

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

one side of the driver's seat, and under the canopy are arranged numbers of bells. The frame work is built of wood, painted in bright colors, and elaborately but crudely ornamented with gay designs. Goat skins or sheep skins, untanned, make a soft, warm lining and a sure protection from the bitter *Tramontana*, which comes sweeping over the mountains. From the tinkling of the bells, each man is able to keep his own side of the road, and he may sleep in peace after a hard day's work in Rome, for his little *lupetto* will take care that no one steals any wine from the load. I have been half tempted to bring home with me one of these dogs. They are intelligent, pretty, never attach themselves to any one but their owner, and are most ferocious little creatures as watchdogs. However, I have concluded that the one I intended to take, might not agree with dear "Tip," so you need have no anxiety on this score.

When we drove up to the side door of the church, (there is no approach, as yet, to the front of the building, for hundreds of years pass here as nothing in construction), numerous venders of small Roman mosaics, cameos and postal cards surrounded our carriage. We tried to be stern and hurry into the church, but the men were very persistent, and some of the things were rather pretty, so we bought a few,

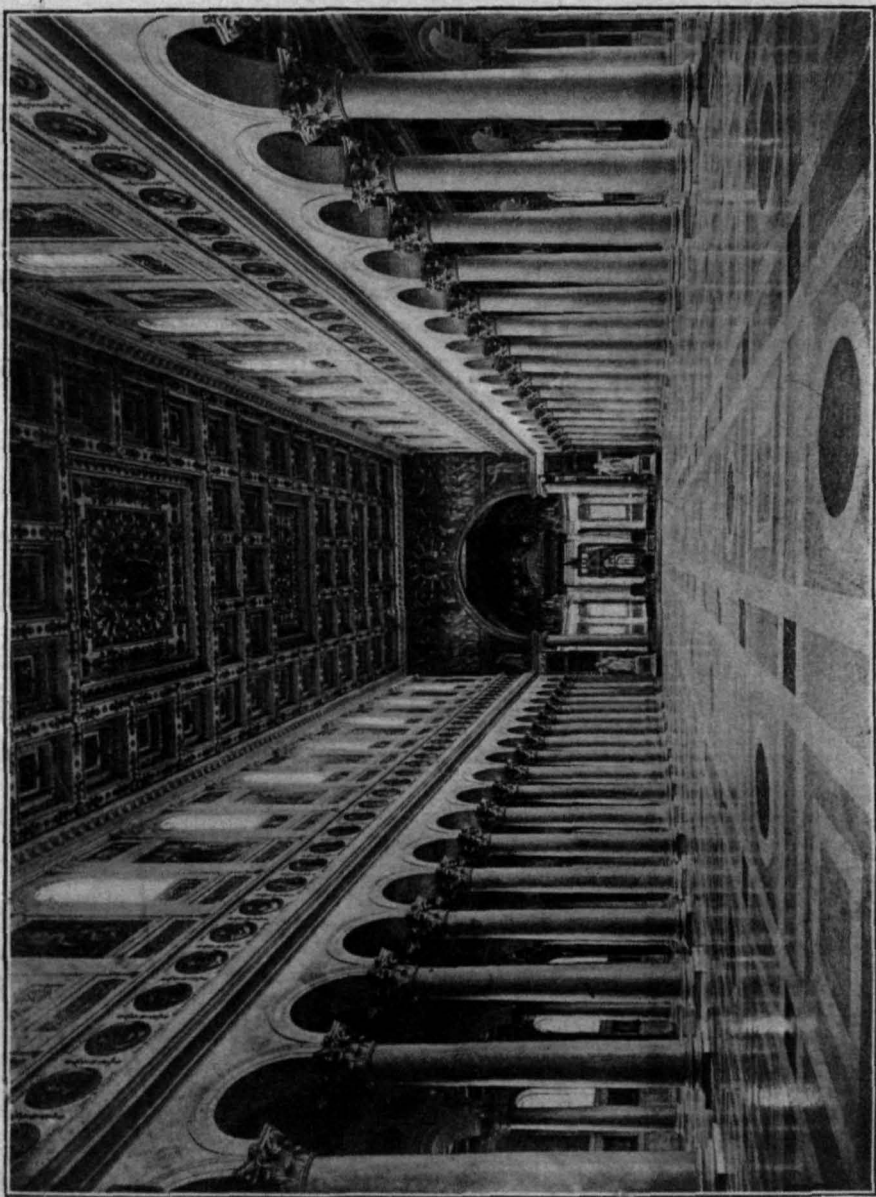
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and like magic the men disappeared, only to waylay another party who were just driving up. The first impression on entering the church, is that of symmetry and elegance. Prudentius, who saw in its glory, the original basilica that was burned, describes it thus, and it is equally applicable to the present edifice :—

“Imperial splendour all the roof adorns ;
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden pomp the vast circumference.
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might emulate the beams of morn.
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood
Of Parian stone, in four-fold ranks disposed ;
Each curving arch with glass of various dye
Was decked ; so shines with flowers the painted mead
In spring’s prolific day.”

It was originally built to mark the place where, according to tradition, the body of St. Paul was buried by a pious woman named Lucina, who owned the land, and in the *Confessio* the sarcophagus of St. Paul was placed. I believe the first little church was founded in 388 A. D. and was added to, greatly changed and ornamented by many of the Popes, Leo VIII in particular. In 1823, the church, which was then the finest and the most interesting in Rome, was entirely destroyed by fire, with the exception of

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL'S
OUTSIDE THE WALLS



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the choir. The rebuilding was begun immediately, but the church was consecrated only in 1854, by Pius IX on the occasion of the meeting of the Council. The nave is magnificent with its rows of eighty great columns of granite, brought from the Simplon, and above these columns, on the inner aisle, is a long series of portrait medallions of all the Popes in mosaic, from St. Peter and St. Linus down to Pius X. The workmanship is most beautiful, and the likenesses, judging from Pius IX and Leo XIII, are excellent.

But many of the mosaics are in the symbolical style of the early Christians, and according to my way of thinking, not altogether beautiful. The four columns of the high altar are of exquisite oriental alabaster, and were presented to the church by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and the malachite pedestals were given by the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia. The *Confessio* (or shrine) is beautifully decorated with red and green Peloponnesian marbles that were known and much used by the ancients.

