MARY KING WADDINGTON

ITALIAN LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE: JANUARY-MAY, 1880; FEBRUARY-APRIL, 1904

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NOTE

In December, 1879, M. William Henry Waddington resigned the Premiership of France, and the following month, accompanied by his wife, left Paris for a winter of rest and recreation in Italy, chiefly in Rome. The letters from Madame Waddington to her mother and sister, which constitute "Part I" of this volume, describe this journey and residence. Those forming "Part II" relate the incidents of a similar Roman sojourn some twenty years later, M. Waddington having died in the meantime. The two series together compose a picture of life and society in the Italian capital with a wide range of contrast and comparison, corresponding with those of London and Moscow in the well-known "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" by the same writer.

PART I
ITALY IN THE EIGHTIES

To G. K. S. [1]

31, rue Dumont d'Urville, Paris,
January 10, 1880.

Well, dear, here I am back again in my little hotel, and very small and uncomfortable it looks—like a doll's house after the enormous rooms of the Quai d'Orsay—however I am very glad to be a *private* individual once more (no longer a "femme publique" as our friend used to say). Our departure was hurried, as once W.[2] had made up his mind and resigned he wanted to get away at once. We got off in two days, which I thought quite wonderful. Of course ever since the opening of the session in November it was evident that he couldn't stay. He and his Ministers were hardly ever agreed on any point, and it wasn't worth while for him to spend his energy and intelligence in trying to carry out a policy which neither the Chamber nor the country apparently desired. There were endless conferences all through December,

[1] Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, née King.

[2] W. here and throughout these letters refers to M. William Henry Waddington, Madame Waddington's husband.

but it was clear that it was time for him to go.

The weather was something awful—bitterly cold—the Seine frozen tight, booths and games established, and everybody sliding about and trying to skate—but that was under difficulties as the ice was rough and uneven. I walked over with Francis,[3] that he might say he had walked across the Seine. We had great difficulty in warming the house—many trains with wood and coal were blocked just outside Paris, and nothing could get in. I don't know what we should have done, but happily the Ministre de la Guerre gave us an order to take some wood from some dépôt in Paris where they had a provision; so for the two days before we moved in great fires were going in the calorifère. I really think the only person who hated to leave the Quai d'Orsay was Francis. He was furious at seeing all his things packed up, and was carried out to the carriage kicking and screaming—"veux pas quitter ma maison—veux pas aller vilaine petite maison." The huissiers (6, all standing solemnly in a row to say good-bye) were much impressed, and the old grey-headed Pierson who has been there for years and seen many Ministers depart, remarked—"au moins Monsieur Francis est désolé de partir." It seemed funny to drive out of the big gates for the last time. I wonder if I shall ever go through them again. Things go so quickly in France now.

You can't conceive anything more uncomfortable than this house to-day—no carpets down nor curtains up; all the furniture, books, rugs, dumped in the middle of the rooms, and the hall

[3] Francis, son of M. and Madame Waddington.

and corridors full of trunks and boxes. W. has had a steady stream of people ever since we arrived—some to condole—some (old friends) to congratulate him upon no longer serving such an infecte government—some a little embarrassed to explain that, though they regret him extremely, still … they must serve their country, and hope he won't take it amiss if they make up to the rising sun (in the shape of Freycinet, who has taken W.'s place). I expect we shall have some curious experiences. When one is no longer in power it is surprising how things change their aspect. I had to settle the salons as soon as I could as I had invited a big party for Francis's Christmas Tree, thinking it would be at the Quai d'Orsay. I didn't want to put the people off—particularly the diplomatists who have all been most civil and proper—so after a consultation with Kruft—(chef du matériel at the Quai d'Orsay) who had already begun to make his preparations, I decided to have it here, and Kruft and one of his men came and helped dress it. Of course the tree had to be cut at the top—our rooms are fairly high, but nothing like the Quai d'Orsay naturally—but it looked rather prettier, quite covered with toys and shiny ornaments. Francis had beautiful presents—a hand-organ with a monkey on top from Madame Sibbern, the wife of the Swedish Minister, from which he can't be extracted. He can't turn it alone, but some of the bigger children helped him, and we had the "Cloches de Corneville" and "Niniche" almost all the afternoon. There were about 100 people, children and parents, and the rooms looked pretty. All the people and lights warmed them too

—it wasn't quite so Siberian. We couldn't attempt cooking of any kind as the kitchen range was out of order, and besides we hadn't fuel enough—l'Oncle Alphonse[4] who lives next door feeds us. W. and I go to him for breakfast and dinner, and his chef (a very distinguished artist and well dressed gentleman—quite a superior person—Monsieur Double) submits Francis's menu every morning to Nounou, as he says he has no experience with children.

We have decided to go to Italy for two or three months, and shall make Rome our headquarters. W. has never been there, and says it wouldn't be worth while going for less than three months. What fun it will be to be there together—I can hardly believe it is true. I am sure we are wise to get away. There must always be little jarring things when one has been in office some time—and it would be rather a bore to W. to take his place as senator and be in opposition to the present Ministry. If he stayed in Paris he would have to take part in all the discussions, and would certainly be interviewed by all sorts of people to whom he would say nothing (he never does—he hates newspaper people) but they would say he did all the same, and so many people believe implicitly whatever they see in a paper. The Minister has offered W. the London Embassy, but he won't take it, doesn't wish to have any function of any kind at present. He is looking forward to long, happy hours in Rome, deciphering all the old

[4] M. Alphonse Sutteroth, ancien diplomatist under Louis Philippe.

inscriptions, and going over the old city with Lanciani[5] and some of his literary friends.

January 12, 1880.

After all I have been back to the Quai d'Orsay. W. said I must go and make a formal visit to Madame de Freycinet (who is a very nice woman—a Protestant, and has one daughter—a charming intelligent girl). Henrietta and I went together, taking Francis with us, who was delighted as soon as he got to the Place de la Concorde and crossed the bridge—"C'est Paris—C'est Paris." Poor little boy—the rue Dumont d'Urville is so quiet, nothing passing and nothing to see when he looks out of the window. He was always at the window at the Quai d'Orsay looking at the boats, the soldiers, and the general liveliness of a great thoroughfare. It was a funny sensation to go and pay a visit to Madame de Freycinet in the little blue salon where I had received her so often, and to be announced by my own pet huissier, Gérard, who spent his life all the time I was at the Quai d'Orsay sitting outside the door of any room I happened to be in. He knew all my visitors—those I wanted to see and those I didn't—kept all the cards, and books, and remembered every quête I had given to—and the bills that had been paid. I don't remember that he ever occupied himself with my garments, but I am sure that he could have found anything that I asked for.

The house is gradually getting warm and comfortable, and the

[5] Director of Excavations in Rome under Rossi.

furniture settling into its place; but I have a curious feeling of smallness—as if I hadn't room to turn. We hope to get off in three or four days. We leave Francis of course, but Nounou and Hubert will look after him, and he will go to breakfast every day with Mother, where of course he will be well spoiled and have everything he asks for.

To G. K. S

January 18, 1880.

I hope we shall get off now in a day or two—W. really needs the rest, which he never will get here as all day long people come to see him and suggest various plans. We have written to the Hôtel de Londres. You or Eugene might go there some day and see the rooms they propose. It will be nice to be back in our old quarters Piazza di Spagna. We had a pleasant small dinner last night at the British Embassy—Lord Lyons is always so nice and cordial. He was a little surprised and not *quite* pleased that W. hadn't accepted the London Embassy, he would have been so entirely a "persona grata" with his English education, connections, etc. All the Diplomates seem to regret us (but I think they will like the Freycinets just as much) and really here, where Ministers are such passing figures in the political world, they would have a hard time if they set their affections on any particular man.

I am becoming very philosophical—though the attitude of some of my friends has rather surprised me (not W.; he is never surprised at anything). L'Oncle Alphonse keeps us well informed of what is said on the other side. He is quite a Royalist, a great friend of the Orléans Princes, and a great deal at the club where they always call him "l'oncle du gouvernement"—and when the

"gouvernement makes a 'bêtise'" (which sometimes happens) they criticize freely, and he tells it all to us. I fancy he always defends W. in public—but of course in private pitches into him well.

I rather miss the big life—seeing so many people, and being as it were behind the scenes—also our conversations at night when W. had finished his signatures, and Pontécoulant[6] came up from his quarters with the report of the day, and got his instructions for the next morning. W. is not at all "matinal" and hates doing any kind of business early—must always have his ride first. We used to sit in W.'s cabinet until two in the morning sometimes, telling our experiences—some of mine were funny. I hated an official reception day, but the gentlemen of the protocol department thought it absolutely necessary, so I was obliged to give in—and certainly nothing I did tired me so much as those long Fridays in the big yellow drawing-room. From 3 to 6 streams of people—women mostly—of all nationalities—and of course no conversation possible—however it wasn't always banal, as you will see. Our last Friday one of my friends had been in, very much taken up with the journey to Rome—her clothes, the climate, which hotel was the best, etc. When she went out in a whirl of talk and excitement I turned to one of the 14 women who were seated in a semicircle on each side of me, and by way of continuing the conversation said: "Il me semble qu'on serait très bien à l'Hôtel de Londres à Rome en plein soleil," to which she replied haughtily

[6] Comte de Pontécoulant, chef de Cabinet.

"Je n'en sais rien, Madame, je n'ai jamais quitté Paris, et je m'en vante." W. wouldn't believe it, but as I told him I couldn't have invented it. I was rather sorry I hadn't pursued the conversation, and asked her why she was so proud of that particular phase of her life. I suppose she must have had a reason, which naturally I couldn't understand, having begun my career so very far away from either Rome or Paris. It is a real pleasure though to be back in my own salon, and have my nice little tea-table, and three or four of my friends, and talk about anything and everything, and even do a little music occasionally.

January 20, 1880.

I didn't find my tea quite so pleasant the other day. I was sitting in the little salon talking to one or two ladies, and receiving their congratulations at being no longer of the official world, and obliged to associate with the Government people, when the footman appeared with his eyes round, to announce that "La Présidente" (Madame Grévy) was coming upstairs to pay Madame a visit. I flew to the door and the top of the stairs (I couldn't get any further) and received "ma Présidente" in proper style. I ushered her into the salon where I had left my friends (mad Royalists both). They were much disgusted—however they were too well-bred to make things disagreeable for me in my own house—and rose when we came in. I named Madame Grévy—and as soon as she had taken her seat, and declined a cup of tea, they went away. Of course they *hated* getting up for Madame Grévy, but there was nothing else to be done as she and I were

both standing. Happily no one else came in but Prince Orloff, Russian Ambassador, who of course knew Madame Grévy and talked easily enough. She didn't stay long—it was the classic "visite de condoléance" to the wife of the ex-Minister (if she only knew how glad this *Ex* was to return to private life and her own house, and to be no longer "logée par le gouvernement"). This is the second visit of condoléance I have had. When Marshal MacMahon dismissed (suddenly) all his cabinet presided by Jules Simon, 16th of May, 1877, Madame de MacMahon came also to see me—and at the same time—5 o'clock on my reception day—so I knew precisely what the conversation would be—and Madame Grévy and I both said exactly the same things that the Maréchale and I had said two or three years ago. I suppose everybody does say the same thing on certain occasions. After she had gone Orloff asked me if I remembered those two ladies meeting (for the first time in their lives) at the Quai d'Orsay on one of my Fridays. Just after the Marshal resigned Madame de MacMahon came to see me. She was announced by all the servants and I had plenty of time to get to the door of the first drawing-room, not quite to the anteroom, to receive her. When her husband was President she was received always like Royalty—at the door of the apartment. She was very simple and easy, quite pleased evidently at still having all her honours. Prince Orloff came in to pay a visit, and we were having a very pleasant talk, when I heard quick footsteps in the second salon, and again appeared my faithful Gérard (I had also visions of

numberless doors being opened all down the enfilade of salons) announcing Madame Grévy. I was embarrassed for a moment as I didn't like to leave the Maréchale, and yet I knew I must go and meet Madame Grévy—all the ceremony of course was for the official position, and one Présidente was just the same as the other. Madame de MacMahon was most amiable—said at once—"Je vous en prie, Madame, ne pensez pas à moi"—and "au fond" was rather curious to see her successor. I went as quickly as I could (Orloff giving me a funny little smile, *almost* a wink, as I passed him) and got my other Présidente just at the door. She was rather astounded I think at her reception—she hadn't been long in her exalted position. We proceeded majestically through three or four salons, and when we arrived at my drawing-room Madame de MacMahon got up at once, saying quite simply "Voulez-vous me présenter, Madame, à Madame Grévy?" She was quite at her ease—Madame Grévy rather shy and embarrassed—however Madame de MacMahon talked at once about some of the great charities, artists, etc., and it really wasn't too stiff—Orloff of course always helping and making jokes with the two ladies. One or two visitors came in and gasped when they saw the situation—also one of the young men of the Cabinet, who instantly disappeared. I always thought he went to tell W. what was happening upstairs so that he might come to the rescue in case I wasn't up to the mark … but he swears he didn't. When the Maréchale got up to go there was again a complication as I wanted to accompany her to the door, and I didn't like to

leave Madame Grévy. She wouldn't hear of my going through all the salons—took leave of me at the door—and then Orloff came to the rescue—gave her his arm and took her to her carriage. It was a curious meeting, and, as Orloff said just now, "je lui devais une fameuse chandelle."[7]

February 6, 1880.

