

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

side, overlooking the Barberini Gardens. The palace is lovely, and it is pleasant to have a pretty garden to look at every day. Our rooms are at the end of the house, so that my singing, I hope, will not disturb any one. We were so happy to get here again, we could not wait even to unlock our trunks before running down into the Piazza di Spagna. Everything is just as it was two years ago, and oh, so lovely! Prof. Sgambati, who lives on the Piazza, told me that he had the *nostalgia della Piazza di Spagna*, because he never wanted to go anywhere else. He has had an apartment overlooking the square for twenty years, and although there are many other apartments elsewhere in Rome much more convenient, that he could have now-a-days, nothing would induce him to leave his beloved corner.

We bought an armful of flowers from the picturesque flower girls, and passed a lot of the "red devils," as some call the German students in their bright scarlet robes, on the way up the steps to hear the nuns sing their lovely vespers in Santa Maria della Trinità.

Rome! Rome! there is nothing like Rome in the whole world, and the more one comes here, the more one feels it!

I will write you again in a few days, when we are a little more settled.

## X

TO E. F. D. B.

HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE, IN ST. PETER'S

ROME, ITALY, January 8, 1905

*My dearest M.:*

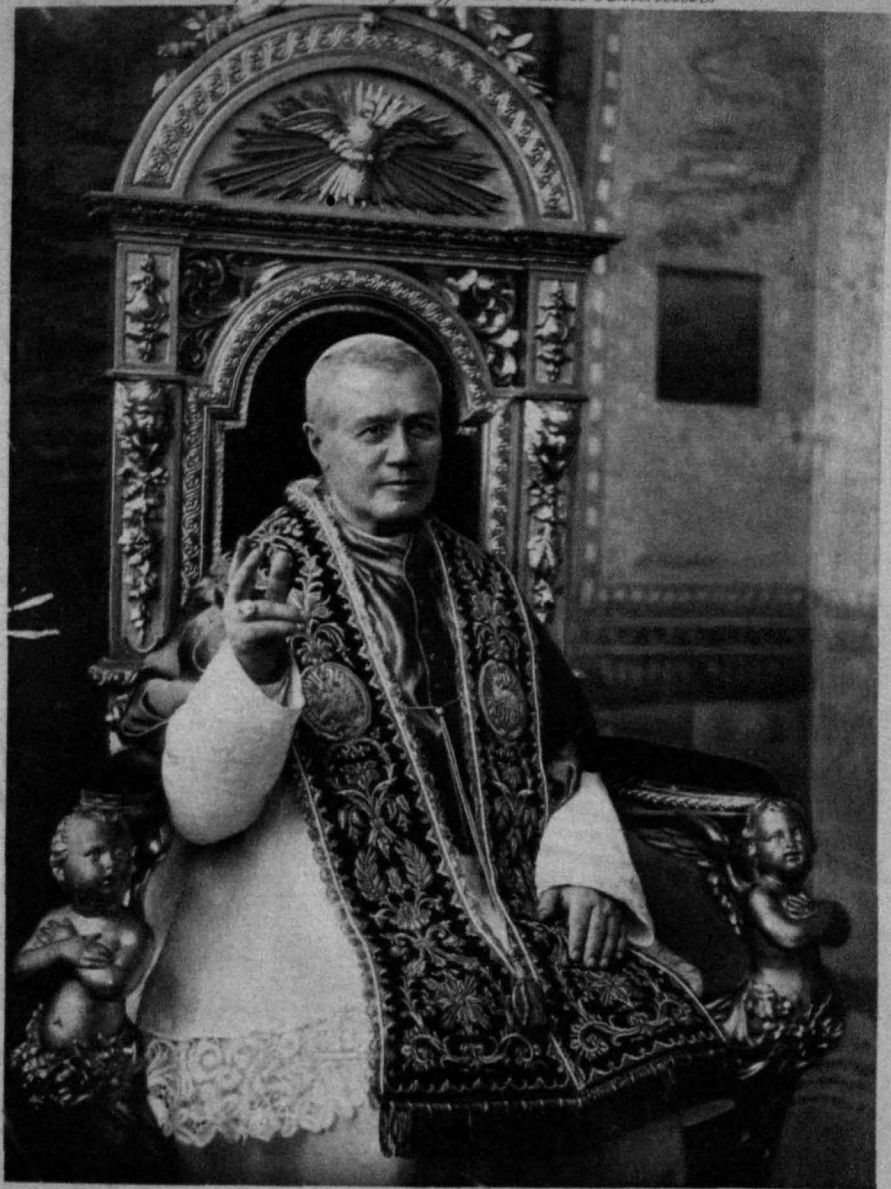
WE have been in Rome only a few days, but we have already been blessed by His Holiness. The magnificent porter at our hotel told us this morning that there was to be an unusual ceremony to-day at St. Peter's. It seems that the Pope was to canonize a French priest, Giovanni Vianney, of the parish of Ars, who has been dead some time, and whose life was especially holy and devoted to good works.

We immediately sent word to R., who knows everybody, particularly at the Vatican, and asked him to get us two nice seats in one of the best tribunes. As usual, he worked the necessary magic, and at half past two in the afternoon we started off in our coupé to see the great beatification ceremony.

I had to wear a black velvet gown, and a long



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*Deus Omnipotens repleat vos omni benedictione*

*Pius PP. X*



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When we got into the Borgo, the crowds became immense, and our driver had to be very patient, working his way in and out among the people. Sometimes fifty years elapse between one beatification and another, so even the Romans, who are used to the Pope and the grand ceremonies at St. Peter's, were most anxious to take part in this unusual event.

Our ticket admitted us to the side door, and I soon found myself in a surging crowd of all sorts of people. Excited nuns were marshalling dozens of small children, from schools, I suppose, and stern looking friars lost their usual calm in their endeavor to get on, and secure their places in time for the entrance of His Holiness.

When one of the Pope's guard, arrayed in black velvet knee breeches, with mediæval slashed sleeves and stiff Elizabethan ruff, had bowed us into our seats, we felt we were quite settled for some time, and could look about and thoroughly enjoy the scene before us.

We had, thanks to R., excellent seats in one of the best tribunes near the high altar; and I found myself next to a distinguished old French lady, very richly dressed in black, and wearing a beautiful diamond tiara to hold her black lace veil in place.

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She gives great sums to the Pope each year, and of course, would not have missed this canonization of one of her countrymen for anything. She had come expressly from Paris for the occasion. The somberness of the black and the brilliancy of the jewels in the open tribunes were very striking, and made a most unique picture.

It seems so strange that everyone who goes to see the Pope must dress in deep black always, yet all of his guards and officers, with very few exceptions, wear the most brilliant uniforms. You are familiar with the Guardie Nobile, or Swiss Guard, with their stiff ruffs and their peculiar slashed uniforms of red and yellow. But to-day there were a dozen or more other brilliant uniforms worn by different guards and officers of the Pope's now miniature army. As they walked back and forth, seeing that every last arrangement was quite perfect for the entrance of His Holiness, one fancied that one might be in Mme. Tussaud's again, only here the figures all moved.