By a little persuasion, our guide was enabled to show us the famous bronze door of the ancient basilica, which was executed at Constantinople in 1070 by Staurakios. It is really magnificent, inlaid in silver with scenes taken from the Bible, and

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though it is injured a good deal, it is very interesting nevertheless.

The cloisters adjoining the church are also beautiful, and have been declared by the government to be a National Monument, though the monastery, which formerly belonged to the Benedictine Order, has been secularized. Of course we could not see nearly everything in one visit, so, as we had planned to drive on to the *Abbadia delle Tre Fontane* (Abbey of the Three Fountains), the place where St. Paul is supposed to have been beheaded, we had to tear ourselves away. For a great many years this place was deserted, because this section of the country is very malarious; but when the French Trappists were driven from France, the land was made over to them, and here they have established a monastery. The sanitary condition of the place has been much improved by the extensive planting of the fast-growing eucalyptus trees, and the thrifty monks have been most successful in selling their *Eucalyptus Cordial*, which is supposed to be very beneficial in the case of colds.

As we entered the grounds of the monastery, one of the monks came forward and politely offered to show us about. He was rather old, and said that just because he was no longer young, he was allowed to

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show visitors about. He was delighted when I talked to him in French, and was very kind in answering all my various questions about the place and his Order, which is one of the most austere of the Roman Catholic Church. He told us that monks who enter this Order bind themselves by vows of absolute silence amongst themselves. Many hours in the day are given to religious exercises, and several hours to hard labor. Vegetables and water form their only diet, while all meat and wine are forbidden. This especial severity was introduced into the Order in 1664 by Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who was consecrated Abbot of La Trappe, in France, where an Abbey of the Cistercian Order was established. He had some difficulty in persuading the monks to adopt his rules, because they had become very disorderly and irreligious at the time of his consecration, but in the end he prevailed, though the Order was suppressed in France during the French Revolution, and in Germany in 1874. Mrs. M. surprised me by saying that there is more than one colony of Trappists in America. The monk showed us the church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, that stands on the spot where St. Paul is said to have been beheaded. After the execution, the head was seen to make three leaps, and according to tradition,

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at each spot where the head touched the ground, a spring burst forth. A sort of marble basin has been built about each spring, and on the pavement below is sculptured a head intended to resemble St. Paul. At the right of the first spring is a column of white marble to which St. Paul was bound at the time of his decapitation. Naturally these springs are regarded as holy, though I believe no special curative properties are claimed for them.

The approach to this church is lined by majestic eucalyptus trees, and as we returned to go over the other two churches here,—Santi Vincenzo ed Anastasio and Santa Maria Scala Cœli—the monk, finding that F. B. talked French, drew him aside, under pretense of showing him the beautiful peacock, and asked him if he had any cigarettes. "The doctor said they would be good for me," the poor monk faltered, by way of apology, and I am happy to say that F. B. took pity on him, and gave him all that he had. Fancy living in this desolate place year in and year out and never speaking to a soul! What an awful existence! I should think if they got as far as believing that the Lord was pleased with all these sacrifices, they might get to the point of thinking that suicide might be acceptable, and certainly they must feel it would be much easier than this long

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drawn-out life of misery and deprivation. The other churches are not particularly interesting, except that one of them has quite a wonderful echo, which the monk took pains to show us with his fine baritone voice, of which he evidently was very proud.

Just before leaving, we were taken to the distilling room, and asked to buy a glass of the eucalyptus liqueur. It is extremely palatable, and the Italian physicians often prescribe it in cases of influenza or grippe. The poor monk who had seemed so pleased when we arrived, seemed equally disheartened at our departure, and did his best to make us promise to return in a few days. I dare say we shall drive out that way again, and if we do, I have promised to take him some of the kodaks that I took of the place, as well as of him.

According to our landlady, who appeared this morning in a state of bustle and hustle, carrying clean lace curtains and fresh tidies for the chairs, "the great heat is coming." As we have been closely wrapped in fur-lined garments all day, we are not exactly prepared to accept her statement, but in any case, we are tremendously spruced up, and our rooms look very pretty, with all the fresh clean things about. The spring flowers are here, it is true, and the house-keeper is a most intelligent German

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woman, who has lived in Rome many years, so when she replied to my doubting remark of the approaching heat, "*Gnädige, es ist wahr* (Excellency, it is true)," I suppose she really knew. I sincerely hope she is right, for I want to keep her snapping black eyes in my favor, and she had the fire-place quite cleared out and "gray washed" this morning, so I shall struggle to believe that I do not need another fire.

We are looking forward to the *Bal de Têtes*, which is to come off in a few days. Countess Bruschi, a lovely Lady-in-Waiting to H. M. Queen Elena, was kind enough to procure us tickets, and I shall write you all about it when it is over.

XIX

TO T. C. B.

ROME, ITALY, February 12, 1905

My dear Papa:

WE have just come in from a lovely walk in the Villa Umberto I. The park is so near-by, and so sunny, that it makes an ideal place for my morning walks.

In the mail that I found waiting for me when I came in, was a delightful letter from Jules Huret of the Figaro, and another from Georges Boyer, Secretary General of the National Academy of Music, of France; both letters contained alluring invitations for me to sing as soon as I get to Paris, and if I ever make up my mind to leave this delightful place, I know we shall have all sorts of good times in dear "Paree." You surely have read Mr. Huret's book on America—I think he has "sized us up" about as correctly as any of the foreigners who come to us. He modestly says that his book is only impressions, since he was in America less than a year, but the impressions are a good deal more to the point than

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those of some of the other men who go over to America, stay two months, and claim to know it all. Mr. Boyer is fearfully busy these days receiving Sovereigns—they all seem to have decided to visit Paris—and in his position as Secretary of the Opera, naturally, he meets them all. It is nice that a man of his charm should have his position—he always has such a graceful way of doing things for everyone.

Donna Bice Tittoni came in for a few minutes this afternoon for tea. She has such a sweet personality.

We are lunching at the Embassy to-morrow, but I must not stop for any more now, as we are going out.