We are starting to-night, straight for Florence, where we shall stay a week or ten days with the Bunsens before going on to Rome. W. is much pleased at the Roman prospect—and I can hardly believe that I am going to see Rome again. We have our lit-salon straight through to Florence, and I hope we shall be warm enough. It is bitterly cold to-day—even walking I was glad to have my sealskin coat. Nounou is rather tearful at being left in sole charge of Francis, but as that young gentleman is perfectly well, in roaring spirits, and will be given everything his heart desires by his Grandmother and Aunts, I don't feel very unhappy about him. It seems incredible that we should be going to meet soon. How we will prowl about Rome. I suppose I shall find it absolutely changed—so many more people—not our dear old dead Rome.

[7] French idiom difficult to translate, meaning "I ought to be very grateful to him."

To H. L. K. [8]

Florence, Via Romana, Villa McDonnell,
February 8, 1880.

We arrived quite comfortably, dear mother, but almost frozen, particularly W. He has not been extracted from the fire since we got here. Henrietta will have told you of our start. Pontécoulant and one or two men were at the station to see us off—also the Chef de Gare, most civil, and saying we should not be disturbed at the frontier—and that our coupé-lit would take us straight through to Florence. We had a perfectly easy journey, and I slept quite peacefully—waking up merely when we passed through the tunnel, as the guard came in to shut all the windows. It was a beautiful, cold, starlight winter night. The great mountains covered with snow looked gigantic as we approached —"sinistres" as Madame Hubert[9] said. She was much impressed and rather nervous. There were very few people in the train. When we arrived at Modane the Chef de Gare was waiting for us—he had been telegraphed from Paris to expect us. We had breakfast in the private room, and a nice woman was waiting for us upstairs in the ladies' room with hot water, towels, etc. I made quite a toilet—she carried off my dress and jacket to

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[8] Mrs. Charles King, mother of Madame Waddington.

[9] Madame Waddington's maid.

brush—and then we went down to a nice little breakfast which tasted very good, as I hadn't had anything since our 7 o'clock dinner. They offered us coffee somewhere—Dijon I think—but I didn't want anything then. All the first part of the road—in fact all the road to Turin was lovely. It was a bright, cold morning, and the snow mountains looked beautiful. It was such a pleasure to hear Italian once more—even the names at the stations "capo stazione"—"grande velocità"—"uscita," etc., also the shrill "partenza" when we started. The last time I crossed the Mont Cenis was by the Fell railway when we all started together from Aix. That was certainly very beautiful—but rather terrifying—particularly as we neared the top and looked at the steep places and the various zigzags we were to follow going down. One couldn't help feeling that if a brake or chain broke there would be a terrible catastrophe. I remember so well some of the women who were quite sea-sick—the swaying motion, I suppose, as we rounded the curves, of which there were many. I can see one now stretched out on the floor on a rug in the small salle d'attente at Susa, quite exhausted and absolutely indifferent to the outside world.

We had quite a wait at Turin. Our coupé was detached and put on the Florence express. They locked the doors, and we left all our things—books, shawls, bags, etc.—and had a very fair dinner at the buffet. We had so much time that Madame Hubert and I went for a little walk. There was not much to see close to the gare—but it was delightful to me to hear Italian again,

and to see the idle, placid crowd standing about—nobody in a hurry apparently, and nobody jostling and pushing through, though there were trains starting or coming in all the time. W. was too cold to move—he really should have had a fur coat —which he utterly despises—says that will do when he is 70, and can't walk any more. It was warm and fairly light in the buffet so he established himself there with a paper and was quite happy. We got here about 6.30—Charles de Bunsen was at the station with a carriage—so we came off at once, leaving Madame Hubert and Francesco with the trunks. How she will get on in Italian I don't know, but she is very active and débrouillarde, and generally makes herself understood. Mary[10] was waiting for us with tea and those crisp little grissini[11] we always used to have in Casa Guadagni. They have a charming "villino"—part of the McDonnell villa. One goes in by a small door (in one of the narrow grey streets of old Florence, with high walls on each side —Via Romana) and straight up a fine broad staircase to a good palier with large high rooms opening out on it. All the bed-rooms and small salon open on a loggia overlooking the garden—a real old Italian garden. I shall never be dressed in time for anything in the morning, as I am always on the loggia. The flowers are all coming out—the birds singing—the sky bright, deep blue— and the whole atmosphere so soft and clear—and in fact Italian —different from everything else.

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[10] Madame de Bunsen, née Waddington.

[11] Long crisp breads one has in Italy.

Mary has arranged the small salon (which they always sit in) most prettily and comfortably—with bibelots and quantities of books about in all languages—there are usually four going in the establishment—Charles and his daughter speak always German to each other—the rest of us either French or English—it depends rather upon what we are talking about—and always an undercurrent of Italian with the servants and "parlatrice" (such a sweet, refined looking girl who comes every day to read and speak Italian with my belle-mère). Mrs. Waddington strikes at the mixture at meals and insists upon one language, either English or French. There is also a charming German girl here, Mlle. de Sternberg, a niece of Charles de Bunsen—so we are a most cosmopolitan household. The life is utterly different from the one I have been leading for the last two years.

To H. L. K

February 10, 1880.

I try and write every day, but am so much taken up and so tired when I come in that I don't always find the moment. W. is all right again. He really got quite a chill from the cold night journey—and for two or three days sat *in* the fire. Francesco, the Italian servant, took excellent care of him—was so sympathetic the night we had some music and W. couldn't appear. It was a pleasant evening—a Russian Prince (I forget his name, and couldn't probably spell it if I remembered), a great friend of Mary's, an excellent musician and a great Wagnerian offered to come and play some of the Nibelungen. I was delighted as I only know Tannhäuser and Lohengrin. I remember now your sigh of relief when Seilern and I finished playing à 4 mains the Walpurgis Night years ago in the Champs Elysées. I daresay it was trying for the public—but we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The big drawing-room looked very pretty, with plenty of flowers, and I think there were about 50 people—almost all (except Lottie and Madame de Tchiatcheff) ardent admirers of the great man. One lady appeared in a sort of loose, red gown (it seems red is the only colour Wagner admits), her hair, very pretty, blonde, hanging down her back, just tied with a ribbon—and carrying two partitions. Mary said, "Wouldn't you like to sit by her, and she

will explain it all to you?"—but I said there was nothing I would like so little. I knew enough of the legend to be able to follow, and moreover I had always heard that Wagner's descriptive music was so wonderful that one understood everything without any text, etc. The great man appeared—the grand piano was opened all over to give as much sound as possible—and he requested absolute silence. He played beautifully—it was enchanting—one quite heard the little waves in which the Rhein-Töchter were disporting themselves. It was wonderfully melodious and delicate—I should have liked it to go on forever. He played for about three-quarters of an hour—all Rheingold—then suddenly pushed back his chair, and rushed to the anteroom, exclaiming "de l'air—de l'air," followed by all the red and musical ladies. It is a pity there must always be such a pose with Wagner—for really the music was a joy. I met of course quantities of old friends, and agreed to go to Lottie Van Schaick's ball.

February 12, 1880.

W. and I had a lovely long flânerie this morning. He is quite well again, and the sun was tempting. It seems quite a different Florence living over here, and I must say much more old-world and Italian than the Lungarno, with all the modern hotels and apartments, and evident signs of forestieri[12] everywhere. As soon as we cross the bridge it is quite different—a gay, bustling, northern city. W. was so much amused the other day—we were

[12] Foreigners.

in a fiacre and the driver put on the brake to go down the almost imperceptible descent on the other side of the bridge. We went straight across to the Piazza del Duomo to-day, where the market was held, and wandered in and out among the stalls. It was all so familiar—little green cucumbers, almonds, and strings of fried fish, with a good healthy smell of "frittura." The people were all most smiling, and so pleased when I spoke Italian to them, and said I was so happy to be back in their country again. W. has no opinion of my Italian. He came to my room this morning followed by the Italian servant to tell *me* to tell him that his razor must be sharpened. I began, and came to a dead halt—hadn't the slightest idea what razor was in Italian. W. was much disgusted, but I explained that when I was living in Italy before as a girl, I hadn't often had occasion to ask for razors—all the same he has evidently lost confidence, and thinks my reputation as a linguist "surfaite."

This afternoon we had a lovely drive up the Fiesole hill with Mary and Beatrice. Their man, who goes on the carriage, is called "Bacco" and is so Italian and sympathetic—takes a lively interest in all our proceedings—knows everybody we meet, and talks cheerfully with any of his friends we happen to cross. The view from Fiesole was divine—the long slopes of cyprus and olive trees—with Florence at the bottom of the valley, and the Arno just visible—a streak of light. I am so fond of the grey green of the olives. It all looked so soft and delicate in the sunset light.

February 13, 1880.

We are getting dreadfully mondain. The other night we had a pretty, typical Florentine party at Edith Peruzzi's.[13] We went a little after ten and thought we would be among the first, but the rooms were already full—quantities of people (not many of my old friends) and splendid jewels. It was much more real Florentine society than the people we used to see when we lived in Casa Guadagni. *They* were generally the young, sporting, pleasure-loving set, with a good dash of foreigners, artists, diplomatists, etc. These were the real polite, stiff Italians of the old régime. Many people were introduced to us, and W. enjoyed his evening immensely—found many interesting people to talk to. He was delighted to meet Bentivoglio again, and they immediately retired into a corner, and plunged into Asia Minor and coins. Edith looked very well, did the honours simply and graciously; and Peruzzi really not changed—always the same tall, handsome, aristocratic type.

Last night was Lottie Van Schaick's ball, very gay and handsome. Mary wouldn't go—so I chaperoned the two girls—Beatrice and Rosa Sternberg. They made a very pretty contrast—Rosa von Sternberg is fair and slight, a pretty, graceful figure. Beatrice on rather a larger scale, with a very white skin, and beautiful dark eyes. W. and Charles Bunsen came too, but didn't stay very long. We went late as the Florence balls always last so long. I met quantities of old friends, and made a tour de valse with Carlo Alessandri for the sake of old times. W. was much

[13] Née Story, daughter of W. W. Story, the sculptor.

amused to see all the older men still dancing. At the Paris balls the danseurs are all so young—few of the married men dance—only the very young ones. I didn't wait for the cotillon—it hadn't begun at 3.30. The supper is always before the cotillon which of course prolongs the festivity.

I was lazy this morning, as we came in so late last night, so W. and I only went for a turn in the Boboli Gardens. The shade was so thick it was almost black—but it was resting to the eyes. There are very few flowers, one had a general impression of green. This afternoon we have been driving about leaving cards, and ending with a turn in the Cascine. There everything seemed exactly the same as when we lived there ten years ago. The same people driving about in the same carriages, and everybody drawing up on the Piazza, and talking to their neighbours. It amused me to drive down the Lungarno to our bridge. There were quantities of carriages and people lounging on the pavement, and looking at the river. The instant one crosses the bridge it is perfectly different—narrow streets, high walls, few carriages, no loiterers.

Our garden was beautiful to-night—a splendid moon just rising over the black trees, and a soft delicious air. We have had a quiet evening, talking and reading in the small salon. Charles was very interesting, talking about old Italy and their beginnings in Turin. It seems the etiquette of that Court was something awful. Mary told us that she was talking one day to the Marchesa S. (a lively little old lady who took snuff) who had been in her time a famous wit and beauty, dame d'honneur to the wife of Carlo

Alberto. Mary was rather complaining of the inconvenience of going to the winter reception of the Duchess of Genoa (she had only one in the year) where all the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique were obliged to go in full dress décolletée at about 4 in the afternoon. "Ah, ma chère," said the old Marchesa, "what would you have said in our time?" She told her that when the Queen-Mother was ill in the winter at the Château of Stupinigi, some miles from Turin, all her ladies had to go and inquire for her in full dress and manteaux de cour, and that when they knew she was in bed, and could see no one. Mary has splendid Italian lace which she bought from one of the ladies of the old Queen after her death. It would cost a fortune now, and in fact could not be had unless some private individual in reduced circumstances was obliged to sell. I had a nice visit from Alberti to-day—just the same—gay, impossible, saying the most risqué things in a perfectly natural way, so that you can hardly realize the enormities you are listening to. They don't sound so bad in Italian—I think the language veils and poetizes everything. He is very anxious we should go out and spend the day at Signa—his most lovely place—and I wish we could, I should like W. to see it—so much natural beauty—and, with our northern ideas, so absolutely neglected—splendid rooms, painted ceilings—no practical furniture of any kind, and a garden that was a dream of wild beauty—flowers everywhere, climbing up over the roof, around bits of grey wall, long grass that almost twisted around one's feet, and such a view from the terrace. I told W. afterward

of our great day there long ago, when we started at 10 in the morning and got back at 2 a.m. I wonder if you remember the day? We were a large party—Van Schaicks, Maquays, Coxes, and others whose names I forget and pretty much every man in Florence (of all nationalities). We started by rail—the women all in light muslin dresses and hats. We were met by carriages of all kinds—Alberti's own little pony-trap—and a collection of remarkable vehicles from all the neighbouring villages. The drive was short, but straight up a steep hill—the villa most beautifully situated at the top, with a background of green hills. Two or three rooms had been arranged for us—so we took off cloaks—a nice, sympathetic Italian woman brushed off the dust—and we went at once to breakfast in the state dining-room—the big doors on the terrace open. Some of the men had their breakfast out there. After breakfast we all wandered about the garden—such thick shade that it was quite comfortable. It was pretty to see the white figures flitting in and out among the trees. About 3 I got into a riding skirt and loose jacket, and went for a ride with Alberti and a Frenchman, Brinquant, a friend of Alberti—very gay, and entrain, and perfectly amused at the entertainment—so sans façon and original. We had a lovely ride—through such narrow roads—branches of the orange trees and roses nearly coming into our faces as we cantered along the little steep paths. I had a pretty little mare—perfectly sure-footed, which was an absolute necessity as the hill paths were very steep, with many curves, and full of rolling stones. We pottered about for an hour, and when

we got home I thought I would retire to one of the rooms and rest for half an hour before I got back into my afternoon dress, but that was a delusion. They all came clamouring at the door, and insisted upon my coming out at once, as the whole party were to be photographed. As I was perfectly confident that they would all come in if I didn't come out, there was nothing to be done, and I joined the group. It was rather a long affair, but at the end seemed satisfactory. Then we had tea on the terrace, and sat there watching the sun go down behind the Signa hills, leaving that beautiful afterglow which one only sees in Italy—the green tints particularly.