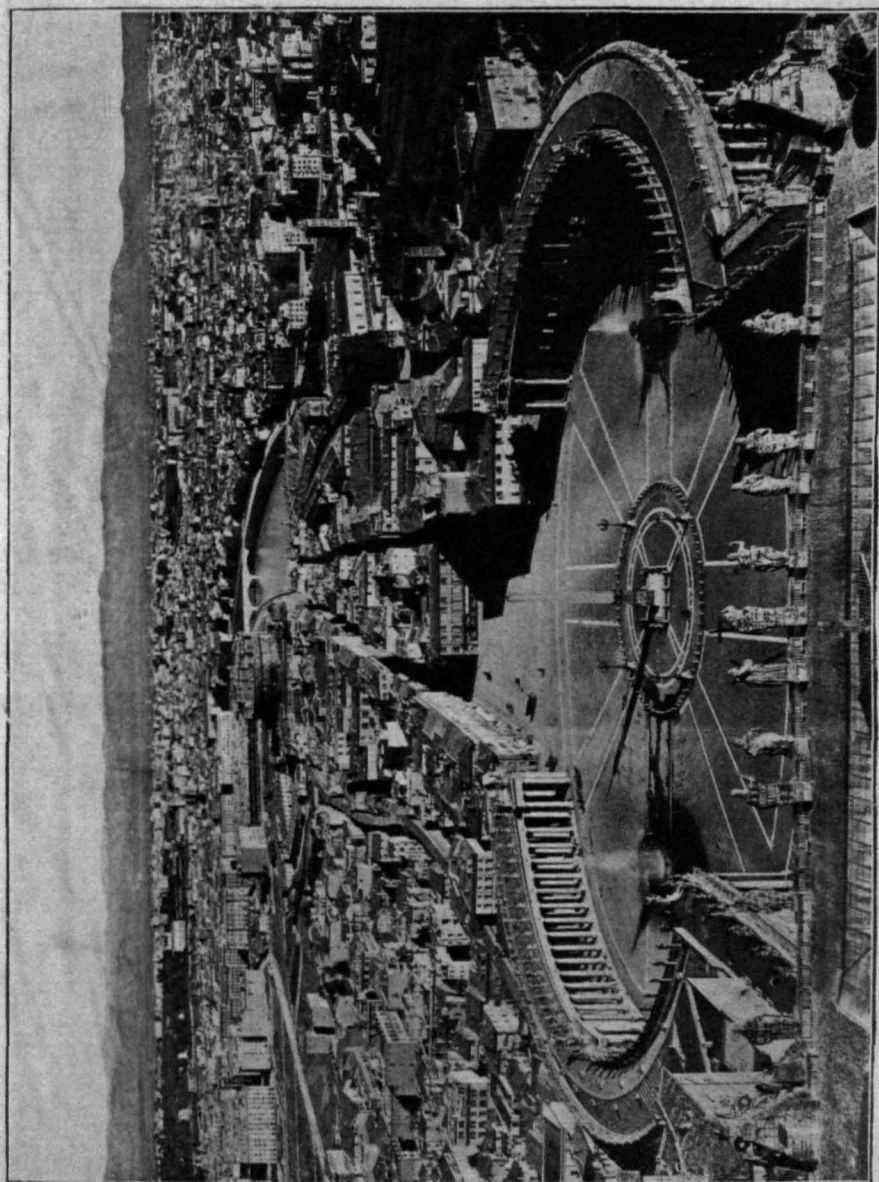
The church was really magnificent. The vast columns of the central part were hung with crimson brocade embroidered in gold, and vast numbers of candles, now lighted by electricity, made the great church ablaze with light. The high altar was

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simply beyond description. The rays of glory about the altar picture have had electric globes put all over them, and when they blazed into sparkling lights, you can imagine the effect.

We had not waited long when the organ swelled forth a march, and more of the Pope's guard marched into the church in line, carrying their mediæval lances, and looking very grand and ferocious. It was most exciting. After them came the bishops with their gorgeous purples, then followed the long line of stately red-draped cardinals, wearing much fine lace; and then, borne aloft by twelve men clothed in red brocade, came Pius X, seated in a golden chair, upholstered in crimson. He wore a long white robe, and a crimson velvet cape heavily embroidered in gold. Slowly they carried him through the great church to the high altar, where he left his chair, and the canonization ceremonies were carried on in Latin. The choir sang divinely, the Pope's angel, as the famous male soprano of the choir of St. Peter's is called, giving out his rare, high notes. I am sure you must remember hearing him sing when we were here together a few years ago. After the short services, His Holiness was carried back through the church again. We were not twenty feet from him, and as I waved my handkerchief with everyone else,





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he raised his hand to bless us all. Not a sound was heard;—cheering is strictly forbidden on such occasions.

He has one of the most beautiful hands I have ever seen, and as he made the sign of the cross with his two fingers, and bowed his venerable head with a rare, sweet smile on his face, I felt a wee lump in my throat, and my handkerchief was needed about the eyes for a minute. Pius X did not wish to be Pope, you remember, and when he left Venice, as Cardinal Patriarch of that city, he bought his return ticket to his dear Venetia. There are only five titles of Patriarch in the Roman Catholic Church, and there is only one such title in Italy. The others are at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Antioch and Corinth, in fact in each place where one of the twelve apostles founded a church. The title of Patriarch of Venice and St. Mark was transferred from a town in Asia Minor to Venice. Pius X is beloved by everybody, and I can easily understand why, since I have seen him. He is so simple, so kindly in his appearance, and his main idea is to be kind to every one and to help to bring peace over the world. Indeed, he has already done a great deal toward bringing together the Vatican and the Quirinal, so that the Blacks (Papal followers) and



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the Whites (King's followers) no longer hate each other as formerly.—I was told that the Pope had advised all Romans to vote in the elections as all other Italians. "You must be good citizens as well as good Catholics," he has said. Directly following his election as Pope, he received congratulatory messages from nearly all the sovereigns of the world. As he was looking them over he said, "Ah yes, all these are gratifying, but the one I wished most to see is not here," meaning that from the King of Italy. From this remark all his court knew at once that Pius X intended to be more friendly with the Italian King than any Pope since the founding of United Italy.

He insists that he will not be a prisoner in the Vatican, as his predecessors have been since Pius IX, and I really believe it will not be long before he will ride about Rome as the Popes of old used to do.

Professor Sgambati was telling me the other day, what a commotion it used to make when Pius IX took his drive through the streets of Rome. As he passed, every one was expected to kneel and uncover their heads, so that those who were waning in their loyalty to the Pope, used to run into the numerous little alleys or side streets to escape doing homage in the prescribed way. Certainly Pius

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IX must have presented a most gorgeous appearance with numbers of his *Guardie Nobili* riding on gayly caparisoned horses in advance. In those days too, the cardinals wore their gorgeous red robes in public, and numbers of them were nearly always in attendance on the Pope when he rode out.

From Sgambati's description it must have been a most imposing spectacle, but Pio Nono loved pomp and splendor, while if Pio Decimo, who loves simplicity above all things, really leaves the Vatican, I dare say he will go out with but little more pomp than the Cardinals of the present day, whom one meets often in the Villa Borghese, quietly taking their afternoon walk with their footman walking at a respectful distance behind, and their elegant but quiet looking coupé or landau following, ready at any time when "His Eminence" is tired. One recognizes their rank from the small red silken cords about their hats, and the red tassels which hang over the edge.

It has been said that Pius X is not as great a diplomat as Leo XIII, but from all one can learn, he has quite as much diplomacy as the late Pope, only he goes about accomplishing his ends in a rather different way.

I do hope we may be presented to him privately, since now that we have seen him in all his glory I

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should like to see him at close range and talk with him.

The one idea of everybody in St. Peter's after the Pope had been carried out, was to get out also. St. Peter's is a very big place, as you know, but the crowd that day was big enough to fill it, and make the most awful jam that I ever had the misfortune to get into. We were pushed and hustled hither and yon, so that it was a good three-quarters of an hour before we really found our coachman.

I had supposed I ought to dress very warmly as I was to stay so long in a stone church, but I was all wrong. St. Peter's has a climate of its own. It is warm in winter and cool in summer; in fact, it is so vast that the temperature varies but little all the year round. I was "simply roasting" when I left the church, and came near catching a very bad cold from the sudden chill that I got when I came out into the cool, fresh afternoon air.

Well, our stay ought to be delightful, which has started with the Papal blessing. I have already written to R. telling him that I want to be presented to the Pope privately, and I have no doubt he will arrange for it in due time.

## XI

To E., F. D. B.