XX

To E., F. D. B.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA

ROME, ITALY, February 15, 1905

My dear M.:

THIS surely has been a red-letter day, a Wednesday, as all my red-letter days seem to be. I wrote you that our invitations had come from Her Majesty, but I think I did not tell you just how they came. They were separate invitations, one for Mrs. Francis Batcheller, and signed by the present Lady-in-Waiting, the Duchess of Ascoli (down in the lower left-hand corner, there was a little stamp which read, "visiting dress with hat"); F. B.'s invitation was signed by the Gentleman-in-Waiting, the Duke of Ascoli (the stamp in the corner read, "morning dress, frock coat"). Time here is reckoned from the first to the twenty-fourth hour, so the time set was 17:45 (5:45 p. m. being put in parentheses), and we drove up to the door of the inner court of the Quirinal Palace ten minutes ahead of our appointment.

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A gorgeous-looking individual in a red coat and much gold lace, handed me out of the carriage, and numerous other functionaries in black satin knee breeches, red coats and powdered hair, politely directed us to the staircase. ' Going up we met Mrs. M. and a friend coming down; I had a momentary panic for fear that we were really late, or that I had made a mistake in the hour. But it seems that a special time is appointed for each person presented, in order that the Queen may meet and receive at her ease all those invited to the Palace. When we reached the head of the stairs, we entered a long corridor, at the right of which stood a line of ten or twelve footmen dressed as those below. ' A place for wraps was conveniently arranged at one side of the entrance, and a check for each person's things given in the usual way. At the other end of the corridor, we were met by one of the principal functionaries of the Palace, carrying a long gold mounted staff, who conducted us through several elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. Our guide, if one can speak in that way, never turned his face from us, but backed in and around doors and furniture in the most graceful and incomprehensible way. We were asked to be seated in a beautiful reception room, where several other ladies and gentlemen were waiting like

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ourselves, to be presented to Her Majesty Queen Elena of Italy. Most of the ladies wore light cloth gowns, very elaborate, as one might expect, and everyone wore more jewels than are ordinarily suitable with visiting costumes. I wore my white broadcloth princess gown, that is trimmed with Cluny lace embroidered in gold thread, the little white and gold toque to match, and my ropes of pearls. Do you approve? No one ever wears a glove on the right hand when presented to the Queen. The left hand is gloved, and the right glove is carried in the left hand, so that if Her Majesty does extend her hand, you may be ready to accept her kindness immediately and in the approved manner.

We had been in the room but a short time, when the Duke of Ascoli introduced himself to F. B., and though we had come rather later than some people, he at once asked us to accompany him into the next room, where he presented us to his wife, the Duchess. This ducal title is Neapolitan, but the Duchess was the Princess Pio di Savoia before her marriage. She asked us to be seated, and chatted with us for the few moments we had to wait, while the Queen made her adieux to those who had been presented just before us. While we waited, I had

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a chance to look about the lovely room where the Duchess had received us. It was hung with elegant tapestries, which I did not have time to see thoroughly, for the Duchess soon led us to the door of the room in which Her Majesty was receiving. I shall never quite forget my first glance at the Queen, as she stood majestic and alone in the centre of the room, in front of a huge mound of flowering plants and ferns, that formed an appropriate background for her dark imperial beauty. It could be only a glance, of course, as the first courtesy of ceremony is made directly as you enter, another when you are about half way across the room, and still another when you are directly in front of Her Majesty.

You remember, that when Queen Elena was married, it was said throughout Europe, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, but one hears that remark not infrequently of famous people, and at the time, I did not realize how literally true the statement was in regard to the Queen of Italy. None of her photographs, beautiful as they are, give you any idea of the person of the Queen herself, for there is an indefinable expression of sweetness, kindness and charm that no camera can portray.

Before I could make my last courtesy, Her Majesty held out her hand to me, and asked if I had been

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long in Italy. She spoke in Italian and French, neither of us seemingly conscious of the change from one language to the other, but I have since been told that the Queen rather prefers French, as that is the language she has always been accustomed to speak. You will recall that she was educated chiefly in France and Russia.

You will want to know what she wore, but I almost forgot to notice, I was so impressed by the glorious beauty of the woman herself; but being a woman, I did not quite forget. Her gown was a soft gray *crêpe-de-chine*, embroidered in shades of gray and small silver spangles. It was cut with a low lining, and beautiful Venetian lace formed the yoke that was finished in a collar of the gray; she wore a string of very large pearls, and one or two diamond ornaments. I think it is only a brunette of just her type that can wear gray satisfactorily; but no gown of any sort would ever be very much noticed on such a beautiful woman. Her hair is simply beyond description; it is very heavy, so black that it is almost blue, and is drawn loosely back from her face and fine forehead in large, soft waves. She is very tall, but her figure is perfect. Her eyes are very dark brown and are very brilliant, but her mouth is to me her most attractive feature, for, as she speaks,

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her lower lip quivers just the tiniest bit in the world, showing a tenderness of nature, such as one rarely meets.

I had feared that my conversation might be somewhat constrained, but Her Majesty put me immediately at my ease, asked me many questions about Boston and the Dante Alighieri Society, to which I belong, and if I had been in Italy before. After we had talked some time, the Queen put out her hand and bade us good-bye with a charming cordiality, yet with an impressive dignity, that showed at once the Queen and the sweet woman. We backed out of the room, making our courtesy at the doorway, and were at once conducted by the Duchess of Ascoli to the first reception room where we had previously waited. The Duke greeted us there, and presented us to Count Bruschi, another Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Queen, whom I met, as I think I wrote you, the other evening at the private theatricals. Count Bruschi conducted us to a large room, where a most elaborate buffet was prepared for Her Majesty's guests. The Count seemed pleased that I could speak Italian, and we chatted pleasantly of the theatricals, of Rome, and other things, while we had our tea; other people who had been presented were also having tea, chocolate or ices, according to their

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tastes. When he said good afternoon, we found ourselves in the corridor where we had left our wraps, which we got at once and drove away.

Heretofore, I am told, the presentations at the Court of Italy were very formal affairs. People were conducted to the presence of Their Majesties by Court officials, and were ceremoniously presented to the Court and Royal Household. No words were exchanged with Their Majesties, who were seated on their throne, and the low courtesy made in front of the King and Queen comprised the whole ceremony. But Queen Elena has recently established this charming way of personally receiving and greeting everyone who is presented at her Court; the change, while a great innovation, is universally welcomed, and is certainly most delightful. It is more irksome, of course, for the Queen, but as I have said, she has such a sweet nature that she considers herself last of all, and is ever thoughtful of the happiness of others.

