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black satin with diamonds and pearl ornaments, and kept us all entertained throughout the evening with her bright and jolly ways.

The Marchesa di Rudini surely ought to feel highly gratified at the complete success of her undertaking. I have been in amateur theatricals so much myself, that I know the immense amount of work that a great production of this kind means. But then the Marchesa is an unusually clever woman; knows just what to do and how to do it. She is also very rich, and devotes endless time and money to the charity organizations in which she is interested. The Marchese, her husband, has been decorated by His Majesty with the Collar of the Annunciation (Collana dell' Annunziata), the greatest honor anyone can receive in Italy, and those who obtain it rank as cousins of the King. Since 1518, this order, called the Ordine Supremo dell' Annunziata, has been the highest order of knighthood of the Ducal House of Savoy, now the Royal House of Italy. It is said to have been originally founded by Amadeus VI of Savoy in 1362, and was called then the Order of the Collar of Savoy, but some authorities consider that its origin is much older. The medal of the order bears the representation of the Annunciation, while the collar is decorated with al-

ternate gold knots and enameled roses. The latter bear the letters F. E. R. T., thus making the Latin word *Fert* (He bears), an ancient motto of the House of Savoy. Again authorities differ as to this interpretation. The King is always the Grand Master of the order. The knights since 1720 are not limited in number, but they must be of high rank, and already admitted to the orders of St. Mauritius and St. Lazarus; and there is only one class of knights. The decoration is usually worn suspended by a gold chain, without the collar that I have just described, and since 1860 the knights wear on the left breast a star embroidered in gold. The four officers of the order are the Chancellor (always a bishop or archbishop), the Secretary (usually the Minister of Foreign Affairs), the Almoner (usually the King's first almoner), and the Treasurer. These officers wear the decoration around the neck, suspended by a sky-blue ribbon, accompanied by the star on the left breast.

The Marchesa might properly be described as the most up-to-date woman in Rome. Always faultlessly dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, her turn-outs are likewise of the finest, and she has adopted the fast-growing custom among the wealthy Romans, of having a beautiful villa in the new part of Rome, instead of living in a part of one of the old-time palaces.

You see, these old palaces are so vast, that they are rarely occupied by one family alone. In the olden days the palace was built by the head of the house, who occupied the first floor; his eldest son took possession of the second, on the occasion of his marriage; and the third floor was given over to another son or daughter, as the case might be. But this fashion, as I said, is gradually passing out, and the Romans have taken the word villa for what in many cases might properly be still called a palazzo, although these villas are not nearly as large as the great old palaces of the fifteenth century.

The Marchesa invited me to call on her, and appointed a special time, in order that we might see something of each other, for as she said quite truly, "When one receives formally, one *really* does not see anybody at all." As she is a very busy woman, I thought she was very kind to make this arrangement, and I thoroughly enjoyed my visit with her. She speaks English very well, and is quite as up-to-date in her American expressions, as she is in everything else. She received us in a fascinating gown of white cloth, trimmed with rare old oriental embroideries, and her house was as *au fait* and cosmopolitan as herself. Kipling has said, "Men and women may sometimes after great effort achieve a creditable lie,

but the house which is their temple cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it." Everything in this lovely house, furnished with great elegance and taste, speaks of the personality of the Marchesa herself.

She asked me if I would sing for her the day that she celebrates as her fête-day (birthdays don't count over here, and as all Roman Catholics are named for some saint in the Holy Calendar, the annual holiday is celebrated on the day of the Saint for whom one is named). I was only too glad to be able in some way to return her charming courtesies to me. Several people had told me that they had never heard a voice and a flute together (you see there are so few high voices in Italy), so it occurred to me that it would be something quite new (and that is what the Marchesa likes) to sing one of my songs with a flute obligato. Accordingly, I rehearsed with Professor Settacciolli, professor of the flute at the Academy of St. Cecilia, and I was very glad, for the song went off finely and every one seemed surprised and delighted. One lady, who was in a room opening out of the music-room, said to me, "But Madame, I could not tell if it was the flute or if it was the voice that I heard."

No débutante at home ever received more gor-

geous flowers than the Marchesa on her fête-day. The whole house was literally transformed into a bower, and besides, a number of tables at one end of the drawing-room were quite covered with dainty and costly gifts from her numerous, admiring friends. The Marchesa Cappelli, who does such beautiful needle-work, had embroidered an exquisite pillow for the Marchesa, to whom she is most devoted. There were also fans, dainty bits of jewelry, odd bits of old silver, and in fact, all sorts of pretty things. But the Marchesa's popularity is richly deserved, for she is really one of the most charming women I have ever met, as well as one of the cleverest. I was sipping a cup of tea, with the beautiful Princess Viggiano who was wearing her order of the palace, a large monogram, E. V. (Elena, Victor Emmanuel) in diamonds, as she had been assisting the Queen at a small reception at the palace, when Bustini, who had played my accompaniments, came and said that everyone wanted me to sing once more. I had finished singing, as I thought, but I returned to the piano and sang Gounod's little serenade with the flute accompaniment. People are so perfectly charming here, and have such a pretty way of thanking you for doing things they ask, that you can refuse them nothing.

During the afternoon, all fashionable Rome paid homage to the Marchesa, and came to wish her well for another year. Just as we were going out, I saw Countess Bruschi for a moment. She was wearing my pet shade of pinkish lilac, and I never saw her look more lovely. She, too, had been in attendance on Her Majesty, and wore her diamond order, like that of the Princess Viggiano.

An awful thunder-storm came up just as everyone was leaving, but instead of spoiling the gayety of the afternoon, the clever Marchesa became more animated than ever, passed from room to room greeting her various guests with an appropriate word for each, so that everybody forgot the shower, and the fact that they had intended to go home.

Although the Marchesa is distinctly White in her politics, her popularity extends to the Vatican, for I exchanged greetings with Cardinal Mathieu to-day. I think I wrote you about being presented to him at the Marchesa Cappelli's a short time ago. He wore, as he did the other day, the deep purple *soutane*, with small red buttons down the front and the red *berretta* on his head. Of course, he formed the centre of the group of people who were anxious to meet him. When a reception is given in the evening to which cardinals have been invited, no one is

allowed to come in a décolleté gown, and no prelate must on any account be present in a room with dancing. On presentation, one is expected to make a slight reverence, and if His Eminence extends his hand, you are expected to kiss the great ring on his right hand, after the manner of His Holiness, the Pope.

The Marchesa has promised to give me her picture, so I shall be able to show you how lovely she is when I get home. How many things we shall have to talk about.

I said good-bye to a great many people to-day, for we have made up our mind that we must be moving on to Paris. I am quite blue at the thought of leaving this delightful place, where everyone has been so hospitable. I never thought I should be unhappy at the thought of going to Paris, which always seems like home to me. The Marchesa's brother, the Col. Marchese Incisa and his wife have jointly given me a letter of introduction to the Countess Simeon who lives in Paris, a sister of the Colonel and of the Marchesa di Rudini.

If she is as charming as the other members of her family, and I have no doubt she is, I shall surely enjoy making her acquaintance.

It does not seem as if we should ever be ready to

leave, there are so many last little things to be done, so many good-byes to be said, and such loads of P. P. C. cards to be sent out. Everybody has been so lovely that I do not feel as if I had half thanked anybody. I cannot write more now, as the trunks demand attention; we have already invested in an extra one as the accumulation of many months is more than one would imagine

XLVI

To T. C. B.

ROME, ITALY, April 14, 1905

My dear P.:

MANY thanks for your cable and pleasant birthday wishes. I did not realize that I had told anyone it was my birthday, but by eleven o'clock this morning my rooms were a bower of flowers from my Italian friends; many of the flowers came in exquisite vases which were, in themselves, very dainty gifts.

This afternoon F. B. and I went for a long drive to Montemario, and this evening the Marchesa Monaldi gave a charming dinner for me. Prof. and Mme. Sgambati, Count San Martino, Baron Morpurgo and others were there. The dinner was very pleasant, and afterwards a clever young Italian gave some amusing recitations in the different dialects of Italy; altogether it has been a delightful day, and I think the Marchesa was very kind to entertain so charmingly in my honor.

