

It did stir up Jake when he heard of it. He promptly set to work to form a company to descend at once on Moscow and take the case out of the hands of the dodrotted lawyers. He could not at so late an hour get together more than twenty or twenty-five men from Broad Run and the regions within warning distance. Some of these joined him only because they could not endure to have anything very exciting take place in their absence: it would entail the necessity of their hearing for the rest of their lives the account given of the affair by the participators, who would always value themselves on it. Some of the larger boys, whose aid had been rejected in the previous excursion because they were not accounted mature enough for such public responsibilities, were now admitted: the company would be small, and a boy is better than nobody in a pinch.

(To be continued.)

S'manthy's oldest son, a tow-headed fellow of sixteen, was one of these, and he was sent over the hill to warn Zeke Tucker, who was still at Britton's, a mile away from the borders of what was distinctively called "the Run Neighborhood."

The September twilight was already fading when the lad arrived and communicated his message to Zeke, who was perched on the top rail of a fence, for rest and observation after his day's work. Mrs. Britton was making the house over-warm just now, and Zeke naturally preferred the fresh air. He was notified that the start was to be made three hours after dark, so as to have time to get home before dawn. He promised to come "jest as soon as possible," and sent word to Jake not to go without him, hoping to delay the expedition by this means.

Edward Eggleston.

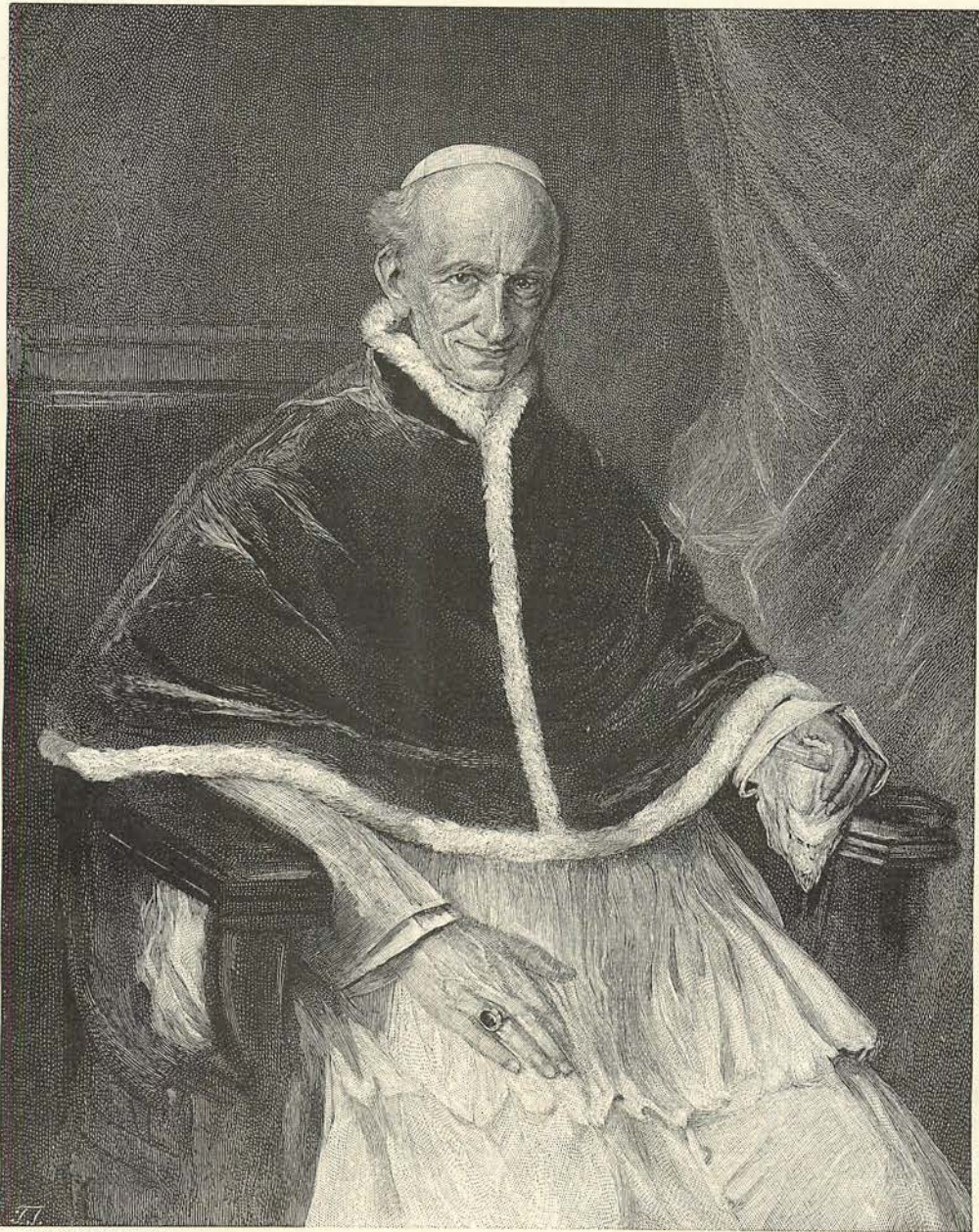
THE PERSONALITY OF LEO XIII.



