

## CHAPTER XI

### A TRIP TO ROME

THE winter of 1902, the greater part of which we spent in Cincinnati, is memorable only as a period of bereavement and protracted illnesses. Perhaps such a record has no place in a narrative wherein it is my wish to dwell on pleasant memories only, or, at least, to touch as lightly as possible upon those incidents which, for one's peace, may better be forgotten, but a whole winter filled with grief and worry is not so easily torn from the leaves of the calendar rolled back.

In the first place, when I left Manila in December, 1901, I was very near to a nervous breakdown. This was due to the long strain of a peculiarly exacting official life in a trying climate, and an added weight of uneasiness about my husband's illness.

Then, too, my mother was very ill. She had suffered a stroke of paralysis the year before from which she had never rallied and I was extremely anxious to be with her in Cincinnati.

When we arrived in San Francisco a terrible mid-winter storm was sweeping the country from one end to the other and we were strongly advised to delay our trip across the continent, but we were both eager to go on so we started East at once over the Union Pacific.

When we passed Ogden we found ourselves in the midst of the worst blizzard I ever saw. The snow piled up ahead of us, delaying us hour by hour; the bitter wind fairly shook the heavy train; and to turn mere discomfort into misery the water pipes in the cars froze solid and we were left without heat of any kind. There was nothing to do but to go to bed; but even so, with all the blankets available piled on top of us, we shivered through interminable hours while the

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

train creaked and puffed and struggled over the icy tracks.

When we reached Omaha I received a telegram telling me that my mother had died the day before, and I found it no longer possible to brace myself against the inevitable collapse. We hurried on to Cincinnati and arrived in time for my mother's funeral, but I was too ill to be present. It was two months before I began to recover.

In the meantime Mr. Taft left us and went on to Washington for consultation with the President and Mr. Root and to appear before the Philippine Committees of the House and Senate which were then conducting minute inquiries into conditions in the Islands preparatory to passing a much-needed governmental bill. For a whole month he was subjected to a hostile cross-examination, but he was able to place before the Committees more first-hand and accurate information on the subject of their deliberations than they had theretofore received. This was exactly what he wanted to come to the United States for, and he would greatly have enjoyed it had he been in his usual form, but he was not. During his stay in Washington he was the guest of Secretary and Mrs. Root and only their friendly care and solicitude enabled him to continue so long. In March he was compelled to return to Cincinnati for another operation, the third in five months. Everything considered, it seemed to me the Taft family had fallen upon evil days.

However, the weeks passed, I began to improve, and as soon as my husband had fairly set his feet on earth again we began to make plans for our return to the Philippines. There could be no thought of abandoning the work in the Islands just when it was beginning to assume an ordered and encouraging aspect, nor was it possible just then to shift the responsibility to other shoulders. This would have been too much like "changing horses in the middle of a stream."

My husband was able while he was in Washington to pre-

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

sent to President Roosevelt and Secretary Root a very clear outline of Philippine affairs, together with such details as could never be conveyed by cable, and the inevitable conclusion reached was that no solution of the problem was possible which did not include the settlement of the Friar controversy. The four monastic orders, the Franciscan, the Dominican, the Augustinian and the Recoleta, which held four hundred thousand acres of the best agricultural land in the Islands, had won the lasting enmity of the Filipino people and it was absolutely impossible to establish permanent peace while the Friars remained and persisted in an attempt to return to their parishes. Hundreds of them were living in practical imprisonment in the monasteries of Manila, and that they should not be allowed to return to their churches throughout the Islands, from which they had been driven, was the one stand taken by the Filipinos from which they could not by any form of persuasion be moved.

The solution of the difficulty proposed by Mr. Taft and his colleagues in the Philippine government was that the United States purchase the Friars' lands and turn them into a public domain on the condition that the orders objected to by the people be withdrawn from the Islands.