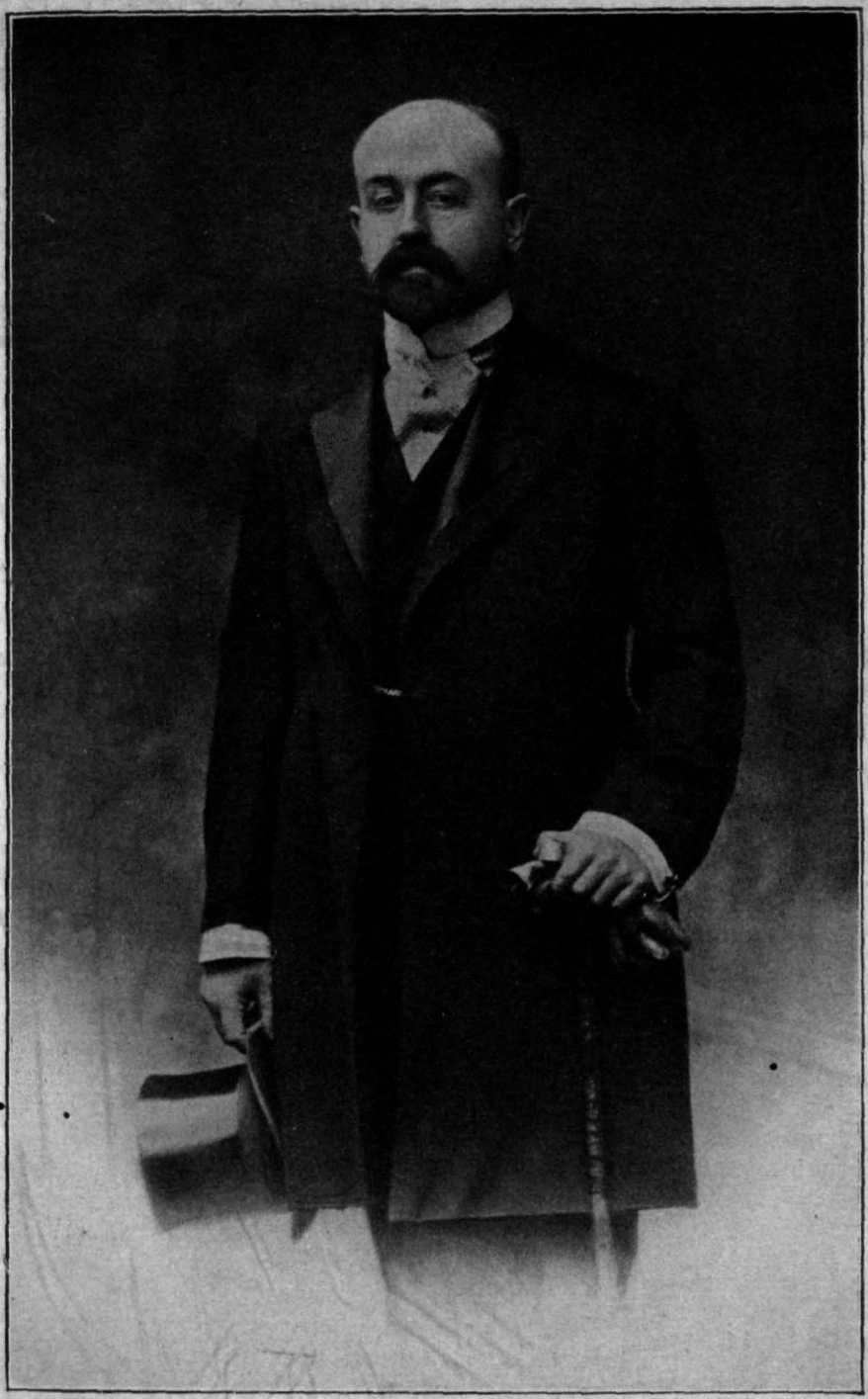
I forgot whether I wrote you that she had a

musicale a few days ago at which I sang, where Prof. Sgambati played my accompaniments for his songs.

I presume we shall see the Monaldi in England later, for she and the Marchese are going up to London for the season in June. She is a very attractive Englishwoman, and devoted to London, of course.

I was glad to meet Count San Martino at dinner to-night, as he is such a very busy man one can almost never secure him, for he is so prominent in the municipal government, being President of the Consiglio Communale, at the head of so many important societies,—the Belle Arti, St. Cecilia Orchestral Society, and many others, that his time is often not his own. He is a man of great wealth and culture, and does a great deal for Rome in many ways. Belonging as he does to one of the most distinguished families, his social demands are also great, but the busiest people are those who always know how to arrange their time systematically, and one might say that Count San Martino performs "prodigies of valor" with the twenty-four hours of each day. We had a nice musical talk about some of my music which the Count and I went over together the other evening when he came to call, but in the midst a telephone call demanded that he

COUNT SAN MARTINO



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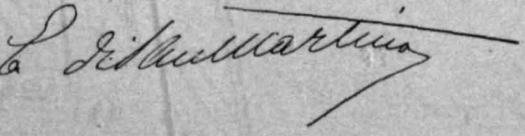


come to some unexpected municipal meeting, so he bade all a hasty good evening and was off.

That 's what it is for a man to be brilliant, rich and influential—he never can call an hour his own.

It is very late and I must not write more.

XLVII

To E. F. D. B.

Continental Hotel,
Milan, Italy, April 20, 1905

My dear M.:

YOU will indeed be surprised to get a letter from here, but we are only too thankful to reach this hotel this morning after a most exciting and uncomfortable journey from Rome. Indeed it was quite uncertain whether we could get here at all, as a railway strike is becoming general throughout Italy. The trains are being run by government officers and have to be protected all along the line with soldiers, as the strikers are anything but peaceful in their attitude. The train-de-luxe, on which we had engaged our sleeping compartment, did not go at all, so we were obliged to take any train we could get. You would have laughed, at the station at Rome, to see the gold-laced hotel porters handling all the baggage and putting it on the train; but they were really very nice about it, and considering that they were not at all used to the business of weighing trunks, etc., they did very well.

Soldiers were everywhere in the station, and, while the poor porters were struggling with the trunks, the strikers had taken possession of the station restaurant and were feasting in high glee.

Try as we might, we could only secure seats in a second-class compartment, but as there were already in it only a quiet Italian professor and another man, who said he should leave the train at Florence, we did not complain.