Aunt Mary and some friends were waiting for us at the hotel when we returned, to hear about the presentation, but I could talk of nothing but the sweetness and beauty of the Queen. She is such a great personage that of course you know a good deal about her; that she was the fifth daughter of

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the Prince of Montenegro, and was the Princess most sought and most admired at several of the Courts of Europe before her marriage. Contrary to current report the Queen is very fond of music, and plays the violin extremely well, so one of her Ladies-in-Waiting told me. She is very fond of art, is quite a wonderful photographer, and as a matter of course, an excellent linguist; but she is primarily a beautiful woman with all that the word implies, a most affectionate mother and devoted wife. Her children, the little Princess Jolanda, the Princess Mafalda, and the little Prince of Piedmonte, bid fair to inherit their mother's beauty. Certainly the little Prince of Piedmonte should some day make a splendid King, for no Royal child ever had more devoted or more constant care. Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with his wants and needs, and no Royal function, indeed no function of any sort, can hope for the Queen's presence if it interferes with H. R. H's. supper. Is n't it splendid for a young woman in the Queen's great position to give the world such an example? As you may imagine from what I have already said of her sweet personality, she is adored the length and breadth of Italy. To be sure the Italians are in the habit of adoring their Queen, for they have loved Queen

CHILDREN OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE
KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

[1930]



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Margherita and love her still, with an affection that few Sovereigns ever receive from their people. But the Italian heart is large, and it has made room and generous room for its new Queen, so young, so good and so lovable.

The King is equally devoted to his children, and we quite often read in the morning paper of the Royal family having spent the day in the country picnicking together at one of their palaces in the suburbs of Rome, going and coming in a large automobile, which the King runs himself. He is very fond of motoring, and one frequently meets the royal couple in an automobile victoria. Queen Margherita was very much pleased with her son's marriage, and is exceedingly fond of her beautiful daughter-in-law.

Questions of precedence are always very delicate, but in the case of the two Queens of Italy, they are unusually so, as the Queen Dowager is a handsome woman, still in her prime. However, Queen Elena is always most thoughtful as well as most tactful, and so arranges her comings and goings that the Queen Mother is almost never obliged to take second place, as, of course, she must do since she became Queen Dowager. I have noticed at various concerts and places, where the two Queens are to be present,

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that Queen Elena always comes or goes a little late or a little early, so that Queen Margherita may make her entry and take her leave in the way she has always been accustomed to do ; but when the two meet there is every show of pleasant affection on both sides.

Queen Elena is very much interested in the Industrie Femminili, and a few days ago took her first walk in Rome to the small palazzo, owned and built by the Industrial Corporation. She asked many questions about the work, bought many things, and insisted upon returning to the palace on foot. Both the King and Queen are distinctly democratic in their ideas, and I think their attitude of geniality has done much to allay the smouldering fires of socialism, from which Italy has so much to fear, and which is a constant menace to the otherwise successful industrial growth of the country.

As Queen Margherita has always been the special patroness of music in Italy, Queen Elena has not disturbed this patronage, and is careful not to interfere with the musical interests of the Queen Mother, or with any organization which has always received Queen Margherita's patronage. Consequently, many people have been led to believe that she is not musical, nor particularly fond of music, but this

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is quite erroneous. At present she is only too happy to devote much of her time to her little family, for she knows that no one could do more than Queen Margherita to encourage Italian Art in all its branches. However, when occasion offers, she never fails to show her keen interest in the art and music of Italy, and manifests the greatest interest in the work of modern Italian artists, exhibited each year at the National Gallery at Rome. On these occasions the King and Queen formally open the exhibition, and I am told that the Queen is always greatly interested in the work of the young and rising artists. Queen Margherita has always been the protecting goddess of the St. Cecilia Society, and Queen Elena is rarely seen at one of these concerts; but if an artist of great fame visits Rome, a special concert is almost invariably arranged for Queen Elena's personal enjoyment.

Queen Elena is one of the best shots in Italy, and invariably accompanies the King on his hunting expeditions; she is also a fine horsewoman, and her little daughters are already beginning to ride.

One of the Italian ladies, who is interested in many charities, told me that when Queen Elena visited a certain school for poor children, not long ago, the poor women outside of the school, mothers

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of the children, many of them, formed a line on both sides of the path leading from the school to the Royal carriage, and as the Queen passed, bent and kissed her dress. "You can have no idea how the poor people adore our Queen," the lady said to me, and well they may, for Queen Elena is in every way adorable.

XXI

To C. R.

ROME, ITALY, February 19, 1905

My dear C.:

WHOM do you think I sat beside last night at the opera? Mme. Ternina, and we had great fun talking over the new opera that we were both interested to hear — Celia's "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Mme. Krusceniski, the young Polish soprano, sang beautifully, but Ternina said she was straining her voice very much, and I thought so, too. She sings, as a rule, three or four nights a week, which of course is a great strain, as she is quite young and takes very heavy rôles. We shall not have the luck to hear Ternina in Rome, for she is travelling this winter for pleasure, and not singing at all.

This afternoon R.'s mother took us for a lovely drive, away out on the Via Nomentana as far as the old bridge with the Mediæval tower, where we had a lovely view of the river Teverone, winding through the Campagna. We went out through the Porta Pia, and passed the place marked with the great

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tablet where the Italian army under Gen. Cadorna entered Rome on the 20th of September, 1870. A new suburb is springing up outside of this gate, and there are many handsome villas being built here. Then we drove out to the church of Sant' Agnese Fuori le Mura. This old church was built by Constantine over the tomb of St. Agnes, and retains many characteristics of the early Christian basilica. Just before we reached the entrance, R. pointed out in the court to the right, through a large window, a dreadful fresco in commemoration of what is called the miracle of Pius IX. It seems that on the 15th of April, 1855, the floor of the room adjoining the church, where the Pope had returned after mass, gave way, and Pio Nono was precipitated into the cellar; because he was extricated unhurt, he announced that he had performed a miracle.

We went down into the church which is really underground, and the sixth century mosaics and old pillars were quite interesting. On our way up a small baby was violently protesting at baptism; the calm priest paid no attention to the poor infant's screaming, but continued his services in Latin, dashing cold water regardless on the baby's head at the approved and proper moment.

