace in the splendor of its equipages and the glory of its feathers and epaulettes. The first Court carriage in which the handsome young Queen rode (for by some singular point of etiquette Kings of the House of Savoy and their wives can only be seen together in public on two stated days in the year) was, indeed, a somewhat second-rate affair, whose fixings in silver were unpleasantly suggestive of a bear's of the first fashion, but the King's own gold coach—a perfect travelling gold mine, drawn by eight horses with crimson housings and driven by eight funkeys in powdered wigs and plush of crimson and gold—beat anything I ever saw in the Royal posting-establishment of England, or of the Lord Mayor of Dublin himself. The Italian officers are handsome, well tailored, and picturesque as the most romantic chorus of an Italian opera. By some queer freak of heredity, the modern Roman, who seems to inherit no other quality of

the Horatii and Bruti and Caesars who once ruled the world, possess the ancient knack of wearing his toga like a conical you constantly see them throw their cloaks of French grey slashed with blue, or of black lined with scarlet, across their shoulders with a pose as imperial as Julius Caesar could have mustered when he fell at the foot of Pompey's statue. And, as for the general officers, even the model Major-Generals of Britain, before they found it necessary to strip off their feathers and disguise themselves as full privates in the Boer country, could not hold a candle to the warriors of the Italian Flat Major for mountains of feathers and epaulettes of solid bullion. Also the King himself is a well-favored and interesting-looking young man, in whom his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, a semi-detached lump of nose has got straightened out into the correct Roman pattern, and his grandfather's ear-to-ear mustaches of the transporting heavy villain have submitted to the sway of the modern barber.

## FROM GLORY TO A VOLCANIC SHOCK

All the elements of popular enthusiasm seemed thus to be assembled when King Victor, bowing and smiling, swept past in his gold coach, amidst his flashing cuirassiers, and the click of the presented muskets and the rattapan of the bands. I cannot say that the enthusiasm found much voice. There was a hoarse sort of whispering cheer behind the line of troops which might easily have been mistaken for a groan—there were some hands clapped, many hats raised a low (as very few) pocket-handkerchiefs waved from a very few windows, and that was all. It seemed to me the poor King took as much pains to capture a salute as an Irish Lord Lieutenant, and was not very much more successful in his angling. It must be added at the same time that although the police took the precaution of arresting five persons for the crime of "a dubious attitude" (doubtless, the Italian for "a humbugging sort of smile"), there was not the smallest sign of unfriendliness on the part of the crowd, but rather a suggestion of bored and lazy acquiescence. It might be content, or it might be a peevishness as precarious as that of a bed of spring-flowers on the rim of a volcano—for all a stranger could judge. The day did not pass, indeed, without its rumbling reminder that we are in the land of volcanoes. Among the busiest of the great people fluttering among the King's triumphant procession was the Premier, Signor Zanardelli—a man in the sixties, yellow, bony, bald over the temples, with the moustache of an old colonel, and the jumping gestures of a Neapolitan, and the sly affability of a lawyer who measures his smiles by the amount of the fee on the back of his brief. This slim gentleman perambulated the streets, smirking and prancing as if he were the hero of the day, for whose triumph all the drums were beating. He had put into the King's mouth a declaration in support of his favorite Divorce Bill, and his majority seemed to stand firm as the Colosseum. Before many hours were over Signor Zanardelli and his Ministry were crumbling to the earth, Divorce Bill and all, and the unfortunate King had scarcely the speech his Ministry composed for him spoken, when down came the whole Ministerial edifice about his ears—almost as dismal a reminder of the mutability of Italian affairs as if the military bands had struck up "The Dead March in Saul" on the return to the Quirinal.

