

XXX

TO E. F. D. B.

THE ROMAN LENT

ROME, ITALY, March 9, 1905

Dear M. :

I HAD expected that in a city where His Holiness the Pope dwells, Lent would be most rigorously observed, and I had made up my mind that when the carnival gayeties were over, I must lead a quiet existence with my musical studies and occasional visits to my friends. But anyone who has lived in Rome knows that Lent is one of the most enjoyable, if not really gay seasons of the year. The balls, to be sure, are over and there is no dancing, but instead, the Roman matrons open the doors of their great palaces in the most hospitable way, and invite their friends to a series of what might be called Lenten evenings.

You remember I wrote you that the Countess Taverna had invited us to come to her Lenten receptions, which are the first to begin after Ash Wednesday, as she receives on Thursdays. Accord-

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

ingly, about half-past ten, we drove away from the hotel, down the Via del Tritone, on and on, leaving the new part of Rome altogether. The carriage turned into little by-ways and side streets, where only now and then a dim light flickered, and when at last the carriage passed through the little old Via Panico, and drove up the steep ascent, covered by the great stone portico, into the large court yard of the Palazzo Taverna, I said to F. B., "We have surely driven back to the middle ages." But my statement was quickly contradicted when we entered the long series of drawing rooms, which one might almost call the state apartments of the Countess. Many people had arrived before us, and at first I could not find the hostess, as there is no formal "receiving"; but one of the ladies in the first room through which we passed, told me that the Countess was in the next room, and we had not crossed the threshold, before she came to greet us. "How charming of you to come," she said smilingly, and she at once presented us to her husband, the Count, who is a man of great wealth and position, and a Senator in the parliament of Italy. To F. B.'s delight, he spoke English fluently, and the two were soon deep in politics, while the charming Countess introduced me to a great many people, and spared no pains to make my even-

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

ing most delightful and agreeable, I had rather dreaded to go, as I feared I might not know many people, but my fears were soon dispelled by the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the Countess. I happened to wear an Irish lace dress, and the Countess was much interested in the pattern of it, for she intends having the little girls in her school taught to make the Irish lace as well as the beautiful filet, about which I have written you. I have never seen anywhere a more charming hostess than the Countess Taverna. She makes no effort in receiving, but she is ever mindful of the happiness of each and every one of her guests. She always seems to introduce the right people to one another, and has that rare gift of saying the right thing to everybody. She is one of the best proofs of your favorite saying, "Blood will tell," for she belongs to the illustrious family of the Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, and before her marriage was the Princess Piombino.

Both branches of the family come from Bologna, and they have given two Popes to the Vatican; Ugo Buoncompagni, a learned doctor of the University of Bologna (and the instructor of such men as Alessandro Farnese and St. Charles Borromeo), who became Pope Gregory XIII. in 1572. It was he who revised the calendar by striking out leap year at

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

the close of each century except the fourth. This Buoncompagni Pope was thoroughly competent to administer the affairs of the great position, both judicially and politically. He was a very kindly person, but he abhorred the thought of any one trying to arrogate an influence over him as the cardinals so often used to do. He was a great lover of splendor and magnificence, and spent enormous sums on his Papal Court, though he also did much to spread the growth of the Church through missionaries. He was indirectly connected with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was always in constant fear of war with the Turks and the heretics. Gregory XV belonged to the other branch of the family of Ludovisi, the estates and titles of which came into the Buoncompagni family through marriage. Alessandro Ludovisi also came from Bologna, and was made Pope under the name of Gregory XV in 1623. To him is due the founding of the College of the Propaganda Fide, an establishment for the propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith, where pupils of different nationalities are educated as missionaries. In an old record of the election of the Popes, I read, "In the election of Gregory XV the operation of the Holy Spirit was made manifest, for Borghese, who had the command of six more votes

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

than were required to make the Pope at his own pleasure, had resolved to have Campori elected, but three of his creatures dissenting, and other obstacles afterwards arising, he was induced to nominate his creature, Ludovisi, but more by the instigation of others than by his own inclination." Gregory XV. was a protector of the Capuchins, and inclined also to be rather favorable to the Jesuits, though as the account runs, "He took recourse to the Jesuit Fathers with a wary confidence."

One of the Countess's brothers is Prince Piombino, another Prince Venosa, and another Prince Luigi Buoncompagni, while her sister, the Princess Pallavicini is one of the most distinguished *grandes dames* of Italy.

The Countess, her sister-in-law, the Princess Venosa, and her sister just mentioned, are both Ladies-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, Queen Margherita. Because she is patrician, because she is beautiful, cultured and rich, she is simplicity itself in her bearing and manners.

These receptions are distinctly a Roman institution; the young people usually all gather in one room, and have general good times together, playing games or just chatting in groups. Many of the men also gather in groups and discuss the affairs of

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

the day, while the ladies, all in full evening dress and magnificent jewels, move about from one room to another, talking to their various friends ; and with the elegant and richly furnished rooms as a background, the whole scene is very effective. Usually these receptions are preceded by a dinner which the hostess gives to her more intimate friends, and people are coming and going all the evening. The Countess, knowing that I was a comparative stranger, took me all about, showed me her beautiful Giulio Romano pictures, and told me how she had bought this famous palace from a member of the Orsini family some ten or fifteen years ago.

How can I tell you of all the people I have met these last few months, many of whom I already feel as if I knew quite well, so exceptionally kind and hospitable have these Roman ladies been to me. Last night I had a long talk with the Marchesa Cappelli, a niece of the famous Baron Hirsch. She speaks English, French and German, and I do not know how many more languages, all with perfect ease, and is devoted to music. She lives in the great Torlonia palace, and I have promised to sing at her reception next Wednesday.

Scarcely an American did we see, though lovely Mrs. Thomas McKean, looking as if she had stepped

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

from some old Master's canvas, was there with her husband, and I had a few moments' pleasant talk with her. Had I not known who she was, I might have thought her an Italian, her hair is so black and her eyes so dark and brilliant, quite after the Sicilian type. She dresses exquisitely in colors and gowns that set off her beauty to great advantage, and she has been greatly admired here during the winter. The only other American whom we met was Miss Broadwood, who has lived with her family in Italy so long, that she is practically an Italian, and whose beautiful sister has married into the Ruspoli family.

Among the men, the tall straight figure of the Duke of Sermoneta was quite conspicuous, and among the younger women, the Duchess Visconti di Modrone carried off the honors for grace and beauty. You will say that the word "beauty" pervades my letters, but my dear, the word "beauty" pervades all Italy, and it is especially applicable to most of the Italian women, so if I describe things as they are, I must tell you that they are beautiful, or exquisite, or lovely, until the dictionary invents more words to express the same idea.

The Countess presented me to Her Highness, the Princess Malcolm Khan, wife of the Minister from Persia to the Quirinal, who was orientally resplen-

THE PRINCESS D'ANTUNI

Conquer the Bachelor hoping
 she will remember affectionately
 home & a roman friend !!!