Three or four men came out for dinner who hadn't been able to get off early (diplomates, I fancy, for they were certainly the only men in this gay city who had any occupation), also a tapeur[14] and little objets for the cotillon. We did have about an hour before dinner to rest and make ourselves look as nice as we could—but naturally a long, hot day wandering about in a garden, and sitting on half-ruined crumbling stone walls doesn't improve muslin dresses. The dinner was very gay and good, and the hour on the terrace afterward with coffee, enchanting. One or two of the men had brought guitars, and there were scraps of songs, choruses, "stornelli," going on all the time. One man, with a lovely tenor voice, sat on the lower step singing anything—everything—the rest of us joining in when we knew the song. The terrace was quite dark—the house brilliantly lighted standing out well; and

[14] Man to play on the piano.

every now and then the Italian servants would appear at the door with their smiling faces—black eyes and white teeth—evidently restraining themselves with difficulty from joining in the choruses. I really don't think Mary's "Bacco" could have resisted. I always hear him and Francesco singing merrily over their work in the morning. They certainly are an easy-going, light-hearted race, these modern Florentines. One can hardly believe that they are the descendants of the fierce old Medici who sit up so proud and cold on their marble tombs at San Lorenzo.

We began the cotillon about 10, and it lasted an hour and a half. There were 10 couples, plenty of flowers and ribbons, and, needless to say, an extraordinary "entrain." We ended, of course, with the "Quadrille infernal" (which Alberti always leads with the greatest spirit), made a long chain all through the house down the terrace steps (such a scramble) and finally dispersed in the garden. I shouldn't like to say what the light dresses looked like after that. We started back to Florence about midnight in two coaches—such a beautiful drive. The coming out of the gates, and down the steep hill with a bad road and a narrow turn was rather nervous work—but we finally emerged on the broad high-road looking like a long silver ribbon in the moonlight winding down the valley. We had the road quite to ourselves—it was too late for revellers, and too early for market people, so we could go a good pace, and galloped up and down the hills, some of them decidedly steep. It was a splendid night—that warm southern moon (so unlike our cold white moonlight) throwing out every

line sharply. It was just 3 o'clock when we drew up at Casa Guadagni.

I didn't intend to write so much about Signa, but I had just been telling it all to W., and I think it will amuse the family in America.

To H. L. K

Villa McDonnell,
February 15, 1880.

I try and write every day, but it is not easy. We are out all the time. The weather is divine, and it seems wicked to stay indoors. W. and I go out every morning, and we do a good deal of sight-seeing in a pleasant, idle way. I go sometimes to the Boboli Gardens and wait for him there when he has letters to write. It is all so unlike our Florence of ten years ago; I love the quiet grey streets. The gardens are delicious; dark and cool; you see no one, hear nothing but the splash of the fountains, and the modern busy world doesn't exist. I am becoming quite intimate with the custode—he is most friendly—smiles all over when W. appears—and remarked the other day casually when he was late and I was waiting at the gate, "Il marito si fa aspettare." This morning we pottered about the Ponte Vecchio, where all the shops look exactly the same, and apparently the same old wrinkled men bending over their pearls and turquoises. So many foreigners have bought pearls that the prices have all gone up. There has been a great influx of strangers these last days as Easter is early, and we hear English on all sides. Two pretty fair-haired English girls were loitering about the bridge and shops, attracting much attention and admiration, quite freely expressed, from some of the numerous young men who are always lounging about; but the

admiration is so genuine and so open that no one could be angry or consider it an impertinence.

Do you remember one of my first Italian experiences in crossing the Piazza di Spagna one afternoon with my white kitten on my shoulder, and one of the group of "paini"[15] standing at the door of the bank remarked smilingly, "Che gatto fortunato!" I was rather taken aback but pleased certainly. At Doney's in the Via Tornabuoni, there is always the same group of men on the pavement about tea-time, when every one goes in for a cup of tea or chocolate—all much interested in the pretty girls who go in and out—also the society men standing at the door of the Club making remarks and criticising, with rather more reserve perhaps.

We took a fiacre when we had crossed the bridge and drove to Santa Maria Novella. The black and white façade looked like an old friend, also the spezeria where we used to buy the sachets of iris powder in the old days. We wandered all over the church, looked at the frescoes and the wonderful Cimabue Madonna, and then through the cloisters. A monk (one of the few left) in the long white robe of the Dominicans was working in the garden. He looked very picturesque in the little square of green, and was apparently engrossed in his work as he didn't even turn his head to look at us. He wasn't at all an old man as we saw when he raised himself—was tall and broad-shouldered. What a life it must be for a man in the full force of strength and

[15] Young bourgeois.

health. One can understand it in the old days before books and printing, when the Dominicans and Benedictines were students and their parchments made history, but now when everybody reads and discusses everything it seems incredible that a man should condemn himself to such an existence.

We dined at the Tchiatcheffs, and on our way home crossed a procession of "la Misericordia"; all the men with long cloaks and cowls drawn tight over their faces, with slits for the eyes. One could see nothing but bright, keen eyes, impossible to recognise any one. I believe men of all classes belong to the society, and we had probably various friends among them. I suppose they were going to get a corpse (which is always done at night in Florence, or, in fact, everywhere in Italy) and their low, melancholy chant rather haunted me. They say they do a great deal of good when there is an accident or a case of malignant fever, in transporting the patient to a hospital; but it was an uncanny sight. They tell me they went to get a young Englishman the other day who had fever, and was to be moved from the hotel to a private hospital. It was the doctor's suggestion, and I am sure they carried him quite well and gently, but it seems his poor wife went nearly mad when the procession arrived, and she saw all those black eyes gleaming from behind the cowls.

We have been this afternoon to tea at "Camerata," the Halls' Villa. The drive out was charming, the day beautiful and bright, flowers everywhere. Quantities of peasant children ran alongside the carriage as we toiled up the hills, chattering volubly (many

Inglesi thrown in) and holding out little brown hands filled with yellow flowers. The Camerata garden and terrace were lovely. It was still a little cool to sit out, so we had tea inside. The lawn was blue with violets, and there were quantities of yellow flowers, crocuses, narcissi everywhere, roses just beginning. We met various old friends there—principally English—among others Miss Arbuthnot, looking quite the same; and the two Misses Forbes who have a charming apartment in Florence—we went there to tea the other day. Our friend and compatriot, Mrs. K., was also there; very dressy and very foolish; poor dear she never was wise. She was glad to see me, was sure I was enjoying the change and rest after my "full life"; then "Did you live in Paris?" I felt like saying, "No, French Cabinet Ministers usually live in Yokohama," but I desisted from that plaisanterie as I was sure she would go away under the impression that W. had been a member of the Japanese Cabinet. W. doesn't like my jokes—thinks they are frivolous.

February 17, 1880.

Our Talleyrand dinner last night was handsome and pleasant. He was for years French Ambassador at Petersburg (Baron Charles de Talleyrand-Périgord), and is the type of the clever, old-fashioned French gentleman and diplomatist. He married a Russian, Mlle. Bernadaky. She is very amiable, has a beautiful voice and beautiful jewels. I had Carlo Alessandri next to me, and we plunged into old times. After dinner Talleyrand and W. talked politics in the fumoir. He is of course quite "d'un autre bord"

and thinks Republican France "grotesque," but W. said he was so moderate and sensible, not at all narrow-minded, understanding that a different opinion was quite possible, that it was interesting to discuss with him. Talleyrand confided to Mary afterward that he couldn't understand a man of her brother's intelligence and education being a Republican.

Madame de Talleyrand didn't sing, had a cold. I was very sorry as I told her I should have liked to hear her sing again "Divinité du Styx." It will be always associated in my mind with the French-German war when we were all at Ouchy together hearing fresh disasters every day.

This afternoon we went to have tea with "Ouida"[16] at her villa outside Florence. She was most anxious W. should come to her—which he agreed to do—though afternoon visits are not much in his line. As we were rather a large party we went out in detachments, and Madame de Tchiatcheff drove me. We arrived before the Bunsens and W. Ouida came to the gate to meet us, and Madame Tchiatcheff named me. She was civil, but before I had time to say that M. Waddington was coming in another carriage, she looked past me, saying, "Et Monsieur Waddington —il ne vient donc pas," with such evident disappointment and utter indifference to the presence of *Madame* Waddington that I was rather taken aback; but I suppose geniuses must not be judged like other people. I was rather disappointed in her appearance. I expected to see her dressed either in "primrose

[16] Mlle. de la Ramée.

satin with trails of white lace," or as an Italian peasant, and she really looked like any one else—her hair cut short and a most intelligent face. She was interesting when she talked about Italy and the absolute poverty of the people. She spoke either French or English, both equally well. When the visit had been talked of at home we had told W. he must read, or at any rate look over one of her books. I didn't think he could undertake one of her long novels, "Idalia" for instance, where the heroine wanders for days through wood and dale attired in a white satin dress, and arrives at her destination looking like "a tall, beautiful, pure lily"; but I think he might like one of her short Italian stories, which are charming, such beautiful descriptions. I always remember one of her sentences, "There is nothing in the world so beautiful as the smile of Italy to the awakening Spring." One felt that to-day in the garden, every bud was bursting, everything looked green and fresh and young.

Our dinner at home to-night was most agreeable. We had Mlle. de Weling, a great friend of the Bunsens, a clever, interesting woman whose girlhood was passed at the old Nassau castle at Bieberich on the Rhine. Her mother was one of the Duchess's ladies. I know the place well, and used often to walk through the beautiful park to the Rhine when I was staying with Mary. It is quite shut up and deserted now. The old Duke held out against United Imperial Germany, and never lived in his Schloss after Nassau was annexed. It is a grand old house with all its great windows and balconies facing the Rhine. One could quite

imagine an animated court life (small court) there, with music, and riding, and excursions on the river. It is rather melancholy to see such a fine old place deserted.

We had, too, Comandi, an Italian who occupies himself with orphan boys, and has a home for them near here somewhere in the country which we are going to see some day. Anna de Weling, too, has founded one or two small homes in different parts of Germany. She read us a letter the other day from one of her boys, quite grown up now, whom she had placed. It began "Wir brauchen Beinkleider" (we need trousers)—so naïf. The conversation was almost entirely in Italian as Comandi speaks no other language. All the Bunsens speak of course perfectly—they lived in Italy for so many years at the beginning of their diplomatic career. Mrs. Waddington is quite wonderful, speaks and reads it perfectly. Her nice little parlatrice is devoted to her.

February 19, 1880.

We have had two nice days. Yesterday we walked straight across the bridge to the Piazza del Duomo—walked about the Cathedral and the Baptistery trying to make out the Saints' processions, and figures on the marvellous bronze doors—but it would take weeks of study to understand them. I was tired, and sat (very uncomfortably) on a sort of pointed stone near the gates while W. examined them. I really think I like the Piazza and the open air and the street life as much as anything else. There was so much movement, flower stalls, fruit, cakes, those extraordinary little straw bottles of wine, children playing and tumbling all

over the place (evidently compulsory education doesn't bother them much), and always quantities of men standing about doing nothing, wrapped up in their long cloaks, but what a wonderful cadre for it all. The Duomo, Palazzo Vecchio, Loggia, etc.—one can't imagine now the horrors that have been perpetrated in that very square. I told the family the other day I wanted to read "Nicolo dei Lapi" over again, and they all jeered at me; but I must get it somewhere; it will take me straight back to Frascati and the long hot days of the cholera summer when I was reading it, and trying so hard with my imperfect and school-girl translation to make you understand the beauty and horrors of the book.

I was telling Mrs. Waddington the other day of our life at Frascati—the great cholera year at Albano (1869), when so many people died—the Dowager Queen of Naples, Princess Colonna, and Cardinal Altieri, who came straight out to his villa as soon as the cholera broke out (which it did quite suddenly). He was wonderful—went about everywhere in all the poor little houses, relieving and encouraging the sick and dying, holding up the cross to the poor dim eyes when life was too nearly gone for any words to avail; and finally was struck down himself and died in two days. How terribly lonely and cut off we felt—Dr. Valery was the only person we saw. He was allowed to come out every day from Rome, but was fumigated at the station at Frascati, and again in Rome when he got back, obliged to change his clothes outside the gate before coming into the city. We were never at all nervous about the cholera. I don't think there

was one case at Frascati, and of course all our thoughts were centred in that great big room with its pink walls and mosaic floor where father[17] lay desperately ill. It seems like a dream now, those hot summer nights, when we used to go out on the terrace (upon which his room opened) to get bouillon, ice, etc., and we fancied we could see the cloud of disease hovering over the Campagna. When it was moonlight, and such moonlight, that beautiful golden, southern moon, we saw a long white line in the distance—the sea. Circulation was very difficult, all the roads leading to Albano were barred, and guarded by zouaves; and of course we heard tales of horror from the Italian servants, always most talkative and graphic in their descriptions. However on the whole they behaved well. We used to ride every day, and always passed a little chapel on the way to Castel Gandolfo, which was filled with people kneeling and praying—a long line stretching out quite across the road to a little shrine just opposite. They used to make way for us to pass without getting off their knees, only stretching out their hands for anything the Principesse americane would give them.