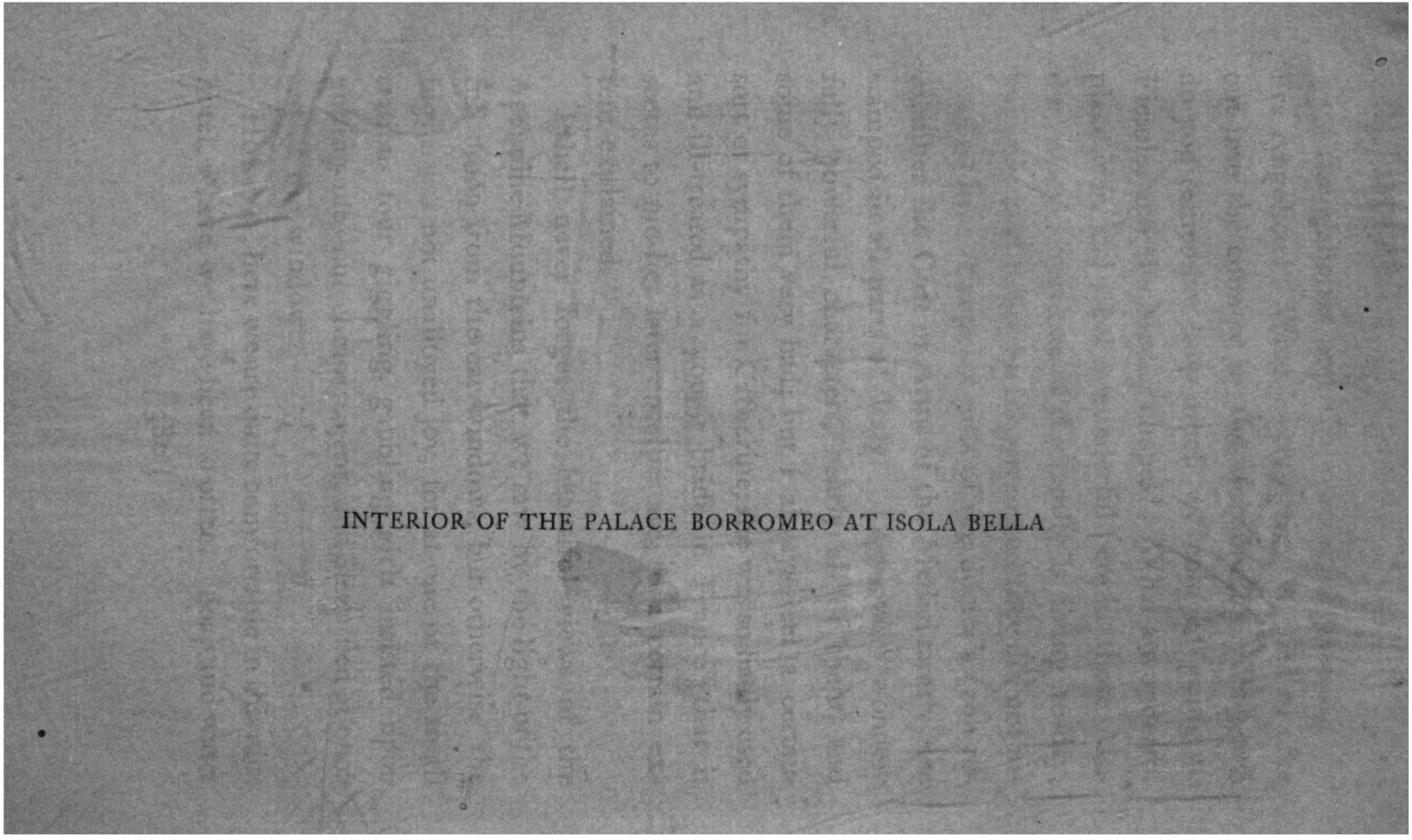
R. and his mother rushed down to the station at the last moment, having been first to the hotel; they did not think that we should brave the strikers and get away, but our trunks were packed and all our plans made to be in Paris for Easter, so we decided to go in spite of everything. We foresaw difficulties, and F. B. had a generous lunch prepared for us by the hotel people in Rome. The last good-byes were very hard to say, particularly to R. and his dear mother, who have been so kind to us in many ways, and have done so much to make our stay in Rome pleasant.

The train was guarded and all along the road at bridges and entrances of tunnels, soldiers were stationed at close intervals; it was really quite exciting. As we came in sight of Florence, I recalled all of our many happy days there together. How we did

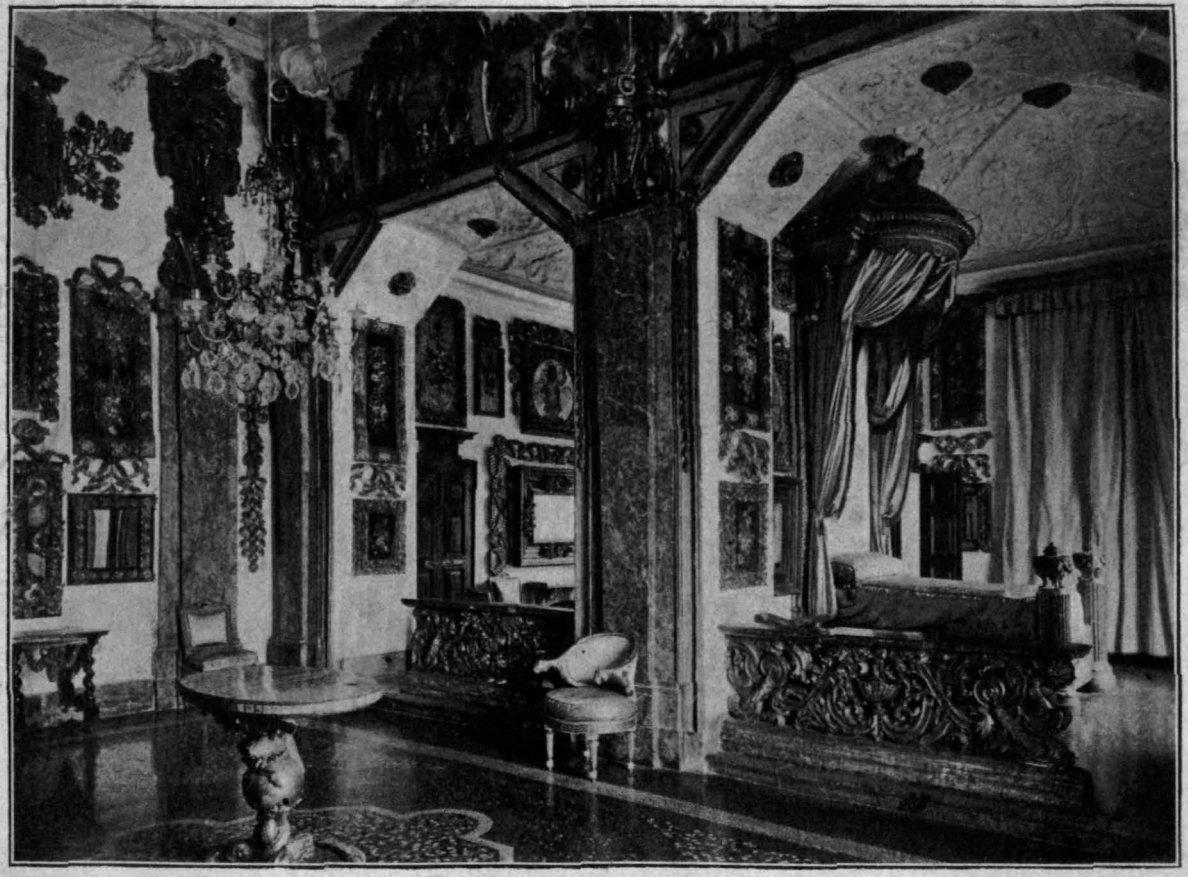
enjoy the galleries and the wonderful paintings of Fra Angelico! What lovely drives we used to take out into the country to the surrounding villas, and do you remember how much we enjoyed going to Fiesole, and the Medici chapel? What a wonderful place it is, and what a wonderful people those Medici were! Not one of the family is living to-day, but they will never be forgotten and they did not intend to be. Those six pills of the doctor's (you remember the Coat of Arms of the Medici family) are stamped in all parts of Italy. They were wonderfully powerful characters, nearly all of them, and some of them very bad; but I always feel a certain sort of sympathy for Catherine; she was so badly used and ill-treated as a young bride in France, that it seems to me her later cruelties are to a certain extent explained.

I shall never forget the beautiful views of the Apennine Mountains that we saw by the light of the full moon from the car windows, but otherwise the night was not unalloyed joy, for at one of the small stations four giggling, gabbling girls insisted upon getting into our compartment, and Sleep fled at once out of the window.

However, here we are quite comfortable in this nice hotel, where we have been so often. Soap and water



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE BORROMEO AT ISOLA BELLA



and a good cup of coffee have refreshed us, and we are going over to the cathedral presently to see and hear the great Holy Thursday ceremonies, conducted by H. E. Cardinal Charles Andrea Ferrara.

Later.