Foundress
 Elise del Diego
 Rosa J. Asturias



GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

dent in black velvet and many diamonds. Another most distinguished woman present, was the Countess della Somaglia, who, before her marriage, was one of the Doria Princesses, and who also has delightful Lenten evenings at home; there were many, many others that I cannot take the time to write you about.

Before we knew it, it was after twelve o'clock, and people began to take their leave. The Countess bade us good-night, only after making us promise that we would come again next week, and I assure you it was not a difficult promise to make, for we had spent such a very pleasant evening.

.

ANOTHER one of the very fine palaces is that of the Del Drago family, presided over by the dainty Princess d'Antuni, whose Lenten receptions are very brilliant and animated, like the hostess. The main hall or gallery of the palace is very long and beautifully decorated with frescoes by Zuccherò. After I finished singing the other evening at one of these receptions, the Princess took me all about, showing me her famous paintings by Murillo, Guido Reni, and numerous other great masters. The Princess before her marriage had the pretty name of Erika Potenzi-ani, the family came from Bologna and her title was

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Princess San Mauro. She reminds one of a dainty bit of Dresden china, with her very light hair, blue eyes and exquisite pink and white coloring. People often seem surprised that Italians do not all have black hair and dark eyes, but as a matter of fact, there are a great many blondes.

In the dining room of this Palazzo del Drago, there is as fine a fire-place as I remember to have seen in any of the châteaux in Touraine; the buffet was very elaborate and the table set with gold plate. It was so interesting to me to see this old feudal palace, with its high ceiling, magnificent fire-places and many other things, which spoke of a time long gone by, perfectly lighted in the most modern and effective way with electricity. The people also who were moving about in these grand old rooms were dressed in the very latest Paris fashion, but I felt that if I rubbed my eyes and looked again more closely, I should see the stiff white ruffs, and the puffed sleeves of the costumes of the day to which the palaces belonged.

The Princess is very fond of music, and showed her appreciation of my singing by taking special pains to have me meet a great many of her friends; later in the evening she took me into her own boudoir, where she showed me her most extensive musical

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

library. She is very young and beautiful, but with it all very accomplished, as so many of the fashionable Italian women seem to be. She speaks four or five languages with perfect fluency, and while her gowns are always perfect and she is very fond of dancing (her balls are famous), she can talk most interestingly with any one on art, history, literature or politics, as the case may be. It is a pleasant and striking feature of the society here in Rome, that the women are so extremely well educated. Of course, they have many advantages in Rome that are not easily had elsewhere, for all the world comes here sooner or later, and the society is most cosmopolitan, giving ample opportunity for practice in various languages. Naturally, they know art, because the great masters, whom we study about at home, have spent much of their lives in decorating the palaces in which these women have been brought up. They know history, for their families have made it, and they, one and all, have a charm of manner that I think is peculiar to the Italian woman.

The American women who have married in Italy have also made themselves very much beloved, and contrary to the general belief, many of them have been married not for their money, but for their personal charm and sweetness of character. One instance I

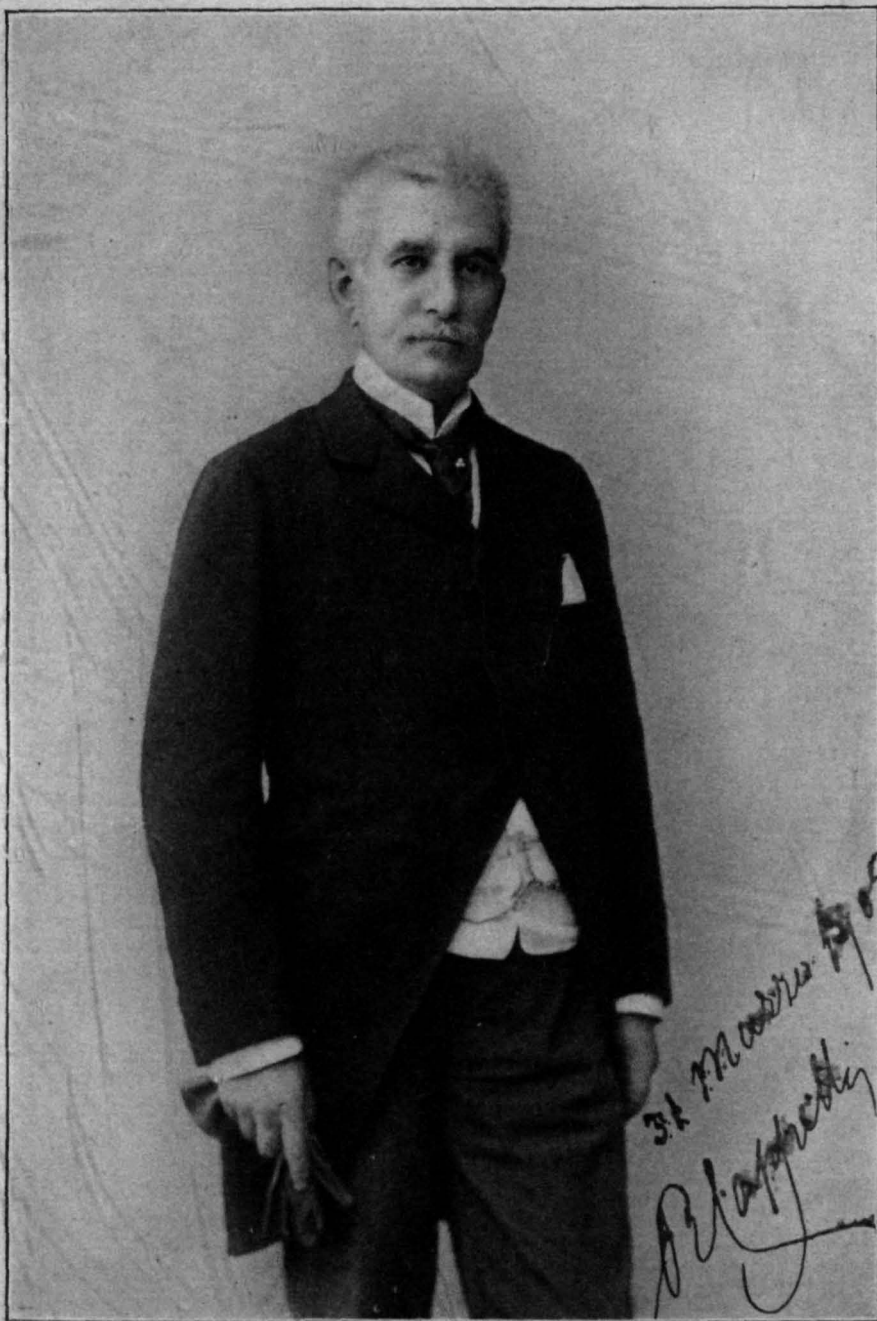
GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

know of especially, where an American girl, who had not a penny of dot, married one of the richest Italian nobles in Rome, and now presides most gracefully over two or three palaces and castles.

So far as I know, the marriages of our American girls with Italian noblemen have been, for the most part, very happy, and it is generally conceded that the Italians make excellent husbands and fathers.