## ANOTHER ROME

A few days afterwards I saw the other Rome, and its Sovereign, in the midst of his army and his subjects, and, without saying, that the contrast between the two scenes reduced the earthly monarchy to something almost comically insignificant, the contrast was indeed one never to be forgotten. It was on the occasion of the Pope's descent into St. Peter's to begin the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, the close of which will bring him ad diem et'eri. I had already often wandered through the streets of precious marbles, mosaics, paintings, and colossal statues, under their firmament of cupolas and golden ceilings, which are called St. Peter's. To do so on ordinary days is to sink under a sense of immeasurable wonder and oppression, to feel a desire to shrink away in one's infinitesimal littleness into some distant chapel where a sacramental lamp and a few prostrate figures give one a certain home feeling of a rustic Irish chapel—away from those awful solitudes of cold marble, those overwhelming monuments of human genius and superhuman virtue, amidst which the tourists circulating from aisle to aisle, clad in hand, and chattering guide attending them, have the air of beetles crawling about some tremendous work of beauty it seemed impossible to imagine this immensity really peopled and animated. Human nature seemed too little for it, our disenchanted age is too cold. It is only when the Pope sits on his Cathedral throne, and seventy or eighty thousand voices are reverberating through the heavenly abysses of Michael Angelo's Dome, that one comes to realize the function of St. Peter's, as the sovereign place of Christianity; but then indeed there comes a scene such as is to be beheld nowhere else on earth; the Dome, with all its heaven-piercing heights and

the vast areas stretching away behind the pillars seem none too mighty for the picture they frame. When all the colossal figures of Fathers of the Church and Saints and Popes which increase the nave and transept, and all the flickering lamps of gold above the tomb of the Apostle, and all the clustering chapels around them, with their altars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and their paintings more priceless still, unite in one celestial harmony, light up into one glowing soul, and when the very human applause thundering around the throne of Peter has something divine in its mysterious swell.

## A SACRISTY—IRISH AND ROMAN

The Pope did not arrive from the Vatican before eleven o'clock. The invitation announced that the gates of the Basilica would not be opened before eight o'clock, but the daylight had in sooner made its way through the rain-clouds than half Rome seemed to be migrating across the Tiber to St. Peter's—priests and nuns by the hundred of every observance, every costume and every race under the sun, Polish, Abyssinian, Hungarian, Chinese, bands of students in their soutanes of many colors, processions of Belgian, French and Lombard pilgrims, Cardinals, Foreign Sovereigns, Ambassadors, and patricians in their carriages—men and women whose very names, Colonna and Orsini, and Frangipani and Rospiolosi, and so on, sounded like chapters of Roman history—and better than all these, thousands and tens of thousands of the genuine, unmistakable common people, whose faith forms a securer support of religion than the four columns massed as a thousand ordinary columns welded together, which uphold the terrific weight of the Cupola. The district of the Borgo, through which you approach St. Peter's, is one of narrow, lustrous, sordid streets. When you emerge from them into the glorious Piazza embraced by Bernini's semi-circular colonnades of quadruple pillars, spread out like the wings of the Church of Peter, wide enough to embrace all the world, the Basilica, crowned with the Dome which seems to soar into the very Heaven, rises above its comparatively mean surroundings, its barracks, and its cat-lined-houses, and out-at-elbow palaces, with the majesty of a something immeasurably above the stain of our fretful little human dwelling-places.

The first surprise of the day was to find the Piazza di San Pietro in occupation of the Italian troops. A double cordon of them stretched across the whole space from colonnade to colonnade, to keep back the black deluge of humanity that was for hours surging up against the soldiers' thin blue line. One of the things that help one to realize the enormity of St. Peter's is that it took three regiments of infantry to furnish the cordon across the vestibule of the Basilica, and there were any number besides of detachments of Bersaglieri, grenadiers, carabineers, and gendarmes with no less than six ambulance corps, to complete the service of order around the mighty church. It was curious to see the Commissaries and Soldiers of the Quirinal drawn up peacefully almost under the folds of the Papal Flag which His Holiness's Swiss Guards unrolled from the bronze portal of the Vatican. Presently, as eight o'clock tolled from dozens of church towers, two gaps in the line of infantry disclosed themselves, and the multitude (probably by this time, forty or fifty thousand strong, although they only made one immense black patch on the face of the Piazza), began to filter through. Our tickets of invitation directed us to enter by the Cancelli of the Sacristy, and here again the fact that words have a different meaning in St. Peter's from what they would mean if applied to any other church in the world was borne upon us. Admission by the Sacristy would convey to most of us a very simple and modest operation, but the Sacristy of St. Peter's and its environments would in themselves furnish sufficient church room for a province. Having crossed the forest of pillars of the colonnade (through two rows of which two carriages abreast could drive as through a forest path), we had to tread whole streets, which contain half-a-dozen minor churches and residences of the Pietrini (or hereditary workmen of St. Peter's), and old offices of the Inquisition, and even a cemetery (the oldest in Rome, supposed to have been supplied with earth from Calvary by Constantine the Great), before we arrived even in the courtyard, where a thousand other ticket-holders—ambassadors, great ladies and chiefs of pilgrimages—were with sunny Italian good-humor struggling with another line of Bersaglieri at the great iron gate of the Sagrestia. And having, with due patience, elbowed one's way through the illustrious mob of men in evening-dress and women with head-dresses of black lace, we had still to traverse a little world of marble statuary, and paintings before reaching the gigantic statues of SS. Peter and Paul, which guard the entrance to the Basilica proper. For "The Sacristy," wherein the Irish country village priest and altar boys don their humility veements, expands at St. Peter's into three vast Halls, or rather Chapels, each with its own gorgeous apparatus of marble walls and mosaic pavements and alabaster altars, all precious pictures screened by gauze veils from the common light, and beyond these again a corridor hallowed by the graves of Popes, and a treasury in which the actual Damatic gleaming with pearls and gold which was worn by Charlemagne at his coronation in St. Peter's, and the cocoon in the Crypts which con-