There are some catacombs to be seen here, but I

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have never been willing to go down into these damp, grewsome places.

It was a heavenly day, warm and bright with sunshine, and off to the right Signor A. pointed out the little hill-towns of Frascati, Albano and Nemi, while the snow-capped Alban mountains formed a beautiful background for the picture.

On our way back into Rome we passed the villa of the poet Leopardi, and then R. insisted on our going down to the Corso for tea. We had the greatest difficulty in getting a table at the Café Nazionale, and some difficulty in getting into the restaurant at all, for at this hour of the day the Corso is very crowded, and there is a regular parade of carriages. All the dandies in Rome, young and old, assemble near this big tea place about five o'clock. It is really quite brilliant, and many of the people take a liqueur or something else at little tables, outside of the restaurant, in spite of the cold. How they can stand it I do not see!

We had scarcely reached home when Countess Bruschi called; she is a perfect beauty, and has such sweet manners; they say the Queen is very fond of her and as one of the Ladies-of-Honor to Her Majesty she is often at the palace, even when not *de service*.

XXII

TO E. F. D. B.

ROME, ITALY, February 20, 1905

My dear M.:

YOUR letters are full of questions about my music, and I am happy to say I have been singing a good deal of late. Last week our Ambassador gave a brilliant reception, and asked me if I would sing. People were really enthusiastic about my voice; when I finished the aria from the "Magic Flute," a well known gentleman from Philadelphia, standing near F. B., said to him in a very earnest manner, "Really a remarkable voice, don't you think so?" F. B. laughed and said, "Well, yes, I enjoy hearing it every day; the singer is my wife." This aria always seems to surprise and please people. It is written so high that almost no one living sings it in the original key. Mozart's wife and his wife's sister, had, as you know, exceptionally high voices. The Ambassador was very charming and presented me to many of his guests. Lady Egerton, the wife of the British Ambassador, left

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early, as the news of the murder of the Grand Duke Sergius became known, and as she was a Russian Princess before her marriage, she wished, of course, to retire as soon as possible. However, she was kind enough to wait until I had finished singing, and did me the honor to ask me to visit her and sing with her. I am sure I shall enjoy making music with her, as she expressed it, as I am told she is a very fine pianist, and a woman of rare culture and talent.

This same evening I met the Duchess of Sermone-
neta, who was one of the beautiful Misses Wil-
braham of the family of the Earls of Lathom. She
is very fond of music, and spoke very charmingly of
my singing. One of her sons is a successful com-
poser, I am told, and spends the greater part of his
time in Paris. The Duchess is still a handsome
woman, and the other evening was wearing the fa-
mous Sermoneta pearls, the largest in the world, I
believe.

The Caetani family is one of the most distin-
guished in Italy, and has given two Popes to the
Church; one in 1118 as Pope Gelasius II, while
Benedetto Caetani, in 1294, became the celebrated
Pope Boniface VIII. The papacy at that time had
fallen much in the general esteem of the nations,

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chiefly because of a succession of weak pontiffs, who had one after the other filled the papal chair.

Benedetto Caetani, the ablest of the Cardinals, at last succeeded in having himself declared Pope, as Boniface VIII. His path to the pontifical chair had not been strewn with roses, and his reign was one long strife for the complete supremacy of the papal monarchy. He was an ambitious and energetic man of undoubted ability, who fully realized the importance and power of his great position as the head of Christendom, but the political tendencies of the time were changing. The crusades were over, and gun-powder and cannon were soon to be heard on the battlefield. Poor man, he could not bend nor yield to the growing power of the temporal kingdoms, but persisted in fighting to the end. He was a fighter from the start, yet, in a way, he had to struggle to maintain his position. He crushed the powerful Colonna family, and seized their great stronghold of Palestrina; the Colonna Cardinals were deposed, and the family reduced to beggary and exiled to France. He issued the famous Bulls, "De Clericis Laicos" against Philip IV of France, in which he declared all church property exempt from taxation, and "Unam Sanctam," which boldly asserted his supreme temporal power. Philip retaliated by expelling the

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papal legate from France, and Boniface answered by excommunication. But to the popular Philip le Bel excommunication mattered little, and the French nation took the part of their King. Then an alliance was made between the French and the Colonnas, who were only too delighted to have an opportunity of wreaking vengeance, and poor Boniface paid dearly for his arrogance; indeed, he barely escaped death at the hands of Sciarra Colonna, who was with difficulty prevented from slaying the old Pope on his throne. He was at Anagni, his birth-place and summer residence, when told of the approaching army; like the Roman senators of old, Boniface dressed himself in his pontifical robes, placed his tiara on his head, and with the keys of St. Peter in one hand and the crozier in the other, took his seat on the papal throne, and awaited the approach of his enemies. He was ordered to abdicate upon pain of death, but he proudly answered, "Behold my neck, behold my head!" His own people could not bear to see their aged pontiff carried off to prison; they rose and drove out the soldiers, and the pontiff's return to Rome was a triumphal march.

In 1300 he inaugurated the first papal jubilee, when pilgrims flocked from all parts of Christendom to the Eternal City; and countless gifts were laid

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upon the altar of St. Peter's, while the coins had actually to be raked up, so devout was the joy with which the faithful received the blessing of the church. Nevertheless, his ascendancy was not to last long. Worn out with the fearful trials of his reign, and the privations that he had suffered, he died at the age of eighty-six. Boniface had many enemies, but the great pope stands out withal a noble figure. He was the last champion of the age of chivalry, and fought to the last against the new life of a new era. The papal dream of universal monarchy vanished forever with him.

The Caetani in their turn lost their lands through the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, but recovered them again under the warlike Pope Julius II, and thenceforth down to the present day the family has remained rich and powerful. The Caetani of to-day have all the traditional family wit and talents; Michelangelo, the blind father of the present Duke, was he who carried to Victor Emmanuel II the plebiscite of the Roman people. It is a little singular that the eldest son of the present Duke of Sermoneta, the Prince of Teano, should choose for his bride the beautiful Princess with the historic name of Vittoria Colonna. To think that the descendants of two such powerful enemies should come together after so many centuries in per-

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fect harmony! It is very interesting to me that there are so many names in one family. You would not think in speaking of the Duke of Sermoneta, the Prince of Teano, the Prince of Bassiano and Don G. Caetani that you were alluding to a father and three sons, would you?