We went, the other evening to the lovely palace of the Princess Venosa, of whom I have written you before. Her receptions are exclusive and quiet, but very delightful, and her drawing rooms are invariably decorated with wonderful flowers, sent from her villa at Albano. I have never in all my life seen such carnations as filled the vases on the table at the Princess's reception the other evening. Mr. Lawson's "glorious pink" would seem tiny beside these wonderful Venosa carnations that seemed to be in all colors and all shades. All about were the largest camellia plants I have ever seen, reaching to the high ceilings and covered with blossoms,—in fact, all the flowers were gigantic of their kind, and I was told that the Venosa greenhouse carries off most of the prizes at the horticultural shows each year.

THE MARCHESE CAPPELLI



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BACHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Colonel and Mrs. Lamb, who, by the way, is a very attractive English woman, have also had some charming afternoons at home, and their apartment in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza is effectively decorated with many tiger skins, trophies of the Colonel's hunting during his service in India. At present the Colonel is the British Military Attaché here in Rome.

The Princess Poggio Suasa, née Curtis, of New York, has a very pretty apartment just across the street from us ; we have enjoyed her evenings at home extremely, for she is much liked, and all the world goes to her Friday evenings. Her charming sister, the Marquise de Talleyrand, is here now with the Princess. She is a great traveler and one hears of her sometimes at her dear Chatsworth Club, then in New York, but she usually spends part of the winter in Rome, though directly you reach Paris in the spring, you are sure to see her in one of the best boxes at the opera. Somewhere in her trunks she has tucked away the "fairy seven-league boots," I am sure,—yet she is always so animated and gay that one cannot think of her as ever being tired.

* * * * *

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

The Marchesa Cappelli receives on Wednesdays in the elegant Torlonia palace, and all Rome passes through her lovely drawing-rooms between three and seven. The Marchesa is one of the most popular women in Rome, and her friends are legion. I enjoyed singing for her immensely, for she had arranged everything so well, and afterward I was presented to His Eminence, Cardinal Mathieu, who had said to his hostess, "I wish to meet the nightingale." He is a very cultured Frenchman, fond of music and society, and goes about a great deal. The long music room of the Marchesa is hung with beautifully embroidered satin draperies, and when I exclaimed to her about them, she smilingly said, "Oh! I embroidered them all myself!" I asked her when she ever found the time, going about as she does to everything, but she laughed and said, "One always can find time for things one likes to do, and, of course, the Roman season does not begin until December or January." The other day at one of these afternoon receptions, a woman was lamenting that she had no time to see anything of her friends, because she was so busy rushing about from one engagement to another, and yet, she said, "In October, when we all have nothing to do but arrange our houses, we are each more cross than the other if

The Marchesa Capelli welcomed me Wednesday in the elegant Palazzo palace, and Mr. Romy passed through her lovely drawing-rooms between three and seven.

The Marchesa is one of the most popular women in Rome, and her friends are legion. I was singing for her immensely, for she had arranged everything so well, and afterward I was presented to His Eminence, Cardinal Maffei, who had said to his hostess, "I wish to meet the singer." He is a very cultured Frenchman, fond of music and poetry, and gave about a great deal. The long music room of his apartments is hung with beautiful tapestries and rich draperies,

THE MARCHESA CAPPELLI

and when I exclaimed to her hostess, she smilingly said, "Oh! I entertained Glen till myself!" I asked her when she ever found the time, going about as he does to everything, but she laughed and said, "One always can find time for things one likes to do," and, of course, the Roman season does not begin until December or January." The other day at one of these afternoon receptions, a woman was lamenting that she had no time to see anything of her friends, because she was so busy running about and one thing or another to another, and yet, she said, "I wonder when we all have nothing to do but arrange our houses, we are each more cross than the other."



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

anyone tries to visit us or interrupt the winter installation of our houses. If I should go to see anyone in October, I dare say they would receive me, but they would be very annoyed, and I presume I should feel the same."

. At one of the Marchesa Cappelli's receptions I met the sister of His Excellency Signor Tittoni, the Marchesa Berardi, who is chaperoning her two pretty daughters everywhere this winter. She is handsome like her brother, and looks very much like him.

One of the distinguished women, whom we see everywhere, is Her Highness the Princess Ratibohr de Corvey, who has never left the continent, yet speaks English as well as you or I. Many of these women are brought up by English governesses and learn to speak English before their own tongue.

There are many more things I want to write you, but it is very late, so good night—for this time.

XXXI

To C. R.

ROME, ITALY, March 10, 1905

My dear C. :

WE have been so very busy, and have been going about such a lot, that I really have not had time to write. Mrs. M. came in the other afternoon, and said we were getting much too frivolous ; that we were not devoting nearly as much time as we should to visiting and studying the wonders of Rome. As a matter of fact, I suppose she is perfectly right, but when alluring invitations come from these fascinating Italian ladies, I cannot make up my mind to decline, wonders or no wonders. Rome has been here quite a while, but one never knows how long these lovely people will be here with their villas and castles calling them away every now and then to their feudal glory in the country.

Anyhow to-day, thanks to Mrs. Mozley, we have been properly serious and have seen many interesting

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

things in her enthusiastic company. We drove first to the American Cemetery, which is very near the Porta San Paolo. In 1825 this land was set apart for the burial of strangers, and a little chapel in Romanesque style was erected in 1898, at the west end of the cemetery. Many distinguished men and women, lovers of dear Italia, have been buried here, and while the place is called the "English and American Cemetery," it is too near the most cosmopolitan city in the world, not to be, in reality, cosmopolitan also. It is a very restful spot, from which one has lovely views, and as I stood under the lofty cypress trees that shade the place, I could quite understand Shelley's writing of the old cemetery just adjoining: "It might make one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Poor Shelley's ashes are buried here, though his heart (the only part of his body not consumed by flames, when his remains were burned in the Bay of Spezia), is at Boscombe, England. John Keats, too, is buried here, and on his tomb one reads the pathetic line written by the poet himself, and placed on his grave-stone at his request: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." John Gibson, the English sculptor, who died in Rome, in 1866, is also buried here. We pass his house in the Via Babuino, mornings, as we

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

walk down into the Piazza di Spagna. Goethe's son, too, lies here, and many others of many nations. Lovers of art all over the world come to great Rome to enjoy and study its treasures, and it seems only fitting that those whose life's thread is cut in this adored land, may find a suitable resting place together, near the city in which they have loved and labored.

Mr. Waldo Story has recently sculptured a lovely monument in memory of his wife who is buried here. It represents an angel kneeling at an altar in the attitude of weeping. The Genius of Grief, it is called, most appropriately, and Mrs. M. gave me one of the photographs that she has had especially taken of the monument, as there are none for sale.