Some of the women were quite absorbed, looking hard at the Madonna in her shrine as if they expected some visible sign of pity, or promise of help. I rather envied them their simple faith; it must help them through many moments of trial and discouragement.

As usual I seem to have wandered from my original subject,

[17] Charles King, President of Columbia College, father of Madame Waddington.

but Italy is so full of memories. We were too tired to walk home, besides were a little late, so we took a fiacre with a most friendly coachman, who saw at once that we were strangers, pointed out all the places of interest, and said it would be a delightful afternoon for Fiesole, and he would come and get us if we would name the hour.

We found lots of letters and papers at the house, and W. plunged into Paris and politics after breakfast. I went for a drive with Mary and Beatrice to the Villa Careggi. The house is nothing remarkable—a large square building with enormous rooms, deep fireplaces, and very high ceilings. Some good frescoes on the walls. The garden and terraces were enchanting—the sun really too warm on the terrace—always a divine view; blue-purple hills rolling away in the distance, and funny, crooked little roads shut in between high walls, with every now and then a gap, or a gate, which gave one glimpses of straggling, unkempt gardens, with a wealth of flowers and vines.

We had a quiet dinner and evening, which we all enjoyed. W. smoked and talked a great deal of the past year and the last days at the Quai d'Orsay. He doesn't miss the life in the least, which rather surprises me; I thought he would be so bored with suddenly nothing to do, and no part to play in the world's history; but I see that the absolute rest and being with all his family is doing him so much good. It is extraordinary how soon one forgets, and takes up a quiet life again. Already the whirl and fatigues of the Exhibition year seem so far away I feel as if somebody else had

lived that life. I cannot imagine myself now dining out (and not ordinary dinners, official banquets) 19 nights in succession, but I suppose I should begin again quite naturally if we returned to public life.

Did you see the article in the "Français" saying "M. Waddington will now have all the rest of his life before him to consecrate to his studies"? I wonder! This morning we had our usual walk—as W. was ready at ten o'clock I didn't make my regular station in the Boboli Gardens. We went to Vieusseux about a book W. wanted, and then into the bank to pay George Maquay a visit. He was most cheerful, and showed us a nice article in the "Times" regretting very much W.'s departure from the Foreign Office, "one of the few men who could look ahead a little, and who was independent, not limited in his views by what the Chamber of Deputies would think." I was rather pleased, but W. is very calm about all newspaper articles. He always has a "mauvaise presse" as we don't *soigner* any paper. I fancy, though, Henrietta is right when she says the next time he takes office she means to buy one—so many people believe implicitly all they see in a paper, especially when it says what you want to believe.

We did a little shopping, I wanted some veils, and W. remained outside looking at the grim old Strozzi Palace, standing like a great fortress with its huge stones and heavy doors in the middle of all the busy, bustling life of the Tornabuoni. I think it is the one street in Florence where people move about quickly, and as if they were going somewhere. Everywhere else there are

crowds of people, men especially, doing nothing but sitting all day in the sun looking at the passers-by.

We hadn't time to walk over to San Lorenzo, so hailed a fiacre, and wandered about there for some time. I was delighted to see the Medici Chapel again and the famous monument of Lorenzo. He does look as if he were thinking out some great problem—I wonder what he would think of our go-ahead, unartistic world, and of our politicians, so timorous and afraid of responsibility—at least the men of that race were strong for good or for evil. When they wanted anything they did all they could to get it. I don't know that the women were behindhand either in energy when one thinks of Queen Catherine and of all the Huguenots she disposed of one summer evening in Paris. Do you remember our friend Mrs. A., a converted Catholic, whom we overheard one night at the Opera when they were shooting all the Huguenots in the last act, telling her daughter (remained a Protestant) that the Saint Bartholomew had nothing to do with Catholics and Protestants; was entirely a political move.

We have had a long drive this afternoon with Mary and Charles, up the Poggio Imperiale—a stiff climb but such a beautiful road—villas, cypresses, olive trees, and roses everywhere. We went up to the Certosa, where a nice old monk, in his white dress, showed us the church and monastery. It was dark and rather cold in the church, and nothing particular to see—good frescoes and many coloured marbles—but the terrace outside was delightful. There were not too many beggars on the

road considering that it is the favourite drive in Florence, and of course the carriage people are at a disadvantage as they must go slowly up the hill, and are escorted by a long troop of children singing, dancing with a sort of tambourine, turning somersaults, and enjoying life generally, whether they get a few pennies or not. It is very difficult to resist the children with their smiling faces and evident desire to amuse the "forestieri."

We went to Casa Guadagni before we came home, and paid a visit to the Marchesa, who was at home. The same old porter was at the door, and greeted me most warmly, much pleased to see W. "bel uomo, il marito"—had I any children, and where were all the rest of the family?—that simple, natural Italian manner, without a thought of familiarity. W. was delighted with Madame Guadagni. She talked about everything and really didn't look any older. I asked about our old apartment (piano nobile—first floor); she said it was always let—generally to foreigners. I *didn't* ask if she had made any modern improvements since we lived there. Shall you ever forget that cold winter with the doors that wouldn't open, and the windows that wouldn't shut, and the chimneys that always smoked, and the calorifère, which John never would light, as he was afraid it would warm the Guadagni rooms below? I should have liked to go over the apartment and see the rooms again—the big ball-room where we danced so often and had so much music. We wound up with a turn in the Cascine, drawing up in the Piazza alongside of Lottie's carriage, which was of course surrounded by all the

gilded youth of Florence. Maquay came to talk to us, Carlo Alessandri and Serristori, whom I hadn't yet seen. He was just the same (laughing and criticising) as in the old days when some of the swells appeared in so-called Worth garments, which he said were all made in a little room over his stables, by the wife and daughters of one of his men.

I was glad to get in and have a quiet hour to write before dinner. I am at my table close up to the open window. The air is soft and delicious—the garden just beginning to look dark and mysterious in the waning light. The group of cypresses (I don't know how to write that in the plural, it looks funny) always black. I was called off various times, and must finish now as we are going to dine at the Maquays—we being ourselves, Mary, and Charles. We generally go about a family party.

Sunday, February 21, 1880.

We are making our pacquets as we have decided to leave for Rome on Monday (22). The Schuylers are clamouring for us, and though I hate to leave here I really think we ought to go. As W. has never seen Rome two months will not be too much. We shan't have much more as he wants to get home for the Conseil Général. The Schuylers want to have a big reception for us, and would like next Sunday week, so I think we really shall get off this time. The longer we stay the more invitations we have. It has been all quite charming. Our Maquay dinner was very easy and pleasant; the Tchiatcheffs, Lottie, Alessandri, Talleyrands, Mrs. Fuller, and one or two stray men. The house looked so natural

—of course the ball-room wasn't open as we were a small party, but they lighted it after dinner. I wanted W. to see how pretty it was and how light—white with red seats all around. How it took me back to old times? I seemed to see everybody settling for the cotillon—the stairs too, where we all used to sit waiting for the cotillon to begin. How we amused ourselves that winter in Florence, and how scattered all that little band is now. The Florentines amuse themselves still—there must be something in the air which makes people light-hearted—one can't imagine a serious, studious life in Florence.

We spent two hours in the Uffizi yesterday looking at all the old friends again. I was delighted to see the dear little "St. John in the Wilderness" hanging just where it did before, on one side of the door in the Tribuna; also the Peruginos—I like them so much—his Madonnas with their wooden faces, but a pure, unearthly expression all the same, and the curious green colour one sees in all his pictures. We saw as much as we could in the two hours, but as it was the second visit we found our way about better. I never rested until I found the corridor with Niobe and all her children—it used to fascinate me in the old days. One realized perfectly all those big sons and daughters, so terrified, and the last little one clinging to his mother's skirts.

We went to tea, Mary and I, with Edith Peruzzi—quite quietly—as she wanted to show me her children—and fine specimens they are; a duck of a boy, quite sociable and smiling. Nina and Louisa Maquay came in—Louisa looked lovely. This morning I

went to the English church with Mary and Beatrice. We didn't go out again till late—after tea—as we had various visitors, among others Schuyler Crosby, who had asked us to dine but we had no evening left. I saw him riding the other day in the Cascine, and recognised him some way off by his seat. I don't know what it is, but whatever the Americans do, whether riding, dancing, or tennis, they do it differently from any one else. I was talking about it the other day to an Englishman who had seen some of the Anglo-American boat races, and he quite agreed with me, said their rowing was very good, but quite another thing from the English sport.

We drove out again Fiesole way. It was enchanting—more roses come out every day. There was a perfect fringe of pink roses hanging over some of the old grey walls. As it was Sunday, and a lovely day, there were quantities of people about. There are scarcely any costumes left, but all Italians like bright colours, and the red and green fichus and aprons looked pretty and gay as the various groups passed us. Some of the old women were terribly bent, with such brown, wrinkled faces—one could quite see that they had toiled up and down hills under the Italian scorching sun all their lives, with baskets and bundles of fagots on their backs—but the old eyes were keen and smiling. They don't look so utterly starved and wretched as Ouida (and others) say they are. I suppose they live on nothing, and go on quite simply, leading the same lives that their fathers and mothers did before them, without knowing of anything better.

Tell Henrietta I haven't made much progress in the travelling work she presented me with. I did take it out into the drawing-room one evening, but the immediate result of that was disastrous. I took it out of the bag proudly, to show that I had silk, embroidery, scissors, needles, etc., like everybody else, but left it on the table. Somebody wanted a book or a newspaper also on the table; turned everything upside down, and the work, silk, needles, thimble, etc., went rolling all over the floor. When you think of the crevasses of an old parquet floor in an Italian Palace, you can imagine how difficult it was to find anything again. The two girls were hours on their knees looking for my thimble which never turned up—however, that will be an excellent reason for buying a pretty little gold thimble with a row of turquoises that I saw the other day in a shop on the Ponte Vecchio. There is evidently a fate against my becoming an accomplished needlewoman, and I am afraid the "clumsy little fingers," which used to worry you so in the old days of music lessons, have not improved with advancing years. Perhaps I shall take to work in my old age. Isn't it George Sand who says (and I don't believe she ever took a needle in her hand), "Don't despise our less ambitious sisters who work. Many great resolutions and silent abnegations have been woven into the bright flowers and delicate tracings of the embroidery in the long hours spent over the frame."

Monday Night, February 22, 1880.

We really are starting to-morrow morning—trunks are packed, compartment engaged, and we have said good-bye to

everybody. I made a last little turn this morning in the Boboli Gardens. I didn't see the custode—I wanted to say good-bye to him. Then we went to the Pitti gallery, W. wanted to see one particular Botticelli, "la bella Simonetta" I think, which he and Mary had been talking about, and which we had missed the other day. It is quite impossible to see everything. I had remembered pretty well the principal pictures. Then we took a fiacre and went out to San Marco to see the Fra Angelicos and Savonarola's cell. We had never once got there, there is always so much to do. We walked through the cloisters first—the frescoes are perfectly well preserved—some of Fra Angelico's and others less interesting. I wanted to see the cells, and was quite pleased to recognise the "Coronation of the Virgin" and the "Madonna and Child" surrounded by angels, all in their long green-blue robes with wings and musical instruments of all kinds. As usual people were copying them, and I will try and find a pretty one and bring it back. I want the one in a sort of light green dress blowing a trumpet. The faces are quite beautiful, so pure. He must have had a wonderful imagination—I wonder if he believed angels look like that? Somehow or other I always think of an angel in a white robe. We saw of course Savonarola's cell, and they showed us his rosary, and a piece of wood which is supposed to have been taken from his funeral pile. It all looked so peaceful and smiling to-day, one could hardly realize the long hours of doubt and self-torture passed in these solitary cells. There is a fine description in one of the numerous books the Bunsens have on Florence, of

Savonarola's preaching—all the people congregated in the great square before the church, when there was no longer any room inside, leaving their shops and their work to come and listen to him. That is one of the delightful things in this household, you can always find a book in almost any language about any subject that interests you, religion, music, politics, everything.

Beatrice has a delightful German magazine, "Monatsheft," very well illustrated, with all the modern German literature, stories, essays, criticisms, etc. One could almost wish for a rainy day or a quiet evening to read a little.

W. went off by himself the other night and had a very pleasant evening. First to the Piccolellis' where he found a small party and his old friend Bentivoglio, with whom he had travelled in the East. Of course they instantly got into a corner and talked shop (medals). Then to Lottie Van Schaick who had a few friends, where he amused himself very much.

Gertrude writes that our rooms are very nice, and the man at the hotel delighted to have us. I wonder what Rome will be like. It will seem funny to be back there again, a respectable middle-aged lady. I think one should always be young and gay to live in Italy.

We had a fine musical evening Saturday with the Landi family—five; mother, father, daughter, son, and grandfather. Madame Landi sang anything, everything, delightfully. Some of the stornelli and peasant songs, those particularly of the Abruzzi mountains, were charming. I wonder what Italians have got in

their "gosier" that we haven't, that gives such a charm to their simplest song. I sang once or twice in French, and then Madame Landi and I did some duos in Italian which went very well. She was very complimentary over my Italian (I told it triumphantly to W., but he remains under the impression of the razor), said it was evident I had learnt in Rome; the language is so much softer, or rather the pronunciation "Lingua toscana in bocca romana."

The old father was killing, knew everything, was wildly interested, and criticised freely. I think the daughter will have a very pretty voice, like her mother's, a rich, low mezzo.

I was called off by some visits, and will finish now. My letter will go to-morrow morning. We don't start very early—9.30—but I shall not have time to write anything more.

To H. L. K

Hôtel de Londres, Rome,
February 24, 1880.