A PRESENTATION TO HIS HOLINESS

ROME, ITALY, January 10, 1905

*My dear M.:*

**A**S I expected, R. arranged for our special presentation to the Pope. One does not have very much notice when these presentations are to take place, as His Holiness does not always announce just what he is going to do long beforehand. However, our cards arrived in ample time, and read for "Signor F. Batcheller and his consort"; the directions for the proper costume were all plainly indicated on them. I wore my black velvet with the long lace veil, which I had worn at the beatification, only this time I sent for a hair dresser to arrange the veil, as I wished, of course, to look my very best. F. B. wore his evening clothes, though the hour of presentation was three o'clock in the afternoon. We left the hotel some little time before, as we did not wish to be a moment late. I was told that I should wear a good many jewels,

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but a jeweled pin to hold my veil in place, and my strings of pearls, I thought quite enough.

We drove across the famous square of St. Peter's, passed under the porch at the left, and through a beautiful court. Here the Pope's soldiers, in steel blue coats with scarlet trimmings, bade us pass on, and we drove into the famous Cortile San Damaso, so called from the fountain erected here by Innocent X. It is the finest court of the Vatican, surrounded by the beautiful Logge of Bramante that we had read about, so we were very glad to see them. We stopped before a door at the left side of the court, where an officer in another sort of uniform, less gay, but equally mediæval-looking, ushered us from our carriage to an elevator. As we left the elevator, we passed through the famous Gallery of the Geographical Maps, built by Gregory XIII, and beautifully adorned with historical frescoes. It was formerly open on one side, but of late, it has been enclosed in glass. We had no time to examine these wonderful old maps, for, at the end of the corridor, a door was opened for us, and we were asked to pass through a large room where several of the Swiss Guard were stationed. The uniforms of this guard are so startling in their brilliancy of bright red and yellow, and the brass helmets and mediæval spears so fearful

but a jeweled pin to hold out the ... and my  
string of pearls. I thought ...

We went to the ... of St. Peter's  
passed under the ... of the left, and through a  
beautiful ... of ... soldiers, in steel  
hats ... made us pass on  
and ... San Damiano,  
... by Innocent  
... of the ... introduced  
... we had read  
about, so we were very glad to go there. We  
stopped before a door at the left side of the court,  
where an ...

MRS. FRANCIS BATCHELLER

AS PRESENTED TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

... from our  
carriage to an elevator. As we ... the elevator, we  
went through the ... Gallery of the Geograph-  
ical Maps built by Gregory XIII, had beautifully  
adorned with historical ... it was formerly  
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... We had no time to examine these wonderful  
... at the end of the corridor a door was  
opened for us and we were asked to pass through  
... where several of the Swiss Guard were  
... The ... of the ... to stand  
by in their brilliant ... and yellow ...  
the large ... medieval spears so fresh





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looking, that they inspired me with tremendous respect, if not actual awe.

We had only a few moments to admire the beautiful paintings and frescoes in this room, for we were quickly shown into another, where a very tall, fine-looking man with gray hair, clad in a swallow-tail coat and a much "beplicated-bosomed" shirt, examined our cards of entrance with great care, looking us over from head to foot to make sure that we were all in black and wore no gloves, which is forbidden in the presence of His Holiness. He politely indicated the place where we were to leave our wraps, and then a gorgeous individual in red brocade opened a door and asked us to enter.

Our new escort wore knee breeches tied at the knee, and crimson leather slippers, while streamers of brocaded velvet hung from each shoulder, so that altogether he presented a most royal appearance. He may have been one of the twelve men who carried the Pope on the day of the beatification, at least he was dressed exactly as they were. He conducted us to a room hung with the most beautiful Gobelin tapestries, where three crimson-brocaded officials like himself were awaiting us. He asked us to be seated, and was very polite in answering the few questions which I asked him. As we waited, we had time to

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examine this beautiful suite of rooms. The tapestries are truly wonderful, representing mythological scenes, and their colors are those soft shades which only age can give.

We did not wait long before one of the officials told us that His Holiness was coming, and asked us to kneel. I had seen the sweet, kind face when His Holiness was carried in his golden chair through St. Peter's, and I was quite willing to kneel to so good a man, as all unite in calling him, but almost before I realized it, the Pope, one of the greatest men in the world, stood before me and was speaking to me.

When one stops to consider all that he represents, all the power that he holds so undeniably throughout the world, one marvels at the sweet simplicity of the man himself, who is the embodiment of Roman Catholicism in all the countries of the earth. He was clothed in white broadcloth, wore scarlet slippers embroidered in gold, and on his head a small silken cap, also of scarlet.

He extended his right hand for me to kiss his famous ring, and as I did so, he asked, "Are you an American?" "Yes, Your Holiness, and I come from Boston, where I have tried to help the Italian immigrants who come to us," I said. He seemed much pleased, and I told him about the work that the Ital-

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ian Societies to which I belong in Boston had done toward helping and instructing the poor Italians who have come to us. He raised his hand above my head, saying, "God bless you for this charity to our poor, and may they always merit it." I was told afterward that Pius X never says "I bless you," as many Popes have previously done, but always asks the Deity to give His blessing.

After speaking with F. B. and giving him his blessing, he turned to go, followed by his devoted secretary, but as he stood in the doorway, he gave us the Papal blessing again in Latin. He had been so sweet, so simple, so really great through it all, that I was reminded of Ruskin's words: "An infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all truly great men."

We were politely ushered from the room. We felt very sober, yet much gratified at our experience. When we were descending the stairs, one of the officials came to me and asked me to go to the Secretary's office, at the same time directing me just where to go. I did not know quite what was to happen, but once there, I was told that, if I would leave my address, a photograph of His Holiness with the autograph and written blessing of *Sua Santità* (His Holiness) would be sent me. I did so, of

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course, and I am very proud of the beautiful picture, upon which His Holiness has inscribed his Papal blessing and his famous autograph.

One of my "Black" friends tells me that the Pope is a very fine pianist, and spends much time playing his favorite instrument, his two Venetian secretaries serving as an audience. A few days ago a famous trio of musicians, violin, viola and cello (I forget their names) were summoned to play before His Holiness at the Vatican. This was a great innovation on the usual order of things, but Pius X intends to have an order of his own; anyhow, he is so much beloved, and the people have so much confidence in his goodness, that he can do exactly as he pleases, not as the cardinals please, an entirely different attitude from that of former Popes. It seems strange, when the Pope is so fond of music, that he has decided to restrict the music of the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world to the old seventh-century Gregorian chants, with their severe eight modes. He also makes the restriction that they shall be sung only by men, and this has been a fearful blow to many of the women singers everywhere, who have been able hitherto to earn a very comfortable living by singing in Roman Catholic churches, where they always were well paid.

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I am told that this order of restriction has met with fierce opposition, and that it is not being closely followed in many parts of the world; I think in time this sentence against the women singers will be mitigated,—I surely hope so, it has brought about so much suffering, and that is the last thing that good, kind Pius X has the intention of doing.



## XII

TO E. F. D. B.

ROME, January 15, 1905

*My dear M. :*

**T**HIS morning I had a good sing, and then went out to walk in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, or Villa Umberto I, as it is now called. The park and gardens formerly belonged to the Cenci family, but after the execution of Beatrice and her brother by Pope Clement VIII, the property was confiscated by the church, and Paul V, the Borghese Pope, gave it to his relatives. In the real estate panic a few years ago here in Rome, the Borghese family lost much of their great fortune, and the government bought the villa and gardens which now form a public park.

Numbers of Italian officers were trying English hunters on the race track that is now used as a sort of bridle path. Some of the horses took the jumps very prettily, but others were rather ugly. The Italian uniforms are very stunning, and the officers always look as if they had just stepped out of a band-box, though how it is possible, I don't see, for their

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capas are often of the lightest cadet-blue cloth that soils very easily. Even their white gloves are always just so clean; they certainly set the soldiers a fine example, for besides their fine uniforms they are nearly all very well "set up."

We are looking forward to going to the hunts here, not to follow—put your dear, anxious mind at rest—but to look on. These meets are quite a feature here, and beside the gentlemen who ride, a great many of the officers enjoy hunting immensely, and I should think, with the Campagna for a setting, they might make a very pretty picture.