When we came away we walked across the old cemetery to the Pyramid of Caius Cæstus Epulo, who died 12 years B. C. He was quite a personage, according to the inscription on the sides of the great tomb, a prætor, tribune of the people, etc., etc. We were anxious to enter the vault, so, after some persuasion, the workmen, who were making some slight restorations, consented, and with the aid of torches, we obtained a very fair view of the old frescoes in the little vaulted room about twenty feet long in the centre of the great Pyramid. In the middle ages,

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

this Pyramid was believed to be the tomb of Remus : and that reminds me, the other day when we went over to the Forum to brush up our memory a little (I 'm afraid it needed a good deal of renovating, there is so much in the Forum to remember and memories are so elusive at times), we did actually see the real tomb of Romulus, or at least, what the archæologists believe to be his tomb. The old classic writers refer to certain stones in the Forum, designated as the " niger lapis," which were supposed to mark an unlucky spot, because the Romans were thus reminded of the tomb of the founder of their city ; and, according to the general belief, Romulus lay buried deep down under those black stones. Signor Boni, the indefatigable archæologist, who has literally dug up so much important knowledge in recent years, discovered, first, the " niger lapis," and then decided to investigate the supposed place of burial of Romulus. In the most skilful way, he has excavated around and under the black stones without displacing them at all, and lo and behold ! he has found the most curious cone of yellowish tufa, and behind this, a tufa cippus in the shape of a truncated quadrangular pyramid. On the four faces this cippus bears an inscription in Greco-Archaic letters, the like of which has never been seen, and which as

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

yet no one has been able to decipher. All around have been found ashes, coals, bones of bulls and wild boars, that were brought there as votive offerings probably. Some of the bucchero vases that were used by the ancients for their tombs, and some little archaic brown statues in the Phœnician style, have also been discovered. Nobody really knows why all these things were put there, though I believe there is no question that they belong to the seventh century before Christ.

A lighted torch enabled us to see the markings more clearly and they are certainly very curious. Dear me! If we keep on we shall prove true all the fables of the olden times. Now that Dr. Schliemann has dug up Troy, and Signor Boni unearthed the tomb of Romulus, perhaps somebody will some day find Aladdin's Lamp.

But *retournons aux moutons*. Not content with all these interesting things, Mrs. M. set off in another direction and calmly announced to her courier that she wished to go over the house of Beatrice Cenci. "*Non è possibile, Signora,*" ("It is not possible"), he replied, "*la casa non è aperta al pubblico*" ("the house is not open to the public"). With a queer little determined smile, Mrs. M. closed the door of the carriage and repeated, "I wish to go

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

to the house of Beatrice Cenci," and the courier meekly mounted the box, and told the driver to go to the Palazzo Cenci-Bolognetti, which is situated in the Ghetto or Jewish quarter, near the Piazza Tartaruga.

On the way we talked over the story of poor, unhappy Beatrice, whose father was so wicked and cruel to her, that after struggling in vain to escape his indignities, she finally murdered him, with the help of her brother and step-mother. The Pope, Clement VIII, knowing the extenuating circumstances, said he would pardon the unfortunate girl, but another patricide was reported to him from an adjacent town, and he felt he must make an example; so poor Beatrice was executed with her two accomplices, September 11th, 1599, in front of Castel Sant' Angelo. We saw the gloomy dungeon where she was confined when we went over the Castello a few mornings ago, and near it was another where the celebrated goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini, who was such a valiant soldier, was also imprisoned. The artist, Guido Reni, is said to have been deeply in love with the young and beautiful Beatrice, and you remember his lovely portrait of her. As we are so near, we ran into the Gallery of the Barberini Palace to have a look at it yesterday, and saw also the one

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

of the step-mother by Gaetano. Beatrice certainly was lovely, but recent accounts take all the romance out of the story, and make her out quite a dreadful person.

All admission to the Palazzo Cenci was, as we expected, denied us, but Mrs. M., who was most persistent and persuasive, finally opened the doors with a little silver magic, and an old peasant woman calling, "*Venga, venga* (Come, come)," at every turn, showed us all about the house. It is an enormous old palace, cold and gloomy, and its feudal vastness seems a fitting place for the scene of such a fearful tragedy. We were shown the room where poor Beatrice lived, and her portrait forms part of the really fine frescoes on the wall, which to-day were singularly hung in the Swedish colors, as the room is used now for a Swedish club; the Cenci family, though still prominent in Rome, do not occupy this part of the palace now. If I remember correctly, one of the Lorrillard-Spencers of New York married a Cenci here.

The old peasant woman seemed quite delighted at our interest, and insisted on the other servants letting us look into the little room where Beatrice was confined after her crime, before she was taken to the dungeons in Castel Sant' Angelo; it was only as

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

large as a closet, but it was made to serve as a family kitchen, and amidst the pots and kettles hanging on the wall, we discovered as a sort of frieze a half broken bas-relief of fruits and flowers that seemed singularly appropriate, considering the present conditions and use of the room.

The archæologists tell us that the Cenci palace is built on the substructions of the theatre of Balbus, erected by L. Cornelius Balbus as a compliment to the Emperor Augustus, in 13 B. C., and since it was first built it has never been enlarged. What a city, or rather, layer of cities is the Rome of to-day! It has been said, that every period of civilization has left its mark in some way here, from the open, luxurious buildings of the intelligent, courageous Romans of pagan times, to the gloomy isolated fortresses of the feudal lords of the mediæval days.

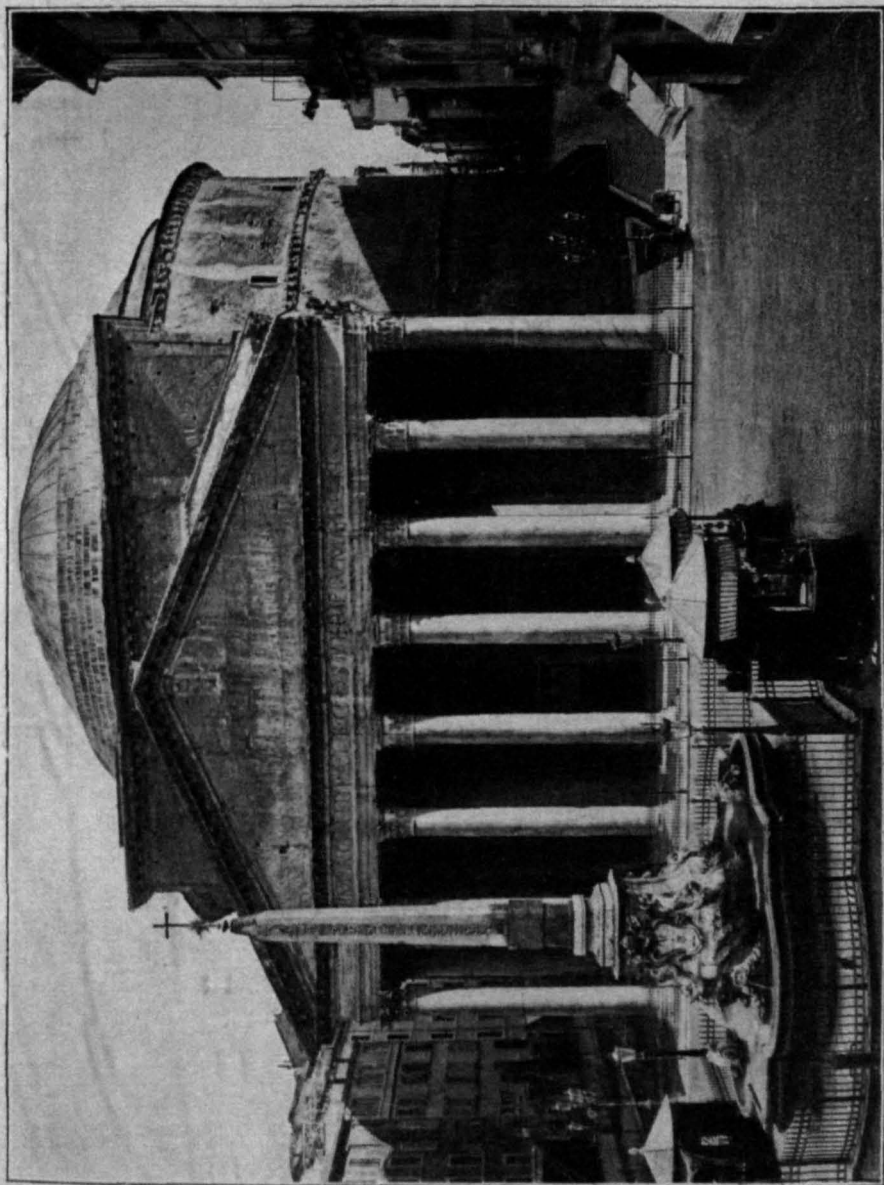
On our way home we stopped at the Pantheon. This wonderful building was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, in 27 B. C., and was primarily intended as the sudatorium or sweating room of the great thermæ, or baths, with which it is connected. It is one of the grandest and most perfect productions of what is specifically called Roman architecture. It was so imposing after its completion, that the Romans felt, evidently, that this glori-