LEO XIII. is described by the Italian publicist Bonghi as "one of the most finely balanced and vigorous of characters." Without the brilliancy or the geniality of Pius IX., which attracted even his enemies to him personally, he has qualities which many Catholics believe of greater usefulness in the present time. He is little of an orator, but much of an author. He uses the pen *urbi et orbi* (to the city and to the world). He teaches by encyclicals; his predecessor taught by allocutions. To the culture of Leo X. he unites the spirituality of Pius IX. He possesses all that is good in the spirit of the Renaissance without that mixture of paganism which almost put the classics above the Scriptures and valued a variation in a line of Horace as much as the Gospel of St. John. He never forgets the weight of his burden as the spiritual ruler in matters of faith and morals of the Catholic world. When he speaks in his encyclicals, which are models of classic Latinity, when he teaches *ex cathedra* on subjects of faith or of those principles which touch faith, being of Christian morality, the elegant graces of the past are forgotten and his words flow solemnly, gravely, with such force that even those who reject him as a teacher recognize his knowledge, broad and deep, of the Scriptures, and his ardent desire for the welfare of society.

Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci was born on March 2, 1810, at Carpineto,—Carpineto Romagna, to be accurate. His brother, Cardinal Pecci, calls it "an eagle's nest." It is placed high in the Monte Lepini, in the Volscian range. Here, in this aerie-like town, much out of the course of the ordinary traveler, stands the country house of the Pecci family, its outlines softened by the boughs of well-grown trees. Carpineto is still, in appearance, a mediæval town, and even the lumbering stage-coach hurrying through its streets, ancient as that vehicle is, seems painfully modern. The Pecci are of Siennese origin. The mother of Leo XIII. was Anna Prospero Buzi, a descendant of a famous Volscian family. Count Domenico, his father,—of a race which had been forced to flee from Sienna for having taken sides with the Medici,—fought for a time under Napoleon I. But while Napoleon held Pius IX. in his clutches, Count Domenico lived quietly in his home at Carpineto, little dreaming that his son was to be the successor of the imprisoned Pope.

Vincent Pecci, as he was called during his mother's life, spent a happy childhood in "the eagle's nest," for he was the youngest of six children,—four boys and two girls,—and the memories of that peaceful time permeate his poetical work. Like most boys of his class, he was put in the care of the Jesuits. In their establishments at Viterbo and Rome he showed a marked taste for the classics. He resolved to be a priest. He did not allow himself, in



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Leo XIII.

POPE LEO XIII.

spite of his bad health, many hours of rest. His life was absorbed in those studies which his friend Pope Leo XII. had done so much to revive in Rome.

In the Divinity School of the Roman College, in the College of Nobles, in the University of the Sapienza, during the outbreak of cholera in 1837, he showed his courage, Christian charity, and executive ability in assisting Cardinal Sala in fighting the scourge. On December 31, of the same year, he was ordained priest. He was marked at once by the papal authorities as a man of mind and power.

Appointed Governor of Benevento, a hotbed of smuggling and brigandage, connived at by treacherous nobles, he virtually purged the place. He was next made delegate of Umbria, of which his beloved Perugia is the capital. Umbria was in a worse condition than Benevento. His practical and prompt reforms there gave the then reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., the greatest satisfaction. He was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta and appointed Nuncio to Belgium. His influence on the progress of higher education in Belgium was felt at once. But Perugia needed an archbishop, and the Perugians would have no one but Mgr. Pecci, if they could help it. He was sent from Belgium to London and Paris; and then recalled to Rome, he was made Archbishop of Perugia. Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. It was not long before Pecci was created cardinal. His model was St. Charles Borromeo,—of that famous family which produced the Cardinal Frederico of "I Promessi Sposi,"—and his teacher of teachers, St. Thomas Aquinas. He believed that priests should be learned as well as virtuous. He enforced his belief so well that Perugia became known as "admirable."

Pius IX. died. The conclave opened. Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope in the third ballot, by a vote of forty-four out of sixty-one. He assumed the name of Leo XIII. During his pontificate the Pope's one thought, iterated and reiterated, has been the salvation of society through Christian education.

He is now an old man. He has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This century was ten years

old when he entered it. He is not strong. He lives with the frugality and simplicity of a Spartan. This Pope, who in great functions wears the garments of a Roman patrician, a tiara more splendid than that of emperors, and moves, upborne by the arms of men, with more pomp than any potentate on earth, spends most of his time in a simple white robe, and engaged in active intellectual labor. He finds time to bless the little children that are brought to him; he is never hurried when an American Catholic, or non-Catholic, is introduced to him. The hardest work of his day is that done with the Cardinal Secretary of State. The problems which foreign governments offer him can only be solved by the keenest insight and the most consummate knowledge. Fortunately, he once ruled in Perugia with a firm hand, and he knows the difficulties of rulers. He also visited foreign courts, and he understands how to meet diplomacy with diplomacy. Sir Charles Dilke says that the diplomatic service of the Vatican is the most complete in Europe, and Sir Charles Dilke knows Europe very well. But Leo XIII., whose only recreation is a walk in the Vatican garden, a talk with an old friend, or the pleasure he finds in the Psalms of David, is the director of the policy of the Vatican in all matters. His days are happy when no diplomatic riddle vexes them. Secluded in his own palace, with no soldiers but an ornamental troop, helpless so far as physical force is concerned, he is an immense power in the world.

The poems of Leo XIII. are remarkable for their exquisite Latinity. They are the record of his feelings at various periods of his existence. In 1830 he wrote:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charmed by verse, seem half allayed—
Record thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn.

He anticipated death, but death has spared him longer than he spares most men. The elegance of the Pope's Latin and the sincerity of his sentiments—pure, warm, hearty, and in the cases of old scenes and old friends even homely—make his poems interesting. He writes lovingly of the past and hopefully of the future.

Maurice Francis Egan.