I passed a delightful evening a short time ago with the present Duke's sister, Ersilia, Countess Lovatelli, who is said to have the most literary salon in Rome. Her palace is beautiful, with large, high rooms, hung in various shades of brocade, and ornamented with rare and costly bric-a-brac. It is one of the best and most thoroughly heated in Rome; that seems a queer thing to speak of as a special distinction of a palace, but I assure you, if you could go into some of the cold palaces here, you would think it a very proper one. The Countess is a great archæologist and a charming authoress. Young Professor Helbig was kind enough to take us to her palace, and made the introduction to the Countess on behalf of his mother, who goes out very little in the evening. The Countess received us charmingly, and presented me to numerous literary men of distinction—Italian, French and German. Our evening was so pleasant and our invitation to return so cordial, that we have been several times to her palace, and yesterday she sent me

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one of her novels with a charming dedication. The Countess, who is a very tall, handsome woman, with black hair and eyes, presents a striking contrast to her sister-in-law, the Duchess, who is tall and fair, with lovely blue eyes and the brilliant complexion of the best type of the English beauty.

The Duchess made a most charming hostess herself a few days later, when we went to take tea with her in her wonderful Caetani palace, situated in one of the old parts of Rome, in a little square that bears the family name. We were received quite in the English fashion and she poured the tea herself. She presented her brother-in-law, the Earl of Crawford, who is about to start off on his yacht, the "Valhalla," to take part in the great ocean yacht race, which comes off very shortly, I believe. He and F. B. were soon interested in discussing the contesting yachts, while the Duchess presented me to the Countess Lützow, the Ambassadors from Austria-Hungary to the Quirinal. I have not yet met the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Vatican, who lives in the famous Venetian palace that Austria clung to after her expulsion from Italy; but I am told that the Countess Szécsen di Temerin is very charming and fond of music.

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Just as we were saying good-bye to the Duchess, Mrs. W. K. V. and her sister entered, and I was struck by the fact that in that famous old palace of Italy not a word of Italian had been spoken during the whole afternoon; the Duchess, as well as many of her guests, were English; the Austrian Ambassadress, I was told, had an English mother, and the four Americans quite completed the Anglo-Saxon party. But this Anglo-Saxon impression was quite done away with as we passed through one after the other of the beautiful series of drawing rooms. These were hung with old Gobelin and Flemish tapestries, decorated with stately mirrors, statues, pictures, old and new, beautiful frescoes, and furnished with rare pieces of Chinese ebony, Indian teak wood and many old Italian and French pieces, that showed every evidence of great wealth, extensive travel and most excellent taste. We also passed through the large and beautifully tapestried gallery, where one could easily imagine that in the olden times the great feudal lords of the family received the homage of their vassals, and sat in judgment on them. The power of life and death was in their hands, and in those by-gone days they did not hesitate to use it. From this gallery we were conducted to a large entrance

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hall, where flunkies in picturesque liveries and powdered hair helped us with our wraps. An imposing porter, looking much like an American drum-major, escorted us to our carriage. "*Avanti*," he called loudly to our coachman, and the carriage rumbled out under the great stone archway through the Piazza Caetani and into the street of the Botteghe Scure (obscure shops), where no sidewalks were ever built, because the street was all the peasants required, and the grand "*Seigneurs*" of the palace never walked abroad.

I had such a pleasant afternoon that I am looking forward to meeting the Duchess again. I read the other day an account of the famous fancy dress ball she once gave in honor of Their Majesties, King Umberto and Queen Margherita. It must have been a brilliant sight to see the great assembly of the Kings, Queens and Princes of Europe in that wonderful old palace; but I am sure, that no one was more beautiful than the hostess herself, unless, perhaps, Her Majesty, Queen Margherita, who is so lovely on all occasions.

You will be interested to know that Prof. Sgambati has composed for me a fine cello obligato for one of his songs, and he played my accompaniments

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when I sang at Mrs. McGee's villa the other day. Mrs. McGee's charming home is a sort of a Mecca for Americans who come here, and at her Saturday afternoons you will find all the Americans in Rome, *de passage* or otherwise. She is fond of music and seemed very pleased to have me sing for her. Thanks to her thoughtfulness, the arrangements were perfect, and she made the people coming and going keep very quiet. Mrs. McGee is a very kind-hearted rich woman, who has already made herself much liked here among the Italians, as well as in the American colony. She gives delightful dinners and balls, and has contributed most generously, I am told, to many of the Italian charities.

We met such an attractive American this p. m., the Marchesa di Sorbello, who was Romaine Roberts before her marriage, and she has asked us to come and see her. She knows many of our friends at home, I find, and I have often noticed, on our way to the Pincio, her palace in the Piazza del Popolo.

We are going out now to call on the Countess Zaccaria of Milan, who is staying at the Palace Hotel for the winter. She is the mother of two sweet, pretty daughters, and she showed me a photograph

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of her mother, the Duchess Melzi d'Eril, that looks ever so much like you.

We met there the other day the lovely Duchess Visconti di Modrone from Milan. Visconti is closely connected in my mind with History I. in Radcliffe, and I was interested to meet a member of this very famous family. The Duchess does n't remind one of olden times, I assure you, for she is about as chic and handsome as anyone could wish. She has large dark eyes, black hair and a fine figure, which she dresses to perfection in lovely gowns. She had just met some Americans who had recently come to Rome and asked me all about them.

Let the idea that Italy is poor leave your sympathetic mind. If you could see some of the exquisite up-to-date toilettes that these Italian beauties wear, you would exclaim as I do, with a series of adjectives before each new vision. Jewels may be kept for years, I know, and the jewels here in Rome go ahead of any I have ever seen; but clothes, my dear, we know too well, are out-dated in a year, generally in six months.

The Visconti, as they say here, is extremely animated, and wherever she goes in the evening, she moves about with a little court of admirers, who fol-

THE DUCHESS VISCONTI DI MODRONE



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Maria Anna Discont.
di Modrone

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low devotedly after her. I must stop, for my pen runs riot when I start talking about these fascinating women.

Au revoir, dear, love to "Dad," "Tip" and the friends at home.

XXIII

To C. R.