As soon as President Roosevelt recognised the importance of accomplishing these things he decided, with characteristic directness, that somebody should go at once to Rome and open negotiations with the Vatican, and after considering various men for this delicate mission he concluded that Mr. Taft was the man best fitted to undertake it.

The prospect of another novel experience was exceedingly gratifying to me and I began at once to look forward with interest to a renewal of my acquaintance with Rome and to the trip back to the East by the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean which, according to Kipling, "sits an' smiles, so sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue." So my feet no longer lagged in my preparations for a long trip with my

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

three children and another extended residence in the tropics.

To assist Mr. Taft in his negotiations with the Vatican, and to make up a dignified and formidable looking Commission, the President appointed Bishop O'Gorman of the Catholic diocese of South Dakota, and General James F. Smith, at that time a member of the Philippine judiciary and in later years Philippine Commissioner and Governor-General of the Islands. His rank of General he attained as an officer of volunteers in the Army of Pacification in the Philippines, but, a lawyer in the beginning, after he was appointed to the Bench he became known as Judge Smith, and Judge we always called him. He is an Irish Catholic Democrat and a man of very sane views and exceptional ability. Major John Biddle Porter was made Secretary-Interpreter to the Commission, and Bishop Brent, Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, on his way to Manila, decided to go with Mr. Taft, wait for him until he had completed his business at Rome and then continue with him the journey to the Philippines. This was the beginning of a warm friendship between Bishop Brent and ourselves, and no one can have lived in the Philippines since, or have been familiar with the affairs of the Islands, without knowing what a blessing his work and presence have been to the Philippine people, and how much he has aided the Government in its task.

We engaged passage on the steamship *Trave*, sailing from New York to Gibraltar about the middle of May; the day for our departure was close at hand; many good-byes had been said; and, altogether, the immediate future was looking bright, when suddenly I found myself once more within the orbit of my unlucky star. My son Robert chose this opportune moment to develop a case of scarlet fever. Of course that left me and the children out of all the plans and I was compelled to accept a hastily made arrangement which provided for my remaining behind and following my husband and his interesting party on a later ship. Fortunately

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

Robert was not with the other children when he contracted the disease. He was visiting friends in another part of town and I had him removed immediately to the Good Samaritan Hospital, then settled down to my vigil which might be long or short as fortune decreed.

My husband's mother was in Millbury while all these things were transpiring and he called her up on the long distance telephone to tell her about Bobby's illness and to say good-bye.

"Then Nellie cannot go with you?" said Mrs. Taft.

"No, I'm sorry to say she can't," said my husband.

"But you have now an extra stateroom, have you not?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Well, Will, I don't think you ought to make such a trip alone when you are so far from strong, so I just think I'll go with you in Nellie's place," said my mother-in-law.

And she did. The intrepid old lady of seventy-four packed her trunks and was in New York ready to sail within twenty-four hours, and my husband wrote that she acted altogether with an energy and an enterprise which filled him with pleasure and pride. On the steamer, and later at the hotel Quirinal in Rome, she presided with dignity for more than a month over a table at which daily gathered a company composed of a Colonial Governor, a Supreme Judge, a Roman Bishop, an Anglican Bishop and a United States Army officer.

Her activity and fearlessness kept her family and friends in a state of astonishment a good part of the time. She went wherever she liked and it never seemed to occur to her that it was unusual for a woman of her age to travel everywhere with so much self-reliance. She thought nothing of crossing the American continent every year to visit her daughter or sister on the Pacific Coast, and out in Manila we used to laugh at the possibility of her appearing on the scene at any moment. In fact, she very seriously considered

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

coming at one time. I was glad that she could go with my husband to Rome because she really could be a comfort and a help and not at all a responsibility.

Robert was not nearly as ill as we expected he would be and in a few weeks I was able to make definite plans for joining my husband. My sister, Mrs. Anderson, was going to Paris so I took advantage of the opportunity to enjoy her companionship on the voyage and sailed with her on the fourth of June, landing in France and going by train to Rome.