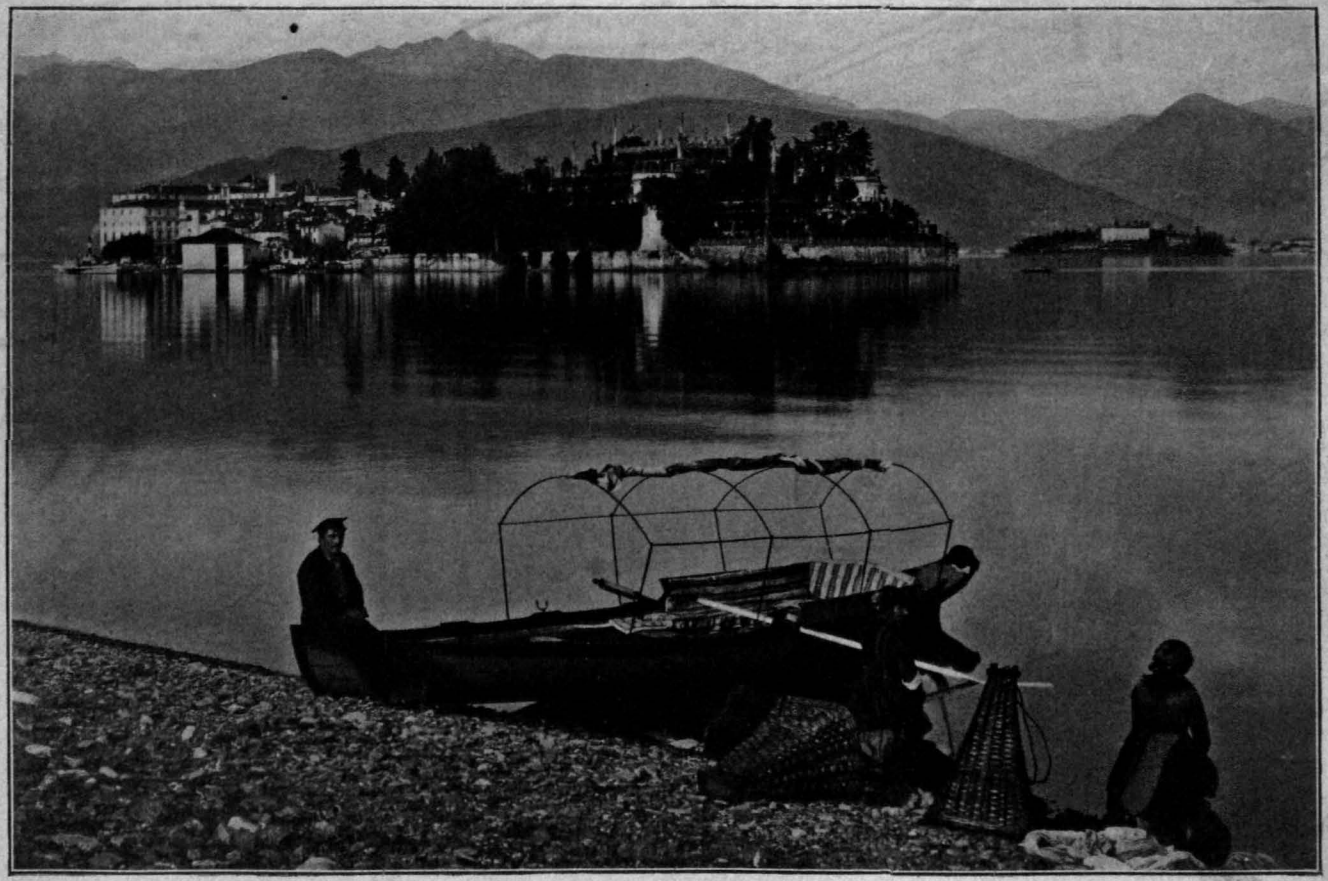
We are really fortunate to have been here to-day; the ceremony was magnificent, and the Cardinal most gorgeous in his white and gold robes. His jeweled hat, mitre and all the gold plate of the rich treasury of this wonderful cathedral was in use to-day. There was a very elaborate ceremony, in which a great many priests took part. The choir sang beautifully, and there was one very high soprano voice like the Pope's angel. After the ceremonies at the high altar, which seemed to me very complicated, the Cardinal went to the side altar of San Giovanni, accompanied by the priests, and the ceremony of washing his feet in oil took place. There was such a crowd that we could not see very distinctly, but the music was fine. Before leaving the cathedral, we went into the subterranean chapel to see the tomb of St. Carlo Borromeo, the patron saint of the cathedral. There lies the skeleton decked out in all his robes and jewels—really a most uncanny sight. Did you remember that there are fifty-two columns in the cathedral for the fifty-two Sundays in the year?

I had forgotten. In one of the chapels we saw t old wooden crucifix which St. Carlo Borromeo carried when he went about bare-footed on his errands of mercy during the plague.

We are sorry that we have not time to stay a few days in the lake country, which must be delightful at this season of the year, especially Lago Maggiore. I think the Isola Bella is one of the loveliest spots on earth, with its gardens and terraces abounding in flowers, and its wonderful old castle with the wee little village that clusters around it. It all belongs to the Borromeo family, one of the most distinguished names in Northern Italy. The other Borromeo islands, the Isola dei Pescatori (Fishermen's Island) and Isola Madre, are also very attractive. The last time we were there we stayed at Stresa, quite near the villa belonging to the Duchess of Genoa, the mother of Queen Margherita, who usually passes her summer there.

We hoped to have time to drive out from Milan to-day to Santa Maria delle Grazie, which is now a cavalry barrack, to see again the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, but we had to give it up; it was running too great a risk to miss the train for Paris, and a cab horse, when you want to hurry, generally falls down.

ISOLA BELLA AT LAGO MAGGIORE



After the train left Milan, we passed along through the great St. Gotthard tunnel, and we felt as if we had had a review of our Italian lake trip, for the road skirted the edge of Lake Como, where we had such a delightful time two years ago. The Countess Taverna has a beautiful villa on the borders of the lake; so has the Duchess Melzi d'Eril, whose picture, I wrote you, so much resembled you. I told you, I am sure, about meeting her charming daughter, the Countess Zaccaria. We had splendid views of Lake Lugano also, and the train passes over a causeway built directly across the lake. Do you remember what fun we had going up in the *funiculare* to Mount San Salvatore? And then the Alps! How magnificent they are, their wonderful snow-peaks reaching almost beyond belief into the blue sky!

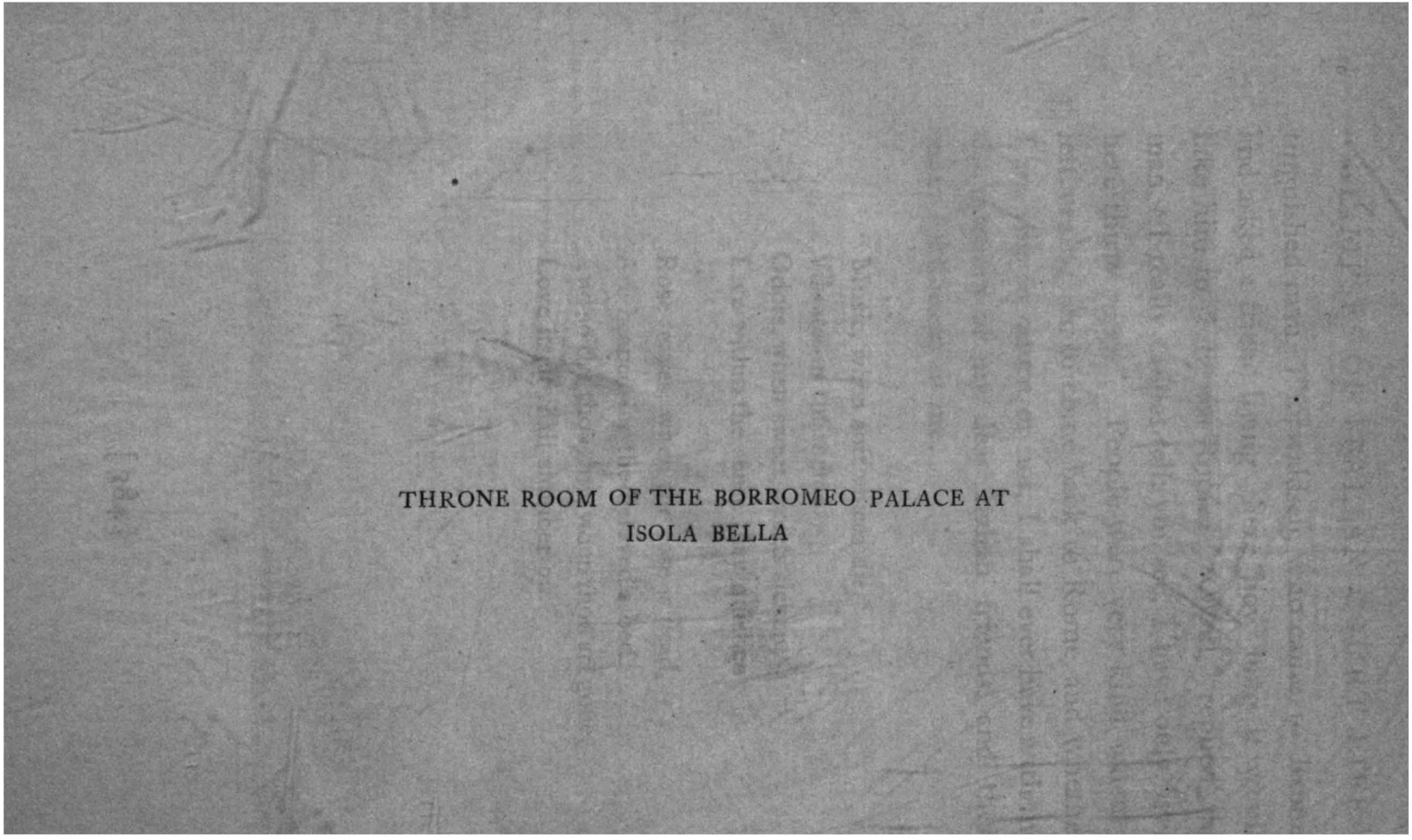
We were quite comfortable in a fine observation car, and Nature gave us her most wonderful cinematograph exhibition. Many people left the train at Lucerne, and I was glad to see the beautiful lake once more.