prise the vast underworld of the great Cathedral, immenso as a town of many streets, and laden with its own wondrous history of dead Popes, and of the ancient Basilica of the days when the Christians first emerged from the Catacombs, and of the still older days when the present site of St. Peter's was the Circus of Nero, where Popes and the chief ministers were smeared with tar and set fire to as human torches to light the monastery orgies. Expede Hereuleni—If all this is only the Sacristy, you can guess what the Church itself must be.

## WAITING FOR THE SILVER TRUMPETS.

Here we are at last looking up to the heights of the Dome, dizzy enough to seem like a hollowed-out Mont Blanc, and awful as an opening into Eternity. Our seats in Tribuna A gave us a superb command of the great scene. The altar of the High Mass at which the Pope alone, or a Cardinal commissioned by a special Brief from him, can officiate and where alone among the altars of the world the celebrant faces the congregation, was scarcely a dozen yards away, the golden lamps of "The Confession," the sacred Ad Limina—two hundred of Bishops and millions of pilgrims yearly come to pray over the Sarcophagus, which, by the common assent of profane archaeologists and church traditions, contains the very bones of St. Peter, more precious than all the gold and gems and blocks of agate and alabaster in which the piety of ages has enshrined them, were gleaming just in front of us, and on every side from the august distance of the aisles and transepts crowded worshipping Humanity, in masses so dark and dense that even the pentagonal columns which sustain the Cupola, even the firmament of the Cupola itself, with the eye of God the Father looking down upon the scene from the topmost height, did not seem extravagantly great for the occasion. I had often heard a ceremonial day at St. Peter's declared to be one of the most irreverent scenes on earth, what with the pushing and chattering of vulgar tourists and the jarring note of popular applause in the sacred place. It is, according to my experience, the observation of a very superficial mind, indeed. When seventy or eighty thousand people are packed together for five hours, nine-tenths of them without seats, and probably at least five thousand of them curious and impertinent strangers, who go to see the Colosseum of Christianity by altarlight as they flock to see the Colosseum of the gladiators and wild beats by moonlight or limelight, it is inevitable that there should be a certain amount of noise, disorder, and vulgarity, calculated to wound simple souls, for whom the presence of the Blessed Sacrament is the one all-absorbing, awe-compelling subject of contemplation in a church of God.

