

church had been thrown open and that preparations were being made for the new Pope, who very shortly afterwards appeared, vested in white cassock, red mozetta and stole, and white zucchetto, and accompanied by several Cardinals and conclavists. In the midst of the wildest enthusiasm the people shouted "Viva Papa Pio X.," "Viva Papa Sarto," and some Americans who were near me unfolded some American flags and waved them. His Holiness now, in the midst of breathless silence, gave the Apostolic Blessing. Many shed tears of emotion, among them the Spanish Ambassador to the Quirinal, who was standing near me in the company of my friend, the Conde de Villalonga, a Spanish Senador. Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the shouts of the people the Pope then withdrew.

The Conclave had been remarkable in a very special sense. It is known that Austria made claim in the Conclave to exercise the Veto. Mr. Grissell says: 'It is generally reported that Cardinal Rampolla had the largest number of votes, amounting to between twenty and thirty, and that the Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Gotti, had about ten less than the late Secretary of State, but that Austria had vetoed Cardinal Rampolla's election.' Austria did express hostility to Cardinal Rampolla, and that great Churchman, while disclaiming any desire for pontifical honors, made, on principle, an ardent protest against the exercise of the Veto. It is probable that this is the last occasion upon which an attempt will be made to exercise it; it is tolerably certain that it will in future be regarded as an obsolete privilege. It is now widely known that the chief obstacle in the way of the Cardinals was the 'Nolo Episcopari' of Cardinal Sarto himself—his strenuous unwillingness to accept the heavy burden of the Tiara—which was not overcome until after the second ballot. Thus, says this second account, it was that, beginning with five votes, he climbed to fifty, Cardinal Rampolla, his only serious opponent, never attaining to more than twenty-nine, even after the production of the Imperial Veto against him. Of course, there is always this kind of speculation after a Conclave; but the truth may be very far different, and whether it is so or not is little likely ever to be known, for the Cardinals are pledged to secrecy.

Speaking in New York at the recent Century Celebrations Cardinal Logue said:—

'Though I had a hand in electing the Pope, I know just as much about the Holy Father as you do yourselves. I know he was elected canonically, that's all. But I'll tell you that if the heat hadn't been so great he might not have been elected so soon. And nobody wanted less to have him Pope than he himself. The Pope is one of the saddest and most pathetic pictures I have seen. I shall never forget that warm day, on August 4, when he was elected. No one tried harder than he to avoid the terrible burden being thrust upon him, and when he saw that he was elected he fainted. The Italians seem to have all conveniences handy, for several rushed to him. One had a bottle of smelling salts; another had what looked like a black ball.'

'That day,' continued the Cardinal, after the laughter had stopped, 'we had ballot after ballot. I shall never tell how I voted. We all seemed to be voting blindly until Providence got a hand in and thrust forward the present Pope. It was terrible how he tried to fight off the burden. He did not want the position. You know, if I thought they were voting for me I should have run back to Ireland.'

A writer in the *Dolphin* gives the following account of the final sitting of the Conclave:—

Cardinal Sarto's name stood at the head of the list, and this time realising the situation he burst forth to a confrère, 'My election would be the ruin of the Church!' and, addressing the Sacred College as they sat enthroned around the voting urn, he besought them to 'withhold from his lips the chalice of the Pontificate.' He could not, he would not, accept the Papal Tiara.

The Cardinal to whom he first addressed himself received these protestations with the more complacency

that he was himself a supporter of Rampolla's candidature. 'You cannot,' he suggested in reply, 'be Pope if you do not speak French!' A somewhat singular, though perhaps a very natural, remark. 'Deo gratias!' breathed the humble Patriarch of Venice, taking heart of grace; and so the voting went on.

We are told by the writer from whom we are largely quoting (M. de Narfon, one of the editors of *Le Gaulois*), whose book has been most favorably reviewed by the Catholic press and who was in Rome and in touch with some of the highest authorities at the time of the Conclave, thus commanding exceptional facilities for a knowledge of *le dessous des cartes*, that on August 3, the third day of Conclave, Cardinal Satolli repaired after lunch to the cell of Cardinal Gibbons.

'We can do nothing with Sarto,' he exclaimed. 'I have been speaking to him, and I see that we cannot break down his resistance.'

'The Patriarch of Venice is absolutely the most suitable candidate,' replied the American dignitary, 'the more so that his election, if we do not give it up, is certain. Go back to Cardinal Sarto. What he fears is the burden of responsibility. Well, point out to him that he will incur a yet heavier responsibility if he refuses to accept a great duty which Providence wishes to lay upon him. Make a last attempt.'

The Cardinal acted as he was advised to do, and made a long and eloquent appeal to his brother dignitary; while Cardinal Langenieux, on the part of the French Cardinals, urged the same course in an interview very shortly before what afterwards proved to be the final scrutiny. And, on the morning of August 4, the acting scrutator, Cardinal Richard, read aloud from fifty voting papers the name of Giuseppe Sarto!

Then, as we all know, the Cardinal Camerlengo, Oreglia, approached the pale and trembling ecclesiastic and addressed him in the time-honored formula:

'Acceptas-ne electionem de te canonice factam in Summum Pontificem?' ('Dost thou accept thine election, canonically made, to the office of Supreme Pontiff?')

'I have asked of God to take this chalice from me,' was the reply; 'but may His holy will be done!'

It was not the correct formula of assent, and Oreglia repeated, somewhat impatiently:

'Acceptas-ne?'

'Accepto!'

'What name will you take?'

'I will take the name of Pius X., in memory of all the holy Popes who have borne that name, and who have defended the Church with strength and with gentleness.'

And as he spoke the canopies surmounting each princely throne were lowered simultaneously, save that above the head of the newly-elect, and the reign of Pope Pius X. had begun.

'I myself can testify, for I was an eye-witness of the scene (said Cardinal Gibbons recently in the Cathedral, Baltimore), that Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, now Pius X., when he saw that he was threatened with the burden of the Papacy, with tears in his eyes, made a most earnest and pathetic appeal to his colleagues to be relieved from a yoke too heavy for him to bear.'

To the world outside of Italy the new Pope was practically unknown, and even in the Eternal City the people knew little about him, as his visits there had been few and far between, and then only when his duties called him thither. But not so in Venice, which had learned to love its beloved Patriarch. He had labored amongst the Venetians for nine years, and the people knew how good he was. The poor looked on him as a true friend, and the heart of the masses went out to him. With difficulty he could make his way to the railway station on what turned out to be his farewell to Venice, because of the immense crowds, when leaving for Rome to attend the Conclave. The cheering mass of humanity was, however, stilled to silence when it was seen that he was about to speak, but his words were few and broken with emotion. It was enough the people heard him say that, living or