Mrs. Morris came over for tea the other afternoon, and she too is anxious to go to one of these meets, so perhaps we shall arrange to go together.

To-day F. B. and I went out for a drive; I wanted to see the lovely Tortoise fountain again, *Fontana delle Tartarughe*, as it is called. So we drove around by it, and then on through Rome, out the Via Appia to the church of San Sebastiano, where we were shown in a side chapel what is said to be a footprint of Christ on stone.

We drove on past the picturesque tomb of Cæcilia Metella, wife of Cæsar's legate in Gaul, that stands out so boldly in the Campagna. It was made a fortified stronghold by the powerful Cætani family in 1300,

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and it must have been a fine vantage-point for defence. All around are ruins that originally formed part of a palace and church. The aqueducts are particularly picturesque on this drive, and the aqueduct of the old time Aqua Claudia is used to-day to carry what is now called the Acqua Felice to Rome.

I am improving in my Italian, at least, I am working constantly to do so, and a nice young Italian lady comes three afternoons a week and talks with me ; I write English into Italian, which is really the greatest help. Of course my teacher speaks English, and understands its construction, so that she can give me Italian idioms for our English idioms, and make any knotty point clear. I think what they say here is true, "*La lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, (The Tuscan language in a Roman mouth)," for the Romans speak delightfully.

Well, dear, I must stop. Give my love to all the friends at home and for yourself, I say :

" Se il mare fu inchiostro  
E il cielo un foglio  
Non basterebbe per dirti  
Tutto il ben che ti voglio."

" If the sea were an inkwell  
And the heavens a page  
E'en then how I love thee  
I could not e'en tell."

### XIII

To T. C. B.

ROME, January 20, 1905

*My dear P. :*

**T**HIS has been a rather quiet day, though we are going out this evening.

This morning F. B. and I went for a nice walk on the Pincio after I finished singing. The Villa Medici, which is situated just at the entrance of the park, is now used for the French Academy of Fine Arts here, and Carolus Durand has just been appointed the director by the French Government.

This afternoon we have been for a nice drive. F. B. had never been to St. John's in Laterano, nor seen the Scala Santa, so we drove directly to the Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano. The church is one of the most interesting in Rome, was once connected with a palace presented by the Emperor Constantine to Pope Sylvester I, and was for some years the principal church in Rome. It has had all sorts of things happen to it; an earthquake has destroyed it once, fire twice, and it came to its present

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form in 1875. One of the five entrances, the *Porta Santa*, is walled up, and opened only in the Papal jubilee years. The principal façade has a very grand portico from which the Popes used to pronounce a benediction on Ascension day, and there is another portico on the south side.

After giving some pennies to a poor old man at the door, which I suppose was not at all the right thing to do, but he looked so miserable that my feelings got the better of my judgment, we went inside. The church is supposed to contain several very holy relics, the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a wooden table taken from the Catacombs, which is said to have been used by St. Peter as an altar. Near one of the pillars to the right, we found a statue of that wonderful old Pope, Boniface VIII, represented between two cardinals proclaiming the first jubilee in 1300. Think of the money that poured into Rome that year! I wonder how it was all used—in churches perhaps, there are three hundred and seventy-five in Rome alone.

The chapel of the great Torlonia family is in this church, and is very richly decorated with marbles and much fine gilding.

After walking about the church enjoying the mosaics, marbles and paintings, we went to see the

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cloisters that are noted for their beautiful inlaid columns. The monastery was founded in the sixth century, by Benedictine monks, who came here from Monte Cassino that we saw on the way from Naples.

We had a look at the sculptures in the Palazzo del Laterano, now given the long name of Museum Gregorianum Lateranense, but the day was so fine that we could not make up our minds to stay all the afternoon indoors, besides, these places are fearfully cold, and we have to bundle up tremendously to go in at all, so we mean to come to this museum another day. But before continuing our drive, we walked over to the building, once a part of the Laterano palace, that contains the Scala Santa, supposed to be the marble steps which our Lord, Jesus Christ, ascended. They were brought to Rome in 326 A. D., by the Empress Helena ; no one can go up except on their knees, and a prayer must be said on each step. There are other stairs arranged at one side for coming down. At the top of the steps is the chapel of Sancta Sanctorum, which is all that is left of the old Laterano palace, and was formerly the private chapel of the Popes. It contains a picture said to be painted by St. Luke. Several devout monks and nuns, as well as peasant women, were going up, stair by stair, on their knees, patiently telling their beads.



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I suppose they were much happier for their prayer, whether or not the stairs are genuine.

When we left here, we drove out through the Porta San Giovanni into the Campagna for a short distance. We saw the amphitheatre Castrense, which is the only structure of the kind in Rome, except the Colosseum.

Here come some cards—dear Mrs. Warren and Countess T.—Au Revoir. Pardon abruptness.

## XIV

TO T. C. B.

ROME, January 24, 1905

*My dearest P.:*

**W**E have just come in from a very pleasant reception given by Mrs. Norton this afternoon at her attractive villa in the Via Vicenza.

Mr. Norton is, as you know, the son of Prof. Norton of Harvard University, and is at the head of the American School here in Rome. Recently, Harvard, Yale and Johns Hopkins have each given \$100,000.00 to this school, and it is doing splendid work. We met numbers of Americans we knew. Mrs. Morton Dexter and her daughters are here for the winter with Miss Carow, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt. It seemed so nice to see some Boston friends, and I was glad to know Miss Carow, who is, like her sister, a most charming person. She is a great friend of dear Mrs. Lodge, and has promised to lend me young Mr. Lodge's new book to read. I also

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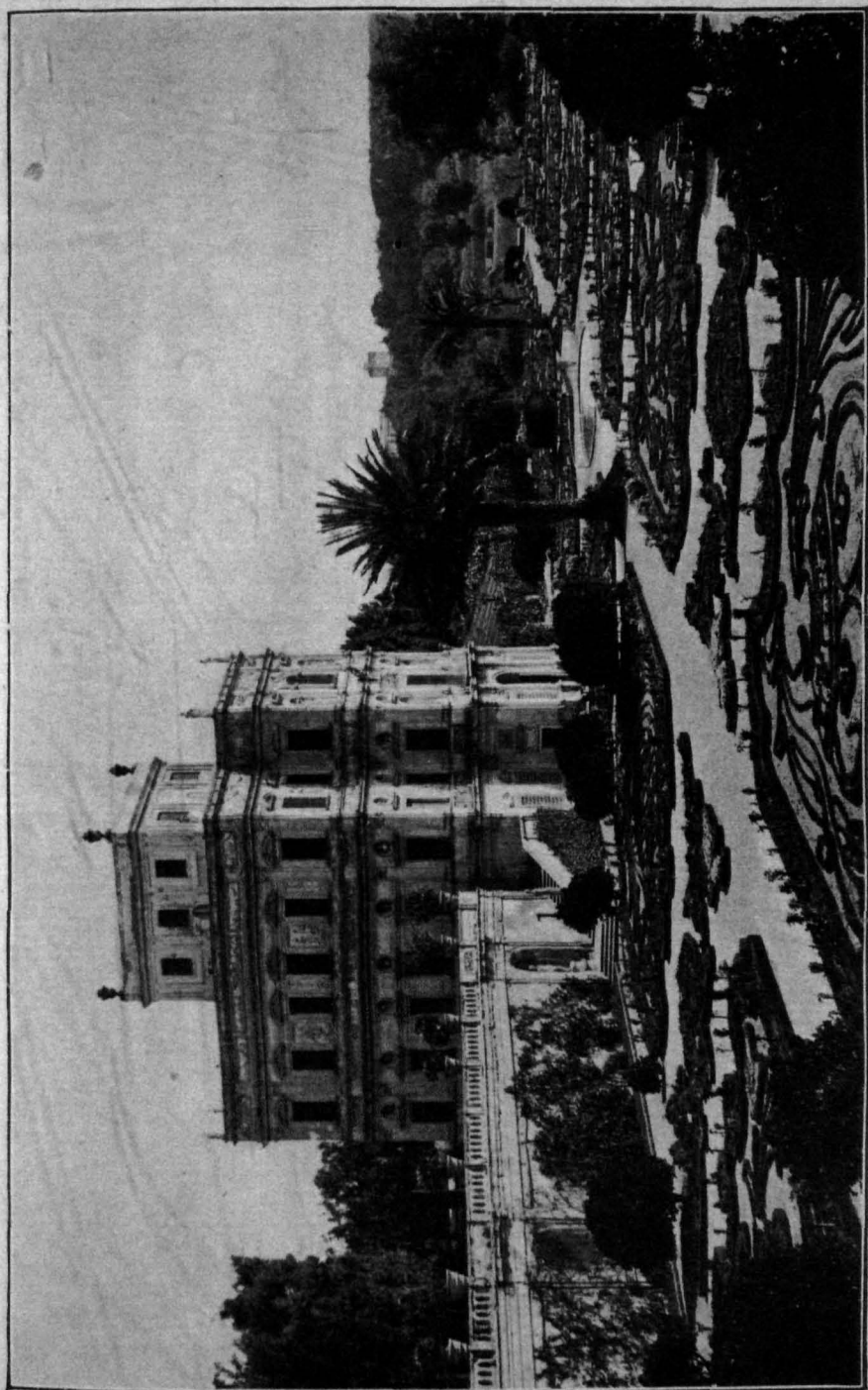
met Prof. and Mrs. Carter of Princeton, and there were numerous other friends.