I can hardly realize that we have left Rome behind us, it has been such a delightful winter; we have met a great many charming people, and have seen a great many interesting things, but I always think of the story that Sgambati told me of that dis-

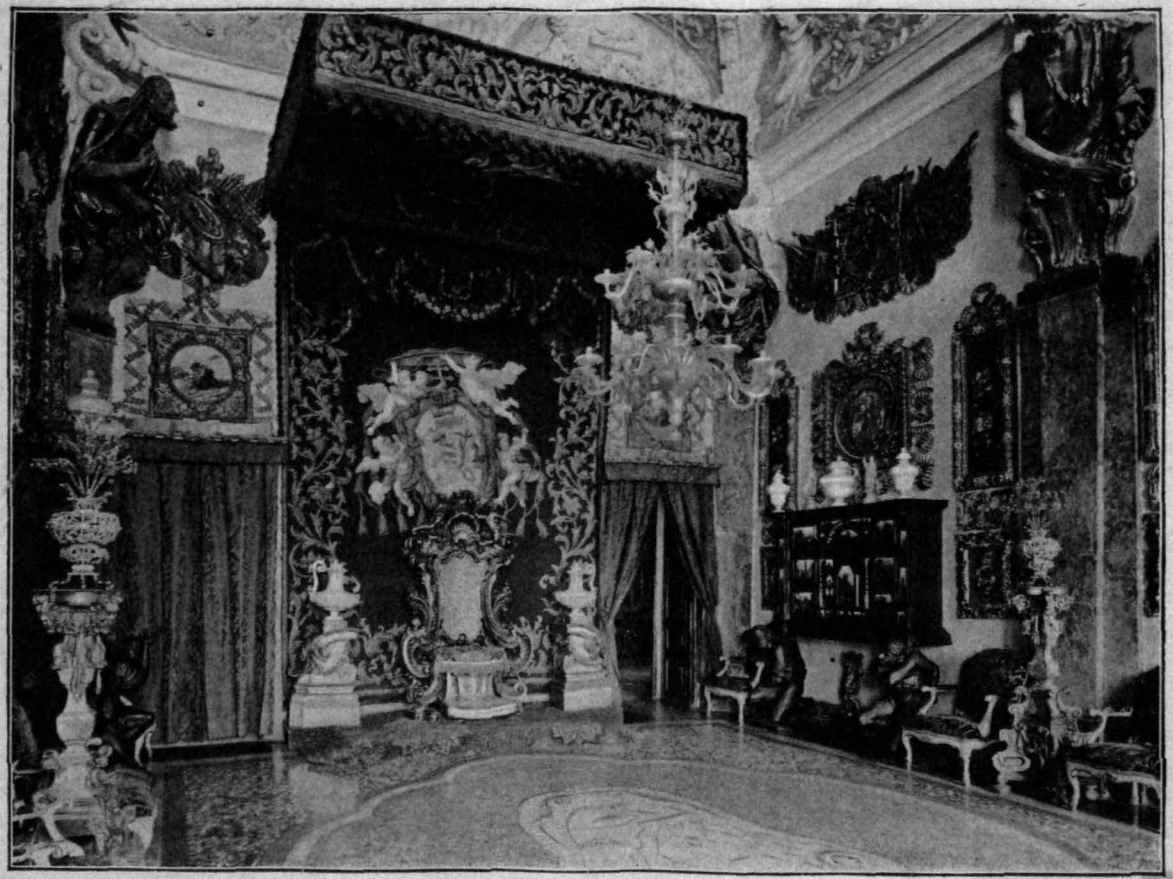
tinguished man, Thorwaldsen, who came to Rome, and asked a friend living there how long it would take him to really see Rome? "Well," replied the man, "I really cannot tell; you see, I have only lived here thirty years." People were very kind when I left, urging me to come back to Rome, and whether I am able to return or not, I shall ever have with me the memory of my dear Italian friends, and their many kindnesses to me.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."



THRONE ROOM OF THE BORROMEO PALACE AT
ISOLA BELLA



LXVIII

Boston, December, 1905

My dear Princess:

YOU asked me to write you something about the conditions of the Italians who have come over to America, and as I have just spent some days in going about among the settlements of your country people in my own city, I am able to write you what to me seem rather interesting facts. Dr. Tosti, the Italian Consul here in Boston, who is one of the most scholarly Italians in America, and whose charming wife is much liked here, has kindly assisted me in obtaining my information; he presented to me one of the prominent Italian priests here in Boston, Padre Biasotti, a very intelligent and able man, who devotes his life to helping his fellow countrymen who travel far and wide seeking an honest livelihood. Padre Biasotti belongs to the Order of San Carlo Borromeo, which, as you know, was founded by Monseigneur Scalabrini for the purpose of aiding and assisting Italian emigrants in North and South America.

In 1901 the celebrated Bishop came over to visit

his missions in America, and in *La Piccola Italia* (Little Italy) of Boston, he found great need of an Italian school, which could aid in training the children of the people of his fatherland, who arrive in America knowing nothing of the English language and next to nothing of our laws and customs.

Parochial schools there are to be sure, to which the Italian children are admitted, and Mon. Scalabrini paid a high tribute to our excellent and efficient public school system in Boston, but the Italians, young and old alike, were greatly in need of much that could not be obtained except in a school where their own language was spoken.

To aid in the success of this really difficult undertaking, a number of the Italian Sisters of the Apostolic Sisters of the Sacred Heart (an order founded by Mons. Scalabrini for the benefit of the Italian immigrants in North and South America), come to Boston, where they were warmly welcomed by the Italian colony.

To make a long story short, Padre Biasotti, with wonderful perseverance and ability, has succeeded in buying a fine house in the Italian quarters, and has established a school where 800 pupils have received excellent instruction during this last year.

A so-called Giardino d'Infanzia has been one of

the special benefits to the Italian colony; the poor Italian woman is only too glad to confide her little ones to the tender care of the Sisters, for she is thus enabled to earn a living or attend with greater ease to her household duties. During this past year over 300 babies, from three to six years old, have come under the care of the holy women, who direct the school. A playground is arranged for out-of-door games, and a large room provided where the children are kept amused, and almost unconsciously they learn the simple practices of their Holy Church, and cleanly habits of daily life.

Not wishing to interfere with the excellent educational advantages offered by our public schools, Padre Biasotti opens his classes for girls and boys from six to fourteen years, only from four to six in the afternoon, after the public schools are closed.

In those classes many helps are offered to the young Italians, and their lessons in the public schools are ably supplemented and explained by the Sisters, while at the same time they try to make the children feel a love for the dear Italy over the seas, and endeavor to teach those born in this country, and speaking only English, something of their own beautiful language.

If the school in the city has been tiring, there is

an out-of-door as well as an indoor gymnasium, where the children may have healthy exercise; at an evening school, the more ambitious are taught designing, sewing and even embroidery, while every Thursday afternoon women may come and learn to do their household sewing, the cloth necessary for their wants being the only expense.