We arrived last evening for dinner, dear mother, and are most comfortably settled. We have a nice apartment on the second floor—a large bright salon with a good bed-room on either side of it for me and W., and a very fair anteroom where Madame Hubert has just had another wardrobe put up. She interviewed the gérant and made it clear to him that it was impossible for her to unpack her mistress's dresses until she had something suitable to put them in. We found flowers and papers on the table from the Schuylers, Mrs. Bruce, and the proprietor of the hotel.

I thought we should never get away from Florence. We were so happy there with the Bunsens and Mrs. Waddington, and every day there was something to see or do. The weather was divine the last days—the hills were quite a pink-purple sometimes as we drove home after sunset, and quantities of roses climbing up all the old grey walls. We had a very easy journey—they had reserved a carriage for us, which was a good precaution, as the train was crowded. We got to Rome about six. W. was quite excited as we approached (it is too funny to think that he had never been here), and very anxious for the first glimpse of St. Peter's. I can't say we saw the dome from a great distance—I fancy it depends upon which way you enter Rome. We found the

Schuylers at the station with a carriage, and drove at once to the hotel, where Gert had ordered tea and a pannettone. If I hadn't known I was coming to Rome I should never have believed it on arriving at the station. It was so unlike the little old Termine of our Roman days—the funny little station so far away, with few porters or cabs, and comparatively few voyageurs. I was quite bewildered with the rush into this great, modern station, with porters and officials of all kinds, and all the bustle of a great city.

I looked in vain for some familiar landmarks as we came along. Nothing. The new streets, Via Garibaldi and Nazionale—an abomination, tall ugly maisons de location and official buildings so new and regular—awful! It wasn't until we got into the town and near the Piazza di Spagna that I really felt that I was back in Rome; that of course was unchanged. It brought back such a flood of memories as we passed 20, and all the first happy days in Rome came back to me, before father's illness, when he enjoyed everything so much, and wrote to Uncle John that "the hours were golden." The "barca" looked just the same, with boys and women leaning up against the stones, flower-girls on the Spanish Steps, and even old Nazzari's low, dark shop opposite looked picturesque. W. was quite surprised to see me so sentimental, though I had warned him that for me there was no place in the world like Rome.

The Schuylers stayed talking some little while, then had to go, as they were dining out, but promised to come in after dinner. W. asked me if I was too tired to go for a little stroll (the tea

had refreshed us), so we started up the Spanish Steps to the Villa Medici, where we had that beautiful view of Rome. I showed him the stone pines of the Doria-Pamphili, which stood out splendidly against the last bright clouds of the sunset—it was quite lovely. We stayed out quite late, and were received with respectful, but decidedly disapproving greetings from the gérant when we came in. It was not at all prudent for "Eccellenza" and Madame to remain out late, particularly as they must be very tired after a long journey. We dined downstairs in the big dining-room. There was a long table d'hôte full—people about half through their dinner—and at the extreme end of the room five or six small tables, one of which had been reserved for us. I didn't see any one I knew, but two men got up and bowed as we passed. The dinner was good—the head waiter hovering about us all the time, and of course always addressing W. as "Eccellenza." We had coffee upstairs. W. smoked and I read the paper and one or two notes. About ten the Schuylers appeared, very cheerful and full of propositions of all kinds. They have got a big reception for us on Sunday night—Roman and diplomatic—and we agreed to breakfast with them to-day. Gert looked very well in blue, with her diamond necklace and feathers. They don't seem very pleased with Marsh—our Minister. Always the same old story and jealousy—the ministers consider themselves so far above a consul. But really when the Consul-General happens to be Schuyler and his wife King, one would think these two names would speak for themselves—for Americans, at any rate.

We told Schuyler how many compliments we had had both in Paris and Florence for his "Peter the Great"—so much in it, and yet the subject one that had been written about so often. They went off about eleven, and I was glad to go to bed; could hardly believe I was sleeping again in the Piazza di Spagna. I certainly never imagined when I left Rome tearfully so many years ago that I would come back as the wife of a French statesman.

I was busy all the morning unpacking and settling myself, and of course looking out of the window. It is all so delightfully familiar—all the botte standing in the middle of the street, and the coachman trying so hard to understand when some English or American tourists give them some impossible address in Italian—you know the kind of people I mean, conscientious tourists who think they must always speak the language of the country they are in, learned out of a phrase-book. We have various invitations, from our two Embassies, Quirinal and Vatican, also the Teanos, and W. had a nice visit from Lanciani, who wants to show him all Rome. We took a botta to go to the Schuylers. It isn't far, but I wasn't quite sure of finding my way the first time. They have a charming apartment in Palazzo Altemps, near the Piazza Navona, not at all far really from our hotel, and now that I know the way I can often walk over in the mornings when W. is off sight-seeing seriously with some of his learned friends. It is a fine old palace with a large open court and broad stone staircase. San Carlo Borromeo is supposed to have lived there. Their apartment belongs to Mrs. Terry, wife of the artist, who had arranged it

very comfortably, and the Schuylers have put in all their Turkish rugs, carpets, and bibelots, so it really looks very pretty. There are quantities of green plants and flowers about (they are both fond of flowers and are always making experiments and trying something new) and of course books, papers, reviews, and a piano.

I told Gert I thought I would write to Vera and have some singing lessons—I have done so little singing since I have been married. Eugene is a charming host, and he and W. had plenty to talk about. I inspected Gert's wardrobe while they were smoking. Her dresses are all right, and I think her maid is good. I wrote all this after I came in. The man of the hotel had engaged a carriage for us—a nice little victoria with a pair of greys. It comes from Tomba's stables—do you remember the name? The same loueur we had when we lived here. The coachman said he remembered me perfectly, had often driven the "signorine" to the meets, and hoped la maman was well. We were lucky to get such a nice little carriage. The d'Aubignys, a French couple, had just given it up, as they were leaving the Embassy here for Berlin.

We drove about a little—left cards for the Noailles, Desprez, Cairolis, and wound up in the Villa Borghese, which was again quite changed—such quantities of carriages and people walking, also Italian officers riding, and soldiers, bersaglieri, etc., about. We crossed the Wimpffens, looking very smiling, and saw in the distance, as we were coming out, the royal red liveries, but the carriage was too far off to see who was in it. Now we are going

to dinner, and I shall be glad to get to bed early. I think I am more tired than yesterday.

Hôtel de Londres,
February 26, 1880.

I will begin again this afternoon, as I have a little time before dinner. The weather is divine, quite the same deep-blue sky and bright sun of our first Roman winter. We have had an enchanting drive out of Porta San Sebastiano and along the Via Appia as far as Cecilia Metella—everything exactly the same as when we were there so many years ago. The same peasant carts blocking up the narrow gateway, everybody talking at once, white teeth gleaming, and quantities of little brown children with black eyes and jet black hair tumbling down over their eyes and outstretched hands for anything the forestieri would put into them. W. was a little disappointed at first. The road is narrow, an atrocious pavement, and high walls almost shutting out the view. However, as we got farther out there came gaps in the walls through which one saw the whole stretch of the Campagna with the Claudian Aqueduct on one side, and when we finally emerged into the open fields, he was delighted. How extraordinary all these old tombs and pyramids are, most of them falling in ruins, with roses and creepers of all kinds holding them together. On one of the largest round tombs there was a peasant house with a garden and vines, and smoke coming out of the chimney, perched quite on the top, with a steep, stony path winding down, where the coachman told me the donkey went up and down, as he too lived

in the house with the family. Some of the tombs are very high—real towers. There is hardly a trace of marble or inscription left, but the original building so strong that the walls remain.

The queer old tombs, towers, and bits of ruins all along the road interested W. immensely; though he has never been here he knows them all from photographs and reproductions, and could tell me a great deal more than I could tell him. We went as far as the round tomb of Cecilia Metella, and then got out and walked a little. I wanted to show him the low wall which we used to jump always when the meet was at Cecilia Metella. Do you remember the first time you came out to see us jump, not at a hunt but one afternoon with Dyer practising to see what the horses and riders would do? You saw us start at a canter for the wall, and then shut your eyes tight until we called out to you from the other side.

This morning W. and I had our first regular turn at sight-seeing. We took a nice little botta on the Piazza, had our Baedeker—a red one, like all the tourists—and were quite happy. Some of the old colleagues were highly entertained seeing us driving about with our Baedeker; said it was W. under a wholly different aspect. We wandered about the Vatican for two hours, seeing quantities of things—Sistine Chapel, Stanze Raphael, Apollo Belvedere, etc., and always a beautiful view over the gardens. Later, he says, he must do it all regularly and intelligently with one of his men friends, as I naturally could not stand for hours recognising and deciphering an old inscription. I left him from time to time, sat down on one of the stone benches,

talked to the custode, looked at the other people, and gave them any information I could. It interested me to see the different nationalities—almost entirely English, American, German, very few Italian, and no French—yes, one artist, a rather nice looking young fellow who was copying something on the ceiling of one of the "Stanze," rather a difficult process apparently. There were many more women than men—groups of English spinsters doing their sights most thoroughly—the Americans more casual. The Apollo looked splendid, so young and spirited. We walked some little distance, coming home before we could get a fiacre, and I had forgotten how cruel that Roman pavement was. I don't believe any of my boots will stand it; I shall have to get somewhere here a pair of thick-soled walking shoes.

We had a quiet hour after breakfast. I have arranged a ladies' corner in the drawing-room. I was in despair the first two days over the room. I had never lived in small hotel quarters with a man, and I had no idea how disorderly they are. The table was covered with pens, papers—piles of them, three or four days old, thick with dust—cigars, cigar ashes over everything, two or three large, bulky black portfolios, very often a pot hat, etc. So we compromised; W. took one end of the room and I the other. I obtained from the gérant (thanks to Madame Hubert, who is very pretty and on the best of terms with him) a small table, large china vase for a plant, a nice arm-chair, and a cushion for the sofa, borrowed a table-cloth from Gert, also some small things for my table, and my end looked quite respectable and feminine.

The room is large, so we can really get on very well. We had a pleasant visit from the Marquis de Noailles, French Ambassador to the Quirinal, before we went out. He has a charming, easy manner. We are to breakfast at the Embassy, Palazzo Farnese, to-morrow for me to make Madame de Noailles's acquaintance. I wonder what I shall think of her? The men all say she is a charmeuse. She is Polish born, was a beautiful woman—I think all Poles have a great charm of manner.

Trocchi came in, too—so pleased to see me again and to make W.'s acquaintance. The two senators talked politics, and Noailles put me a little au courant of Roman society and the two camps black and white. We went out at 3.30, as I said before, to Cecilia Metella, and stopped at Gert's for tea. W. walked home, and I stayed a little while with her talking over the arrangements for their reception on Sunday. Every one—Romans, diplomats, and Americans—they have asked has accepted; but their rooms are fairly large and I don't think they will be crowded.

Hôtel de Londres,
Monday, February 29, 1880.

I am still tired from the quantity of people we saw last night at the Schuylers. Their reception was most brilliant; all the world– However, I will begin at the beginning. We went to church on Sunday, as Dr. Nevin came to see us Saturday afternoon and said he hoped we would not fail to come. W. found him clever and interesting. He said he thought I should hardly recognise him in his new church. It is very pretty—English style, built by

an English architect (Street) in the new quarter, Via Nazionale, utterly unlike the bare little room outside the Porta del Popolo, where we used to go and do the music. It makes me laugh now when I think of the congregation all embarked on a well-known hymn, when suddenly Henrietta would lower the tune one note —if I was tired, as often happened, as one of the gayest balls in Rome was Princess Sciarra's on Saturday night. When I had danced until four o'clock in the morning (the test of the ball was how late it lasted) it was rather an effort to be at church at 10.30 Sunday morning and sing straight through the service. Henrietta had the harmonium and I led the singing. I will say that the effect of the sudden change was disastrous from a musical point of view. However, we did our best. I am afraid Henrietta was not always faithful to Bach and Beethoven in her voluntaries. We had no music, and she played whatever she could remember, and occasionally there were strains of "Araby's Daughter" or "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," which were quite perceptible even through the minor chords. I liked doing it all the same, and like it still. I am so fond of the old hymns we used to sing as children, and should like to hear "Shout the Glad Tidings" every Christmas. I never have since we left America and Oyster Bay, where also we did the music, and where, when we were late sometimes for church, Faust, the big black Newfoundland dog would come and bark when the bell had stopped, telling us quite plainly we were late—he knew all about it.

We made the regular Sunday turn in the afternoon—Villa

Borghese and Pincio—sent the carriage away and walked home by the Villa Medici. W. loves the view from the terrace. We met Mrs. Bruce, also looking at the view, and walked home together. She told W. Cardinal Howard wanted to see him, had known him in England in the old days, also a young English monsignore —called *English* oddly enough. She will ask us all to dine together some night next week. I asked her if she remembered her famous dinner long ago with Cardinal Howard and Dean Stanley. The two divines were very anxious to cross swords. They were such a contrast. Dean Stanley, small, slight, nervous, bright eyes, charming manners, and a keen debater. The Cardinal, tall, large, slow, but very earnest, absolutely convinced. The conversation was most interesting—very animated—but never personal nor even vehement, though their views and judgments were absolutely different on all points. However, both were gentlemen and both large-minded. W. was much interested, as he knew Dean Stanley and his wife Lady Augusta well; they came often to Paris, and were habitués of Madame Mohl's famous salon, where the literary men of all creeds and countries used to meet. It was there, too, that Dean Stanley and Renan used to meet and talk, the two great intellects finding points in common. I was taken there once or twice after I was first married. It was a curious interior; Madame Mohl, a little old lady, always dressed in white, with a group of men standing around her chair—many more men than women, and never more than twenty or thirty people. I suppose it was the type of the old French literary salon

where people went to talk. I naturally listened in those days, not being sufficiently up in all the political and literary questions, and not pinning my faith absolutely on the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Mrs. Bruce, too, was often at Madame Mohl's.