Mrs. Minton Warren, whose husband was formerly at the head of the school, went with us this afternoon, and made everything lovely for us, presenting us to numbers of her friends, who are legion in Rome, as everywhere. Before going to the reception, which was late, we took a drive in the grounds of the beautiful Villa Doria, where people in two-horse carriages are allowed to drive on Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

Throughout the drive around these fairy grounds, one beautiful view after another meets the eye; now a herd of wild deer, some clear white, others brown, in the small ravine at one end of the garden; now, an imposing view of St. Peter's and the Vatican, with Monte Mario in the distance; and, at a turn of the road, we come upon a pretty pond, where graceful swans are gliding up and down. Here and there are wonderful old marbles taken from ancient sarcophagi; in a green field to one side is an ancient stone altar, and at another turn we have a lovely view of the Alban Mountains. It is like an enchanted castle, and quite the most beautiful of the famous Italian villas and gardens.

I am looking forward to meeting the Princess





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Doria, who is a great friend of the Princess Venosa and a charming Englishwoman, so every one says, a sister of the Duke of Newcastle.

To-morrow we are going to an afternoon reception at our Embassy. The Meyers have an apartment in the Brancaccio palace that is very well adapted for an Embassy. They like Rome very much, and give a great many balls and dinners. I hope we are in time for the balls, for F. B. and I enjoy dancing so much, and I work so constantly at my music that I think it is eminently good for me to be frivolous at times.

By the way, the American School of Painting and Sculpture has bought the lovely Villa Mirafiori for its permanent establishment here. Isn't that fine! I believe that the generosity of Mr. Walters of Baltimore, who has done so much for art, as well as that of Mr. Morgan and some of the Vanderbilts, has made this possible, and all the Americans are rejoicing.

## XV

TO E. F. D. B.

ROME, January 28, 1905

*My dear M.:*

**W**E begin to feel quite at home in our snug apartment at this nice hotel. The rooms are really very pretty, having been fitted up by an American lady, who spent several winters in them, a year or two ago. F. B. comes in every morning when I am singing with Bustini or Sgambati to hear some of the songs, and brings me the results of his morning walk. He has already mastered sufficient Italian to buy flowers from the pretty girls in the Piazza, and my rooms are a perfect bower every day. In the parlor there is a long pier glass with a place arranged at the bottom for ferns or plants, and there are also shelves on a part of the frame where vases of flowers are most effective.

The first morning that F. B. bought his flowers, he waited outside our door until I had finished singing a song of Bustini's, which Bustini himself was going over with me. Mrs. M. and some friends had



## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

asked to come over to hear me sing, so that when I finished, and they applauded, F. B. opened the door and filled my arms with flowers. We all laughed, and Bustini exclaimed "The real American husband!" Unfortunately, the poor flowers had to be soon banished, as they were all of overpowering fragrance, and I never can have that sort about when I am singing. However, there are numerous others that are quite as beautiful, and as I write, I can count bunches of jonquilles, vases of stately callas, graceful mimosa and many others too numerous to mention. Italy is surely a land of sunshine and flowers. Not a drop of rain have we seen since we arrived. One beautiful day follows another, and we do so enjoy our long walk every morning in the gardens of the Villa Borghese. The air is cold, but the trees and lawns are as green as in summer.

I find that it is best not to go down into the Piazza until ten o'clock or half-past, as it is quite damp in the early morning, and the moist air is apt to make one hoarse. I also find that kind Mrs. Howe's precautions as to health were most wise and correct. The thermometer conveys nothing to me, because it rarely registers freezing, although Bernini's Tritone fountain in our Piazza did freeze solid one morning—the first time in years our landlord assured

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

us. Yet I invariably need the thickest winter clothes that I possess. I do not walk in furs, of course, but always have a fur cape over my arm, so that if I do leave the park, and go from the sun into the shade down any of the narrow streets, I can immediately be warm enough.

I should think all the old inhabitants of Italy would have worshipped the sun, for you seem to be perfectly safe so long as you are in the sunshine, but the moment you leave it, you seem in danger of catching cold, fevers and other unpleasant things. One would not believe it possible that two sides of the street could have such different temperatures. You fancy yourself in a balmy, beautiful climate on the one side, and in the coldest place you have ever known, when you cross over to the other. I no more think of going out without an extra wrap, than I would think of going out without my hat, and I almost invariably take a raw egg or a glass of milk before my morning walk, as it is very bad to make any exertions in this climate on an empty stomach.

After luncheon, as all the people here seem to think it is the proper thing to do, I take a *siesta*. A lady told me yesterday that it was impossible for a foreigner to do as much in Rome as in many other places. But as there is more to see here than in any

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

other place in the world, and many people come here to stay but a short time, they are anxious to see as much as possible ; so they run great risks, get very much over-tired, expose themselves in ways which even the natives would never dream of doing, eat anything that comes on the table d'hôte, get very ill and announce to the world that Rome is unhealthy. As a matter of fact, figures show that Rome is the second healthiest city in Europe, London coming first. A charming Italian woman once said to me, " So many people say that our Rome is unhealthy, but I think all climates have their necessary rules, and when the climate of Rome is understood, and one lives as one should, I believe there is no healthier place than this," and she is right.

In paying our visits in the afternoon, we almost invariably take a closed carriage if we know we are to be out after four o'clock, or whenever the sunset hour occurs. It simply does not do to be out at sunset in Italy. The sun is so powerful that when its heat is withdrawn, the atmospheric change is tremendous, and the dew is very heavy, so we make it a point to be either in a closed carriage or indoors at that time. I tried staying out once or twice, but caught cold each time, so I know better now. There is a saying, " A cold is the root of all evils in Rome,"

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

and I believe it. Many of the natives, however, do not mind being out at sunset at all, and the concerts on the Pincio given by different regimental bands, usually begin about four o'clock, but as I have to make music myself, it is more important for me to keep my instrument in condition than to listen to others, so we are waiting until later in the season to enjoy this really excellent band music. People drive after three o'clock; first on the Pincio, and later in the Corso. It is very amusing of a beautiful afternoon to drive up the Corso about six o'clock, and see all fashionable Rome moving slowly up and down, everyone nodding and smiling pleasantly to their friends as they pass. The Corso is the "Rotten Row" of Rome. The Italians have beautiful horses and turn-outs, and look very attractive in their jewels and furs.