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

ous dome was more fitted for a temple for the gods than for man, and it was afterwards dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger. Pliny speaks of the Pantheon as "some of the finest works the world has ever beheld—the roofing of the Pantheon of Jupiter Ultor that was built by Agrippa." The building was repaired by Septimius Severus and Caracalla, and the statue of Jupiter, that was formerly in this temple, is now in the Hall of Busts in the Vatican museum; it is a copy of the famous Jupiter by Phidias. Of course the building has undergone many changes, and one has no idea, from the aspect of the Greek portico in front, of the wondrous structure behind, which is generally considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind over matter in connection with the law of gravity. Conflagrations, earthquakes, revolutions (and Rome has seen one hundred and fifty of them), even Time, have striven in vain to destroy this wonderful and unique structure.

As one enters the circular interior, the light effects produced by the great aperture in the centre of the dome—which is thirty feet in diameter—are so beautiful that many people in olden times believed that the temple derived its name of Pantheon from

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA



GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

its resemblance to the vaulted dome of heaven. Fluted columns of *giallo antico* (antique yellow marble) support the architrave, and it is interesting to see how successfully the *pavonnazetto* has been made to imitate the *giallo antico*. We can appreciate here how cleverly the Greeks were able to tint their marble without concealing the beauty and texture of the noble material itself.

In 609 A. D., Pope Boniface IV dedicated the Pantheon as a Christian church to all the martyrs, with the name of Sancta Maria ad Martyres, and at that time twenty-eight wagon loads of the bones of martyrs were brought here from the Catacombs. The beautiful bronze-gilt tiles of the roof were ruthlessly carried off to Constantinople by Emperor Constantine II, and the magnificent bronze cornice that encircles the aperture of the dome is the only part of the once magnificent bronze decorations of the interior of the building. You have heard the saying of Pasquino, "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini*" ("What the barbarians did not, the Barberini have done"), and in 1632 Pope Urban VIII, one of the Barberini family, had the audacity to carry off the brazen tubes on which the roof rested, as well as other ancient bronze relics,

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

and had them melted up and made into columns for the canopy of the high altar at St. Peter's, and cannon for the fortress of Sant' Angelo.

Originally, the color effect of the marbles of the floor must have been very beautiful, though the sunken bases of the columns show that the original mosaic has been changed and raised in the course of time, but even now the color scheme is very effective, while due provision for the drainage of the water, which naturally must enter from the aperture at the top, is made without in any way injuring the effect of the pavement.

We were anxious to see something more of the baths of Agrippa, and as we clambered up the stone stairs leading from one side of the church, that we might get a better idea of the ruins, we came across, on a sort of landing shut in by shaky doors, the queerest old man acting as guard and guide to this part of the building. It was an extremely cold day—we were all tightly wrapped in our furs—but this old man sat quietly at a table working away with numerous cleverly arranged threads pinned on to a cushion before him and which he tied in regular and irregular knots. If you will believe it, all that he had to keep him warm was a small brazier of hot ashes, placed beside him; I cannot understand how

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

he was able to endure the cold. By tying and untying the threads in knots, he made the prettiest book-marks in very even patterns, with a patience that passed all understanding. I asked him where he had learned to make these pretty things, and he told me that when quite a little boy, an old aunt, who lived far away in a small town in the mountains, had taught him the work he was then doing. "In my old age, what I learned so long ago is my only means of support," he said. I bought one of his pieces of work that he said had taken him a week to make, and felt almost ashamed when I paid him his price of five francs. He told me that Queen Margherita had bought a great deal from him, and he seemed very grateful and appreciative of Her Majesty's kindness. We were shown all about the ruins, which are most interesting, although one gains a very imperfect idea of the baths, as so many of them are built into houses that the original structure cannot be altogether determined. But parts of the lovely frieze, ornamented with tridents, dolphins and other things suggestive of water and baths, have been skilfully replaced in their original position.

Our old guide showed us also the little private chapel where the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family come to hear mass privately. It

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

is here that King Victor Emmanuel II and the late King Umberto I are buried. Early in January of each year there is held a great memorial service in the Pantheon, which is attended by Queen Margherita, Their Majesties, the King and Queen, all the Royal household, the diplomatic corps and the "Collars of the Annunziata." We saw the place where a beautiful monument is being erected to the late King, and we were, of course, interested in Raphael's Tomb, which bears the graceful epigram composed by Cardinal Bembo:

*"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."*

The poet Pope has translated this as follows:

*"Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works ; and, dying, fears herself to die."*

On the altar at the left is the statue of the silver Madonna that is supposed to have wonderful curative powers. It was executed by Lorenzetto in accordance with Raphael's last will, and above the niche to the right of the altar is an epitaph, marking the burial place of Maria Bibbiena, Raphael's beloved, whom he made so famous in his paintings. It is here also that Ann. Carracci, Taddeo Zuccherro, and

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

other famous men in the world of art are buried. Altogether, I think it is quite the most interesting place in Rome, for the Past and the Present seem to meet here and clasp hands, and the great Past seems to promise a great Future to the young united Italy of to-day. Certainly more valiant heroes and more ardent patriots cannot be found in the annals of old Rome than Victor Emmanuel II (*"Il Re Galantuomo"*) and Umberto I. It was to this edifice, once a pagan temple, that the bones of the Christian martyrs were brought to consecrate the Christian church; and it seems probable that at a time, now not far distant, the Pope and the King may meet here in complete reconciliation. Certain it is that the Blacks are no longer so bitterly opposed to the young King and his rule as formerly, and I know one young man, who bears a famous name, who tells you with pride that two of his uncles belong to the College of Cardinals, yet, in the same breath, tells you that he himself is secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for His Majesty, the King. During the old days of the bitter strife between the Pope and the State, no person of White politics was ever seen at a party given by one of the Blacks and nothing could induce a member of a distinguished Black house to enter the doors of one of the King's adherents. But the old

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

days are passing away and only the old ruined castles in the mountains are left of the bitter suspicions of the feudal days, while the hatred of Guelfs for Ghibbellines is fast becoming a memory.