That the record of our ill-luck may be quite complete I must add that on the way across the Atlantic my son Charlie managed to pick up whooping-cough, and that by the time we reached Rome he had passed it on to Helen. Her first remark to her father was a plaintive query: "Papa, why is it we can never go anywhere without catching something?"

I devoutly hoped that we had caught everything there was to catch and that we might now venture to predict a period of peace.

I found my party very comfortably bestowed. They were occupying a whole floor at the Quirinal, the largest hotel then open in the city, and were keeping what appeared to me to be considerable "state." It looked as if they had the entire building to themselves, but that was because it was midsummer when few tourists visit Rome and when all Roman society is supposed to flock to its mountain homes and to northern resorts. However, midsummer though it was, a good many members of the "Black," or Vatican division of society, still lingered in the city and I found them evincing every desire to make our stay both pleasant and memorable. Before I arrived Mr. Taft had already "met, called upon, taken tea with and dined with Cardinals, Princes, counts, marquises, and distinguished Englishmen and Americans resident in Rome," to quote from one of his

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

own letters, but he had a good many things to do over again in my honour. He had also had an audience with Pope Leo XIII, and was deep in the rather distracting uncertainties and intricacies of his negotiations.

He did not have the pleasure of seeing the King of Italy whom he had a great desire to meet, because, even though the American Ambassador had made all the arrangements, etiquette did not permit such an audience until his relations with the Vatican had terminated, and by that time the King had gone to the military manœuvres in North Italy.

My husband's position was one of very great delicacy. By the nature of our national institutions it is not possible for us to send a representative to the Vatican in a diplomatic capacity no matter what the emergency may be, and Mr. Roosevelt in sending this Commission to Rome had no intention that its office should be construed into a formal recognition of the Vatican, which could not fail to raise a storm of protest and opposition in this country. So the instructions given to Mr. Taft by Secretary Root were made very definite on this point. After reviewing the necessity for taking such action on the part of our government and covering the favourable reports on the proposed negotiations submitted by the Philippine Committees of the House and Senate, the instructions began with paragraph one:

One of the controlling principles of our government is the complete separation of church and state, with the entire freedom of each from any control or interference by the other. This principle is imperative wherever American jurisdiction extends, and no modification or shading thereof can be a subject of discussion.

Following this in numbered paragraphs, a tentative plan for the adjustment of the Friar difficulties is outlined and the instructions end with paragraph nine:

Your errand will not be in any sense or degree diplomatic in its nature, but will be purely a business matter of negotiation by you

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

as Governor of the Philippines for the purchase of property from the owners thereof, and the settlement of land titles in such a manner as to contribute to the best interests of the people of the Islands.

These instructions were easier to receive than to carry out, since from the beginning the Vatican made every possible effort to give the mission a diplomatic aspect and to cast upon it the glamour of great official solemnity, and Mr. Taft had constantly to keep his mind alert to the danger of accidental acquiescence in a misinterpretation of his position. To take a position which would soothe the feelings of American Catholics and yet not shock the conscience of any Protestant was something like being ground between the proverbial millstones. However, Cardinal Rampolla very graciously met the businesslike ideas of the Commission and arranged a private audience with Pope Leo at which the propositions of the Philippine government were to be outlined to him.

My husband's memory of this now historic mission to Rome seems to include little which was not directly connected with the business in hand, but Judge Smith displays a more impressionable bent. In answer to an inquiry as to what he recalls of the visit he wrote Mr. Taft a most interesting letter. All his memoranda of the trip, including letters, journals and souvenirs, were destroyed in the San Francisco fire, but he says:

"After our arrival there was a long wait that arrangements might be made for an audience with the Holy Father, but finally the date was fixed and the Commission, at high noon, in evening dress and top hats, went to the Vatican and passed up the long staircase, lined with Swiss Guards, which leads to the State apartments. We were received by the Chamberlain and several other functionaries and were conducted from one apartment to another until finally we were ushered into the presence of Leo XIII, to whom you made



## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

a statement of the matters which were to be made the subject of negotiation.