Yesterday the King passed by driving a fine pair in a handsome "spider." One of his gentlemen-in-waiting was with him, and his four bicycle outriders rode in front of and beside the carriage. These bicyclists always attend His Majesty whenever he drives out. The King bowed pleasantly right and left, but as it is a very usual thing for him to drive in this way, no particular demonstration was made, though the glances were most friendly, for everyone knows that the King is universally beloved.

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

You will be relieved, I know, when I tell you that our rooms are well warmed. In our bedroom we have a large steam radiator, at least it is large for over here. I am afraid, on thinking of your idea of radiators, perhaps it might seem rather diminutive to you, but besides, there is a large, cheerful fireplace, that *Buon Giorno* (good morning) takes care of faithfully, though he insists that our rooms are too warm for health. F. B. has christened him *Buon Giorno* because he always says this "on sight." Poor *Buon Giorno* ! He comes into Rome in winter to work, leaving his family in a little town three hours distance by the railway, and six months often pass when he cannot hope to see his wife and children. He is an honest, cheerful man ; in fact all the Italians seem to be honest, and in spite of everything, cheerful. Scarcely anyone in the hotel locks his door. You remember when you left your silk bag in Turin, the proprietor of the hotel sent it on to you without so much as touching a thing in it.

F. B. found some grape-nuts in an English-American grocery on the Piazza, and he was surprised to find he could get many American groceries here. I think Mr. Sebasti, the banker, told him where to go, as he tells all travellers in want of information

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

just what to do and where to go for everything. His bank, where many of the foreigners draw their money, is also on the Piazza di Spagna, so while people are waiting for their bank notes, they learn what to do and how to do it from the banker. Signor Sebasti has lived in Rome all his life, although he has been in America, and is thoroughly used to Americans and their ways.

One of the beautiful drives that we often take in the early afternoon is up to the Gianicolo Hill. We have a magnificent view from the large square where the statue of Garibaldi is placed; Gallori, a friend of R.'s, was the sculptor—and it really is a wonderful piece of work, so cleverly placed, too, for the great man seems to have one eye on his beloved Rome and the other on the Vatican. From this hill we have a very good view of the Vatican Gardens, and as we go down the other side of the hill, we pass the celebrated Mme. Helbig's *Villa Lante*, where one of the Pope's secretaries lived several hundred years ago; it is now the only villa on the Gianicolo.

We went to call upon the great lady the other day with the daughter of Mrs. Warren, who is staying for a short time in Rome. Mme. Helbig is difficult to describe in a few words. She is an unusually talented, delightful woman, who does an im-

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

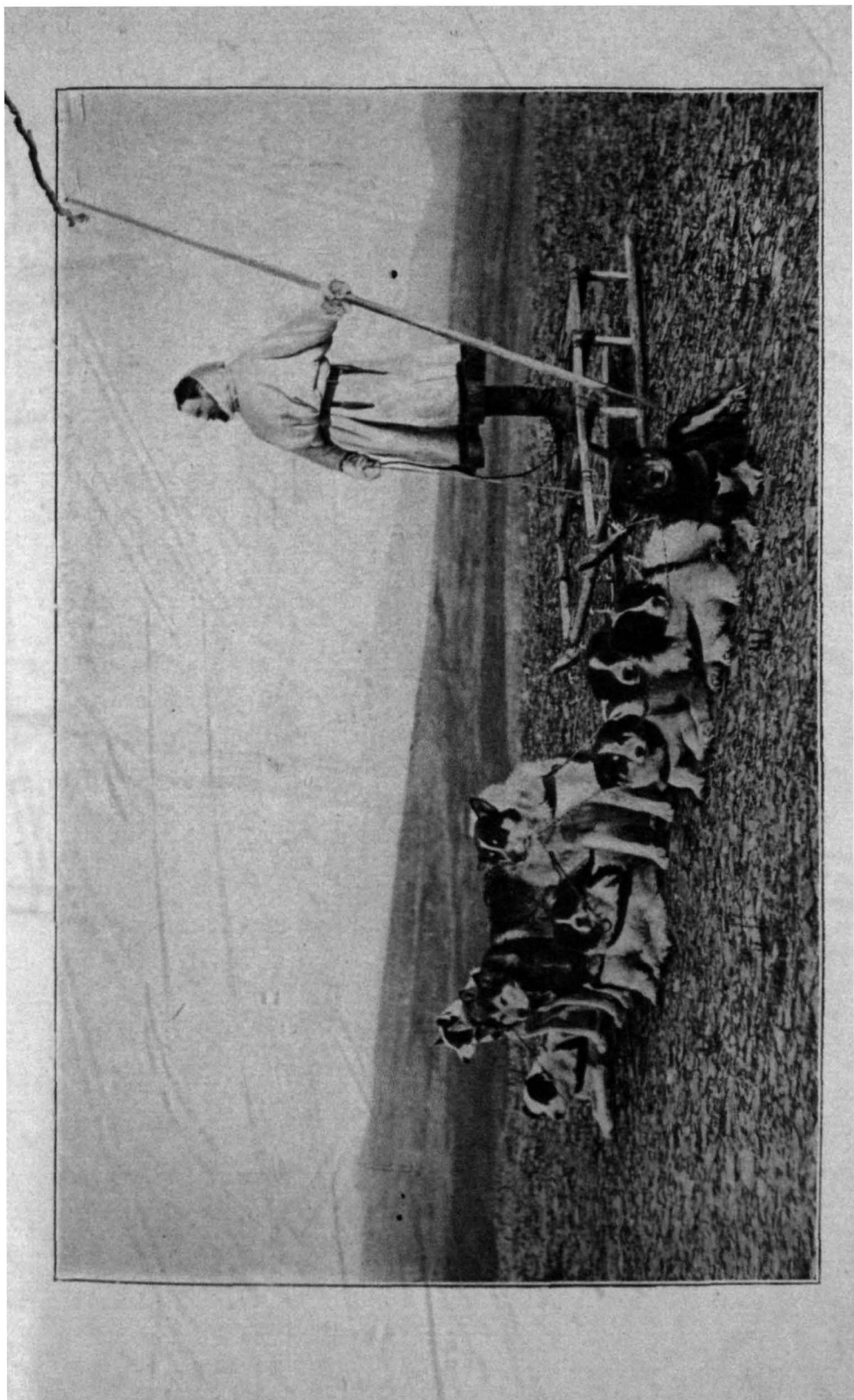
mense amount of good, and who endears herself to every one who knows her. Before her marriage she was a Russian Princess, but she gave up all her titles to marry the man of her choice, who is a distinguished professor in the University of Rome. She cares little for pomp and show, and her life is mainly devoted to works of charity. I believe she entirely supports a children's hospital, and devotes much of her time to the sick children. She herself, is a great sufferer from neuralgia, but one never hears her complain. She is always bright, cheerful and witty, and when she sits at the piano, you realize that she is a fine artist as well as a philanthropist. Many of the great composers have been her friends, Wagner and Liszt especially, and I certainly hope I shall have the good fortune to hear her play often while we are here. She greeted me charmingly, introduced me to her distinguished son, who, like his father, is a professor in the University, and asked me to sing to her. As she had all Mozart's operas at her hand in her fine musical library, I consented. She played the accompaniment to the aria from the "Nozze di Figaro" delightfully, and I thoroughly enjoyed singing in her splendid, big, high room. My voice seemed to please her very much, and she has already nick-named me her "Paragon."



## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Her son is one of the handsomest men I remember to have seen, very tall, extremely well built, with a brilliant complexion and keen "*Welsung*" blue eyes. He told me that he avoided all civilized capitals, and chooses for his particular stamping grounds, Nova Zembla, Southern and Central Africa. He is extremely interesting to talk to, but cares little or nothing about society, though his position necessitates his going about more or less. He is perfectly sweet and devoted to his mother, so you would admire him right away. He has recently made some wonderful scientific inventions, which everyone says will make him world-wide famous. The other morning he asked us to come and see the government balloon ascension. He was to be the pilot, and kindly said he would explain everything to us. We were delighted to go, and it was very interesting to see how skilfully and scientifically the great balloon was handled, how easily it was made fast to the basket, and how accurately every detail was attended to. I was especially interested in the arrangements for sending messages by carrier-pigeons, which are carried aloft in little baskets at the side of the main car. The smallest bits of the thinnest paper are carefully placed between slides of aluminium. On these tiny sheets, with the aid of a small fairy pen, Prof.

PROFESSOR DMITRY HELBIG IN NOVA ZEMBLA



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Helbig writes a message to his anxious mother, the moment he is on *terra firma* once more. The wee letter is rolled closely, and tied to the tail feathers of the pigeon that never rests until its message is delivered. As the great balloon, that had seemed so huge near to, silently and softly floated up, up, up into the blue sky, one was almost hypnotized by the graceful sailing motion. I want very much to make an ascension, and Signor Filippi, who is President of the Balloon Society, has offered to have a special ascension for us if we will go. Prof. Helbig promises to be the pilot, and I am most anxious to try it, but F. B. won't hear of it.

Mme. Helbig has asked us to stop in whenever we drive up this way, and as we enjoy seeing her so much, we shall surely go often. Everyone admires her immensely, and I hope to be able to live up to the new nick-name.

We have received our invitations from Her Majesty Queen Elena to be present at a formal reception which she is to give at the Quirinal Palace, so of course, we are eagerly anticipating Feb. 15th.

I simply must not write more to-night, but I hope to have great good things to tell you in a few days.

## XVI

TO E. F. D. B.

ROME, January 31, 1905

*My dear M.:*

**Y**ESTERDAY was very cold and windy, and we gave up all thoughts of going out to the Gardens of the Knights of Malta; but in the afternoon Mrs. Warren came in, and wanted us to go with her out to Elihu Vedder's studio. F.B., who never refuses to rise to the bait of pictures, assured me I should not take cold, if I went in a closed carriage. For the first time in five years, there is not a flower in the Piazza di Spagna; the Romans are perishing with the cold, and declare that the weather is most unusual. As we drove past the Spanish steps to-day, everything seemed so bare, few people were in the streets, and the usual air of a "freeze-up" was everywhere. The Vedders live in Rome on the Via Capo le Case, but the studio is quite a distance out on the Via Flaminia, and is built over a barn. The coachman was very stupid about finding the place; I suppose he could not

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imagine where we were trying to go, but Mrs. W. patiently insisted on his stopping at the right gateway, and then she piloted us in and around an old garden (the shrubs are still green in spite of the cold), up a flight of steps, where we tugged at a stray wire outside the door. Some way, somehow, the wire seemed to have something on the other end, because, although we heard nothing, Mrs. Vedder soon opened the door and welcomed us. Once inside, one quite forgot the straggling garden and stable entrance.

You know I have always admired Mr. Vedder's wonderful illustrations of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and the work that he did for the Congressional Library in Washington, so of course I was very much interested in seeing his studies all about the studio. The picture of the Pleiades, to me, is one of the most attractive things Vedder has ever done. The figures have so much rhythm and motion, and I told Mr. Vedder that it reminded me of the ceiling decoration of the Opera Comique in Paris, where the notes of the musical clef are represented as bells, each in the hand of a young dancing girl. So many of Vedder's works have such an Oriental touch, that I am sure he would illustrate Kipling beautifully. When I particularly admired one Oriental figure, he laughingly told me that he had never been in the

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Orient, though he owned his style was rather Oriental. He gets beautiful effects in black and white, and I have arranged to carry off one of these gems.

After we had seen all the pictures, and realized how many things there are that we want and cannot have, Mrs. Vedder made us all quite happy again with a most excellent cup of tea and cakes. She said this was Salem Day for the Studio—it was odd, the Andrews, Rantouls, and other Salem people were there, and Mrs. Warren, of course, represented the Machado family.

Miss Vedder is following in her father's artistic footsteps, and has done some very creditable tapestry painting. The drive into town was rather cold and long; you can have no idea of how cold it is here when the sun goes down, but we were so well wrapped up, that I think we all avoided colds.

Mrs. Gouverneur Morris came over to dinner and afterwards we had a little "bridge"—Mr. A. making a pleasant fourth. Mrs. M. is such a splendid player that she and F. B. quite walked off with the tally. When we get home I hope you will meet Mrs. M., for I am sure you would like each other. She is an altogether charming woman, very fond of "bridge" (which will appeal to you), thinks your tallies are



## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

fine, and won her way to my heart directly by admiring your photograph.

R. is coming to dine to-morrow night, and wrote me he had all sorts of delightful plans for us in the near future.

## XVII

TO C. 'R.

ROME, ITALY, February 9, 1905

*My dear Caira:*

**R**CAME in the other evening and carried us off to some private theatricals given for the benefit of the Ambulatorio della Società Soccorso e Lavoro, in one of the small halls generally used for a dancing school, and named after the dancing master Pichetti (I thought of Pappanti). When we first reached the hall we found we were quite early, and I was so thankful that I had rebelled at leaving my fur cape in the cloak room, as the thermometer, I am sure, did not register above fifty. A few people were before us, and they too, clung closely to their furs.

Mrs. Würtz, a sister of Mr. Tower, our Ambassador at Berlin, was one of the first people pointed out to us. She was wearing a beautiful ermine cape, and later in the evening when the hall became somewhat warmer, and she threw back her wrap, I had a chance to see some of her famous jewels. As you

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

may imagine, it was very interesting to us to watch the people coming in, for the hall is small and the tickets had been sold only to people very well known; therefore the little audience of about three or four hundred, comprised the best of Roman society. The first play was Goldoni's "Gl' Innamorati," and the principal rôle was taken by the lovely Princess Teano, a daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Sermoneta. The young Princess was animation itself in the rôle of the jealous and affectionate fiancée. I have read many of Goldoni's plays, when I was in Radcliffe College, so I was much interested to see how the cultivated Italians would interpret his rôles. The play was charmingly costumed, had been extremely well rehearsed, and went off with quite a professional dash. The Marchese Guglielmi, Prince Altieri and the Marchese G. Cappelli, all had a struggle for the hand of the heroine, and as the players and the audience knew one another so well, the scenes were very amusing.

This play was followed by one act of Edmond Rostand's "Les Romanesques." The Princess of Paternò made a pretty, graceful Sylvette, and her French was as smooth and Parisian as one would hear in a French theatre. By far the most distinguished-looking man in the audience was His Excellency