The resources of Italy are so great that, if the Italians can only follow dear old Benjamin Franklin, "and all hang together," they are bound to make a great and prosperous nation, for they have as a heritage one of the most glorious countries on the earth.

XXXII

To E. F. D. B.

ROME, ITALY, March 11, 1905

My dear M.:

I hope you received my cable sending you my best birthday wishes. Best love, dear, always. I wish I could fly over seas and have a good birthday frolic with you.

Yesterday afternoon we took a long drive out by the barracks on the parade ground, past the road that leads to the Villa Madama, and came home by the way of the Ponte Molle (such an interesting old bridge). We turned into the road that leads to the spring of the Acqua Acetosa to see a motley throng filling bottles at the spring. The water is free to all who care to go for it, and as it is very soft, and good to drink, many poor people come out here with their little donkey carts, fill numbers of bottles, and peddle the water for one or two cents per bottle in the streets of Rome.

Before going home we stopped to see Mrs. Broad-

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

wood and her daughters, who have a very pretty apartment in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza.

Last evening we went to one of Mme. Düé's musical evenings. The Princess Solms Braunfels was delighted with my song by Lefèvre, "*Ici bas tous les lilas meurent.*" She said it was her favorite poem and made me sing it two or three times over. Lilly very kindly played my accompaniments.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is passing a few days in Rome, and her Lady-of-Honor was there last night. She had to leave early, she said, as she had much correspondence to attend to for Her Highness. Baronne Von Bildt, the wife of the Minister from Sweden to England, was there also; I like her very much, and have enjoyed going to her receptions which are always delightful. Her husband was formerly Minister to Italy, and she is so devoted to Rome, that she comes here in the winter as often as she can. She has such a pretty little daughter, who speaks seven languages, though she is only twelve years old.

Mr. Dué kindly played for us last evening, a young German nobleman played an interesting sonata on the violin, accompanied by his wife, and altogether we had a fine "musical good time."

XXXIII

To T. C. B.

ROME, ITALY, March 17, 1905

My dear P.:

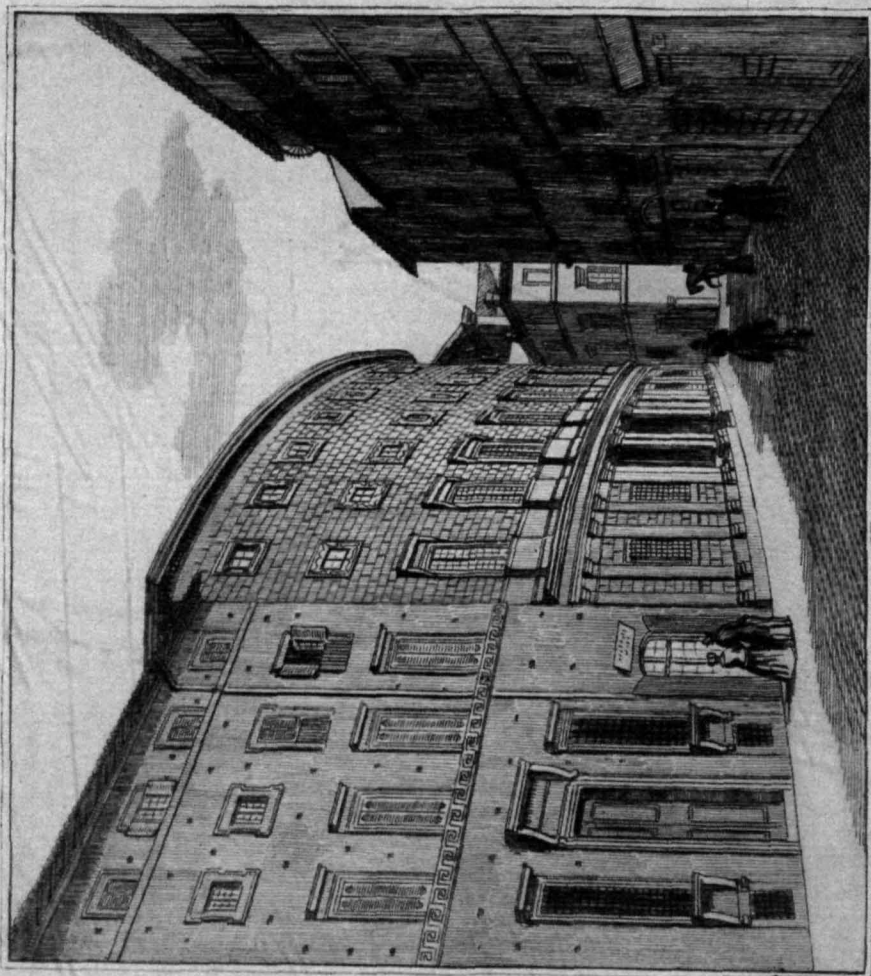
I AM afraid you will think my letters are rather infrequent of late, but the fact is, we have been so extremely busy, people have been doing so much for us, and our good times have been so numerous, that I really have not had a moment when I could write you a satisfactory letter.

Yesterday we had the good fortune to be invited by the daughter of Prince Massimo to attend the yearly festival given at the Palazzo Massimo, on March 16th, in commemoration of the miracle performed in the palace in 1583 by St. Filippo Neri.

From a fragment of the "Bull" issued by Pope Urban XIII, dated A. D. 1623, at the time of the canonization of Filippo Neri, I have the following account given me by the Prince, that was taken from the life of the saint, by P. Giacomo Bacci, a priest of the congregation of the Oratorio di Roma, an order founded by St. Filippo.