Not satisfied with all this, the indefatigable Padre has instituted a musical society called San Giovanni Berchmans, which numbers one hundred members, who bind themselves to good conduct in their own families, and in the school or work-shops where they are employed. They have started a band, bought suitable instruments, and, with astonishing energy and interest, have purchased very attractive uniforms. Directed by an Italian professor, they are now able to give excellent concerts to the rare pleasure and delight of all the inhabitants of *Piccola Italia*. They have also given some excellent concerts for the benefit of the Italian charities; another social society, San Luigi Gonzaga, was formed with the hope that the young people would come together, listen to the deeds of their own people, and talk with one another in their own tongue; but the Italian brain is very quick, and the children, even those who have been in this country but a short time, are soon chattering

fluently in English, and very often the children of Italian parents born in this country cannot speak a word of Italian.

However, Dr. Tosti tells me that the Italian Government rather encourages those who come here to live, to become Americanized, and almost invariably the Italian immigrants make excellent citizens.

For the purpose of teaching the children of the school the mother tongue correctly, a little stage has been built in one of the school-rooms, and from time to time plays are given, to which the parents of the boys and girls are invited. A good moral is always brought out, and at the same time much diversion is furnished to all concerned.

By an arrangement with the Public Library of Boston, numbers of Italian books and papers are sent from time to time to the school, and in a large reading-room, where 200 people can be comfortably accommodated at reading-tables, the Italians may enjoy the literature of their own land. If it is impossible to come to the reading-room the books may be taken home for fifteen days, and a young Italian girl acts as librarian.

On the third floor of the building is a pretty chapel, which can seat about one hundred and twenty persons, and here on Sundays the Sisters instruct the

members of the school in the mystic stories of their Church and its Holy Faith. The Dante Alighieri Society, composed of many of the most cultured women of Boston, has taken a great deal of interest in all this work, and our members have often witnessed the little plays given by the children.

It was during the Christmas holidays when Dr. Tosti went with us to the school; the children were assembled in the hall to prepare for the Christmas festivals, and could hardly be made to keep their attention on the songs they were learning to sing, so great was their interest in the pretty Christmas tree that was gayly decorated and placed on the little stage.

In honor of our coming the rehearsal was stopped, and the children sang several of the songs that they knew quite well. Very prettily too, they sang, and with the ever charming enthusiasm of their race. Then two or three of the older girls recited some Italian poems very nicely for us. Many of the children have the dark brilliant eyes of the sunny south, but now and then a little blonde with very Anglo-Saxon eyes told of the intermarriage with some strain of northern blood.

We left the eager faces of the school rehearsal, and mounted the stairs to the top of the building, where,

to our surprise and delight, we found a real Italian *terrazza*. Yes, there were the trellises for the flowers in summer, shading little tables where of a hot summer afternoon, the poor children, forced to stay in the hot city, could go and find shade, air and flowers—as in their own land. Surely, Padre Biasotti has left no stone unturned to do his uttermost for his own people, and they appreciate it, for among them he has been able to raise over $70,000 (350,000 lire), the sum necessary to make all these advantageous enterprises possible.

After leaving the school we went to see the church. "My church is of wood, but my school is of stone," said the Padre, and, I thought, how wise and far-seeing was his remark.

Nevertheless the Padre has on hand a scheme whereby before the next year is over a $100,000 stone church in the style of Venetian architecture will lift its head proudly to the world, and bid all the *Italia* of Boston to worship at its altar. The Padre is a Venetian and a personal friend of Pope Pius X, who greatly admires his young countryman, and has stood ready with Papal protection and help in many times of need.

The Roman Catholics in Boston are for the most part of Irish descent, and had Mons. Williams not

been a broad-minded and unusually fine man, the Italians might not always have found it easy to feel at home even in their church.

However, now that there are over 50,000 Italians in Boston, among whom is owned $2,000,000 of real estate, they begin to feel that they are a part of a great city in which they have definite legal rights and interests, and in which they almost invariably make excellent citizens.

The Padre told me that he had made a study of the Italians here in Boston, that he had been to the jails, prisons, house of correction, reformatories, etc., etc., and had found in these institutions fewer Italians than any other nationality.

"The Italians are very moral people," the Padre said, and I believe this is true. I know a large contractor living near us in the country, who hires many hundred Italians to work for him each year, and I was pleased when he told me a short time ago that he had never had in his employ but one bad Italian. "They are as honest, hard-working men as I have ever seen," he said.

In 1901 only 351 Italians landed in Boston, but in 1903, 22,308 came to the land of the Pilgrims. The increase in immigration has been enormous, and while many of the Italians go back home, to visit

and show to their friends the success of their efforts, they nearly always return to America, and only a few, unfavored by Fate, return disillusioned from the land of the "*bigga mon*" to remain on the sunny shores of Bella Napoli, where poverty is more easily endured.

A franc in Naples is the practical equivalent of a dollar in America among the poorer classes, so while wages are higher here, prices are accordingly higher, but the great demand for unskilled labor makes progress in most cases probable and profitable.

Many of the Italians in and about Boston have become quite wealthy, and one Italian is building at his own individual expense a $25,000 church, which shows unusual generosity and interest, as you will agree.

The great increase in Italian immigration has necessitated the forming of a society in Boston for the protection of the Italian immigrants; most of the Italians coming to our shores are from Southern Italy, and those coming to Boston come generally from the Province of Avellino (30,000), while one town, Monte Muro, has sent over 500 of its inhabitants to our shores, so completely has the tidal wave of emigration swept Southern Italy.

As might be expected, these poor people arriving here, speaking only their own dialect, utterly ignorant of our laws, language and customs, are easily led

astray, and more easily cheated, but since the founding of the Society of San Raffaele, the immigrants are properly aided, advised and protected.

Many sad stories are told by the Padre where the immigration laws of our land are made to seem indeed hard to bear, but the just priest did not seem to think our laws unreasonable, and indeed paid the kindest tribute to Commissioner Col. Billings, who, he said, always had the kindest interest in the Italians, as well as a keen lookout for the maintenance of the law of the land.

Many expatriations are occasioned by the suspicion and diffidence of the immigrant, who, fearing to be sent back across the great ocean, hastens to assure the Commissioner that already he has work assured him, and with this admission seals his own doom, since all who come under contract for labor are strictly forbidden entrance to our country.

Sometimes the saddest cases present themselves. One instance is told of a woman who came to join her husband, and as he did not appear on the arrival of the steamer she was detained until he should arrive.

When the news reached him that his wife was and would be detained until he could go to release her, he left a sick bed some fifty miles from Boston, and

braved a very stormy day to reach the place where she was detained by Government officials. Hardly had he reached the Detention Office, before he was taken seriously ill; the doctors pronounced his case pneumonia, and ordered him to a hospital, where a few days later he died. A priest of the Society of San Raffaele obtained permission of the Commissioner, for the poor wife to be allowed to be with her dying husband, and later for her to attend his funeral. Black were the poor woman's prospects, alone and in a strange land, with two small children. All her little property in Italy had been sold, in order that she might join her husband, and now it seemed that she must be sent back. At this critical time the society intervened, sent a special request to Washington in her behalf, and through the generosity of friends, the woman was allowed to go to relatives in the city of Providence, who offered her a home and support for her immediate needs.

When a young girl comes to join her lover, she is only allowed to land after the marriage ceremony is performed by a priest, in the presence of the Government Commissioner; but Padre Biasotti has obtained leave to perform these ceremonies in his little wooden church of which I spoke.

I cannot explain to you in far-off Italy the im-

pression I received as I entered this church. I found myself confronted with the strangest inconsistencies and wide-spread contrasts. There I stood in the old Puritan meeting-house (in North Square opposite the house of Paul Revere), the Sailors' Mission Church of the Colonial days, with its high-back pews, its straight, stiff gallery—where at the back was the organ, from which one seemed to hear "Rock of Ages" pealing forth; and then—as I turned to see the old high pulpit, the brilliancy of a gorgeously lighted Roman Catholic altar in all its holy Christmas decorations greeted my amazed and blinded eyes. And yet we were not so different at heart, we Puritans, after all. Massachusetts has always stood for the rights of every man; Massachusetts gave birth to Samuel Adams—and Samuel Adams would have welcomed warmly the children of the land of Cavour, who resembles our severe Puritan statesman in more ways than one.