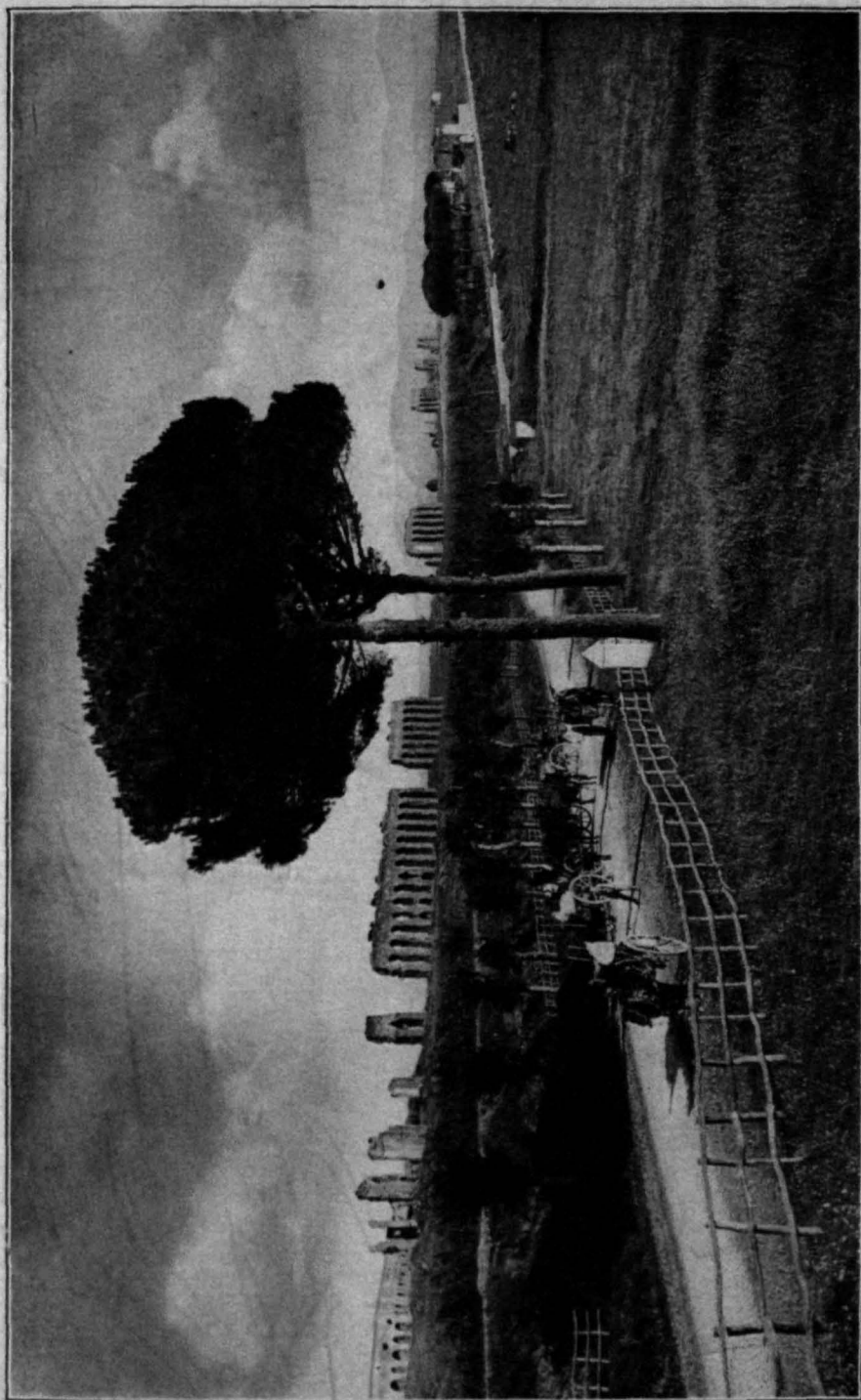
## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Signor Tittoni, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I think I wrote you about going to call on Donna Bice Tittoni, his wife, and about her charming reception of us; I am hoping soon to have the pleasure of meeting His Excellency. '

R. presented me to Count Bruschi, one of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on Her Majesty Queen Elena, and pointed out a great many other people whose names I am struggling to recall. I remember the Marchesa Casati, a striking-looking woman, wearing a large white camellia in her elaborately dressed brown hair, the young Princess Ruspoli, a Roman beauty, sat near me, wearing a pretty frock of light blue and violet, and lots of other people that I shall write you about later.

There was a scramble for the carriages afterward, but in some magical way, R. piloted us to ours at once, and we had to thank him for a very pleasant evening. His mother is such a sweet woman. I hope some time you may meet her.





## XVIII

TO E. F. D. B.

A DAY WITH ST. PAUL

ROME, ITALY, February 11, 1905

*My dear Mother :*

MRS. Mozley is indefatigable about our sight-seeing, and yesterday insisted on our going with Miss B. and herself for "A Day with St. Paul," as she expressed it. We really had a delightful time, and perhaps you would like to have me tell you something of what we have seen.

The conditions for sight-seeing were perfect,—cool weather, glorious sunshine, bunches of lovely big violets all around, from F. B., an exceedingly comfortable carriage, a scholar as a guide, and last, but not least, plenty of warm wraps.

We started out first to see the house where St. Paul lived in Rome, which is in the "Ghetto." You know the place where the Jews live is called "Ghetto," from a Hebrew word meaning "dispersed," and here in Rome the "Ghetto" was enclosed by Pope Paul IV in 1556. All the men



## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

were compelled to wear yellow hats, and the women yellow veils, and they were not allowed to be out after sunset or before sunrise, while gates were put across the streets that enclosed this section of the city. Pio Nono did away with the gates, but it was not until 1870, when the victorious Italian army under Cadorna took possession of Rome, that the Jews obtained the full liberties of citizenship. They first settled here in the time of Pompey the Great, and the lower part of the houses in the "Ghetto" are mostly of Roman construction, presenting a very singular, half-ruined appearance. About four thousand Jews live in this little place, packed in like sardines, but in spite of this, I am told there is no fever here.

There is nothing to remind one of St. Paul in the house that is pointed out as his, and to the ordinary passer-by, it looks very much like the other houses in the "Ghetto," so we drove on to the Porta San Paolo, and thence to the celebrated church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura. On the road we passed a small chapel, which is supposed to mark the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter took leave of each other on their last journey. A quaint bas-relief over the door represents their parting, and the inscription below says: In this place SS. Peter and Paul sepa-

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

rated on their way to martyrdom. And Paul said to Peter "Peace be with thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the Flock of Christ." And Peter said to Paul, "Go in peace, preacher of good tidings, and guide of the salvation of the just."

St. Peter was soon after imprisoned in Rome by Nero, in a strange stone prison that we went to see the other day. It is called Carcer Mamertinus, and is one of the most ancient structures in Rome. It is a most extraordinary place, consisting of two rooms, one above the other, but it is believed that formerly, there were others similar. The lower chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, was originally accessible only through a hole in the ceiling, and it was through this hole that poor St. Peter was supposed to have been lowered from the upper room, and it was here, so the legend goes, that St. Peter baptized his jailers (you remember the story) with water from a spring which he caused to flow miraculously through his dungeon.

Jugurtha, that fierce and unscrupulous Numidian, Vercingetorix, the bitter enemy of Cæsar, and others of Rome's conquered enemies, were imprisoned in this same dungeon. I shall tell you all about the place where poor St. Paul was beheaded presently. The drive out to the Cathedral built in St. Paul's

## GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

honor is most lovely, and we reached the church altogether too soon. The Roman Campagna is simply beautiful, and the long lines of the old ruined aqueducts, broken here and there, give such a picturesque touch to the landscape. Occasionally we could see the ruins of some old Roman watchtower, and away in the distance were the majestic snow-capped mountains, with the little hill towns nestling at their base.

On the road we met and passed many of the wine carts coming and going to these same little towns, *Castelli Romani*, they are called; the term is given to them all, as the district from which the wine is chiefly made in this part of the country. There are all sorts of funny little out-of-door restaurants along the road, with signs over them painted in bright colors that read, *Vini dei Castelli* (Wines from the *Castelli*), and before the more favored ones, there were generally three or four of these odd-looking wine carts. The way is long and the load is heavy, so that the men are often on the road all night coming to Rome, and all day returning to their home. And since their life must be thus spent upon the highway, they make their carts as comfortable as possible. As you can see from the picture I am sending you, there is a large sort of canopy built at

honor is most precious and we worship the church  
 together, the world. The Roman Catholic is  
 simply because the day of the outcome  
 is not yet here and there, give such a pa-  
 an example to the world. Occasionally we  
 see the ruins of some old Roman watchtower,  
 and in the distance with the majestic snow-  
 capped mountains, with the dark hill towns nestling  
 at their base.

On the road we meet many of the wine  
 carts, some and some of the wine  
 Castelli Romani, the wine is the best of  
 of them all, as the date is the wine is  
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 along the road, with a few more in the  
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 night coming to Rome and all day returning to their  
 homes. And since their life must be spent upon  
 the highway, they make their carts as comfortable  
 as possible. As you sit in the cart, the picture I am  
 sending you, there is a large view of the city of Rome.

WINE CART OF THE CASTELLI ROMANI