"This statement had been previously translated into French by Bishop O'Gorman and Colonel Porter, and you will remember there were some things about Bishop O'Gorman's French which did not meet with the entire approval of Colonel Porter. Whether you arbitrated the matter and selected the appropriate phrase which should have been used I do not know, but I do know that at one time there was danger of the severance of the friendly relations which had theretofore prevailed between the good Bishop and the good old Colonel.

"My recollection of the Holy Father is that his face was like transparent parchment, that he had the brilliant eyes of a young man and that he was wonderfully alert of mind, although bent over by the weight of years.

"Of course, none of us could forget Cardinal Rampolla, —tall, slender, straight, vigorous in both mind and body, impenetrable, and cold as fate. A man evidently of wonderful intellect and fully equal to any demands that might be put upon him as the diplomat of the Vatican."

I might add that the first part of my husband's speech, a copy of which I have, consisted of a few remarks appropriate to the presentation of a gift from President Roosevelt to the Pope. This gift was a specially bound set of Mr. Roosevelt's own works.

When the formal interview was at an end the Pope came down from the dais on which he sat and indulged in a fifteen or twenty minute personal conversation with the members of the Commission. "He asked for the pleasure of shaking my hand," writes my husband to his brother Charles, in the usual vein of humour which obtains between them, adding, "a privilege which I very graciously accorded him." He also joked about Mr. Taft's proportions, saying that he had understood he had been very ill, but from observation he saw

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

no reason to suppose that the illness had been serious. He poked gentle fun at Bishop O'Gorman and made kindly inquiries of Judge Smith and Major Porter; then he walked with the party to the door and bowed them out, a courtesy which I believe was unprecedented.

"He had a great deal more vigour of motion," writes Mr. Taft, "and a great deal more resonance of voice than I had been led to suppose. I had thought him little more than a lay figure, but he was full of lively interest and gesture, and when my address was being read he smiled and bowed his head in acquiescence."

"We visited the catacombs," says Judge Smith, "St. Peter's, St. Paul's beyond the walls, and a few of the basilicas of ancient Rome now dedicated to Christian worship. The Borghese and various other art galleries left their impression, as did some of the interesting old palaces, notably the one which was then threatening to fall into the Tiber, and the ceiling of which bears the famous fresco of Cupid and Psyche.

"One day during our first visit we had dinner out at the American College as guests of Monsignor Kennedy, where you (Mr. Taft) made a speech which brought much applause from the students in red cassocks, and everybody was happy. After dinner some of us made a visit to a villa by the Orsini on the hills overlooking the Campagna, which villa had recently been purchased by the college as a summer home.

"You will remember our call on Cardinal Martinelli and the dinner we had with good old Cardinal Satolli who took such a pride in the wine produced by his own vineyards, a wine, by the way, which was not unreservedly approved by the owners of other vineyards. One of the most delightful experiences of all was our dinner with the good Episcopal Rector, Dr. Nevin, when ox-tongue done in the Russian style was served as the *pièce de résistance*. You cannot for-

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

get how shocked were some of the circles in Rome to find Bishop O'Gorman and myself at such a festal board under such circumstances, and how Pope Leo showed his thorough understanding of American institutions by saying that American Catholics might very properly do things which would be very much misunderstood if done by Romans. The Episcopal Rector was a mighty hunter, a great traveller, and gifted with a fund of anecdote which made him a most delightful host."

I found this highly social and sociable party rather impatiently awaiting a reply to their formal, written proposals to the Vatican which had been turned over to a Commission of Cardinals. They were giving a fine imitation of outward leisurely poise, but among themselves they were expressing very definite opinions of the seemingly deliberate delays to which they were being subjected. Mr. Taft was anxious to sail for Manila on the 10th of July, and already had his passage booked on the *Koenig Albert*, but the immediate prospect seemed to be that he would be held in Rome for the rest of the summer.