ROME, ITALY, February 22, 1905

My dear C.:

I SUPPOSE we should all feel properly patriotic this morning, but I have reserved my patriotism for this afternoon, when we are going to the reception at the Embassy. This morning we had the rare good luck to have tickets sent us (R. is ever kind), to the opening of the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, by Their Majesties the King and Queen. We were told that it was simply impossible to get tickets, but it did not seem to be, and we had a beautiful time. The Queen was lovely as ever, in a dark blue street gown, and seemed to enjoy the pictures very much. Count San Martino, who is President of the Società degli Amatori e Cultori di Belle Arti, received Their Majesties and showed them about the rooms of the exposition.

There were really a great many fine pictures; those that interested us most were by Sartorio. A whole room was given up to his pictures that seemed

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to be of all kinds and styles. His water colors were beautiful, some of his animal sketches extraordinary, and his landscapes unusually fine, we thought. There were some very weird pictures by Stetson, of Pasadena, Cal., a few good portraits, a lovely water color by Gabrini, and some excellent pieces of sculpture. As a whole the exposition was excellent in every way, and we mean to run in often to get better acquainted with some of these artists' work.

On the way home we stopped in for a moment to see the wonderful *Bambino* at the church of Santa Maria of Aracœli, that is supposed to perform such miraculous cures. The little olive wood baby is loaded down with votive offerings of the faithful. Our time was limited, so we could not stay long, but we mean to come again to see the other interesting things in the church, where the remains of St. Helena are supposed to lie in an ancient porphyry sarcophagus under the altar.

As we drove back to the hotel we passed the immensely extensive monument that is being erected to Victor Emmanuel II. It will be most imposing when done, but it is far from complete at present.

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WE have just come in from the Washington's Birthday reception at our Embassy. A large portrait of

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George Washington was arranged in one of the rooms, and one would scarcely believe that there were so many Americans in Rome, as we met to-day.

Mrs. Meyer looked extremely well in a plain black velvet gown, that was most becoming to her blonde coloring. She has a fine figure and usually wears simply-made gowns of elegant cut and material, with the result that she always looks very well dressed; she carries herself beautifully. These are her last days in Rome, where she has entertained so much, and has had such a good time for the past few years, for Mr. Meyer has received his appointment as Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

I cannot begin to tell you all the people I saw, but there were a number of Americans, just passing through Rome, with whom I exchanged greetings. Alice, and Julia Meyer (very attractive girls they are) looked after me at the tea table, and I think in spite of the large number of people there, I saw only two or three who were not Americans. Monsignore O'Connell was presented to me, and looked so fine in his dark purple soutane and red cap, that I addressed him in French at first, but he smilingly said, "Plain, straight English, please, I come from Maine." He is a very interesting man, has lived in Rome a great

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deal, and for some time was connected with the American Catholic Seminary here.

The Brancaccio palace is quite a distance from us, and as we are dining out to-night and going to the gala performance of the opera afterwards, we hurried away home rather early.

XXIV

To E. F. D. B.

ROME, ITALY, February 23, 1905

My dear M.:

THANKS to Donna Bice Tittoni, who so kindly secured us seats, we attended the gala performance at the opera last evening. I think the custom of using the word "Donna" before a lady's name is very pretty. The performance was given for the benefit of the National Institute for the Orphans and Civil Employees of the State of the Province of Rome and of the Naval League. The management of the Costanzi Theatre, where the opera is now given here, gave a very satisfactory performance of Aida, and the Polish soprano, Mme. Krusceniski, sang her music most effectively. The tenor, Signor Zenatello, was unusually fine, and I presume it will not be long before he is heard at Covent Garden. Good tenors are very rare, and so many of the best ones seem to come from Italy.

At the end of the first act, Their Majesties the King and Queen arrived, accompanied by the Duke and

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Duchess of Ascoli. Every seat in the great theatre was filled, and when the orchestra played the Royal Hymn, as the King and Queen entered, the applause was fairly deafening.

Her Majesty wore a black lace gown, somewhat spangled with jet, a band of black velvet about her throat holding in place a jeweled *plaque coulant*, a diamond necklace, and a diamond star in her beautiful hair. She wore black, I suppose, as the Court has gone into half mourning for a short time for the Grand Duke Sergius. Of course, you read about his frightful death in the papers at home, and you will recall that Queen Elena lived in Russia several years, and was much beloved and admired at the Russian Court. I think on account of the Court mourning, everyone dressed rather more quietly than usual, so while the audience was very interesting, and not nearly everyone was in black, still one was distinctly conscious of an effort to be less gay than usual.

Donna Bice was looking particularly handsome in her box, and the Countess Gianotti, always elegant, was in another box with her pretty daughter, Marcella. In the Court box I noticed His Excellency Count Gianotti, a most distinguished-looking man with his very white hair and soldierly bearing; Marchese Cappelli was in the Hunt Club box; and Don

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Marcantonio Colonna was also pointed out to me. I had no idea that such good opera was given in Rome, and F. B. and I are delighted at the prospect of enjoying some pleasant evenings at the Costanzi during the rest of the season.

To-morrow morning I am going to sing over some of Sgambati's songs with the great man himself. He has offered to come over and play his own songs and other music with me two or three times a week. It will be a delightful privilege, and I think he is most kind. He and the Signora are dining with us informally to-morrow evening, and I will write again very soon.

XXV

To C. R.

ROME, ITALY, March 2, 1905

My dear C.:

IT is high carnival here now, and balls and gayeties of all kinds are following one another in quick succession. Everyone tells us that the carnival is nothing to what it used to be, when the noble Roman ladies drove about masked, in their private carriages, scattering sweetmeats and flowers to the crowds around them; but it seems rather gay to us as it is.

Yesterday afternoon when we took our drive on the Pincio, we passed several groups of gaily costumed girls and boys. Some were dressed as follies, with whitened faces, looking exactly like escaped clowns from a circus, while others had mediæval costumes with much tinsel and cotton velvet; and all wore masks. But fashionable carnival is held behind palace gates, or in elegant amateur theatricals.

We went masked to the Argentina theatre the other night, where we had a box, that we might see

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a little of the people's carnival fun. Several of our friends had come masked, like ourselves, into boxes near-by, and we had much amusement trying to discover who was who. About midnight crowds of maskers came on to the floor, which was built up level with the stage, thus covering the orchestra seats entirely. There were some very pretty costumes among the dancers, and a prize in money was offered for the most effective and becoming one. A girl dressed as a Spanish dancer won the prize, and she really looked very pretty in the bright reds and yellows, that contrasted well with her black hair and eyes.