It is not possible for the seditious human nerves to remain at the heroic pitch for five hours at a stretch. Little interludes there will be, prosaic, indecorous, even comical. An excellent Flemish pastor in front of us, all astro to see that his full family of pilgrims had arrived in safety through the tohu bohu of the corridors, and volubly pointing out to them all the wonders of St. Peter's, would from time to time jump to his seat and see his worthy pilgrims jumping after him, whereupon an angry growl in a dozen languages as "Assisi!" "Seati!" "Abbaso!" "Sitzzen!" and so on, would rise up behind him, and the poor Fleming, knowing only his own language, but quickly instructed in the meaning of one word at least in half the dialects of the Tower of Babel, would indignantly and slowly, but sorrowfully, subside. Presently, upon a further tier in front of him, a lady as deaf to public opinion as an Irish Local Government Board, flew to her feet and, with her lorgnon at her eyes, calmly blocked out a whole region of the sanctuary from the view of her neighbors with her Herculean bulk and girth instantly our bravo Fleming was on his feet in a state of legitimate fury, singing heavy Walloon adjectives at the head of the obstructionist, and delightfully alive to the sinfulness in another of the peccadillo in which he could see no inconvenience for himself. Every few minutes when a false alarm of the Pope's arrival would thrill the multitude, some fresh epidemic of seat-climbing would burst out here and there to be stamped out by another prompt outcry of "Assisi!" and so forth. But, when at long last was heard from afar the alarm of the silver-trumpets, and from the chapel of the Pietà the procession from the Vatican was signalled, a sort of spasm of delicious pain ran through the myriads around us which put an end to all regard to anything except the wild instinct to see at any cost, public opinion for the moment gave up the ghost; the shouts of "Assisi!" vigorous at first, died despairingly away, and a minute afterwards the shouters of "Assisi!" were themselves as high in the air as their seats could lift them, and only sorry they had no wings to fly as high as the colossal Four Evangelists in the spandrels overhead. The Syndic (Lond Mayor) of Rome, himself, Prince Colonna, set the example of the dabandadi by jumping on his own chair and struggling for the best view with the eminent Panjand drums around him. Again, there was here and there the ever-lasting Anglo-Saxon, as critical contemptuous of the scene as he was (once in a time) of the Boer farmers; and there was his demon-brother of the kodak, and the Anglo-

Saxon lady, whose notion of asserting her Protestantism was wearing a modish dress and a feather in her hat in the most solemn place on earth, and in contravention of the rules of the most venerable Court in Christendom—she would dress for a table d'hôte dinner in a fly-by hotel with the respect which was denied to a dynasty of near three hundred Popes and the temple crowded with the masterpieces of almost as many hundred men of genius. It is pretty Fanny's way, the calculation being that the Pope's ushers, in their mediaeval black velvet and three-pile robes, are too courteous gentlemen to turn her out until she comes dressed with decency.

## ECCLE SACERDOS MAGNUS

But it is one of the notes of the stupendous magnitude of such a day at St. Peter's that all these pettinesses, and banalities, and small irreverences are swept out of sight, and the little defilements of a city stream are swallowed up in the ocean, the moment Pope Leo's spirit-like face, only distinguished by a tinge of faint ivory-yellow from the shining white of his robe, appeared over that tossing human ocean of St. Peter's. The lady of the ostrich feather herself must have felt some dim perception that she was assisting at a scene of overwhelming majesty. St. Peter's was built for a Te Deum. Nowhere else in the world can the Church Triumphant descend so visibly upon earth or make its voice heard in such celestial language. We, of the clouder northern skies, and the gloomier northern temperament, may have our sigh for the sombre peace of the penitential Gothic aisles and the soothing mystery of their painted windows. We are apt at first to shrink abashed from the crude white light of day that seems to pierce us through and through, and turn our eyes around for some shady corner to hide our littleness. It is no derogation from the humble suggestiveness and rugged poetry of our Gothic miracles in stone, however, to say that the mind soon comes to realize that the conceptions of Bramante and Michael Angelo and their peerless conditurs cannot be illustrated with a too crystalline southern light, that brightness, clearness, openness, very certitude of Faith, Hope and Joy are here in their proper place, and that the boundless riches of material, painting, and sculpture here amassed, while they seem to say the last word for human genius, leave something still diviner to be said in the dimensions, the altitude, the inexpressible majesty of the dome under which, as it were, all else is concentrated upon an altar of homage, and goes up through all these blue and golden heights even unto the visible presence of the Most High God pictured nearly 450 feet above.