He did not have the greatest confidence that he would succeed in the mission which meant so much to his future course in the Islands, and, indeed, it was quite evident that he would not succeed without prolonged effort to be continued after he left Rome. The various Cardinals lost no opportunity to assure him that the Vatican was in full sympathy with the proposals made and that he might expect a very early and satisfactory termination of the business, but he decided not to believe anything until he should see the signatures to the contract. The factions and the politics of the Vatican were most perplexing. The monastic orders were the conservative element in the negotiations, being willing enough to sell the Friars' lands at a valuation to be decided upon by a board of five members, two representing the church, two representing the United States gov-

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

ernment and the fifth to be selected from some other country, but they were not willing to consent to the withdrawal of the Friars from the Philippine Islands. Then there were wheels within wheels; Papal candidates and candidates for Cardinals who thrust into the negotiations considerations for agreeing or not agreeing which greatly puzzled the purely business-like representatives of the American government.

But I was not particularly annoyed by the delay. I found much to interest me in Rome, and I saw my husband improving in general health and gaining the strength he needed for a re-encounter with the difficulties in tropic Manila. Prominent Republican leaders had aroused his impatience at different times by publicly announcing that, in all probability, he was "going out to the Philippines to die." He wrote to his brother from Rome:

"I dislike being put in such an absurd position before the country as that of playing the martyr. I'm not asking any favours on account of health or any other cause, nor am I taking the position that I am making any sacrifice. I think that a great and unusual opportunity has been offered me and if I can improve it, all well and good, but I don't want any sympathy or emotional support."

He was easily aroused to resentment on the subject, but, just the same, it was gratifying to observe him quite rapidly regaining his normal vigour and buoyancy.

My mother-in-law was having a most wonderful time. She was comfortably established at the Quirinal in rooms next to ours, and was enjoying the devoted attention of every man in the party whether he wore ecclesiastical frock, military uniform or plain citizens' clothes. She went everywhere and saw everything and was as indefatigable in her enjoyment as any of us. She met old-time friends whom she had known when she and Judge Taft were in the diplomatic corps abroad, and with them she indulged in

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

pleasant reminiscence. After I arrived she became more energetic than ever and led me a lively pace at sightseeing and shopping, because, as she wrote to another daughter-in-law, Mrs. Horace Taft, "Nellie is not at all timid and as she speaks French we can go anywhere."

I soon found that in spite of official and personal protest to the contrary we were considered quite important personages, and the elaborate hospitality we were offered kept us busy at nearly all hours when hospitality is at all in order. There were teas and luncheons, dinners and receptions, and functions of every description, and we met a great many renowned and interesting people, both Roman and foreign. Mr. W. T. Stead, the correspondent for the *London Times* who was lost on the *Titanic*, was one of them. Then there was Mr. Laffan, proprietor of the *New York Sun*, and Mrs. Laffan, and Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn who was in Rome with his son. An attractive personality, who interested us very much and whose hospitality we enjoyed, was Princess Rospigliosi, the wife of an Italian nobleman, who lived in an enchanting house. She had a very beautiful daughter who was at that time keenly interested in the controversy as to whether or not Catholics should vote in Rome. She was strongly in favour of their doing so and, with extraordinary directness, carried her advocacy straight to the Pope and insisted that it was a great mistake for Catholics not to take advantage of the ballot and by that means secure the political rights to which they were entitled. Pope Leo, although very much impressed by what she said, insisted that it was not yet time to urge the reform suggested, and wound up by saying, "My good daughter, you go altogether too fast for me!" I don't doubt that by this time the young Princess is a warm supporter of woman's suffrage.

Also, we were entertained by a Mr. McNutt who had been in our diplomatic corps at one time in Madrid and Constantinople, at another time had been tutor to the sons of the

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

Khedive of Egypt, and was then one of the Papal Chamberlains. He had married a woman of wealth, a Miss Ogden of New York.