We stopped in a few minutes at the Trinità de' Monti, where there was a service of some kind going on. The nuns were singing a low, monotonous chant behind their grating; the church was quite dark, lights only on the altar, a few women kneeling and absorbed, and a few irreverent forestieri looking about and talking in whispers. We came down the Spanish Steps, which were quite deserted at that hour—models, beggars, flâneurs, all resting from their labours.

I was glad to rest a little before dinner, and only dressed afterward, as I couldn't well go down to the public dining-room in a low red satin dress and diamonds. We went rather early—ten o'clock—to Palazzo Altemps, but found many people already there. The apartment looked very pretty, quantities of flowers and plants wherever they could be put. Gert looked very well in yellow satin, and Eugene is always at his best in his own house—very courteous and receiving people as if it were a pleasure to him (which I think it is). We found quantities of old friends—Pallavicinis, Teanos, Lovatellis, Calabrinis, Bandini, Pagets, Mrs. Bruce, Hooker, Grants, etc., and quantities of people we didn't know, and whose acquaintance we made of course—Mesdames Minghetti, Cairoli, Despretis, and almost the whole of the Corps Diplomatique.

W. enjoyed it very much, did his manners very well, and never looked stiff or bored. I was delighted to see the familiar faces once more. I almost felt as if we had never been away. Madame de Noailles was astounded at the number of people I knew—I think she hadn't realized how long I had lived in Rome as a girl. She had heard W. say it was his first visit to Rome, and thought I, too, was here for the first time, and she was naturally surprised to hear me talking to Calabrini about the hunts, cotillons, his coach, and tempi passati generally.

I have accepted so many invitations that I never can remember them, but the ladies promised to send a card. Aunt Mary Gracie was rather put out with me because I wore no necklace (which couldn't be said of the Roman ladies, who all wore splendid jewels), but I told her it was the last chic in Paris to wear your necklace on your bodice, not on your neck.

We stayed on after all the beau monde had gone with Aunt Mary, Hooker, a Russian friend of Schuyler's, and Count Palfy, had a nice little supper, champagne and sandwiches, and talked over the party, saying of course (as they say we Kings always do) how pleasant our party was. W. was much interested in the various talks he had. He found Minghetti charming—so intelligent and well up in everything. Cairoli, too, he had been anxious to see; also Visconti Venosta. He was naturally (like all the men) charmed with Madame Minghetti. She must have been beautiful, and has an extraordinary charm of manner. The Cairolis are a very big couple. He is tall and broad, fine eyes—

she, too, on a large scale, but handsome. Of course there were many inquiries from all the old friends for la maman and the family generally. Mrs. Bruce says she never drives in the Doria-Pamphili without thinking of you driving about in your plain black dress and bonnet, with two or three daughters (not quite so plainly dressed) in the carriage, and all always talking and laughing, and enjoying life together. I told her about Florence, where the King of Italy always bowed to you in the Cascine, evidently taking you for the superior of some religious order (he must have thought the novices were lively), and the children in the street used to run up to you and kiss your hand. "He was quite right, to bow to you," she said, "my grand old Republican."

March 4, 1880.

Yesterday we went again to the Vatican. W. is quite happy, I thought I should never get him away. It is most amusing to walk about old Rome with him, for suddenly over a gateway or at the bottom of an ordinary little court he discovers an inscription or a slab, or an old stone which he knows all about, and we stop. He reads, and recognises, and translates to me, and is wildly interested. It is all so good for him, and puts politics and little annoyances out of his head. It is quite new for me to see Rome from a classical point de vue, but I suppose one enjoys things differently as one grows older. I certainly enjoyed the mad gallops over the Campagna in the old days; do you remember Mrs. S. who was so severe with us—first because we were Americans (she was English) and then because we knew

everybody and enjoyed ourselves?—"when she was young people came to Rome to educate themselves and enjoy the pictures, museums, historical associations, etc. *Now* one saw nothing but American girls racing over the Campagna with a troop of Roman princes at their heels." Poor dear, she really thought it was a calamity not to be born under the British flag. I suppose that makes the great strength of the English, their absolute conviction that England is the only country in the world.

They are funny, though—I was discussing something one day with Lady S., and we didn't quite agree; upon which she remarked she supposed I couldn't understand her ideas—she came from a big country where one took broad views of things. I said I thought I did too, but perhaps it is a matter of appreciation—I think, though, I have got geography on my side.

After breakfast we drove about paying visits. We found Princess Teano (who has asked us to dine on Wednesday) and she showed us her boys—the eldest one a beauty. She looked very handsome with her pure Madonna face. She told us her beau-père (the blind Duke of Sermoneta) had been so pleased to meet W. in Florence. They had a long talk somewhere, and W. was so amused with the Duke's politics and liberalism—all so easy-going, half chaffing, but very decided too, no sounding phrases nor profession de foi; simply accepting (what he couldn't really like very much) the inevitable, de bonne grâce; and seizing and ridiculing all the weak points.

In France they are frightfully logical, must always argue and

discuss everything—I think they are born debaters.

We left cards on various people, Princess Bandini, Cenci, Countess Lovatelli, and then went for a little turn out of the San Lorenzo gate, but not far, as we wanted to go to Princess Pallavicini, who received that afternoon. W. was much struck with the apartment—so many rooms, all very high ceilings, that we passed through before getting to the boudoir where the Princess was sitting. It all looked so natural, I remembered the hangings—bright flowers on a light satin ground—as soon as I got into the room, and some of the pictures. She was very cordial and friendly, told W. how long she had known me, and recalled some of our rides at Frascati with her and Del Monte. She asked us to come on Friday evenings, she was always at home. No one else was there but a Princesse de Thurn and Taxis (née Hohenlohe) who was introduced to us, and the talk was pleasant enough. She was quite interested in our two audiences—Pope and Quirinal—but we told her we had heard nothing from either court yet. W. walked home, and I went on to Gert as it was her reception day. She gave me a cup of tea, and I found various friends there, including Father Smith who was quite pleased to see me again. He doesn't look any older, and is apparently quite as energetic as ever. He told me he had enjoyed his talk with W. very much, and they had made a rendezvous for two days—the Catacombs and San Clemente. He remarked casually that W. wasn't at all what he expected to find him; not at all his idea of a "French Republican." I wonder what sort of trade-mark he

expected to see? If he had pictured W. as a slight, nervous, black-eyed, voluble Frenchman, he must naturally have been surprised.

We have heard people discussing us sometimes in English as we pass down the long dining-room to our table—"There goes Waddington, the late French Premier." "Never—that man is an Englishman." "I have seen pictures of Waddington—he doesn't look at all like that, etc." The head waiter always points us out as distinguished strangers.

I found quantities of cards when I came home—one from Lily San Vito with a nice little message of welcome. (We crossed her in the Corso the other day and she looked lovely.) Also Valerys, Middletons, Pantaleones, etc. After I had gone to my room to dress W. had a visit from Desprez, the French Ambassador to the Vatican. He has just arrived, his wife not yet come, and he feels a little strange in this very divided society. We are going to meet him at dinner at the Portuguese Embassy. He told W. there would be several Cardinals at the dinner—a regular black assemblage. It will be a funny experience for W.

March 6, 1880.

I will finish this long letter to-night. We have just come in from the Teano dinner, which was pleasant. Teano looked quite the same (I hadn't seen him for years) with his tall, slight figure and white lock. (I forgot to look if the boy had it.) She looked very handsome. We had the Minghettis, a Polish Countess—sister-in-law of the Duc de Sermoneta, the Calabrinis, and M. Heding, a German savant. Minghetti was delightful, telling us his

early experiences with the old Pope, Pio Nono. He was killing over the entente between the government and the monks for the suppression of the monasteries. The gendarmes arrived, found barred doors and resistance. There was a sort of halt and parley —one father came out, then another—a little livret of the Caisse d'Epargne was put into their hands, and all went off as quietly as possible. Heding seemed to think things wouldn't go so easily in Germany, and they certainly wouldn't in France.

Madame Minghetti and I talked for a long time after dinner exchanging our experiences of the official world, which I fancy is always the same in all countries. Calabrini was of course his same courteous self—so absolutely free from pose of any kind —rather unusual in a man who has always had such a success.

This morning we went to Trajan's Forum, walked, W. as usual quite at home, everywhere recognising old friends at every step. We looked at all manner of inscriptions and basso-rilievos, and enjoyed ourselves very much. This afternoon W. and Schuyler went off together to see some churches and the Palazzo dei Cesari. I backed out, as I can't stand two sight-seeings the same day with a dinner in prospect in the evening. I went over to get Gert, and we drove about together, winding up at the Comtesse Wimpffens, Austrian Ambassadress, who has a charming apartment in the Palazzo Chigi (where Odo Russell used to live when we were in Rome). There were various ladies there, the Marquise de Noailles, French Ambassadress (who immediately asked me who made my dress, the blue velvet that

did all my visits the last year of the Quai d'Orsay), Lady Paget, Madame Minghetti, and a sprinkling of secretaries and attachés. Comtesse d'Aulnay, looking very pretty, very well dressed, came in just as we were leaving. We wound up with a turn in the Villa Borghese. There were grooms waiting at the gate with saddle horses, just as our old Carmine used to wait for us. It is all so curiously familiar and yet changed. I can't get accustomed to the quantities of people in the streets where there never used to be any one—occasionally a priest, or a few beggars, or a water-carrier. Now there are soldiers, people carrying parcels, small employees, workmen, carts, carriages, life in fact. There were quantities of people in the Villa Borghese. Some of the carriages very well turned out, again very different from our days when we knew every carriage, and when a new equipage or a new face made a sensation.

W. has had a delightful afternoon looking at some of the very old churches with Eugene. He had, too, a note from Desprez saying our audience from the Pope would be to-morrow at one o'clock, and giving me the necessary instructions for my veil, long black dress, etc. To-morrow night we dine at the Noailles. The breakfast there the other day was pleasant—no one but ourselves and Ripalda. Of course it is a magnificent Embassy—the Farnese Palace—and they do it very well, but it would take an army of servants to "garnish" these long anterooms and passages, in fact ordinary servants are quite lost there; there ought to be Swiss guards or halberdiers with steel cuirasses and lances which

would stand out splendidly from the old grey walls. One could quite imagine an Ambassador of Louis XIV arriving with 100 gentlemen and armed retainers in his suite. The famous room with the Caracci frescoes must be beautiful at night. Ripalda asked us to come to tea one afternoon at his palace on the Tiber, the "Farnesina." Marquise de Noailles was charming.

Now I will say good-night, dear, for I am tired, and we have a busy day to-morrow. I wonder if Leo XIII. will impress me as much as Pio Nono did.

To H. L. K

Rome, Hôtel de Londres,
Thursday, March 8, 1880.

The Piazza is delightful this morning, dear mother; it is bright and warm, and there are lots of people starting for excursions with guide-books, white umbrellas, and every variety of wrap. The coachmen of the little botte look so smiling and interested, so anxious to make things easy and comfortable. Vera came to see us yesterday, and told me he was hailed by one of the coachmen from the top of his box, just as he was crossing the Piazza, who said to him: "Sai Maestro, una di quelle signorine King è tornata col marito?" (Do you know, master, one of those King young ladies has come back with her husband?) He was much amused—told him he was quite right, and that he was going to see that same signorina. I dare say he had driven us often to one of the gates to meet the saddle horses.

Yesterday was our udienza particolare (special audience), and most interesting it was. Madame Hubert was madly excited dressing me. I wore my black satin, long, with the Spanish lace veil I had brought in case I should be received by his Holiness, and of course no gloves, though I had a pair with me and left them in the carriage. We started at 12.30, as our audience was at one, and got there quickly enough. I had forgotten all the queer little courts and turns at the back of the Vatican.

Everything was ready for us; we were received really in royal state —Swiss Guard, with their extraordinary striped yellow uniform (designed, some one told us the other day, by Michelangelo), tall footmen attired in red damask, Guardia Nobile, chamberlains, and two monsignori. The garde noble de service was Felice Malatesta. He really seemed much pleased to see me again, and to make W.'s acquaintance—swore he would have known me at once, I was so little changed; but I rather suspect if he hadn't known we were coming he wouldn't have recognised me. We had a nice talk the few minutes we stood waiting in the room adjoining the one where the Pope received us, and he gave me news of all his family—Emilio (still unmarried), Francesco, etc.; then a door was opened, a monsignore came out, bowed, and said his Holiness was ready to receive us. We went in at once, the monsignore closing the door behind us and leaving us alone with the Pope, who came almost to the door to receive us, so that the three regulation curtseys were impossible. There were three red and gold arm-chairs at one end of the room, with a thick, handsome carpet in front of them. The Pope sat on the one in the middle, put me on his right and W. on his left. He is a very striking figure; tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono, the only Pope I had ever approached. He was most gracious, spoke to me always in Italian, said he knew I was an old Roman, and that we had lived many years in Rome; spoke French to W., who, though he knows Italian fairly, prefers speaking French. He asked W.

all sorts of questions about home politics and the attitude of the clergy, saying that as a Protestant his opinion would be impartial (he was well up in French politics, and knew that there were three Protestants in W.'s ministry: himself, Léon Say, and Freycinet). W. was rather guarded at first (decidedly "banale," I told him afterward), but the Pope looked straight at him with his keen, bright eyes, saying: "Je vous en prie, M. Waddington, parlez sons réserves."

We stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and the talk was most interesting. The Pope is very anxious to bring about a better state of feeling between the clergy and the people in France, and tries so hard to understand why the priests are so unpopular; asked about the country curate, who baptizes the children and buries the old people—surely there must be a feeling of respect for him; said, too, that everywhere in town or country the priests do so much for the sick and poor. W. told him the women *all* went to church and sent their children to the catechism, but the men are indifferent, if not hostile, and once the boys have made their first communion they never put their foot in a church. "What will keep them straight and make good men of them, if they grow up without any religious education?" The answer was difficult—example and home teaching, *when* they get it. Evidently he had been curious to see W., and I think he was pleased. It was quite a picture to see the two men—the Pope dressed all in white, sitting very straight in his arm-chair with his two hands resting on the arms of the chair, his head a little bent forward, and listening

attentively to every word that W. said. W. drew his chair a little forward, spoke very quietly, as he always does, and said all he wanted to say with just the same steady look in his blue eyes.

From time to time the Pope turned to me and asked me (always in Italian) if politics interested me—he believed all French women were keen politicians; also if I had found many old friends in Rome. I told him I was so pleased to see Felice Malatesta as we came in, and that we were going to meet Cardinal Howard one day at breakfast. I shouldn't think he took as much interest in the social life of Rome as Pio Nono did. They used always to say he knew everything about everybody, and that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a visit from Odo Russell, who used to tell him all sorts of "petites histoires" when their official business was over.

He also talked a good deal to W. about his uncle, Evelyn Waddington, who lived in Perugia, where he was "sindaco" (mayor) for years. He married an Italian lady, and was more than half Italian—curious for a man called Evelyn Waddington. The Pope had known him well when he was Bishop of Perugia.

We both kissed his hand when we took leave, and he said again to W. how much he had been interested in all he told him. We lingered a few minutes in the anteroom, as there was some idea Cardinal Nina would receive us, but it had not been arranged. It seemed strange to be in those high, bare rooms again, and reminded me of our visit to Cardinal Antonelli years ago with

father, when he showed us his collection of gems. I remember so well his answer to Bessie Curtis (now Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord), who was looking out of the window, and said it was such an enchanting view, would help one in "des moments de découragement." "On n'est jamais découragé, mademoiselle."

I imagine Leo XIII has very difficult moments sometimes.

W. wouldn't come out again as he had letters to write, so I stopped for Gert, and we had a lovely turn in the Villa Pamphili. Quantities of people—it looked very gay. We got home about six, and had visits until it was time to dress for our dinner at the Wimpffens. D'Aulnay came first, very anxious to hear about our audience at the Vatican; and Tagliani, the auditeur of the old "nonce"; also Dr. Nevin.

Our dinner at the Wimpffens was very pleasant. Their apartment looks very handsome lighted. There was a fine, pompous old porter at the door downstairs, and plenty of servants and a "chasseur" upstairs. We had all the personnel of the Embassy, the Calabrinis, Bibra (Bavarian Minister), Van Loo (Belgian), and an Austrian whose name I didn't master, who had been a minister in Andrassy's Cabinet. After dinner we all adjourned to the smoking-room, which is very large and comfortable, lots of low arm-chairs. The Austrian ladies smoked, and I talked to Bibra and Van Loo, who told me all the diplomats had been rather struck with the cordiality of our reception—that in general the Romans troubled themselves very little about strangers. W. talked to Wimpffen and his Austrian friend, who

was much interested in hearing about our audience with the Pope, and a little surprised that W. should have talked to him so freely, both of them saying that his being a Protestant made things much easier.

The Romans went off early, so W. went to Geoffroy (director of the École de Rome—French Archæological Society), who receives Thursday evenings at the Farnese Palace. He has an apartment quite up at the top of the palace over the Noailles, and I went to Gert, who also received Thursday. I found a good many people there—principally Americans, and some young diplomats. So many people were introduced to me that I was quite exhausted, and went and sat down by Aunt Mary, who looked very handsome.

Sunday, March 10, 1880.

I shall not go out this morning. It is a little foggy—the first time since we came here—and I was also lazy. We are going so perpetually. Yesterday W. was off at nine in the morning with Geoffroy and Lanciani for a classic tournée. I wrote one or two letters, and then Madame Hubert and I walked over to Gert's and breakfasted. After breakfast Monsignor English came in and had much to say about the Pope, and the impression W. had made which he had heard from high personages of the Vatican. I told him all about the interview, and he was much surprised when I said we all sat down. W. came while he was still there, and of course he wanted to hear his account, and was so pleased with all W. said about the Pope, his marvellous intelligence and

comprehension of the present very difficult state of affairs in France. English also said the Pope had been pleased with me (I did nothing but listen) so I plucked up my courage, and asked him if he thought his Holiness would give me a photograph *signed*—I should like so much to have one. He said it would be difficult, as the Pope never *signed* a photo—but perhaps–. I should like one so much—I hope he will make an exception for this heretic.

W. and I walked home, and then I dressed, and we started again for some visits. We found Princess Bandini, who was most amiable—very pleased to make W.'s acquaintance, also rather curious about the Vatican visit. There were quantities of people there, principally diplomats and English. W. thought the apartment very handsome.

We tried to find Madame Calabrini, but she was not receiving. We dined at the Noailles. I wore my blue satin and all the diamonds I possess. The apartment looked very ambassadorial —the great gallery lighted, superb. The dinner was handsome —Wimpffens, Pagets, Uxkulls (Russian Ambassador, you will remember him in Florence the year we were there), Cairolis, Geoffroys, Schuylers, and various young men. Maffei, the Under-Secretary of State, took me in, and I had Cairoli on the other side. I didn't find him very easy to talk to. He doesn't speak French very well, so I changed into Italian (which I am gradually getting back) and then we got on better. I shouldn't think he was much of a ladies' man, and never a brilliant talker. Maffei is very clever and amusing. Gert sat just opposite, looking very well in

yellow.

During the dinner Maffei called my attention to the menu "Cotelettes à la Waddington," and asked me if W. was as much of an authority in cooks as he was in coins. I disclaimed any such knowledge for him, and was rather curious to see what the "cotelettes" would prove to be. They were a sort of chaud-froid, with a thick, white envelope, on which was a large W. in truffles. The whole table was rather amused, and Madame de Noailles gave us the explanation. Her chef had been some time with us at the Quai d'Orsay, and when he heard W. was coming to dinner was much excited, and anxious to do honour to his old master—so he consulted Madame de Noailles, and that was the result. I will keep the menu for you.

After dinner we adjourned to the beautiful Carracci gallery, and there I was presented to various ladies—Madame d'Uxkull (ci-devant Madame Gheka), very handsome; and Madame Visconti Venosta, an attractive looking woman with charming manners. I had quite a talk with Lady Paget, who looks always very distinguished with her beautiful figure. She told me Mrs. Edwards's baby had arrived—a little girl—to be called "Gay" after her daughter.[18] I hope she will grow up as pretty as her mother. I talked some time to Madame Cairoli who was very amiable and expansive, called me always "Madame la Comtesse"; and offered me anything I wanted from cards for the Chamber to a presentation to the Queen.

[18] Now the Hon. Sylvia Edwards, Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra.

There was quite a reception in the evening—not many of the Roman ladies. Marc Antonio Colonna came up—recalled himself, and introduced me to his wife—very pretty, with splendid jewels. She is the daughter of the Duke of Sant-Arpino, a very handsome man. Her mother, the Duchess, an English woman, also very handsome, so she comes fairly by her beauty. I walked about the rooms with Wimpffen, and he showed me all the notabilities in the parliamentary world. Lady Paget asked us to go to her on Sunday afternoon, and I promised Nevin we would go to his church, but we didn't.

W. has just received an intimation that King Humbert will receive him to-morrow at one o'clock, and I have told Madame Hubert to get out his Italian decorations, as he always forgets to put them on, and it seems in all courts they attach much importance to these matters. We are starting now for a drive; first to the Villa Wolkonsky—I want to show it to W., and we shall probably go in late to the British Embassy.

Monday, March 11, 1880.

The King gave W. his audience to-day at one. He went off most properly attired, *with* his Italian ribbon. He generally forgets to put on his orders, and was decidedly put out one day in Paris when he arrived at a royal reception *without* the decoration the sovereign had just sent him. The explanation was difficult—he could hardly tell the King he had forgotten. W. got back again a little after two, and said the interview was pleasant enough—the King very gracious, and he supposed, for him, talkative; though

there were long pauses in the conversation—he leaning on his sword, with his hands crossed on the hilt as his father always did—spoke about the Queen, said she was in Rome, and he believed Madame Waddington had known her when she was Princess de Piedmont. I never was presented to her—saw her only from a distance at some of the balls. I remember her quite well at a ball at the Teanos in a blue dress, with her beautiful pearls. I hope she will receive us. He talked less politics than the Pope; said France and Italy, the two great Latin races, ought to be friends, and deplored the extreme liberty of the press; knew also that W. was in Rome for the first time, and hoped he would have fine weather. He did not ask him anything about his interview with the Pope. W. said the reception was quite simple—nothing like the state and show of the Vatican. There was a big porter at the door of the palace, two or three servants on the stairs, and two officers, aides-de-camp, in the small salon opening into the King's cabinet.

Soon after he came in we had visits—Hooker, Monsignor English, a French priest, head of St. Louis des Français, and Del Monte, whom I hadn't yet seen. He was so nice and friendly—doesn't look really much older, though he says he feels so. I told him it seemed unnatural not to have a piano. He would have brought his cello, and we could have plunged into music and quite forgotten how many years had passed since we first played and sang the "Stella Confidente."

After they had all gone we started out to the "Tre Fontane,"

taking Gert with us to see the establishment of the French Trappists who are trying to "assainir" the Campagna by planting eucalyptus trees. It is an interesting experiment, but rather a dangerous one, as several of the fathers have died. The summer here, with that deadly mist that rises from the Campagna, must be fatal, and the two monks we saw looked yellow and shrivelled with fever. However, they will persevere, with that extraordinary tenacity and devotion of the Catholic priests when they undertake anything of that kind. I carried off a bottle of Elixir of Eucalpytus, for I am sorry to say these last bright days have given me an unpleasant souvenir in the shape of a cold chill every now and then between the shoulders, and evidently there is still truth in the Roman proverb "Cuore di donna, onde di mare, sole di Marzo, non ti fidare." (Don't trust a woman's heart, the waves of the sea, nor the March sun.)

We got home about half-past six, had tea and more visits—Calabrini, Vitelleschi, and Princess Pallavicini, who was most animated, and talked politics hard with W. We dined at home and had a little talk, just as we were finishing dinner, with Menabrea, who was dining at a table next ours. They say he will go to the Paris Embassy in Cialdini's place. W. wouldn't go out again, so I went alone to Gert's, who had a few people—Mrs. Van Rensselaer, clever and original; Countess Calice, an American; her husband, a cousin of the Malatestas; Vera; young Malatesta, a son of Francesco; a Russian secretary, and one or two others. It was rather a pleasant evening. They had tea in the dining-room

—everybody walked about, and the men smoked.

Tuesday, March 13, 1880.

Yesterday morning W. and I had a good outing, wandering about the Capitol. First we walked around Marcus Aurelius, then up the old worn stone steps to the Ara Cœli. I told W. how we used to go there always on Christmas Eve to see the Crèche and the Bambino. It was very well done, and most effective. The stable, beasts, shepherds, and kings (one quite black with a fine crown). There were always children singing the "storia di Gesù" and babies in arms stretching out their hands to the lights. Yesterday the church was quite empty, as there is not much to attract the ordinary tourist. We made our way slowly, W. stopping every moment before an inscription, or a sarcophagus, or a fresco, to the room of the "Dying Gladiator," which he found magnificent—was not at all disappointed; afterward the faun—and then sauntered though all the rooms. I had forgotten the two skeletons in one of the sarcophagi—the woman's with rings on her fingers, most ghastly.

After lunch Countess Wimpffen came in to know if I would drive with her to the Villa Borghese, and do two teas afterwards —Madame Cairoli and Madame Westenberg (wife of the Dutch Minister, an American and a great friend of Gert's); but I couldn't arrange it, as W. wanted to come with me to the Affaires Etrangères—so we agreed to go another day. I always liked both Wimpffens so much when they were in Paris that it is a great pleasure to find them here. Wimpffen likes to get hold of W. and

talk about France and French politics.

Our dinner at Mrs. Bruce's was very gay. I told her I didn't find her salon much prettier than in our days when we lived on the first floor of Perret's house (she on the second), and she always said we made Perret send up to her all the ugly furniture we wouldn't have. What we kept was so bad, that I think the "rebut" must have been something awful. We had the Minghettis, Vitelleschis, Wurts, Wilbrahams, Schuylers, and one or two stray Englishmen. Vitelleschi took me in, and I had Minghetti on the other side, so I was very well placed. It is killing to hear them talk politics—discussing all the most burning questions with a sort of easy persiflage and "esprit de conciliation" that would astound our "grands politiques" at home. Minghetti said the most absolutely liberal man he had ever known was Pio Nono—but what could he do, once he was Pope.

It was really a charming dinner—Mrs. Bruce is an ideal hostess. She likes to hear the clever men discuss, and always manages to put them on their mettle. We all came away about the same time, and W. and I went on to the opera "Tor di None." Bibra had invited us to come to his box. The house was much less "élégante" than the Paris house—hardly any one in a low dress, no tiaras, and few jewels. The Royal box empty. Princess Bandini was in the next box with Del Monte and Trochi. The Minghettis opposite with the Wimpffens. The "salle" was badly lighted—one could hardly make the people out.