Within such a framework the great White Pope, with all his Cardinals, and all his sacred regiments, of whom the Generals are the St. Francis's, and the St. Dominics, and St. Ignatius, and St. Benedicts and St. Philip Neri's, and many another world-renowned captain of the Faith beside, and all his surrounding Court of Sovereigns, Ambassadors and Envoys Extraordinary, and noble guards in their royal splendors, and all his still nobler guard of seventy or eighty thousand passionately faithful subjects, make just the ideal picture—a picture of which Rome alone, and even Rome only a few times in a lifetime, can assemble the materials. If I am to tell my whole mind, the picture could have done very well without the noble Guards for all the blaze of color they lent to it. It is, no doubt, highly creditable for those young princes and dukes to ornament the Papal throne with their flashing swords and patrician faces without receiving a penny of the pay dear to the heart of the Yeomanry of England. But that superb old man, and his white throne, with the aureole of twenty venerable centuries around it, stand in no need of such accessories as naked swords of the dazzling uniforms of their noble owners to augment their glory. There was even a certain impertinence, amidst the sufficiently picturesque cohorts of the Cardinal and clergy in the choir and the gravely appropriate black coats and black veils of the laity, in the laity, in the splendid accoutrements and fallals of the Envoys Extraordinary. This churlish reflection, however, may have been suggested by the crude scarlet coat of King Edward's Envoy—the "cruel red" which England's "envoy's extraordinary" to South Africa dread to wear within range of the Boer rifles. There was, I am free to own, something a little galling in the thought that the only official representative at this world-festival of Ireland (men of whose blood form one-seventh of the Episcopate of the Universal Church, and supply twenty millions of its sturdiest defenders) should be an obscure English nobleman, coming from a country which is the very citadel of materialist revolt against the Supernatural and a King who only the other day swore that the Mass just about to begin at St. Peter's is an idolatrous superstition, and who shrinks from setting foot in the Catholic country for which his Envoy is supposed to speak. The circumstance suggests many reflections which are, there is reason to hope, beginning to occupy attention at Rome; the main one being that the true interests of Catholicity in King Edward's realms were represented, not by Lord Denbigh's red coat, but by the hundreds (if not thousands) of Irish, Irish-American, Irish-Canadian, Irish-Australian, Irish-African priests

and students scattered through the congregation, among whom was a Bishop of Uganda, in Darkest Africa, of the Anglo-Saxon name of O'Hanlon.

The Pope, however, could not reject King Edward's Envoy, any more than President Loubet's present of Gobelin tapestry or the Emperor of Germany's gold clock, no more than he could put to the door any of the other brilliant gentlemen in the rainbow uniforms whom Russia, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Holland, Montenegro, Brazil, Peru, and the Argentine Republic despatched for the occasion to His Holiness's feet. Kind Edward's red coat was, after all, only a dot on the surface of that living sea, all minor thoughts and distraction vanished at the first note of the silver trumpet. When the Pope was borne in, ethereal as a spirit, floating in the clouds of the vast feathery white flabell, the tense feeling which for hours had been keeping itself under control broke forth into that deep intensifying murmur which enables one to understand how the Latin came to invent the word "susurrus" and the susurrus again, and after rolling along in rising and falling waves of excitement, crashed out into cheering pure and simple, naked and unshaming. The first rough note of popular acclamations in this holy place comes with a certain strangeness on the unaccustomed ear, but like everything else in St. Peter's, the applause is not to be measured by any precedent from the common world. Homage must perforce speak aloud to make rolls along those golden-coppered ceilings into the echoing cupolas, the mass of sound assumes the solemnity of the vox humana of some mighty organ, fifty thousand times reduplicated.

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

But the true language of the place was only heard when the echoes of the acclamations died away and the famous choir of the Cappellani Cantori Pontifici began to sing one of Palestrina's celestial Masses (that of Papa Marcellini in the hushed Basilica. It was as if all the glories of St. Peter's—its all its genius, its majesty, its devotion—had at last found voice. Palestrina's Mass is in music as near to heavenly perfection as Michael Angelo's Dome is in architecture, and the Pontifical Choir expresses it in harmonies as divine as probably earthly ears can ever hear. It was an incomparable scene, the marble walls and white statuary of glowing lights at the Altar over the red damask and gold, the furnace of the background warmed hangings of the Colosseum, as if the Apostle's spirit had sprung up in flame there from the sarcophagus underneath. The High Pope bent in lowly prayer at the footstool before one greater than he, the Sacred College of his Cardinals, the captains and rulers of his world-wide spiritual empire around him in a phalanx of Tyrian purple, the firmament overlaid opening into dim blue space, the envoys of the Powers of Earth, in all the pride of their worldly frippery, bowing the head before the unarmed old man, who was the soul of the scene, the music of the Mass pouring out the whole meaning of the story in ecstatic pulsations, and around and far away the expanse of eager faces in their black environment, marvelously hushed hour after hour, save for an occasional faint murmur like the wash of waves on a distant shore. If M. Zola had witnessed such a scene before he wrote of St. Peter's as of a cemetery of dead things, either he would write himself blown blind to anything above the level of the sewers of Rome, or he would confess that never in the best days of the Papacy and nowhere else in all the world, could be found more Life, more Reality, more majestic Power, more buoyant confidence both as to the Here and Hereafter. When during the Benedicite at the Elevation, the Silver Trumpets broke forth faint and far from a loggia at some impossible height up in the Dome, it really did not require too fervid an imagination to ask oneself whether the heavens themselves were not beginning to catch up the silvery song.