Mr. McNutt had one of the most elaborate and beautiful palaces I ever saw. He had studied the customs of Roman society in the picturesque days of the Medicis and the Borgias, had rented the Pamphili Palace and restored it to its pristine glory, and it was here that he entertained us at a dinner, with cards afterward.

I felt like an actor in a mediæval pageant whose costume had not been delivered in time for the performance. Cardinals in their gorgeous robes, with gold snuff-boxes, gave to the scene a high colour among the soberer tones of Bishops and Archbishops and uniformed Ambassadors. Then there were Princes and Princesses and other nobilities of Roman society, the men displaying gay ribands and decorations, the women in elaborate costumes, and all in a "stage setting" as far removed from modernity as a magnificent old-world palace could be. To make this reproduction of old customs complete our host made a point of having liveried attendants with flaming torches to light the Cardinals to and from their carriages.

Before I reached Rome, Mr. Taft and his associates had been present at a Papal consistory at which the Pope presided over the College of Cardinals. They were the guests of the Pope and occupied the Diplomatic Box. I was sorry to miss this exceptional privilege, but we were given ample opportunities for seeing and hearing several noteworthy religious festivals both at St. Peter's and the church of St. John of Lateran. I was educated in the strictest Presbyterianism, while my husband's mother was a Unitarian, and Puritan in her training and in all her instincts. We could not help feeling that we had been led into a prominent position in a strange environment. But, unshaken though we were in our religious affiliations, we appreciated the real

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

beauty of the ceremonies and knew that we should rejoice in the unusual privilege accorded us which would never be ours again.

It was near the end of our stay in Rome that we had our audience with the Pope,—Mrs. Taft, Robert, Helen and I. I wore a black afternoon gown with a black veil on my head, while Mrs. Taft wore her widow's veil as usual. Helen, I dressed in white and, to her very great excitement, she wore a white lace veil. Bishop O'Gorman accompanied us and when we reached the door of the Vatican under the colonnade at the right of St. Peter's, we were met by some members of the Swiss Guard in their curious uniforms, conducted through endless corridors and rich apartments until we came to a small waiting-room where we were left for a few moments by ourselves. We had only time to adjust our veils and compose ourselves when the door on one side opened and we were ceremoniously ushered into the presence of Leo XIII who sat on a low chair under a simple canopy at the far end of the room. He rose to greet us as we entered, and as we were presented one by one he extended his hand over which we each bowed as we received his blessing.

He began speaking to me in French and finding that I could answer him in that language he talked with me for perhaps half an hour with a most charmingly graceful manner of comment and compliment. He spoke of Mr. Roosevelt's present and wished that he knew English so that he might read the books. He referred to Mr. Roosevelt as "President Roomvine" which was as near as he seemed to be able to get to that very un-Latin name; said that he himself, in his youth, had been devoted to the chase and would like very much to read "The Strenuous Life."

Later he called Robert to his side and gave him a special blessing, saying that he hoped the little boy would follow in the footsteps of McKinley and Roosevelt. He asked Bob what he expected to be when he grew up and my self-

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

confident son replied that he intended to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I suppose he had heard the Chief Justiceship talked about by his father until he thought it the only worthy ambition for a self-respecting citizen to entertain.

When we arose to go, His Holiness escorted us to the door and bowed us out with a kindly smile in his fine young eyes that I shall never forget.

Shortly after this I left Rome. It was getting hot and my husband persuaded me to take the children away, promising to join us for a short breath of mountain air before he sailed for Manila. It had been decided that I should remain in Europe for a month or so and I was to choose the place best suited for recuperation. I went first to Florence for a week, then to the Grande Albergo Castello de Aquabella at Vallombrosa. The sonorous name of this hotel should have been a sufficient warning to me of the expense of living there, but I was not in a mood to anticipate any kind of unpleasant experience.