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

Prince Fabrizio Massimo, having five daughters, was very anxious for a son and heir. Accordingly, he asked Filippo Neri, the priest of the family, to add his prayers that a son and heir might be born to the house of Massimo, and Filippo consented providing the child should be named as he might dictate. In due time a son was born and christened Paolo by the holy father, and soon after the birth of the boy, the Princess, his mother, died. At the age of fourteen Paolo was taken ill with a fever, but he bore his sufferings with such patience that Germanica Fedeli offered to exchange his health for the sufferings of the invalid, but the holy Paolo, confessing each day to the priest, Filippo, refused to cure himself at the expense of another's health. His fever grew worse and he became weaker daily, so that the holy father Filippo, begged the family to acquaint him at once with any change in the invalid's condition. At the time that the messenger tried to approach the priest to notify him of the boy's sinking condition, the holy man was saying mass, and therefore could not be interrupted. When at last the mass was finished, and the holy father learned of the serious turn that the illness of the boy had taken, he hastened to the palace, only to find Paolo dead. Shutting himself in the room with the



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

dead boy, he prayed for some time, sprinkled the body with holy water and called to him twice in a loud voice, "Paolo, Paolo!" At the sound of the saint's voice, the boy opened his eyes as if awakening from a sleep, and responded, "Father, I have forgotten one sin which I wish to confess." The holy father absolved him from his sin, and the family entered the door to find the boy returned to life. Paolo quietly answered many questions in regard to his dead mother and sister, and on being asked, if he had departed this life willingly, answered in the affirmative. The holy father repeated the question, "Do you willingly die," and the boy responded that he was anxious to join his mother and his sister in Paradise. Therefore, the holy father gave him the benediction of the church, and said to him, "Go and be blessed and pray to God for me." Thereupon, with a smiling countenance and without any further movement, the boy fell back quietly into the arms of the holy father and was dead. This last scene took place in the presence of his father, Fabrizio, his two sisters, the nun St. Martha, Violante Santa Croce, his stepmother, and the domestic who attended him in his illness, called Francesca.

All Rome believes devoutly in this miracle and from the crowds at the palace inside and out, I think

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

all Rome, poor and rich, great and small, came to honor the Saint's memory.

St. Filippo Neri was born in Florence in 1515, and was adopted by a wealthy uncle as his heir, but being devoutly inclined, he secretly went to Rome to study theology and canon law. He distributed his property to the poor in 1538, and became one of the most popular priests of Rome, beloved by rich and poor alike. He seems to me a most interesting personality, and far more attractive than his associate Ignatius Loyola, who founded the famous Jesuit Order in 1541. St. Filippo founded the Order of Priests of the Oratory a little later (in 1575), with the approval of Gregory XIII, the magnificent Buoncampagni Pope. He died May 26th, 1595, and on this day of every year, a festival is held in the Chiesa Nuova, erected by him for the order that he founded, and every Sunday after the Ave Maria, from November first to Palm Sunday, concerts of sacred music, to which only men are admitted, are given in the Oratorium, in memory of the Saint's great fondness of music, and his belief in that cheerful form of divine service. Beneath the altar of the small and sumptuous chapel of St. Filippo Neri repose the Saint's remains, and above is the portrait of the saint

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

in mosaic, after the original painting by Guido Reni, which is preserved in the adjoining monastery.

In commemoration of the St. Filippo miracle, the room in which Paolo was brought to life was converted into a most beautiful chapel, and a mass is said there each morning of the year; but on the 16th of March, as the anniversary of the miracle, a regular festival takes place. The chapel is thrown open to the public, as well as the stairways of the palace leading to it, from five in the morning until six or seven in the evening, and during that time continual masses are said before the high altar, to the accompaniment of sacred music. The chapel is endowed with the full privileges of a public church, and has received the special blessing and indulgences of many Popes. At the side of the entrance, marble tablets commemorate the personal visits of three Pontiffs; Benedict XIII, Gregory XVI, and Pius IX, who came twice to the chapel and presented it with very beautiful and costly altar candles, while Leo XIII gave the statue of St. Filippo in the chapel the same blessing as the statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's. The chapel is richly ornamented with marble columns, and along the side of the walls are arranged wrought iron standards, for innumerable

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

old brass reliqueurs, which contain innumerable relics of various saints. These wrought iron supports, made in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century, under the direction of Professor Ludovico Seitz, as well as the beautiful mosaic pavement of the chapel, were placed here by the present Prince in 1883, on the occasion of the three-hundredth anniversary of the miracle. At that time, Prince Carlo had a medal struck in commemoration of the anniversary. It was executed by Professor Francesco Bianchi, and represented on one side the saint bringing back the young Prince, and on the other an inscription regarding the anniversary. The Prince was kind enough to present me with a reproduction of this medal, and seeing that I was especially interested in the chapel and the palace, he invited me to come to the palace with F. B. a few days after the festival, in order that I might see all the relics more carefully, and obtain a more complete knowledge of the strange story of St. Filippo and the palace. I was very glad of this invitation, for on the day of the Saint's festival, there were so many people going up and down the stairs of the great palace, and such a large crowd in the little chapel itself that it was almost impossible to see anything thoroughly. The day of the festival the Prince's daughter received the special friends of the family in her

PRINCE MASSIMO

Roma 4. Aprile 1905



Carlo Alberto Camillo Principe
Massimo

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA DATES BATCHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

large and beautiful apartments on the second floor of the palace, and only those were allowed to enter these rooms from the stairway who had cards of invitation. It was with great difficulty that we reached the apartments of the Countess at all, and it was only through the help of one of the public *gens d'armes* in attendance, that we ever made our way up the stone stairway thronging with pushing, eager people. On presenting of our card of invitation, however, we were at once shown into the large ante-room, leading to the Countess's apartments. We tried to reward our rescuer, but modern Italy is not to be paid for services, and with a profound bow the officer made his way back down the stairs. At the door we gave our cards of invitation to one of the flunkies, and I noticed the unusual elegance of the Massimo liveries; dark crimson coats bordered with braid, in which the family arms are woven, pale blue waist-coats, crimson plush knee breeches, and white silk stockings, with powdered hair.

The pretty Countess received us cordially, and her father, the Prince, presented us with a copy of the story of St. Filippo and showed us all about the apartments which contain some very interesting and beautiful things. The portrait of the Prince's mother, Maria Gabriella, born Princess of Savoia-Carignano,

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

was particularly lovely, and the other morning, when we came to see the chapel again, the Prince showed us a beautiful altar piece, painted by his mother on white velvet, and we went afterward to see her monument in the church of San Damaso.

Although the Prince is called in Rome the Black Prince, because of his extremely black politics and devotion to the Papal cause, he is nevertheless a cousin of the King, since his mother belonged to the Royal House of Savoy, and his wife is of equally distinguished lineage, being a daughter of the Duchess of Berry, by her second husband, Prince Lucchesi Palli. She, too, had given a most beautiful example of her handiwork to the chapel in the shape of an altar carpet, made of white crochet work in wool and embroidered in flowers. Seven beautiful gold chalices inlaid with rubies, amethysts and enamel in the style of the fifteenth century, as well as crystal candle sticks and wonderful pieces of lace, originally belonging to Louis XVI, and some bronze altar candle holders from England, are among the treasures of this chapel. The father of the present Prince, I am told, was especially fond of English people. Both the Countess and the Prince were very kind and patient in explaining all these things to me, and in a room which opens out of the ante-

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

chamber, they showed me the most wonderful collection of old ivory that I have ever seen; perhaps the most extraordinary piece was a sceptre belonging to Augustus III, King of Poland, who was the great-great-great-grandfather of the present Prince.