The crowning moment was that when the Holy Father's own indomitable voice began to intone the Te Deum, and every second verse was taken by the congregation at large. When the magnificent old man's "In te Domine, speravi" was answered with the joyous "Non confundar in aeternum" in a measured peal of exultation by tens of thousands of voices, not more firmly set seemed the tremendous dome on its four tremendous columns than was the cause of that trembling old man of more than ninety winters upon those pillars myriads in the great Basilica added, as it were, as many living bones. The final scene was the Papal Benediction. The Sedia Gestatoria halted beside the bronze statue of St. Peter, and there, the Holy Father, looking almost into the sarcophagus which is already marked out to be his own tomb, but still as full of unconquerable life that after all those two long hours of kneeling and emotion his dark eyes kindled with an immortal fire and a faint tinge of rose-color had actually risen to his cheek, like some subtle tint in a transparent vase of delicate yellow, the Holy Father arose and stretching for his arms to a width that might well extend urbi et orbem, scattered his blessing wide as if it came from the clouds from some Being who had shaken off the burden of flesh and blood. It was as if the living men

were passing into immortality before our eyes and leaving a luminous train of benediction behind him. Then once more, the people enthusiastically burst all bounds, and for the rest of the time until the cloudy white Papal apparition disappeared in the chapel of the Pietà, peal of passionate cheering rolled after peal as among the mountains of marble and gold overhead, until even the rude harmonies of human cheering were transmuted into a divine canticle worthy of the hour and place. As one for whom all too long experience might well have taken off the bloom of great public spectacles, I can truly say that I never in any land or in any cause beheld a manifestation so incomparably, so divinely grand.

## GREATER THAN KING.

The Italian journals make much of the circumstances that the cries of "Evviva il Papal Roi!" were few. It is quite true I only heard one, and it was reproved by one of those half-spoken murmurs by which a well bred crowd puts a stop to an indiscretion. To me, at least, it seemed as if there is an irreverence akin to, in linking the title of the Sovereign Potentate who could command such world-wide love and reverence as lay at Pope Leo's feet that day with the poor trade of the kinglets of the earth who strut through their threadbare court festivities and amuse themselves with their boxes of soldiers, until the knife or bomb of some lunatic subject turns the poor little comedy into a tragedy. There are three living things in Rome—Religion, Nationality, and the gathering power of Labor. Whatever ephemeral excesses may disfigure all human ideals, the Papacy has nothing to fear from the true and passionate longing for Italian unity which sounded through Dante's immortal song and in Filicurga's cry—

Dehi fossi tu men bella o almen piu forte!  
(Ahi wert thou only less lovely or more strong!)

many a century before the cause fell under the sinister patronage of the Victor Emmanuel and the Crispin. Still less need "the Democratic Pope" who penned the famous Bull which is the most sacred charter of the toilers dread any ultimate antagonism between the cry of the poor and wretched for a large share of this world's sunshine and their inextinguishable hopes in a world where sunshine will be more enduring. There are not wanting signs that in spite of the "teles montees" that abound in all the camps it may not be impossible to find a formula which will bring all the best forces of a United Italy and of the Army of Labor to recognize that without the Papacy Rome would be simply one more stratum of shabby twentieth century ruins superposed upon all the strata of more magnificent ruins underneath, and that, come what may, the Power that chanted its Te Deum in St. Peter's upon this memorable day will live and thrive when the mere men of Parliaments and Anarchist Clubs are buried deeper than Romulus and Remus in the entrails of the Eternal City.

## PLASTERS FAILED

Linaments, Oils, and Many Other Medicines did no Good.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of his Efforts to Cure his Kidney Trouble. He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, but Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N. B., April 14.—(Special).—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters, oils, liniment on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have but one result. He was no better.

Finally through reading an advertisement he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials, I concluded to try them according to directions."

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could or would help me. However, I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them."

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case."

"I feel as well as ever I did, and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney trouble that bothered me ever so long."

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood, and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.