W. had rather a shock—we had scarcely got in—(Bibra not

yet come) when the door opened and in came Maurizio Cavaletti —enchanted to see me—seizing both my hands—"Maria mia adorata—cara regazza, etc.," utterly oblivious of "cara Maria's" husband, who stood stiff and cold (an icicle) in the background, with Anglo-Saxon written all over him; waiting for the exuberant demonstration to finish, and a presentation to be made. As soon as I could I presented Monsieur le Marquis in proper form, and explained that we were very old friends, had not met for years, etc., but W. hardly thawed all the evening.

When he went out of the box to pay a visit to our neighbours I remonstrated vigorously with Maurizio, but he was so unfeignedly astonished at being taken to task for greeting a very old friend warmly, that I didn't make much impression. The ballet was pretty, and of course there was an influx of young men as soon as it began—a handsome, rather stout "ballerina" being evidently a favourite.

To-day we breakfasted with the Schuylers to meet Mrs. Bruce and Cardinal Howard—no one else. We had a pretty little breakfast, most lively. I didn't find the Cardinal much changed, a little stouter perhaps. He was quite surprised at W.'s English; knew of course that he had been educated at Rugby and Cambridge, and had the Chancellor's medal, but thought he would have lost it a little having lived so many years in France, and having made all his political career in French. I asked him if he was as particular as ever about his horses. He always had such splendid black horses when we lived in Rome, but he said,

rather sadly, that times were changed. W. and he talked a long time after breakfast. He was very anxious to know whether *all* the religious orders were threatened in France or merely the Jesuits. Comte Palfy (Austrian) came in just as we were leaving. He is so attractive—a great friend of l'Oncle Alphonse—knows everybody here and loves Rome.

W. and I went off to the Villa Albani—out of Porta Salara. We walked through the rooms—there are principally busts, statues, bas-reliefs, etc.—and then loitered about the gardens which are fine. Fountains, vases, and statues in every direction, and always that beautiful view of the hills in the soft afternoon light.

I will finish when I come home from our *Black* dinner. We are asked for seven, so of course will get back early, as we do not go anywhere afterward. I shall wear black, as I hear so many Princes of the church are to be there. Madame Hubert is very sorry I can't wear the long black veil that I did for the Pope—she found that most becoming.

Tuesday, March 12, 1880, 10.30 p.m.

We are just home from our dinner at the Portuguese Embassy, so I have got out of my gauds and into my tea-gown, and will finish this long letter. It was most interesting—a great deal of couleur locale. We arrived very punctually—three or four carriages driving up at the same time. There was of course a magnificent porter downstairs, and quantities of servants in handsome liveries; a good deal of red and powder. Two giants at the foot of the staircase, with the enormous tall candles

which are de rigueur at a Black embassy when cardinals or ambassadors dine. They were just preparing to escort some swell up the staircase as we arrived; there was a moment's halt, and the swell turned out to be M. Desprez, the new French Ambassador to the Vatican (replacing the Marquis de Cabriac). He was half embarrassed when he recognised us; W. had so lately been his chef that he couldn't quite make up his mind to pass before him—especially under such novel and rather trying conditions. However, there was nothing to be done, and he started up the great staircase between the tall candles, W. and I followed modestly in his wake. We found several people, including two or three cardinals, already there. The apartment is very handsome. The Ambassador (Thomar) looked very well —"très grand seigneur"—standing at the door of the first salon, and one saw quite a vista of large, brilliantly lighted rooms beyond. All the guests arrived very quickly—we had hardly time to exchange a word with any one. I saw the Sulmonas come in. I recognised her instantly, though I hadn't seen her for years. She was born Apponyi, and they were married when we were living in Rome. Also Marc Antonio Colonna and the d'Aulnays. Almost immediately dinner was announced. Sulmona took me in and I had a cardinal (Portuguese) on the other side. I didn't say much to the cardinal at first. He talked to his neighbour, and Sulmona and I plunged, of course, into old Roman days. He was much amused at the composition of the dinner, and wondered if it would interest W. He asked me if I remembered

the fancy ball at the Palazzo Borghese. He had still the album with all the photos, and remembered me perfectly as "Folie" with short skirts, bells, mirror, etc. I remember it, of course, quite well. Some of the costumes were beautiful, particularly those copied from portraits. After a little while the cardinal turned his attention to me. He was a nice old man, speaking either French or Italian (both with a strong accent), and much interested in the guests. He asked me if I belonged to the corps diplomatique. I said no—we were merely strangers spending the winter in Rome. He thought there were a good many strangers at table—he didn't know half the people, not having been long in Rome; but he knew that there was one man dining whom he had a great desire to see, Waddington, the late French Premier; perhaps I knew him, and could point him out. He had always followed his career with great interest, but there were some things he couldn't understand, "par exemple son attitude dans la question—" Then as I didn't know what he might be going to say, I interrupted, and said no one could point out that gentleman as well as I, as I was Madame Waddington. He looked a little uncomfortable, so I remarked, "Il diavolo non è tanto nero quant è dipinto" (The devil is not so black as he is painted), to which he replied, "Eh, no punto diavolo" (no devil)—was rather amused, and asked me if I would introduce him to W. after dinner. We then, of course, talked a little about France, and how very difficult the religious question was. He asked me where I had learned Italian, so I told him how many years we had lived in Rome when my brother was the last

Minister from the United States to the Vatican. Sulmona joined in the talk, and we rather amused ourselves. Sulmona, of course, knew everybody, and explained some of the people, including members of his own (Borghese) family, who were very Black and uncompromising. Still, as I told him, the younger generation is less narrow-minded, more modern. I don't think they mean to cut themselves off from all participation in the nation's history. After all, they are all Italians as well as Romans. The foreign marriages, too, make a difference. I don't think the sons of English and American mothers could settle down to that life of inaction and living on the past which the Black Party means in Rome.

As soon as I could after dinner I got hold of W. (which was difficult, as he was decidedly surrounded) and introduced him to my cardinal, whose name I never got, and I went to recall myself to Princess Sulmona. We had a nice talk first about her people —her father, Count Apponyi, was Austrian Ambassador in Paris when Marshal MacMahon was President, and their salon was very brilliant, everybody going to them; the official world and the Faubourg St. Germain meeting, but not mingling. Then we talked a little about Rome, and the future of the young generation just growing up. Of course it is awfully difficult for families like Borghese and Colonna who have been bound up in the old papal world, and given popes to Italy, to break away from the traditions of centuries and go in frankly for "Italia Unita." Do you remember what they used to tell us of Prince Massimo? When some inquisitive woman asked if they really called themselves

Fabius Maximus, he replied that it had been a family name for 1,400 years.

The present Prince Massimo is one of the most zealous supporters of the Pope. The great doors of his gloomy old palace have never been opened since the King of Italy came to Rome. One can't help admiring such absolute conviction and loyalty; but one wants more than that in these days of progress to keep a country alive.

The evening wasn't long; the cardinals never stay late, and every one went away at the same time. We again assisted at the ceremony of the big candles, as of course every cardinal and the Ambassador had to be conducted downstairs with the same form. It was altogether a very interesting evening and quite different from any dinner we had ever been at. I don't think the French cardinals ever dine out in France; I don't remember ever meeting one. Of course the "nunzio" went everywhere and always had the "pas"—but one looks upon him more as a diplomatist than a priest.

W. enjoyed his evening very much. He is now settled in his arm-chair with his very disreputable pipe, and has been telling me his experiences. He found my old cardinal very intelligent, and very well up in French politics, and life generally. He liked Sulmona, too, very much; made her acquaintance, but didn't have a chance to talk much to her, as so many people were introduced to him. There is certainly a great curiosity to see him—I wonder what people expected to find? He looks very well, and is enjoying

himself very much. I am so glad we did not stay in Paris; he would have had all sorts of small annoyances, and as it is, his friends write and want him to come back. He is quite conscious of the sort of feeling there is about him. First his appearance—a great many people refuse to believe that he is a Frenchman; he certainly is not at all the usual French type, with his fair hair, blue eyes, and broad shoulders; and when they realize that it is he the cautious, doubtful way in which the clericals begin a conversation with him, as if they expected red-hot anarchist declarations to fall from his lips, is most amusing. Cardinal Howard always seeks him out for a talk—but then he doesn't mince matters—goes straight to the subject he wants to discuss, and told him the other day he couldn't understand how a man of his English habits and education should ever have dropped (he didn't say degenerated, but I think he thought it) into a French republican government.

W. is very pleased to see the cordial way in which everybody meets me, and I must say I am rather touched by it myself. I have never had a moment's disappointment, and I was a little afraid, coming back in such changed circumstances after so many years. Everybody asks after you, and some one the other day—Countess Malatesta, I think—asked if you still wore in Paris your plain black dress and bonnet. I suppose she thought that even you couldn't have resisted the Paris modiste. It would seem strange to see you in a hat and feathers.

Good-night, dearest; W.'s pipe is out, and we are going to bed.

Hôtel de Londres,
March 14, 1880.

Cannons are firing, drums beating, flags flying in all directions to-day, dear mother. It is King Humbert's birthday and there is to be a great revue on the Piazza dell' Indipendenza. We are invited to go and see it by Turkam Pacha, Turkish Minister, who has an apartment on the Piazza; but as he told us that we should meet Ismail Pacha (the ex-Khedive) we thought we had better remain at home. I hardly think it would be a pleasure to Ismail to meet the man who was one of the chief instruments in his downfall. My sympathies were rather with the Khedive—I never quite understood why France and England should have politely but forcibly insisted upon his leaving his throne and country—but whenever I raised the question I had always that inert force the "raison d'état" opposed to me. We crossed him the other day driving. The carriage full of red-fezzed men attracted my attention, and our Giuseppe told us who they were. He looked very fat and smiling, evidently was not rongé by his disasters. Turkam suggested that I should come alone, but that of course I could not do.

Mrs. Bailey, who has also an apartment on the Piazza, has asked us to come to her, but I think I shall stay quietly at home and look out of the window. I see lots of officers and functionaries, in uniform, passing in fiacres and riding, and a general migration of the whole city including the beggars and flower girls of the Spanish Steps toward the Piazza. W. says he

will smoke his cigar walking about in the crowd, and will see very well.

I was interrupted by a message from Gert begging me to come to her at once. Her maid was in such an extraordinary state of violence she thought she was crazy—and as Eugene was away for a day or two she was really afraid. I questioned the little footman who brought the note but he was very non-committal. W. was already off to see the review and I left him a note explaining where I was and asking him if I didn't get back to breakfast to come and get me at Gert's. I then started off with the little footman who had a fiacre waiting. As I entered the court of the Palazzo Altemps a glimpse of a white, frightened face at the window told me what Gert's state was. Poor dear, she was terribly upset, and Eugene's being away is a complication. Her two men-servants are very devoted, but they evidently feel uncomfortable. She asked me if I would go with her and see the woman. We found her sitting in a chair in Gert's dressing-room looking certainly most unpleasant, sullen, and an ugly look in her eyes. She is a great big Southern woman (French), could throw Gert out of the window if she wanted to. Gert spoke to her very gently, saying I had come to see her as I had heard she was not well. She didn't answer nor move but gave Gert a nasty look—she evidently has got something against her. I looked at her very steadily—said we were very sorry she was suffering, which was most evident, and that the best thing for her would be to rest, attempt no service of any kind and go to her own room—that we

had sent for Dr. Valery who would certainly be able to relieve her. She didn't answer at first, and looked as if she would like to spring upon us both, then burst into screams of abuse—"She would go to her room of course—would leave the house at once and never come back, etc." I told her I should certainly advise Mrs. Schuyler to send her away—that evidently the climate did not suit her, and she would be happier in France. She didn't answer, relapsed into her sullen silence, and almost immediately Valery appeared. He insisted very quietly that she should go to her own room (at the other end of the apartment), and she went off with him, giving an ugly look at Gert as she passed. It seems she already had had such an attack, less violent, when they were at Birmingham, but once it was over went on quite peaceably and didn't seem to realize how ill she had been. Valery came back to tell us the result of his examination—said she had already calmed down and was anxious to beg her mistress's pardon, but that she was of a nervous, dangerous temperament, and at any moment might have a relapse. Of course she must go, but it is very uncomfortable. I took Gert out for a drive. W. sent me a line to say he was busy all the afternoon and would not come unless I wanted him. I think the air and distraction did her good. The streets had a decidedly festive appearance. There were a good many flags everywhere, and soldiers still passing on their way back to their various barracks. We were kept some time in the Corso seeing a battalion of "bersaglieri" pass. They had good music and looked very spirited as they moved along with all

their feathers flying. They were rather small, but well set up, and marched in beautiful time with a light, quick step. We saw some cavalry too, but I didn't care so much for them. I thought the men looked too tall for the horses—their legs too near the ground.

We went to Nazzari's for tea, and the man was so smiling and pleased to see me that I asked him if he knew me—"Ma sì, certamente, la Signorina King"—had seen me various times in the Piazza or driving, and hoped I would come in some day for tea. I went upstairs with Gert when I took her home, and left every possible instruction with the maître d'hôtel to look after her, and above all to look after Louise, and not let her leave her room. The cook's wife will help her dress, as the poor thing has a dinner.

We have dined quietly at home. W. was tired, having been out all day. There is a reception at the French Embassy, but we shan't go. I told W. about the maid and the exciting morning we had had. He said of course the woman must go at once—that she had evidently a grudge of some kind against Gert, and might do her some injury. He had had rather a pleasant day. He walked about in the crowd seeing everything very well. He was rather favourably impressed with the Italian soldiers—said they were small as a rule, but light and active—marched very well. The King looked well, and was very well received. He thought him a striking figure on horseback in uniform, that curious type of all the Savoy Princes. They don't look modern at all, but as if they belonged to another century. I don't know exactly what it

is—one sees the same sort of face so often in old Spanish and Italian portraits.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.