We bought bundles of confetti and packages of serpentine, which we tied to numerous small boxes of candies that we threw down into the crowd below, and it was great fun watching the scramble for the goodies. Suddenly the crowd surged towards one box, and on looking closer we discovered that the beautiful Cavaliere was throwing flowers and sweetmeats to an eager, admiring throng. She certainly is exceedingly beautiful, and they say she sings very well in Grand Opera now. A gentleman told me, who knows a good deal about her, that she is a great student, and has worked fearfully hard to win a position in the world of serious music. It surely is a great jump from the Folies Bergères to Grand Opera.

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As I think I wrote you, Countess Bruschi obtained for us cards to what they call here a *Bal de Têtes*, and what we should call a fancy dress ball. I am so sorry that I did not bring my "Manon costume," that I wore to the Artists' Festival in Boston, as it would have been exactly the thing for last night. However, it was not obligatory to go in costume, or even to powder the hair, if one did not wish to do so, and once there, I felt quite comfortable as there were many other ladies not in fancy dress. I wore my violet spangled gown, as it is so brilliant, and as so many of the costumes were very gay, a dull gown would have been quite lost, however pretty.

The ball was given at the Grand Hotel for the benefit of the charity, called *Pro Infantia*. The patronesses were among the most prominent women in Rome: Donna Bice Tittoni, the Countess Suardi, who is president of the *Industrie Femminili*; the Countess della Somaglia, who before her marriage was a princess of the famous Doria family; the Princess Doria Pamphili, who, besides her most lovely Roman palace, presides over the exquisite Villa Doria, the Marchesa Bourbon del Monte, who is such a fine horsewoman, the beautiful Marchesa Carlo di Rudini, a daughter-in-law of Her Excellency, the Marchesa Leone di Rudini; the Marchesa Monaldi, a charming English

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woman; the Duchess di Terranova, who is of Spanish birth, and Donna Maria Mazzoleni, a sister-in-law of Countess Bruschi. Then, of course, there are others whom I do not know, and whose names I will not stop to write now. Under such distinguished patronage the success of the ball was determined beforehand, and we were very glad to have an opportunity to see it.

The Grand Hotel is particularly well adapted for balls and entertainments of a large nature, because the spacious Palm Garden, which forms a sort of entrance to the hotel is connected directly with the ball-room beyond. We really had a very pleasant evening, and F. B. and I were perfectly delighted to have a good waltz together. R. went with us, and was very kind in presenting some of the visiting celebrities, as well as the people in Rome, as, of course, he knows everybody. It was supposed to be a ball characterized by the fancy dressing of the head and hair, but, as a matter of fact, most of the women came in elaborate and beautiful costumes. Far and away the most elegant and most beautiful costume was worn by the Marchesa Camillo Casati, of the famous Casati family of Milan. She was dressed as the Empress Theodora, in a perfect fitting princesse gown of cloth of silver heavily embroidered in gold.

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The costume was an exact reproduction of one worn in Paris by Sarah Bernhardt a short time ago. The Marchesa wore on her head a crown formed of eagles, and had some of her diamonds set up in a large diamond eagle, which was her only corsage ornament. Two or three ropes of her wonderful and famous pearls hung loosely about her beautiful neck, and altogether she was quite the most stunning person at the ball. She is a handsome woman, tall and slight, with a beautiful figure and splendid carriage. Her hair is a light chestnut color, and she is always pale, though her paleness is of that attractive sort that does not indicate ill-health. She is said to be one of the best dressed women in Rome on all occasions. One thing surprised me very much; the dancing was quite American. They call our two-step the "Boston," and talk about "Bos-toning" in the most amusing way; they seem to like it immensely, and nearly everyone waltzes in the American fashion also, so, as you may imagine, I was in my element. Only those in fancy dress danced in the opening quadrille, and that was very nice, for we had a better chance in this way to examine the more elaborate costumes.

The Italian woman is certainly the epitome of ease and grace, and these women wore their fantastic

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costumes with as little affectation as if they had been summer muslins. You know, at our fancy dress balls at home, many people are apt to seem so unnatural, so hopelessly conscious of the fact that they are dressed up in something different from their ordinary and conventional garments. It would take too long to tell you about all the costumes, but I am sure you will be interested to hear about a few. The Baroness Renée de Bruck, the daughter of the former Ambassador to Rome from Austria, made a most attractive Marie Antoinette, in the costume of Mme. Le Brun's portrait. Those turbans are certainly becoming, and make such a pretty frame about the face. The Baroness lives in our hotel, so I see her quite often, though I had to look twice to make sure it was she, as I pointed her out to F. B.—white hair changes the expression so much. Donna Franca Florio, one of the richest women in Italy, and by many considered one of the handsomest, was very elegant as the famous Duchess of Devonshire. Her costume was of exquisite white lace, trimmed with artificial pansies, and she wore, of course, the conventional Gainsborough hat, with her hair appropriately and becomingly dressed, after the manner of the famous picture. The young girls were very

HER EXCELLENCY DONNA BICE TITTONI, WIFE OF
THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS



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fetching; perhaps the most effective head dress, a Valkyrie helmet, was worn by the daughter of Countess Danieli, but the daintiest little Louis XVI lady was Miss Patterson, of Baltimore.

Just outside the ballroom were two little booths where lemonade and ices were sold, and two or three of the patronesses in their lovely costumes served out these dainties. As I was sipping lemonade with Captain Bodrero, whose wife was an attractive Desdemona, I discovered F. B. as one of a half dozen men who were saying good-night to Donna Bice Tittoni. She was looking extremely pretty in a light pink gown, and her pearls and diamonds are beautiful. She is most popular with everybody everywhere, always bright and animated, and always has a pleasant word and smile for all her friends. In her position as wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, naturally she must go out a great deal socially, and as this is to be one of the gayest weeks of the season, she laughingly waved them all good-bye and said she must be off early.

At first we had intended to leave early ourselves, but the time for the cotillion arrived before we knew it, and I thought it would be interesting to see how they manage here, so we decided to stay on. The