We afterward went to see the Franciscan Church, where a Franciscan monk showed us all about, and then we drove out to see the new hospital which the Padre told us he should be pleased to show us.

We were glad to go and see what a fine place the kind Sisters have established for caring for the sick and suffering Italians, though I believe the hospital

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

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For my nightingale.
Tryphosa Bates Batcheller.
Julia Ward Howe.

treats all sufferers, regardless of nationality. High up on a hill in East Boston, where the best of fresh air is to be had, Padre Biasotti has provided this hospital, and in so doing has added another laurel to his crown of good works.

One of the first friends of the Italian immigrant in Boston was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who is the Honorary President of our Dante Alighieri Society. Mrs. Howe has been much in Italy, and her nephew, Marion Crawford, has, as you know, lived most of his life in your country.

Many years ago, when Mrs. Howe was in Italy, the country was smarting under Austrian rule, and the dear woman's sympathies were greatly aroused for the people and the land she loves so well. Many sweet poems from her pen had Italy for their subject, and on the publication of a book of these poems, Mrs. Howe sent the volume to Massimo d'Azeglio, one of the most famous of the early Italian patriots, to whom Charles Albert of Savoy pledged his life, the lives of his sons, indeed his all, for the cause of United Italy. D'Azeglio showed much appreciation of the poet's charm, and begged the dear lady to interest herself in the protection of his countrymen, who went across the seas to seek a living and a new home, in what then seemed to Italians and indeed

many Europeans at that time, the end of the world.

Mrs. Howe was prompt to reply in word and deed, and has ever been the firm friend of Italy. No Italian who has been greeted by her, or who has had the rare pleasure of speaking his own tongue with the woman we like to call the "Queen of America," is likely to forget his American friend.

Mrs. Howe, as you doubtless know, has done as much, if not more, than any woman in our country for the cause of woman. She has spoken to cultured societies of women the length and breadth of the land, preaching the uplifting of the standard of responsibilities of woman's life to a level with those of man. A daughter of one of the aristocratic families of New York, she has been most ardent in her endeavors to speak for the rights of women, and in her own life and personality has given the best possible argument in favor of her principles.

In her salon are received the distinguished of all lands, who come to us in Boston, and I have heard her converse freely in several languages to different foreign guests during an afternoon, which is not unusual in a younger woman, but in a hostess who wears her eighty-seven years as gracefully as does Mrs. Howe, it is a delight to behold. I speak thus enthusi-

GARDEN AND INNER COURT OF MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER'S
PALACE AT BOSTON

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astically, for Mrs. Howe has been one of the dearest friends of my life, and calls me her Nightingale, a title I am very happy to bear. She has taken an active interest in our Dante Society, and generally entertains our Circolo at her house once during each season.

Another admirer of Italy in Boston is Mrs. John L. Gardner, who has built herself a real Italian palace, in which are hung some of your famous Italian masterpieces, bought at various times by Mrs. Gardner in Italy, where she has spent much of her time.

Were you to step into the court yard of Mrs. Gardner's home, you would say, "Yes, this is like Italy," and as you went through one beautiful room after another you would end by feeling that the dream had come true, and that sure enough it was Italy.

I have enjoyed going about the palace with the hostess and seeing all these Italian treasures, and if they must be out of Italy, you can feel that they are in a most fitting place, where they receive their due homage and appreciation.

LIX

NEW YORK, February, 1906

My dear Princess:

YOU will have received my letter in regard to the Italians in Boston, and now that I find myself in New York for a time, where I am overseeing the publishing of my book, I think you may be interested in hearing about the Italians here, for we have almost as many of your countrymen in New York as you have in Rome, over 400,000, and very successful most of them have been, too.

One hears a good deal of talk about the Italian immigration and its probable restriction, but believe me, though we Americans have a thoughtless and, sometimes, undiplomatic way of thinking out loud we do not mean to be unkind. Most of us welcome gladly your country people to our shores, and while the tide of immigration has become so extensive as to occasion new and difficult problems, which must be studied and gradually solved, my people will not hesitate to meet these difficulties with the same spirit of courage and firm reliance on the rights of man that has made us the nation that we are.

Indeed, I think that most of our people feel that the Italians who come to us are a distinct advantage to our land, and I quote from a well-known manufacturer of Rhode Island:

"Notwithstanding our laws on the subject of immigration, they are excellently framed and effectively carried out," said Mr. Fletcher; "they, however, fall short of accomplishing the full purpose, and what is needed more perhaps than anything else is a law that will reach the runners of the steamship agents in the pauper districts of the European countries. These agents, by making false representations, are responsible for the large numbers which are turned back at Ellis Island, and have to be transported again to their starting point.

"Any law of an international character which would remedy this feature would meet with the support of any enlightened nation, and the difficulties of discrimination between those who are and those who are not desirable would be largely disposed of.

"Another, and almost as great an evil of the present immigration system, is the fact that there is no law or no method by which the distribution of immigrants can be successfully and intelligently regulated. The tendency of these people is to concentrate in large cities. In many cases they have not

the means, even though they may have the desire, to go to other parts of the country where their services can be utilized. In many sections, particularly in the South, there is great need of additions to the intelligent working class, and if many of our immigrants could be informed of this, and if some means could be devised to transport them to the interior, the question would be solved, and immigration would become a greater benefit.

"Take my own State of Rhode Island, for instance," continued Mr. Fletcher. "Its population, according to the last census, was 380,000, forty-two per cent. of which were foreign-born. Yet favored as we are with this large percentage of new blood, our manufacturing establishments are to-day short of help. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that the children of immigrants rarely continue in the same class of work that their parents took up upon their arrival. American conditions give them the desire to step up in the social scale, and American schools make them capable of doing so. Hence, our mills are dependent on a fresh supply of foreign labor every year. It should be borne in mind that the demand for labor on the part of the manufacturer is not born of the desire for cheap help. This idea, which the various labor unions are promulgating,

should be *combated strongly*. If at any time an immigrant should be employed in any of my mills, he is put to work alongside the native help, and gets exactly the same treatment and the same wages. American manufacturers would be very foolish to do otherwise, for we want to encourage the immigration of strong, able-bodied young men, who are progressive in their tendencies, in order that our manufacturers may not be actually hampered for lack of help as they are to-day. I believe, of course, in the protection of American labor as well as of American products. While labor needs protection, it does not need that kind of protection that would prevent a manufacturer from running his plant to its full capacity by reason of insufficient help, in which event oftentimes a short equipment of help cannot be fully engaged by reason of an unbalance.

"What would facilitate and prevent the unnecessary return of undesirable immigrants would be the requirement from an immigrant of a certificate from the consul of each district of embarkation, showing a clean bill of health and such other qualifications, that would be filled out, and this certificate being presented to the officials of Ellis Island, would go far toward correcting one of the greatest evils that we now have to contend with.

"The real trouble lies, as I have pointed out, not in the fact that immigrants are not coming to our shores fast enough, but in that they do not get to the sections of the country where they are most needed. If some intelligent methods were devised and put in operation to handle our incoming guests, and steer them in those directions where there is a real demand for them, the so-called immigration question would be largely solved. The National Government will have to take this matter up sooner or later, and it is the only agent which can be trusted to do the work thoroughly. It can't be left to the railroad and steamship companies, as it has been in the past. For that reason, I am in favor of landing immigrants at ports contiguous to the territory which they may be destined to occupy, and they should also be better posted before they leave their own country as to resources and inducements of the various sections of the land to which they are going."

However, things would seem to be improving, and it is a significant fact that the Italians coming to America in the last three years have been bound for every State and Territory in the Union.

When a stranger comes to new surroundings he should receive a welcome; but how often is this the case in any walk in life? In the school room, is the

new scholar, who is stared and glared at on entering, greeted with kind words of welcome at recess? No, indeed; ten to one, he is jeered at by some, avoided by others, and treated with indifferent scorn by the rest; then one of two things happens: the new-comer thrashes the first real aggressive jeerer, and proves his right to his position among the scholars; or, failing in this, he becomes a submissive and obedient member of the school, and by his good conduct and kindly manners gradually wins a place for himself, first, in the heart of the teacher, and later in the hearts of his fellow-scholars.