It is a beautiful place reached by a funicular railway from a station about fifteen miles from Florence, and is where Milton wrote parts of *Paradise Lost*. The hotel was an old castle remodelled, and as we were almost the only guests and were attended by relays of most obsequious servants we managed to feel quite baronial. We spent our time being as lazy as we liked, or driving in the dense black forests of pine which cover the mountains and through vistas of which we could catch fascinating glimpses of the beautiful, town-dotted valley of the Arno some thousands of feet below.

On the 20th of July my husband came up and joined us in this delightful retreat. He had just received his final answer from the Vatican and, while he was disappointed at not being able to settle the matter then, he was hopeful that a way had been found which, though it would entail much future labour, would lead to a satisfactory solution



## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

of the problems. An Apostolic Delegate, representing the Vatican, was to be sent to Manila to continue the negotiations on the ground, and Pope Leo assured Mr. Taft that he would receive instructions to bring about such an adjustment as the United States desired. This assurance was carried out, but only after Leo's long pontificate had come to an end.

The final note was written by Cardinal Rampolla who rendered "homage to the great courtesy and high capacity" with which Mr. Taft had filled "the delicate mission," and closed by declaring his willingness to concede that "the favourable result" must in a large measure be attributed to my husband's "high personal qualities."

I had hoped to have Mr. Taft with us at Vallombrosa for a week or so before he sailed, but the time allotted in our plans for this was taken up by delays in Rome, so that when he did arrive he had only twenty-four hours to stay. His final audience with the Pope was arranged for the following Monday, there were a number of minor details to be attended to, and he was to sail Thursday morning from Naples on the *Princess Irene*, to which he had been obliged to transfer from the *Koenig Albert*.

The last audience with His Holiness consisted chiefly in an exchange of compliments and expressions of thanks for courtesies extended, but it had additional interest in that the Pope chose to make it the occasion for personally presenting to the members of the party certain small gifts, or souvenirs, which he had selected for them. He had previously sent an inquiry through Bishop O'Gorman as to whether or not the Commissioners would accept decorations, but Mr. Taft replied that the American constitution forbids the acceptance of such honours without the consent of Congress, so nothing more was said about it.

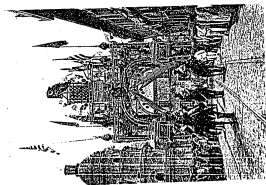
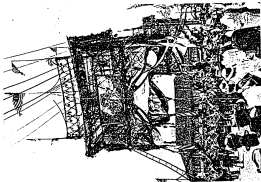
The presents he did receive were a handsome Jubilee medal displaying a portrait of His Holiness in bas relief,

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FULL YEARS

and a gold pen in the form of a large feather with the papal arms on it. To me the Pope sent a small piece of old German enamel showing a copy of an ancient picture of St. Ursula and her virgins, framed in silver and gold beautifully wrought. Smaller gold medals were given to each of the other Commissioners, while President Roosevelt received a copy in mosaic of a picture of a view of Rome from a corner in the Vatican gardens in which the Pope is seen seated with three or four Cardinals in attendance. This, together with letters from His Holiness and Cardinal Rampolla to the President and Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, was given to Bishop O'Gorman to be delivered when he arrived in the United States.

My husband sailed from Naples on the 24th of July, and I, with the three children and their French governess, started north by Venice and Vienna to spend a few weeks in the mountains of Switzerland before returning to Manila.

There were rather terrifying reports of a cholera epidemic raging in the Philippines and I dreaded the prospects of going into it with my children, but I knew that heroic efforts were being made to check it and I felt confident that, in Manila at least, it would have run its course before I should arrive, so I booked passage on the German steamer *Hamburg* and on the 3rd of September sailed for the East and the tropics once more.



SCENES ATTENDING GOVERNOR TAFT'S ARRIVAL IN MANILA AFTER HIS FIRST ABSENCE