The Massimo family is one of the most illustrious of Italy, and claims to be descended from Fabius Maximus; on one of the family tombstones, that of Leone Massimo, who died the 23d of April, 1012, and was buried on the Aventine Mound, this descent is traced. But dating even from that time, his family numbers twenty-seven uninterrupted generations, and their palace, called the Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne, is one of the most interesting mediæval structures in Rome. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of Baldassarre Peruzzi, who died in 1536, before its completion. The arch-shaped front of the palace was dexterously made to fill the curve of the original narrow street, called the Via Massimo, but all is changed, and the stern-looking palace now looks down upon the new street of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, which has ruthlessly done away with many small streets and traverses Rome from end to end with electric car tracks down the centre. But the palace is still very striking in effect, and on the day of the festival the

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

pillars of the front of the house are hung with silken draperies on which are painted scenes from the life of St. Filippo, while on all the windows of the first floor are placed the old mediæval iron torch holders; and you feel, as you enter the palace and go about the rooms where so many old and curious things are to be seen, that you have stepped from the twentieth century back into the fifteenth, though the clang of the electric cars bridges over the seeming discrepancy in time. The room in which the Countess received is hung with red brocade, consequently, everybody chatted with everybody else in a most animated way. Have you ever noticed that red makes people talk? It seems to act on people's tongues as on a bull's temper, and I have noticed many times, where there is more than one receiving room at a reception, no one will stay anywhere but in the red room, if there is one. The ceiling of this particular room is very elaborate with the combined arms of Massimo and Savoy carved in the centre, while on the walls there are many fine pictures by Giulio Romano, and his school. In the midst of all this resplendent mediævalism was a modern, up-to-date tea-table, on which all sorts of "goodies" were arranged in pretty modern silver dishes, and a cup of tea was, I assure you,

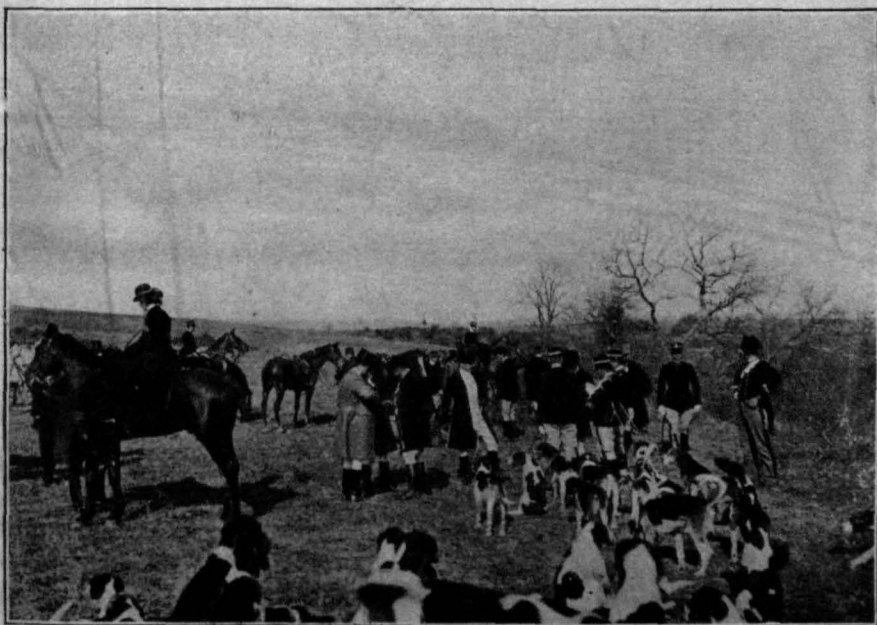
GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

most welcome after the struggle up and down the stairs to and from the chapel.

The son of the House, Prince of Arsoli, married the daughter of Princess Brancaccio, who, you remember, was Miss Field, of Chicago. In the days of the temporal power of the Pope, the Princes of the House of Massimo were always among those nearest to His Holiness, and the picture that I am sending you shows the present Prince in his robes as a Noble Patrician Roman Prince. I hope some day you may be with me here in Rome on the occasion of this festival of San Filippo Neri, because I am sure, you would be very much interested in the many unusual and wonderful things one can see only on that day.



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

gayly uniformed officers hurried by us, their orderlies following mounted, and leading their officers' hunters. Such a *mêlée* of carriages, people, horses and grooms, I have never seen, as were collected around the entrance way to the immense field from which the start was to be made. The riders were hurrying about giving last instructions to their grooms, hunting for friends, and, once mounted, they followed the master-of-the-hounds, forming part of the little procession that moved slowly up and down the field, for the benefit of the photographers who came out from Rome. A good deal more than an hour was consumed in getting ready, but when the field was really all mounted, a more lovely picture you can scarcely imagine. All the gentlemen were in their pink coats, which are always so picturesque, and the bright uniforms of the Italian officers added much to the usual gayety of the ordinary hunting scene. A great many ladies here ride, and this morning several of the American women had exceptionally fine mounts.

You remember about my speaking of the Marchesa Casati with her lovely gowns and jewels, but I forgot to say then, that she is one of the finest horsewomen in Italy. I am sending you a little picture that shows her in her long leopard-skin coat, just as

the road out to the north - the most direct
route. Along the road we saw many
mounds of earth - the remains of
very old dwellings. The first they are found are
about 1000 years old. In the drive back into
the city the mounds are extremely difficult
to see. I had a very good view in several places.

The first mounds we saw on the road were
the most ancient and were of a very different
type from the others. They were very small
and were of a very different shape. They were
of a very different shape and were of a very
different shape.

THE HUNT ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA

There is often a very good view of the
city from the road. The view is very good
and the city is very beautiful. The city is
very beautiful and the view is very good.
The city is very beautiful and the view is
very good. The city is very beautiful and
the view is very good.

At 10:30 we left our house. I had a little chat
with the man who was looking particularly
at the morning of a light grey color. The
man was very old and was very old. The
man was very old and was very old. The
man was very old and was very old. The
man was very old and was very old. The
man was very old and was very old. The
man was very old and was very old.



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

think I succeeded, though I heartily wished I had my head as well protected on the drive home.

Baron Morpurgo came up for a hasty good morning, as he was looking for his hunter. He is one of the best horsemen and finest riders in the country, I am told. He looked extremely well this morning; I think the pink coat is becoming to all men. Presumably, if I come back next year, I shall try and get a good hunter for the season, though, if you were here, you would carry off all the honors of the family. I did so wish you were with me yesterday, for you would have enjoyed seeing the bright red coats and uniforms galloping over the Campagna. The impressions of such a modern, up-to-date scene in contrast with the old ruined aqueducts and towers seemed incongruous; yet, it was all very picturesque, and as a back-ground we always have here the beautiful snow-capped mountains in the distance, which add, of course, so much to the grandeur of the landscape.

Just as we drove out of the field to return to Rome, our driver turned sharply to one side to let the Marchese Guglielmi's stunning four-in-hand go by. The Marquis was driving himself, and had some