After all, life in general is much the same, and the multitude are quite like the children, and show their feelings regardless of manners or consequences.

The Italians should appreciate this prejudice, which is born of ignorance, since, among themselves, especially among those from different provinces, there exist so many prejudices. Ignorance is ever the mother of prejudice, and those who know little of the Italian laborer, less of his country, and still less of the Italian nature, are sometimes very unjust and unkind in their judgments. Fortunately, this class is in the minority, for we who know the Italians, their great historical heritage, their kindly nature and their rare intelligence, value them at their proper

worth, and to us, I hope, may be given the privilege of assisting them in attaining their welfare and happiness here in America.

The Italian, as the new-comer, cannot take the alternative of the new scholar and fight his way. He is forced to the submissive course, first, by his ignorance of the laws and customs of the land into which he has come, and secondly, because any aggression on his part will only bring him into trouble with forces too strong for him to cope with single-handed; but the Italian has no wish to be aggressive—it is not his nature, and he will endure much with patience. If actual injustice is done him, he must apply to the laws of the land, though, I am sorry to say, in many cases it is difficult to bring the laws of the land to work for individuals, especially when they do not know the language of the country in which they are, and must rely on some middleman to transact their business for them. One Italian gentleman, who has made many studies among his people here, told me that not infrequently a poor Italian is put to great annoyance and sometimes grossly overcharged by the lawyers who are supposed to adjust his claim.

As most of the Italians who come to us are from southern Italy and Sicily, where law and order have, until 1870, been ever most unstable, these men have

the inherited belief in their absolute right in extreme cases to take the law into their own hands, and believe that their revenge for an outrage is theirs alone to repay. A story was recently told me by Count Massiglia, the Italian Consul-General, when he was at another diplomatic post, of a man who was found in a dying condition, having been attacked and mortally wounded. The Consul had him at once taken to a hospital and, on being told that he could not live, begged the man to reveal to him the name of his assailant; though the man knew quite well he had but an hour to live, and could speak with difficulty, he managed to say: "If I live, I will take my own revenge; if I die, God will revenge me," and nothing could induce him to betray his assassin.

From this you can see that the Sicilians and the men of Southern Italy feel it to be almost cowardly to ask even the law of the land, which means to them some vague, uncertain person, to avenge their wrongs; and when the *rabbia* seizes them, crimes of blood are apt to follow; though it is only fair to say that they are nearly always committed among themselves; as they are committed without secrecy, they are widely exploited in the sensational press, while less exciting but no less wicked crimes of others pass unnoticed and unchronicled. As Signor

Speranza very truly points out, the criminal in these open crimes always pays the full penalty for his offense, while the carefully planned and successfully executed misdeeds are often left unpunished for lack of evidence. As they learn our laws they learn their protection as well as the penalty for breaking them, and the crimes among the Italians are decreasing steadily each year.

No, the Italian with us is for the most part good and honest. He loves his family, and when he is here without them, sends much of his savings to Italy until he can afford to have them join him, as he almost invariably does, sooner or later.

There is a very erroneous idea among some people, that many of the Italian immigrants return with their earnings to Italy, there to spend their hard-earned savings in an old age of comfort. Formerly that was sometimes true, but it is almost never the case now. The life out here in America seems to entirely unfit the Italian for the old life in his village piazza. He frequently goes back to Italy to visit and show his newly-earned success, but almost invariably he returns to America where his children are growing up as good American citizens.

The surest proof of this statement, is the ever-increasing real estate holdings of the Italians in this

country, and where a man's land is, there his interests are quite sure to be.

It is customary for the various Italian societies to have in that part of New York which is called *Piccola Italia* an annual festival (very often on Columbus day), and on these occasions the Italians show all their love of pomp and ceremony, as well as their fondness for elaborate discourses.

But music is ever the Italian's dearest pleasure, and I do not know what the artists of the Metropolitan Opera House would do for enthusiastic applause if it were not for the Italians who crowd the galleries and stand patiently around the orchestral rail throughout one of their favorite operas of Verdi, Puccini or Donizetti. During the season in New York it is not unusual to hear the shoe-blacks and the day laborers in the street discussing the merits of this or that singer, and giving their reasons why this or that opera pleases them, and there is a certain sentiment of patriotism about their opera-going, for many of our most noted singers here are Italians. The celebrated baritone, Signor Scotti, is especially loved by his fellow-countrymen here in America, I am told.

Only a few evenings ago F. B. and I went to the Mardi Gras ball given here by the Italians. The

Countess Massiglia, wife of the Italian Consul-General, was kind enough to ask us to her box, where we had an excellent opportunity to see the carnival dancing. It was very like the Argentina Carnival ball in Rome last year. The hall was very tastefully decorated; there were many maskers, much confetti and serpentine and a general good time.

The Queen of the Carnival was a pretty Italian girl who seemed to enjoy her temporary royalty immensely, and smiled down gayly at the merry-makers from her exalted throne of tinsel, with her snapping black eyes. Not a rough, coarse thing did we see the entire evening, and when we left at a few minutes past one in the morning, happiness and good-natured fun had full sway.

Objections are made by some people to the immigration laws as they now exist, and insist that they should be made more strict; that only those who can read and write should be allowed to enter the country; but I do not think that these people realize the wonderful aptness of the Italian mind, or understand the conditions and necessities of our country. Only a few days ago I went with Count Aldrovandi, the Vice-Consul of Italy here in New York, to Ellis Island, and with Signor Tizzani, Manager for the Society for Italian Immigrants, we made a complete

tour of all the departments of the landing place of immigrants to New York. If the people objecting to the present immigration laws could have been with us, it seems to me they would have been convinced that all the necessary precautions are taken, and that only the young, vigorous and healthy of the Old World are being allowed to come to us. To quote the regulations, no one who is "old, blind, deaf-mute, suffering from contagious diseases, in a state of ill health, without sufficient money, anyone who would seem to be in a condition likely to become a public charge, and all who come under contract for labor" are excluded from the country. As a matter of fact, far from being the scum of Italy's paupers and criminals, the Italian immigrants who come to us are the very flower of her peasantry.

Why should we keep out the strong, well-built, able-bodied young men and women, because they have been born in localities where no schooling for them has been possible? They are ready and anxious to work, hard and long, for their day's wage, and their nimble brains are not long in mastering symbols and signs. Indeed, within a very few months many of them speak excellent English. At least these sturdy people from the hills and mountains are honest, and have what is the most impor-

tant thing in the world—good, rugged health, and consequently cheerful, normal minds.

Those who have but a smattering of education, really not enough to discriminate between those who have none, as I, who have lived in Italy, know, are often among those to whom one may apply the saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." What possible advantage our country can derive from a peasant who can read and write a few words in one of the many and varied dialects of Italy, I fail to see, while if they and their children first learn to write and read in English, they are the quicker a part of our country and have an interest the sooner in our interests.

One great change that should take place among us, who count our ancestors in dear old England, is that we should cease to have the most unpleasant and often most unjust prejudices against the foreigner. Ours is the promised land, not only for our Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers, but for all who wish to make their way in life by hard and honest work. Nothing can be more typical of America than President Roosevelt's splendid words: "All I ask is a square deal for every man—give him a fair chance. Do not let him wrong any one, and do not let him be wronged"

To those who are opposed to the healthy youth of Europe coming to our shore, let me point out that men who are educated even but little are rarely willing to dig ditches and work on railroads.

Another mistake is the great prejudice against the southern Italian. How often you hear the remark: "Oh well, you know the northern Italian is by far the best, and unfortunately only the southern Italians come to us." Now the northern and southern Italians are very different in character and in their mode of life, but both have their good points.

In the north of Italy, which has been the contested territory of French, Spanish and Austrian armies for so many years, there is a great mixture of northern blood, and in Milan and the north generally, there is mixed with the love of art and beauty a vast deal of thrift and business enterprise. But the many fierce conflicts of foreign armies in this land have left their mark in more ways than one, and unfortunately considerable socialism exists all through northern Italy, which is not surprising considering the awful state of unrest in which the whole section was kept for so many years.

The southern Italian, the Neapolitan, is a child of nature. He must live out of doors. He has much Greek, some Phœnician, Saracen and even